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Painted by Howard Pyle for Harper's Magazine

Illustration for "The Charming of Estercel"

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The Marriage of William Ashe

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER I

"HE ought to be here," said Lady Tranmore, as she turned away from the window.

Mary Lyster laid down her work. It was a fine piece of church embroidery, which, seeing that it had been designed for her by no less a person than young Mr. Burne-Jones himself, made her the envy of her pre-Raphaelite friends.

"Yes, indeed. You made out there was a train about twelve."

"Certainly. They can't have taken more than an hour to speechify after the declaration of the poll. And I know William meant to catch that train if he possibly could."

"And take his seat this evening?"

Lady Tranmore nodded. She moved restlessly about the room, fidgeting with a book here and there, and evidently full of thoughts. Mary Lyster watched her a little longer, then quietly took up her work again. Her air of well-bred sympathy, the measured ease of her movements, contrasted with Lady Tranmore's impatience. Yet in truth she was listening no less sharply than her companion to the sounds in the street outside.

Lady Tranmore made her way to the window, and stood there looking out on the park. It was the week before Easter, and the plane-trees were not yet in leaf. But a few thorns inside the park railings were already lavishly green, and there was a glitter of spring flowers beside the park walks, not showing, however, in such

glorious abundance as became the fashion a few years later. It was a mild afternoon, and the drive was full of carriages. From the bow-window of the old, irregular house in which she stood Lady Tranmore could watch the throng passing and repassing, could see also the traffic in Park Lane on either side. London, from this point of sight, wore a cheerful, friendly air. The dim sunshine, the white clouded sky, the touches of reviving green and flowers, the soft air blowing in from a farther window which was open, brought with them impressions of spring, of promise and rebirth, which insensibly affected Lady Tranmore.

"Well, I wonder what William will do this time in Parliament!" she said, as she dropped again into her seat by the fire and began to cut the pages of a new book.

"He is sure to do extremely well," said Miss Lyster.

Lady Tranmore shrugged her shoulders. "My dear—do you know that William has been for eight years—since he left Trinity—one of the idlest young men alive?"

"He had one brief!"

"Yes—somewhere in the country—where all the juniors get one in turn," said Lady Tranmore. "That was the year he was so keen and went on circuit, and never missed a sessions. Next year nothing would induce him to stir out of town. What has he done with himself all these eight years? I can't imagine."

"He has grown—uncommonly hand-

some," said Mary Lyster, with a momentary hesitation, as she threaded her needle afresh.

"I never remember him anything else," said Lady Tranmore. "All the artists who came here and to Narrowways wanted to paint him. I used to think it would make him a spoilt little ape. But nothing spoilt him."

"That's why he makes so many friends."

"Ah, there we come to the point," said Lady Tranmore. "If William does make a career for himself, *that* 'll be the reason."

"No!" said Miss Lyster, looking up with a touch of protest—protest as elegant and well balanced as her fine oval head. "No—not at all! And you know you don't believe a word of it, Cousin Elizabeth. You know you think him the ablest, handsomest, and charmingest of men!"

"Of course I do," said Lady Tranmore, calmly. "I am certain, moreover—now—that he will be Prime Minister. And as for idleness, that, of course, is only a *façon de parler*. He has worked hard enough at the things which please him."

"There—you see!" said Mary Lyster, laughing.

"Not politics, anyway," said the elder lady, reflectively. "He went into the House to please me, because I was a fool and wanted to see him there. But I must say when his constituents turned him out last year I thought they would have been a mean-spirited set if they hadn't. They knew very well he'd never done a stroke for them. Attendances—divisions—perfectly scandalous!"

"Well, here he is, in triumphantly for somewhere else—with all sorts of delightful prospects!"

Lady Tranmore sighed. Her white fingers paused in their task.

"That, of course, is because—now—he's a personage. Everything 'll be made easy for him now. My dear Mary—they talk of England's being a democracy!"

The speaker raised her handsome shoulders; then, as though to shake off thoughts of loss and grief which had suddenly assailed her, she abruptly changed the subject.

"Well—work or no work—the first thing we've got to do is to marry him."

She looked up sharply. But not the smallest tremor could she detect in Mary Lyster's gently moving hand. There was, however, no reply to her remark.

"Don't you agree, Polly?" said Lady Tranmore, smiling.

Her smile—which still gave great beauty to her face—was charming, but a little sly. It suggested the cat when she first lays a soft paw upon the mouse.

The mouse, however, escaped her.

"Why, of course," said Miss Lyster, inclining her head to one side, that she might judge the effect of some green shades she had just put in. "But that surely will be made easy for him, too."

"Well, after all, the girls can't propose! And I never saw him take any interest in a girl yet—outside his own family, of course," added Lady Tranmore, hastily.

"No—he does certainly devote himself to the married women," replied Miss Lyster, in the half-absent tone of one more truly interested in her embroidery than in the conversation.

"He would sooner have an hour with Madame d'Estrées than a week with the prettiest miss in London. That's quite true, but I vow it's the girls' own faults! They should stand on their dignity—snub the creatures more! In my young days—"

"Ah, there wasn't a glut of us then," said Mary, calmly. "Listen!"—she held up her hand.

"Yes," said Lady Tranmore, springing up. "There he is."

She stood waiting. The door flew open, and in came a tall young man.

"William, how late you are!" said Lady Tranmore, as she flew into his arms.

"Well, mother, are you pleased?"

Her son held her at arm's length, smiling kindly upon her.

"Of course I am," said Lady Tranmore. "And you—are you horribly tired?"

"Not a bit. Ah, Mary!—how do you do?"

Miss Lyster had risen, and the cousins shook hands.

"But I don't deny it's very jolly to come back—out of all that beastly scrimmage," said the new member, as he threw himself into an armchair by the fire, with his hands behind his head, while Lady Tranmore prepared him a cup of tea.

"I expect you've enjoyed it," said Miss Lyster, also moving towards the fire.

"Well, when you're in it there's a certain excitement in wondering how you're going to come out of it! But one might say that, of course, of the infernal regions."

"Not quite," said Mary Lyster, smiling demurely.

"Polly! you *are* a Tory. Everybody else's hell has moved—but yours! Thank you, mother," as Lady Tranmore gave him tea. Then, stretching out his great frame in lazy satisfaction, he turned his brown eyes from one lady to the other. "I say, mother, I haven't seen anything as good-looking as you—or Polly there, if she'll forgive me—for weeks."

"Hold your tongue, goose!" said his mother, as she replenished the teapot. "What—there were no pretty girls—not one?"

"Well, they didn't come my way," said William, contentedly munching at bread and butter. "Altogether the modern election is such a stupid bore compared to the old."

"You wanted duchesses, to come and kiss for you?" As she spoke, Mary Lyster half put out a hand to reach him cake; then refrained, and left him to feed himself.

"Something alive, anyway,—wicked, jolly, corrupt! Such a parcel of dull, virtuous hypocrites as we all are!"

"H'm, sir!—So you didn't believe a word of your own speeches?" said Lady Tranmore, as she stood behind him and smoothed his hair back from his forehead.

"Well, who does?" He looked up and kissed the tips of her fingers.

"And it's in that spirit you're going back into the House?" Mary Lyster threw him the question as she resumed her work.

"Spirit? What do you mean, Polly? One plays the game, of course,—and it has its moments—its hot corners, so to speak—or I suppose no one would play it!"

"But as to any goal—any great purpose—you don't believe in that?"

"Why!—to keep the other fellows out, of course!" He lifted an arm and drew his mother down to sit on the edge of his chair.

"William, you're not to talk like that,"

said Lady Tranmore, decidedly—laying her cheek, however, against his hand the while. "It was all very well when you were quite a free-lance—but now— Oh! never mind Mary—she's discreet—and she knows all about it."

"What—that they're thinking of giving me Hickson's place? Parham has just written to me—I found the letter down-stairs—to ask me to go and see him."

"Oh! it's come?" said Lady Tranmore, with a start of pleasure. Parham was the Prime Minister. "Now don't be a humbug, William, and pretend you're not pleased. But you'll have to work, mind!" She held up an admonishing finger. "You'll have to answer letters, mind!—you'll have to keep appointments, mind!"

"Shall I?"

He turned to her, smiling, and their eyes met. Suddenly his expression changed and broadened to a grin.

"Mother, I had a heavenly dream last night! I thought I was looking on at a great animal procession—not really animals, though, but half beasts and birds and half members of the House, and 'leading constituents' and all sorts of boring fellows, you understand—and I woke up saying the best verses I ever made. And, by George! I managed to write three lines down. Listen!"

And he recited—pompously:

"Then, twenty monied stoats, and eight wise weevils.

And one gray grampus glimmering at the dawn—

And one — hysterical — dissenting—
flea!—"

He threw himself back, shouting with laughter, and his companions must needs laugh too.

"*Twenty monied stoats*—isn't it *exact*! Dash and Weyman—and Porson"—he named three most respected members of the House of Commons. "Suck the life out of anybody, the rascals!—And as for the 'gray grampus'—isn't it Parham to a 't'! I must have been thinking of the all-night sitting.—Ah!—"

He turned. The butler was in the room.

"His Lordship, my Lady, would like to see Mr. William before dinner if he could make it convenient."

"Certainly, Hudson, certainly," said the young man. "Tell his Lordship I'll be with him in ten minutes."

Then, as the butler departed, "How's father, mother?"

"Oh, much as usual," said Lady Transmore, sadly.

"And you?"

He laid his arm boyishly round her waist and looked up at her, his handsome face all affection and life. Mary Lyster, observing them, thought them a remarkable pair—he, in the very prime and heyday of brilliant youth; she, so beautiful still, in spite of the filling-out of middle life—which, indeed, was at the moment somewhat toned and disguised by the deep mourning, the sweeping crape and dull silk in which she was dressed.

"I'm all right, dear," she said, quietly, putting her hand on his shoulder. "Now go on with your tea. Mary—feed him! I'll go and talk to father till you come."

She disappeared; and William Ashe approached his cousin.

"She is better?" he said, with an anxiety that became him.

"Oh! yes. Your election has been everything to her—and your letters. You know how she adores you, William."

Ashe drew a long breath.

"Yes—isn't it bad luck?"

"William!"

"For her, I mean. Because, you know—I can't live up to it. I know it's her doing—bless her!—that old Parham's going to give me this thing. And it's a perfect scandal!"

"What nonsense, William!"

"It is!" he maintained, springing up, and standing before her with his hands in his pockets. "They're going to offer me the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, and I shall take it, I suppose, and be thankful. And do you know?"—he dropped out the words with emphasis—"that I don't know a word of German—and I can't talk to a Frenchman for half an hour without disgracing myself. There—that's how we're governed!"

He stood staring at her with his bright, large eyes—amused, yet strangely detached,—as though he had very little to do with what he was talking about. Mary Lyster met his look in some bewilderment, conscious all the time that his neighborhood was very agreeable and stirring.

"But every one says—you speak so well on foreign subjects."

"Well, any fool can get up a Blue Book. Only—luckily for me—all the fools don't. That's how I've scored sometimes. Oh, I don't deny that,—I've scored!" He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, his whole tall frame vibrant, as it seemed to her, with will and good-humor.

"And you'll score again," she said, smiling. "You've got a wonderful opportunity, William. That's what the Bishop says."

"Much obliged to him!"

Ashe looked down upon her rather oddly.

"He told me he had never believed you were such an idler as other people thought you—that he felt sure you had great endowments, and that you would use them for the good of your country and"—she hesitated slightly—"of the Church. I wish you'd talk to him sometimes, William. He sees so clearly."

"Oh! does he?" said Ashe.

Mary had dropped her work, and her somewhat large face was raised towards him. Its pale color had passed into a slight blush. But the more strenuous expression had somehow not added to her charm, and her voice had taken a slightly nasal tone.

Through the mind of William Ashe, as he stood looking down upon her, passed a multitude of flying impressions. He knew perfectly well that Mary Lyster was one of the maidens whom it would be possible for him to marry. His mother had never pressed her upon him, but she would certainly acquiesce. It would have been mere mock modesty on his part not to guess that Mary would probably not refuse him. And she was handsome, well provided, well connected—oppressively so, indeed; a man might quail a little before her relations. Moreover, she and he had always been good friends, even when as a boy he could not refrain from teasing her for a slow-coach. During his electoral weeks in the country the thought of "Polly" had often stolen kindly upon his rare moments of peace. He must marry, of course. There was no particular excitement or romance about it. Now that his elder brother was dead, and he had become the heir, it simply had to



LADY TRANMORE AND MARY LYSTER

be done. And Polly was very nice—quite sweet-tempered and intelligent. She looked well, moved well, would fill the position admirably.

Then, suddenly, as these half-thoughts rushed through his brain, a breath of something cold and distracting—a wind from the land of *ennui*—seemed to blow upon them and scatter them. Was it the mention of the Bishop—tiresome, pompous fellow—or her slightly pedantic tone—or the infinitesimal hint of “management” that her speech implied? Who knows? But in that moment perhaps the scales of life inclined.

“Much obliged to the Bishop,” he repeated, walking up and down. “I am afraid, however, I don’t take things as seriously as he does. Oh, I hope I shall behave decently—but, good Lord! what a comedy it is! You know the sort of articles”—he turned towards her—“our papers will be writing to-morrow on my appointment. They’ll make me out no end of a fine fellow—you’ll see! And, of course, the real truth is, as you and I know perfectly well, that if it hadn’t been for poor Freddy’s death—and mother—and her dinners—and the chaps who come here—and old Parham’s being a relation—I might have whistled for anything of the sort. And then I go down to Ledmenham and stand as a Liberal, and get all the ‘hysterical dissenting fleas’ to work for me! It’s a humbugging world—isn’t it?”

He returned to the fireplace, and stood looking down upon her, grinning.

Mary had resumed her embroidery. She, too, was dimly conscious of something disappointing.

“Of course, if you choose to take it like that, you can,” she said, rather tartly. “Of course, everything can be made ridiculous.”

“Well, that’s a blessing, anyway!” said Ashe, with his merry laugh. “But look here, Mary,—tell me about yourself. What have you been doing?—dancing—riding, eh?”

He threw himself down beside her, and began an elder-brotherly cross-examination, which lasted till Lady Tranmore returned and begged him to go at once to his father.

When he returned to the drawing-room, Ashe found his mother alone. It was

growing dark, and she was sitting idle, her hands in her lap, waiting for him.

“I must be off, dear,” he said to her. “You won’t come down and see me take my seat?”

She shook her head. “I think not. What did you think of your father?”

“I don’t see much change,” he said, hesitating.

“No, he’s much the same.”

“And you?” He slid down on the sofa beside her and threw his arm round her. “Have you been fretting?”

Lady Tranmore made no reply. She was a self-contained woman, not readily moved to tears. But he felt her hand tremble as he pressed it.

“I sha’n’t fret now,” she said, after a moment—“now that you’ve come back.”

Ashe’s face took a very soft and tender expression.

“Mother, you know—you think a great deal too much of me,—you’re too ambitious for me.”

She gave a sound between a laugh and a sob, and raising her hands, she smoothed back his curly hair and held his face between them.

“When do you see Lord Parham?” she asked.

“Eight o’clock—in his room at the House. I’ll send you up a note.”

“You’ll be home early?”

“No—don’t wait for me.”

She dropped her hands, after giving him a kiss on the cheek.

“I know where you’re going! It’s Madame d’Estrées’ evening.”

“Well—you don’t object?”

“Object?” She shrugged her shoulders. “So long as it amuses you— You won’t find *one* woman there to-night.”

“Last time there were two,” he said, smiling, as he rose from the sofa.

“I know—Lady Quantock—and Mrs. Mallory. Now they’ve deserted her, I hear. What fresh gossip has turned up I don’t know. Of course,” she sighed, “I’ve been out of the world. But I believe there have been developments.”

“Well, I don’t know anything about it—and I don’t think I want to know. She’s very agreeable, and one meets everybody there.”

“*Everybody*. Ungallant creature!” she said, giving a little pull to his collar, the set of which did not please her.

"Sorry! Mother!"—his laughing eyes pursued her—"do you want to marry me off directly? I know you do!"

"I want nothing but what you yourself should want. Of course you must marry."

"The young women don't care twopence about me!"

"William!—be a bear if you like, but not an idiot!"

"Perfectly true," he declared—"not the dazzlers, and the high-fliers—the only ones it would be an excitement to carry off."

"You know very well," she said, slowly, "that now you might marry anybody."

He threw his head back rather haughtily.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about money and that kind of thing. Well, give me time, mother—don't hurry me! And now I'd better stop talking nonsense, change my clothes, and be off. Good-by, dear—you shall hear when the job's perpetrated!"

"William, really!—don't say these things—at least to anybody but me. You understand very well"—she drew herself up rather finely—"that if I hadn't known, in spite of your apparent idleness, you would do any work they *set* you to do, to your own credit and the country's, I'd never have lifted a finger for you!"

William Ashe laughed out.

"Oh, intriguing mother!" he said, stooping again to kiss her. "So you admit you did it?"

He went off gayly, and she heard him flying up-stairs three steps at a time, as though he were still an untamed Eton boy, and there were no three weeks' hard political fighting behind him, and no interview which might decide his life before him.

He entered his own sitting-room on the second floor, shut the door behind him, and glanced round him with delight. It was a large room looking on a wide street, and obliquely to the park. Its walls were covered with books—books which almost at first sight betrayed to the accustomed eye that they were the familiar companions of a student. Almost every volume had long paper slips inside it, and when opened would have been found to contain notes and underlinings in a somewhat

reckless and destructive abundance. A large table, also loaded untidily with books and papers, stood in the centre of the room; many of them were note-books, stored with evidences of the most laborious and patient work; a Cambridge text lay beside them, face downwards, as he had left it on departure. His mother's housekeeper, who had been one of his best friends from babyhood, was the only person allowed to dust his room,—but on the strict condition that she replaced everything as she found it.

He took up the volume, and plunged a moment headlong into the Greek chorus that met his eye. "*Jolly!*" he said, putting it down with a sigh of regret. "These beastly politics!"

And he went muttering to his dressing-room, summoning his valet almost with ill temper. Yet half his library was the library of a politician, admirably chosen and exhaustively read.

The man who answered his call understood his moods and served him at a look. Ashe complained hotly of the brushing of his dress clothes, and worked himself into a fever over the set of his tie. Nevertheless, before he left he had managed to get from the young man the whole story of his engagement to the under-housemaid, giving him thereupon some bits of advice, jocular but trenchant, which James accepted with a readiness quite unlike his normal behavior in the circles of his class.

CHAPTER II

ASHE took his seat, dined, and saw the Prime Minister. These things took time, and it was not till past eleven that he presented himself in the hall of Madame d'Estrées' house in St. James's Place. Most of her guests were already gathered, but he mounted the stairs with two personal friends of his own—Darrell, the journalist and member of Parliament, and Louis Harman, artist and man of fashion, the friend of duchesses and painter of portraits—a person much in request in many worlds.

"What a *cachet* they have, these houses!" said Harman, looking round him. "St. James's Place is the top!"

"Where else would you expect to find Madame d'Estrées?" asked Darrell, smiling.



LADY KITTY BRISTOL

"Yes,—what taste she has! However, it was I really who advised her to take the house."

"Naturally," said Darrell.

Harman threw a dubious look at him, then stopped a moment, and with a complacent proprietary air straightened an engraving on the staircase wall.

"I suppose the dear lady has a hundred slaves of the lamp, as usual," said Ashe. "You advise her about her house—somebody else helps her to buy her wine—"

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Harman, offended,—"as if I couldn't do that!"

"Hullo!" said Darrell, as they neared the drawing-room door. "What a crowd there is!"

For, as the butler announced them, the din of talk which burst through the door implied indeed a multitude—much at their ease.

They made their way in with difficulty, shaping their course towards that corner in the room where they knew they should find their hostess. Ashe was greeted on all sides with friendly words and congratulations, and a passage was opened for him to the famous "blue sofa" where Madame d'Estrées sat enthroned.

She looked up with animation, broke off her talk with two elderly diplomats who seemed to have taken possession of her, and beckoned Ashe to a seat beside her.

"So you're in? Was it a hard fight?"

"A hard fight? Oh no. One would have had to be a great fool not to get in."

"They say you spoke very well. I suppose you promised them everything they wanted—from the crown downwards?"

"Yes—all the usual harmless things," said Ashe.

Madame d'Estrées laughed.

"And you took your seat to-night?"

"I did. It fell jolly flat. The news of Portsmouth had just come in."

"Ah!—that's a blow. Anything else happened to you?"

She looked at him across the top of her fan.

"You can't wait for your newspaper?" he said, smiling, after a moment's pause.

She shrugged her shoulders good-humoredly. "Oh, I *know*—of course I know. Is it as good as you expected?"

"As good as—" The young man opened his mouth in wonder. "What right had I to expect anything?"

"How modest! All the same they want you—and they're very glad to get you. But you can't save them."

"That's not generally expected of Under-Secretaries, is it?"

"A good deal's expected of *you*. I talked to Lord Parham about you last night."

William Ashe flushed a little.

"Did you? Very kind of you."

"Not at all. I didn't flatter you in the least. Nor did he. But it's true. They're sure you'll do well. You'll help them at least to fall decently, and then when you all come back—"

"Goodness!" said Ashe, "you *are* looking ahead."

She laughed.

"Well, it's pretty plain, isn't it, that the other side will come in, and equally plain that they'll never be able to *keep* in? And *then* you'll get your chance."

She bent forward and lightly patted the sleeve of his coat with the fingers of a very delicate hand. In her sympathetic aspect, Madame d'Estrées was no doubt exceedingly attractive. There were, of course, many people who were not moved by it; to whom it was the conjuring of an arch pretender. But these were generally of the female sex. Men, at any rate, lent themselves to the illusion. Ashe, certainly, had always done so. And to-night the spell still worked; though, as her action drew his particular attention to her face and expression, he was aware of slight changes in her which recalled his mother's words of the afternoon. The eyes were tired; at last he perceived in them some slight signs of age and harass. Up till now her dominating charm had been a kind of timeless softness and sensuousness, which breathed from her whole personality—from her fair skin and hair, her large, smiling eyes. She put, as it were, the question of age aside. It was difficult to think of her as a child; it was impossible to imagine her as an old woman. A ripe yet subtle bloom; perfect physical health; a skilled command of voice and gesture; a taste in jewels and in dress that suited with what an earlier generation would have called the "opulence" of her charms—

all these things had Madame d'Estrées. It was only the envious or the prosaic who remembered that she had possessed them, in the full view of society—of a certain section of society, at any rate,—for more than twenty years.

"Well, this is all very surprising," said Ashe, "considering that four months ago I did not matter an old shoe to anybody."

"That was your own fault. You took no trouble. And besides—there was your poor brother in the way."

Ashe's brow contracted.

"No, that he never was," he said, with energy. "Freddy was never in anybody's way—least of all in mine."

"You know what I mean," she said, hastily. "And you know what friends he and I were,—poor Freddy! But, after all, the world's the world."

"Yes—we all grow on somebody's grave," said Ashe. Then, just as she became conscious that she had jarred upon him, and must find a new opening, he himself found it. "Tell me!" he said, bending forward with a sudden alertness, "who is that lady?"

He pointed out a little figure in white, sitting in the opening of the second drawing-room—a very young girl apparently, surrounded by a group of men.

"Ah!" said Madame d'Estrées, "I was coming to that—that's my girl Kitty—"

"Lady Kitty!" said Ashe, in amazement. "She's left school? I thought she was quite a little thing."

"She's not quite eighteen. Isn't she a darling? Don't you think her very pretty?"

Ashe looked a moment.

"Extraordinarily bewitching!—unlike other people?" he said, turning to the mother.

Madame d'Estrées raised her eyebrows a little, in apparent amusement.

"I'm not going to describe Kitty. She's indescribable. Besides—you must find her out. Do go and talk to her. She's to be half with me, half with her aunt—Lady Grosville."

Ashe made some polite comment.

"Oh! don't let's be conventional!" said Madame d'Estrées, flirting her fan with a little air of weariness. "It's an odious arrangement. Lady Grosville and I, as you probably know, are not on terms. She says atrocious things of me,—and

I—" the fair head fell back a little, and the white shoulders rose, with the slightest air of languid disdain. "Well, bear me witness that I don't retaliate! It's not worth while. But I know that Grosville House can help Kitty. So!—" Her gesture, half ironical, half resigned, completed the sentence.

"Does Lady Kitty like society?"

"Kitty likes anything that flatters or excites her."

"Then of course she likes society. Anybody as pretty as that—"

"Ah! how sweet of you," said Madame d'Estrées, softly,— "how sweet of you! I like you to think her pretty. I like you to say so."

Ashe felt and looked a trifle disconcerted, but his companion bent forward and added: "I don't know whether I want you to flirt with her! You must take care. Kitty's the most fantastic creature. Oh! my life now 'll be very different. I find she takes all my thoughts and most of my time!"

There was something extravagant in the sweetness of the smile which emphasized the speech, and altogether Madame d'Estrées, in this new maternal aspect, was not as agreeable as usual. Part of her charm perhaps had always lain in the fact that she had no domestic topics of her own, and so was endlessly ready for those of other people. Those, indeed, who came often to her house were accustomed to speak warmly of her "unselfishness"—by which they meant the easy patience with which she could listen, smile, and flatter.

Perhaps Ashe made this tacit demand upon her, no less than other people. At any rate, as she talked cooingly on about her daughter, he would have found her tiresome for once, but for some arresting quality in that small, distant figure. As it was, he followed what she said with attention, and as soon as she had been recaptured by the impatient Italian Ambassador, he moved off, intending slowly to make his way to Lady Kitty. But he was caught in many congratulations by the road, and presently he saw that his friend Darrell was being introduced to her by the old habitué of the house, Colonel Warington, who generally divided with the hostess the "lead" of these social evenings.

Lady Kitty nodded carelessly to Mr. Darrell, and he sat down beside her.

"That's a cool hand for a girl of eighteen!" thought Ashe. "She has the airs of a princess—except for the chatter."

Chatter indeed! Wherever he moved, the sound of the light, hurrying voice made itself persistently heard through the hum of male conversation.

Yet once Ashe, looking round to see if Darrell could be dislodged, caught the chatterer silent, and found himself all at once invaded by a slight thrill, or shock.

What did the girl's expression mean?—what was she thinking of? She was looking intently at the crowded room, and it seemed to Ashe that Darrell's talk, though his lips moved quickly, was not reaching her at all. The dark brows were drawn together, and beneath them the eyes looked sorely out. The delicate lips were slightly, piteously open, and the whole girlish form in its young beauty appeared, as he watched, to shrink together. Suddenly the girl's look, so wide and searching, caught that of Ashe, and he moved impulsively forward.

"Present me, please, to Lady Kitty," he said, catching Warington's arm.

"Poor child!" said a low voice in his ear.

Ashe turned and saw Louis Harman. The tone, however—allusive, intimate, patronizing,—in which Harman had spoken annoyed him, and he passed on without taking any notice.

"Lady Kitty," said Warington, "Mr. Ashe wishes to be presented to you. He is an old friend of your mother's. Congratulate him—he has just got into Parliament."

Lady Kitty drew herself up, and all trace of the look which Ashe had observed disappeared. She bowed, not carelessly as she had bowed to Darrell, but with a kind of exaggerated stateliness, not less girlish.

"I never congratulate anybody," she said, shaking her head, "till I know them."

Ashe opened his eyes a little.

"How long must I wait?" he said, smiling, as he drew a chair beside her.

"That depends. Are you difficult to know?" She looked up at him audaciously, and he on his side could not take his eyes from her, so singular was the small,

sparkling face. The hair and skin were very fair, like her mother's, the eyes dark and full of fire, the neck most daintily white and slender, the figure undeveloped, the feet and hands extremely small. But what arrested him was, so to speak, the embodied contradiction of the personality—as between the wild intelligence of the eyes and the extreme youth, almost childishness, of the rest.

He asked her if she had ever known any one confess to being easy to know.

"Well, I'm easy to know," she said, carelessly, leaning back—"but then I'm not worth knowing."

"Is one allowed to find out?"

"Oh yes—of course! You know—when you were over there, I *willed* that you should come and talk to me, and you came. Only," she sat up, with animation, and began to tick off her sentences on her fingers—"don't ask me how long I've been in town. Don't ask where I was in Paris. Don't inquire whether I like balls! You see, I warn you at once"—she looked up frankly—"that we mayn't lose time."

"Well, then, I don't see how I'm ever to find out," said Ashe, stoutly.

"Whether I'm worth knowing?" She considered, then bent forward eagerly. "Look here!—I'll just tell you everything in a lump, and then that 'll do—won't it? Listen. I'm nearly eighteen. I was sent to the Sœurs Blanches when I was eight—the year papa died. I *didn't* like papa,—I'm very sorry, but I didn't! However, that's by the way.—In all those years I have only seen Maman once—she doesn't like children. But my aunt Grosville has some French relations—very, *very* 'comme il faut,' you understand—and I used to go and stay with them for the holidays. Tell me!—did you ever hunt in France?"

"Never," said Ashe, startled and amused by the sudden glance of enthusiasm that lit up the face and expressed itself in the clasped hands.

"Oh! it's such heaven," she said, lifting her shoulders with an extravagant gesture,—"*such heaven!* First there are the old dresses—the men look such darlings!—and then the horns, and the old ways they have—*si noble! si distingué!*—not like your stupid English hunting. And then the dogs!—Ah! the *dogs*"—the

shoulders went higher still,—“do you know, my cousin Henri actually gave me a puppy of the great breed—the breed, you know—the dogs of St. Hubert. Or at least he *would*, if Maman would have let me bring it over. And she wouldn't! Just think of that!—When there are thousands of people in France who'd give the eyes out of their head for one. I cried all one night—Allons!—faut pas y penser!”—she shook back the hair from her eyes with an impatient gesture. “My cousins have got a château, you know, in the Seine-et-Oise. They've promised to ask me next year—when the Grand-Duke Paul comes—if I'll promise to behave. You see, I'm not a bit like French girls—I had so many affairs!”

Her eyes flashed with laughter.

Ashe laughed too.

“Are you going to tell me about them also?”

She drew herself up.

“No! I play fair always,—ask anybody! Oh, I *do* want to go back to France so badly!” Once more she was all appeal and childishness. “You know, it's all nonsense about convents. They *don't* bother you about religion. They're not a bit strict! You needn't learn anything you don't want to—and you can eat as many sweets as ever you like! You can always go out and see your friends—and then there are the holidays. No, I won't stay in England!—I have made up my mind to that!”

“How long has it taken?”

“A fortnight,” she said, slowly,—“just a fortnight.”

“That hardly seems time enough—does it?” said Ashe. “Give us a little longer!”

“No—I—I hate you!” said Lady Kitty, with a strange drop in her voice. Her little fingers began to drum on the table near her, and to Ashe's intense astonishment he saw her eyes fill with tears.

Suddenly a movement towards the other room set in around them. Madame d'Estrées could be heard giving directions. A space was made in the large drawing-room—a little table appeared in it, and a footman placed thereon a glass of water.

Lady Kitty looked up.

“Oh! that *detestable* man!” she said, drawing back. “No—I can't, I can't bear it. Come with me!” and beckoning

to Ashe, she fled with precipitation into the farther part of the inner drawing-room, out of her mother's sight. Ashe followed her, and she dropped, panting and elate, into a chair.

Meanwhile the outer room gathered to hear the recitation of some *vers de société*, fondly believed by their author to be of a very pretty and Praedian make. They certainly amused the company, who laughed and clapped as each neat personality emerged. Lady Kitty passed the time either in a running commentary on the reciter, which occasionally convulsed her companion, or else in holding her small hands over her ears.

When it was over, she drew a long breath.

“How Maman *can*!—Oh, how *bête* you English are to applaud such a man! You have only *one* poet, haven't you?—one living poet? Ah! I shouldn't have laughed if it had been he!”

“I suppose you mean Geoffry Cliffe?” said Ashe, amused. “Nobody abroad seems ever to have heard of any one else.”

“Well, of course, I just long to know him! Every one says he is so dangerous!—he makes all the women fall in love with him. That's *delicious*! He shouldn't make me! Do you know him?”

“He was my fag at Eton. I ‘worked him off’ twice,” said Ashe.

She inquired what the phrase might mean, and when informed, flushed hotly, denouncing the English school system as quite unfit for gentlemen and men of honor. Her French cousins would sooner die than suffer such a thing. Then in the midst of her tirade she suddenly paused, and fixing Ashe with her brilliant eyes, she asked him a surprising question, in a changed and steady voice.

“Is Lady Tranmore not well?”

Ashe was fairly startled.

“Thank you,—I left her quite well. Have you—”

“Did Maman ask her to come to-night?”

It was Ashe's turn to redden.

“I don't know. But—we are in mourning, you see, for my brother.”

Her face changed and softened instantly. “Are you? I'm so sorry. I—I always say something stupid. Then—Lady Tranmore used to come to Maman's parties—before—”

She had grown quite pale; it seemed to him that her hand shook. Ashe felt an extraordinary pang of pity and concern.

"It's I, you see, to whom your mother has been kind," he said, gently. "We're an independent family; we each make our own friends."

"No—" she said, drawing a deep breath. "No, it's not that. Look at that room."

Following her slight gesture, Ashe looked. It was an old, low-ceiled room, panelled in white and gold, showing here and there an Italian picture, saint or "Holy Family," agreeable school-work,—from which might be inferred the taste if not the *expertise* of Madame d'Estrées' first husband, Lord Blackwater. The floor was held by a plentiful collection of seats, neither too easy nor too stiff; arranged by one who understood to perfection the physical conditions, if not the "great art" itself of conversation. At this moment every seat was full. A sea of black coats overflowed on the farther side into the staircase landing, where through the open door several standing groups could be seen; and in the inner room where they sat there was but little space between its margin and themselves. It was a remarkable sight; and in his past visits to the house Ashe had often said to himself that the elements of which it was made up were still more remarkable. Ministers and Opposition; ambassadors, travellers, journalists; the men of fashion and the men of reform; here, a French Republican official, and beyond him, perhaps, a man whose ancestors were already of the most ancient *noblesse* in Saint-Simon's day; artists, great and small, men of letters, good and indifferent; all these had been among the guests of Madame d'Estrées, brought to the house, each of them, for some quality's sake, some power of keeping up the social game.

But now, as he looked at the room, not to please himself, but to obey Lady Kitty, Ashe became aware of a new impression. The crowd was no less, numerically, than he had seen it in the early winter; but it seemed to him less distinguished, made up of coarser and commoner items. He caught the face of a shady financier long since banished from Lady Trammore's

parties; beyond him, a red-faced Colonel, conspicuous alike for doubtful money-matters and matrimonial trouble; and in a farther corner, the sallow profile of a writer whose books were apt to rouse even the man of the world to a healthy and contemptuous disgust. Surely these persons had never been there of old; he could not remember one of them.

He looked again, more closely. Was it fancy, or was the gathering itself aware of the change which had passed over it? As a whole, it was certainly noisier than of old; the shouting and laughter were incessant. But within the general uproar certain groups had departed from other groups, and were talking with a studied quiet. Most of the habitués were still there; but they held themselves apart from their neighbors. Were the old intimacy and solidarity beginning to break up?—and with them the peculiar charm of these "evenings"—a charm which had so far defied a social boycott that had been active from the first?

He glanced back uncertainly at Lady Kitty, and she looked at him.

"Why are there no ladies?" she said, abruptly.

He collected his thoughts.

"It—it has always been a men's gathering. Perhaps for some men here—I'm sorry there are such barbarians, Lady Kitty!—that makes the charm of it. Look at that old fellow there! He is a most famous old boy. Everybody invites him—but he never stirs out of his den but to come here. My mother can't get him—though she has tried often."

And he pointed to a dishevelled, gray-haired gentleman, short in stature, round in figure—something, in short, like an animated egg,—who was addressing a group not far off.

Lady Kitty's face showed a variety of expressions.

"Are there many parties like this in London? Are the ladies asked, and don't come? I—I don't—understand!"

Ashe looked at her kindly.

"There is no other hostess in London as clever as your mother," he declared, and then tried to change the subject; but she paid no heed.

"The other day, at Aunt Grosville's," she said, slowly, "I asked if my two cousins might come to-night, and they

looked at me as though I were mad! Oh, *do* talk to me!—" She came impulsively nearer, and Ashe noticed that Darrell, standing against the doorway of communication, looked round at them in amusement. "I liked your face—the very first moment when I saw you across the room. Do you know—you're—you're very handsome!" She drew back, her eyes fixed gravely, intently upon him.

For the first time Ashe was conscious of annoyance.

"I hope you won't mind my saying so,"—his tone was a little short,—“but in this country we don't say those things. They're not—quite polite.”

"Aren't they?" Her eyebrows arched themselves and her lips fell in penitence. "I always called my French cousin, Henri la Fresnay, *beau*! I am sure he liked it!" The accent was almost plaintive.

Ashe's natural impulse was to say that if so the French cousin must be an ass. But all in a moment he found himself seized with a desire to take her little hands in his own and press them,—she looked such a child, so exquisite and so forlorn. And he did, in fact, bend forward confidentially,—forgetting Darrell.

"I want you to come and see my mother," he said, smiling at her. "Ask Lady Grosville to bring you."

"May I? But—" She searched his face, eager still to pour out the impulsive, uncontrolled confidences that were in her mind. But his expression stopped her, and she gave a little resentful sigh.

"Yes—I'll come. *We*—you and I—are a little bit cousins too—aren't we? We talked about you at the Grosvilles'."

"Was our 'great-great' the same person?" he said, laughing. "Hope it was a decent 'great-great.' Some of mine aren't much to boast of. Well, at any rate, let's *be* cousins—whether we are or no; shall we?"

She assented, her whole face lighting up.

"And we're going to meet on Saturday!" she said, triumphantly,—“in the country.”

"Are we?—at Grosville Park. That's delightful."

"And *then* I'll ask your advice—I'll make you tell me—a hundred things! That's a bargain—mind!"

"Kitty!—Come and help me with the tea—there's a darling!"

Lady Kitty turned. A path had opened through the crowd, and Madame d'Estrées, much escorted, a vision of diamonds and pale pink satin, appeared, leading the way to the supper-room, and the light "refection," accompanied by much champagne, which always closed these evenings.

The girl rose, as did her companion also. Madame d'Estrées threw a quick, half-satirical glance at Ashe, but he had eyes only for Lady Kitty and her transformation at the touch of her mother's voice. She followed Madame d'Estrées with a singular and conscious dignity, her white skirts sweeping, her delicately fine head thrown back on her thin neck and shoulders. The black crowd closed about her; and Ashe's eyes pursued the slender figure till it disappeared.

Extreme youth—innocence—protest—pain:—was it with these touching and pleading impressions, after all, that his first talk with Kitty Bristol had left him? Yet what a little *étourdie*! How lacking in the reserves, the natural instincts and shrinkings of the well-bred English girl!

Darrell and Ashe walked home together through a windy night which was bringing out April scents even from the London grass and lilac-bushes.

"Well," said Darrell, as they stepped into the Green Park,—“so you're safely in. Congratulate you, old fellow. Anything else?"

"Yes. They've offered me Hickson's place. More fools they, don't you think?"

"Good! Upon my word, Bill, you've got your foot in the stirrup now! Hope you'll continue to be civil to poor devils like me."

The speaker looked up smiling, but neither the tone nor the smile was really cordial. Ashe felt the embarrassment that he had once or twice felt before in telling Darrell news of good fortune. There seemed to be something in Darrell that resented it—under an outer show of felicitation.

However, they went on talking of the political moment and its prospects, and of Ashe's personal affairs. As to the last, Darrell questioned, and Ashe somewhat reluctantly replied. It appeared that his

allowance was to be largely raised—that his paralyzed father, in fact, was anxious to put him in possession of a substantial share in the income of the estates,—that one of the country houses was to be made over to him—and so on.

“Which means, of course,—that they want you to marry,” said Darrell. “Well, you’ve only to throw the handkerchief.”

They were passing a lamp as he spoke, and the light shone on his long, pale face—a face of discontent—with its large, sunken eyes and hollow cheeks.

Ashe treated the remark as “rot,” and endeavored to get away from his own affairs by discussing the party they had just left.

“How does she get all those people together? It’s astonishing!”

“Well, I always liked Madame d’Estrées well enough,” said Darrell, “but, upon my word, she has done a beastly mean thing in bringing that girl over.”

“You mean”—Ashe hesitated—“that her own position is too doubtful?”

“Doubtful!—my dear fellow!” Darrell laughed unpleasantly. “I never really understood what it all meant till the other night, when old Lady Grosville took and told me,—more, at any rate, than I knew before. The Grosvilles are on the war-path, and they regard the coming of this poor child as the last straw.”

“Why?” said Ashe.

Darrell gave a shrug. “Well, you know the story of Madame d’Estrées’ stepdaughter?—old Blackwater’s daughter.”

“Ah! by his first marriage? I knew it was something about the stepdaughter,” said Ashe, vaguely.

Darrell began to repeat his conversation with Lady Grosville. The tale

threatened presently to become a black one indeed; and at last Ashe stood still in the broad walk crossing the Green Park.

“Look here,” he said, resolutely—“don’t tell me any more. I don’t want to hear any more.”

“Why?” asked Darrell, in amazement.

“Because—” Ashe hesitated a moment. “Well, I don’t want it to be made impossible for me to go to Madame d’Estrées’ again. Besides—we’ve just eaten her salt!”

“You’re a good friend!” said Darrell, not without something of a sneer.

Ashe was ruffled by the tone, but tried not to show it. He merely insisted that he knew Lady Grosville to be a bit of an old cat; that of course there was something up, but it seemed a shame for those at least who accepted Madame d’Estrées’ hospitality to believe the worst. There was a curious mixture of carelessness and delicacy in his remarks, very characteristic of the man. It appeared as though he was at once too indolent to go into the matter and too chivalrous to talk about it.

Darrell presently maintained a rather angry silence. No man likes to be checked in his story, especially when the check implies something like a snub from his best friend. Suddenly memory brought before him the little picture of Ashe and Lady Kitty together—he bending over her, in his large, handsome geniality, and she looking up. Darrell felt a twinge of jealousy—then disgust. Really men like Ashe had the world too easily their own way! That they should pose, besides,—was too much.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Father James

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE broad shoulders were bent a little more that morning than toil had bent them, and the sun-browned, many-lined face wore an apprehensive look which troubled the kindly eyes regarding it.

"Ef I hedn't ben so shore of her, mother, in the fust place," said the farmer, "I wouldn't ever have let her gone,"—biting at the grass straw in his hand.

"She'd hev gone just the same," said his wife. "W'en a girl sets her mind on schoolin', she's boun' ter hev it, ef the angel with the flamin' sword stan's in the way."

"Wal, she's got it."

"Yes; and ef it's the right sort, you no need to trouble."

"But I can't feel jes shore of her now."

"I feel jes shore of her now."

"W'y, it stan's ter reason, mother—"

"That a good girl 'll look down on her own folks because she knows verbs and angles and languages an' they don't! I know Lally, at any rate, better 'n that. Now you go 'long back ter your mowin', afore the dew's all off the grass. It's the third time you've ben in about this notion," said his wife, rubbing the crumbs of flour off her hands. "Ef we can't trust our own child, the world can't come to an end too soon!"

"That's jes w'at I'm thinkin'," he said.

"And I don't want it to come to an end. It's ben a pleasant world; an' the thought of her comin' home has ben the pleasantest part of it—I mean, of course, the pleasantest sence them old days w'en I merried you! But I've ben doin' a sight of thinkin' lately,—an' w'en a girl's ben gone all these years, an' ben amongst the folks thet knows everythin', an' comes back home to the folks thet don't know much of anythin'—"

"They're her folks, though. An' blood's thicker 'n water. An' she's Lally."

"Yes, she's Lally. But I—but you—I've tried, mother,—I've spelt over them books she's sent home; but I can't make nothin' out'n 'em. My glasses don't no-ways fit my eyes—"

"Now, father! It ain't likely but Lally's seen enough of the folks that can read them books. She don't love us because we can read books or can't read 'em. She loves us because we're ourselves. I wouldn't own her if she didn't!"

"That's jest it. You'll be gittin' put out 'ith her, an' there'll be trouble—"

"Now, Sam, you go right back to the mowin'-field! I gotter git my work done. I jes sent down some molasses an' ginger water, and it 'll be all warm,—and I sent some apple patties, too, an' you won't git your share,—and, anyway, you go along!"

Her husband dispiritedly pulled himself together. "I can't say as I git much encouragement from you," he said.

"Encouragement for what?" she asked. "For doubtin' your own child? That ain't what ye want." And she laid her floury hand on his shoulder. "Sam," she said, "we've allus got each other."

"It ain't enough," he said, with something like a sob. "It ain't enough without her."

"Well, I guess that's right," said his wife.

"Emerline, I don't mean"—turning about again—"I—"

"Oh, I know what you mean! Now if you don't make tracks that timothy 'll be the thickness of rushes!" And he went out slowly, his shoulders stooped as if carrying a load.

His wife sat down and cried a little then. If you know why, it is more than she did. And then she bustled about till old Fuzz found his safe refuge under the stove, and the pantry shelves bent with the weight of pies and crullers and pound-cakes and the cold roast lamb. The men had had their dinner in the mowing-

field; and when her husband came home, she was sitting, pale but placid, in her lilac calico, her gray hair smooth as satin, her foot in the stirrup of her cabbage-netting, and Fuzz purring on the window-sill beside her.

"Ain't ye goin' ter dress up, Emerline?" he asked, querulously.

"What for?" she said, calmly.

"You got a black silk," he said, as if challenging her to deny it, "and a gold chain—"

"I'd look pretty gittin' supper in a silk gownd and a gold chain!"

"You look pretty anyway, Emerline. But w'en we're expectin' company—"

"My daughter ain't company."

"But I wanted to put on my Sunday coat—"

"Do you s'pose Lally thinks of us in our Sunday clo'es, or jes 's we be?"

"But she's ben seein' folks in better 'n our best."

"You go an' wash, father, an' put on a clean shirt, an' slick your hair—"

"W'y, I've ben 'lottin' all day on gittin' into my other thin's, Emerline. I shaved this mornin' a-purpose."

"You ain't much time ter lose, then. I'll be a-settin' the table."

When her husband came back, fresh and rosy with the soap and water and the clean shirt, his coat hanging over his arm, he sat down by the stove dejectedly, while she bustled about, opening the oven door lest the biscuit browned too soon, lifting the griddles to moderate the heat, bringing the lamb and the mint sauce from the pantry, pouring the boiling water off the potatoes and setting them back that they might burst their skins.

"It's dretfle waitin' so," said her husband. And he stretched his arm and took down the accordion from the shelf above—the mother-of-pearl keys always seeming to him things of beauty and part of the melody—and began playing a plaintive "ditty of no tune." Presently he paused. "You know, Emerline," he said, "there was Peters's Aba that come home too high an' mighty fer her folks."

"Lally isn't a Peters."

"No, Lally isn't a Peters," he repeated, as if that were some comfort, and fell to playing softly again. "No, Lally's Lally," he said, pausing again.

"I'm sure I hope so!" cried a gay voice

behind him; and two hands were laid upon his eyes. "I give you three guesses who it is, Father James! And the forfeit's kisses!"

"It's my girl! It's my girl!" he cried, upsetting his chair as he sprang to his feet and caught her to himself, the accordion falling forgotten. And the girl, a tall young birch-tree of a girl, couldn't speak for the tears that were half laughing and half crying.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be here again!" she said then, as she broke away from him and ran to her mother. "Oh, mother, everything's just the same! I don't know how many nights I've dreamed about it! Oh, if it hadn't been for the dreams of those nights, I don't know how I could have stayed away!"

"And it's the same little girl, Emerline! Don't you see? You can't grow thorns on an apple-tree!"

"It's the same dear people! Oh, I'm so glad you're my people!" And she threw off her hat and jacket, and had an arm round each of them again.

"We ain't the sort of people you've ben goin' with, Lally," said her father, with a slight relapse into doubt.

"You're a thousand times better! There's nobody like you!" And she kissed the tear off his face. "Oh, here's dear old Fuzz! He remembers me—I really think he does—after all these years! And the old clock's ticking just the same! Wait till I run up to my room, and I'll help you get tea, mother."

"I set some white laylocks there," said her father, when she was gone. "I thought 'twould make it seem brighter like. She's ben havin' thin's nice." And then he added, anxiously, "You don't s'pose she's puttin' anythin' on, do you, mother?"

"Mr. James, you do beat all! Goin' about lookin' for trouble. Can you see that face an' think she's makin' b'lieve? Puttin' thin's on! Now we'll dish up 'fore she's back,—she's gotter explore every corner of the garret fust,—and I'll blow the horn jes 's I useter w'en she was down to the medder lot. We've got our child back, father!"

"Wal, p'r'aps we hev. I guess we hev. You do find a way of makin' thin's comfortable, mother. I s'pose I'd better put my coat on 'fore we sit?"

"Why not?"

"It's drettle warm."

"She's ben useter coats and all that, you was sayin'?"

"Yes. And I guess she'd feel it wuss 'n I do. Emerline, you've got a collar on!"

"I don' know where your eyes be, Mr. James. Ever sence you come home from the war with your bounty-money an' back-pay, an' we hed the house painted an' the front-door porch built on, I've hed a collar w'en I fixed up after the day's work."

"I s'pose you couldn't churn an' bake in one? I don' know how I can cut that line o' lamb 'ith these sleeves a-pullin'—"

"It don't need much cuttin'. It's tender 's a snow-apple."

"I don' know," with a sigh. "I don' know. By gracious!" he cried, suddenly, glancing through the open door, "there's that young shorthorn in the new corn again! Does seem as if everythin' come to once, and w'en you least expect it most!" And the sight acting like a quick pick-me-up, he was after the shorthorn, a pair of swift feet pattering behind him, and he came back from a triumphant rescue of the corn with Lally on his arm, quite another man.

"Why, father," said Lally, as they sat down at the table, "what have you got that thick coat on for, in this weather? You take it right off, and mother and I'll make you a linen one instead. You've got a dickey on, too! It's just because I was coming! But it's mighty becoming." An order from the Governor wouldn't have hindered Mr. James from wearing the becoming article next morning. "I should think I was a queen, to see you!" she said. "Did you put on a dickey the day I was born?"

"The day you was born," said her father, solemnly, and laying down his knife, "ef I'd hed a dickey on 'twould 'a' ben like a piece o' wet paper,—the way 'twill be w'en I come in fum mowin' to-morrer."

"Father James! You wouldn't wear a dickey out mowing?"

"I don' know. Wouldn't ye?"

"Of course I wouldn't!"

"Wal, I don't s'pose the king wears his crown ter bed. Yes," after a moment's thought and the disappearance of a but-

tered biscuit, "the day you was born—it was jes the gray of the dawnin', and a great star hung in the east—I guess a star hangs in the east before all best blessings come—"

"You're a blessing yourself, Father James!"

"Guess your mother don't think so," with a shy glance across the table.

"Sometimes I do, father. Sometimes," said the calm voice there.

"An' by the time they fetched ye into the room where I was stan'in' by the winder the sky of a sudding flamed up the color of an evening-primrose, an' you was a-starin' stret out 'ith them big eyes o' yourn, an' fust ye blinked an' then ye sneezed. I rum, the bobolinks whistlin' down in the medder lot never made half so sweet a sound as thet little sneeze! But somehow it skeered me, too. You warn't nothin' but a mite, a handful of live dust; but there was suthin' sort of awesome in that handful. You wasn't there a minute ago, and now you was, an' the thin's that make life an' death was there, too. I tell ye, I was limp. 'Sam,' sez your mother, w'en I see her, 'it's a 'mortal sperrit.' And I didn't darst kiss ye."

"You do now, don't you?" the 'mortal spirit cried, and she sprang up and darted round to hug him. "Did I choke you with these arms, Father James?" she said, as he emerged red from the embrace.

"They're dear arms," said Father James.

"They're strong ones. That's what gymnasium, and basket-ball, and rowing, and lifting dead-weights of women in the hospital do for you. Oh, I'll show you how I can rake the hay to-morrow!"

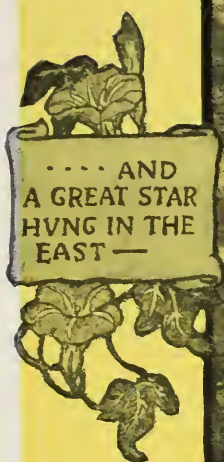
"I guess we didn't send ye to college ter hev ye come home an' rake hay," said her father, majestically. "Say! you ain't looked in the keepin'-room!"

"Yes, I did. And you've gone and got an organ, and I can't play on it!"

"I can," said her father.

"You darling old Father James! You can? Oh, won't that be the best yet! Only think of it! Mother and I will sing hymns and you will play them, Sunday nights. I never dreamed of that! How did you learn to do it, father?"

"Learned myself," he said, somewhat loftily. "Picked it out, an' pegged away.



Found out some fum w'at I knowed of the accordeon. Here, I'll show ye!" And he left the table and threw open the door of the best room and the lid of the little house-organ; and bent laboriously over keyboard and pedal, he played the air of "Federal Street," if with a certain sameness in the left hand. And presently the two voices, young and old, were braided together with the droning harmony in a strain of music that could only have been pleasant in heavenly ears, however critical might have been earthly ones.

"I always knew you were full of music, Father James," said Lally, when they were finishing their supper more leisurely. "But how you contrived all this, I can't imagine. I'm just as proud as a peacock!"

"Wal, I hed a try at them books ye sent home, and I found 'twas no go. And I'd bought the organ for you to have, an' there was the old book of hymn tunes, an' 'ith the help o' that an' w'at your mother an' me learned to singin'-schule, I made out. An' sometimes 'twas like havin' courtin' days over again—warn't it, mother?"

"You're a genius! That's what you are. And mother's a master hand at biscuit. I don't know when I've tasted anything like them."

"There's a little too much shortening," said her mother.

"Your mother took fust prize to the County Fair," said her father, with an air, yet with pleasant condescension from his recent pedestal, "for her loaf-bread an' her creamer-tarter, an' her butter, an' her currant jell, an' her darnin'!"

"I think Mis' Peters hed orter hed it for the jell," said the mother, modestly. "She puts a piece o' rose-geranium leaf in hern."

"And I took on thet consarned short-horn heifer and on the colt!"

"That poor colt will never grow up. You've had the premium on him for the last five years."

"No. Lemme see. Only three. But he's a Morgan, an' there ain't any other Morgans in the county. He's a beauty—sleek as satting—an' w'at he don't know ain't wuth knowin'. There ain't any knot he can't ontie with his teeth. I ben in the habit o' takin' up Neighbor Burrage an' givin' him a lift. Burrage is

ruther hefty, an' the colt don't like it for a cent. And one day I'd left him a-stan'-in' in the market, an' he see a big sailor come along that looked like Burrage, an' he walks across, wagon an' all, and opens his mouth, an' takes the sailor by the scruff of the neck an' throws 'im down. An' then he stan's an' gives a reg'lar laugh, he was so pleased 'ith himself. Oh, he's a great one! If I thought well o' racing—but then I don't," he said, ruefully. "Well, you shell hev a ride behind 'im to-morrer an' see. That is, ef we finish the hayin'—an', by glory! ef we don't!"

"Now, mother, you go and sit down," said Lally. "I'm going to clear up. And I'm going to skim the milk and scald the pans. I don't believe there's anything makes you feel so rich as skimming the cream does. You lift the thick skins and you can't bear to leave an atom. Except it is when you're hunting eggs and find two in a nest."

"No, no, now, Lally. I don't want you to. I'm useter it! 'Tain't nothin' at all. And I don't want your hands all roughed up!"

"I guess my hands can stand it if yours can."

"That's right, Lally," said her father. "Them old han's o' hern was as white as yours be once. Our han's hev growed old together, wife. With the wearin' o' years an' the wearin' o' work." And he took one of them and held it on his arm a moment, in spite of her reluctance.

It was over a house full of happy peace that the soft summer night fell. Now and then a breath from the salt marshes mixed the fresh sea-scents with the heavy richness of the lilacs, and mounted and stirred drowsily in the tops of the great elm that housed all a world of small life in the depths of its green shadow; and a golden robin waked with a gush of song; and down in the cool dew of the grass a sparrow for an instant dreamed that it was morning; and like the shield of some great spirit the moon came up, and the faint mists fled before her; and far off from farm to farm through the wide obscurity a dog bayed in the deep of the night.

"You 'sleep, mother?" said Father James in a hollow whisper.

"No. Be you?"

"I ain't closed an eye. Seems though

I didn't know how to say I'm thankful enough to hev her back. Say—she ain't changed a mite."

"You can't change gold," said his wife. "'Twill allus be gold."

"Thet's so. She's pretty 's a pink, now, ain't she? She puts me in mind of you, Emerline, w'en we fust begun to keep company."

"What talk! You go to sleep."

"But, Emerline—she's so—so—like a flower. Do you s'pose, jest s'pose, *she'll* ever be keepin' company 'ith anybody?"

"I should hope so! Sometime."

"Well, I don' know, mother. I don' know 's I want ter give her up to the best man goin'. And he mightn't be the best man goin'. I—I don't feel as if the Angel Gabriel 'd be more 'n good enough for her. And I'd ruther he didn't come round. I tell ye, w'en you've done yer best for your child, an' sot your heart on her, an' look forrude to her holdin' the light to yer old age, 'tain't easy ter see another man come along an' snake her away from ye. I don' know 's I'd like ter see her any man's wife—"

"She'd be your daughter still ef she was ten men's wives."

"Ten men's wives! Why, mother—"

"Mr. James, your piller's full of live-geese feathers. It 'll be sunup in no time. An' there's the long medder to-morrer."

"You're talking about me! I know you are!" cried a gay voice at the top of the stairs above. "If you don't stop I shall come down and talk too!"

"We ain't spoke your name!" cried her father.

"Burrage's dogs keepin' ye awake, Lally?" said her mother.

"Oh no. But I'm so happy I can't sleep! I'll try again, though. Good night."

"I'd like ter hed her come down, jes ter see ef 'twas really her," whispered her father. "Mother, you put yer hand on my eyes, an' mebbe I'll go off. I guess that's w'at's the matter of me—I'm too happy ter sleep." And under the calm, cool touch he was presently lost in happy dreams.

The bobolink's nest down on the floor of the long meadow, in its tangle of sunbeams and the shadow of tall grasses,

with the soft flower-scented wind stirring just above it, did not hold more happiness than this old farm-cottage held. But one day the shadow of a man fell athwart the grass and shut the sun away; and the bobolink knew it meant the morrow's mowing, and ruin. And one day Father James saw the shadow of a man fall across the farm.

It was in the shape of a letter handed to him in the village, where he had gone to sell his asparagus and rhubarb stalks. He had taken the letter between his thumb and finger as if it were a reptile, reading the boldly written address, "Miss Laura James," without his glasses, and with a feeling that some one was taking a liberty with his daughter's name; and he tucked it under the seat before driving home, the colt being in an antic mood.

"There was a letter for you, Lally," he said, when he came in. "But I put it under the cushion, an' 'tain't there now. Must 'a' joggled out. Dinner mos' ready, mother?"

"Father James!" cried Lally, stopping suddenly with the colander of pease in her hands. "Have you lost my letter? Oh, you don't mean so!"

"Wal, never mind. Le's hev dinner, an' then I'll go back an' find it, ef you say so."

But Lally, waiting for no dinner, had snatched her hat from the entry nail while he spoke, and was off down the dust of the highway, searching both sides as she ran, coming back contentedly before very long, the driver of a team following her father's having found the treasure and given it to her. She had sat down in a broken part of the stone wall, where the wild sweetbrier and blackberry vines climbed all about, and had read the letter, and looking round swiftly, had kissed the sheet before she read it, and afterward. And her father knew in his intimate consciousness that she had done so—whether by the flush on her cheek deep as a damask rose, by the blaze in her eyes like blue diamonds, or by some inner unknown sympathy.

She was swinging her hat, and coming leisurely through the hot sunshine. "I found it, father," she cried, joyously, as she saw him sitting on the door-stone. "Why, you needn't look so serious, dear."

It's no matter now. And you've been waiting dinner!"

"I ain't no appertite," said her father, ruefully.

"Well, I have!"

"Lally!" he said, staying her as she would have stepped past him, and looking straight into her wondering eyes.

"Have you got a feller?"

"What's a feller, father?" her head on one side in a pretty mimicry of ignorance.

"A man that will take you away fum me!"

"There isn't any man alive who can take me away from you!" she said. And putting her arm over his shoulder, she went in with him, and ate her dinner in spirits that were almost contagious. "Oh, how good this cherry pie is!" she exclaimed. "What is there better than a cherry pie?"

"Two cherry pies," said her father.

"The boy guessed right the very first time," she sang.

"Laura James, child," said her mother, "you're at the table."

"So are you, mother," said the child, who would have been spoiled if love could spoil anything, beginning to clear away the dishes. Her father had not moved, but sat with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. Lally ran out to bring in her dish-towels from the grass.

"I s'pose you know w'at's happened, mother?" he said. "She's hed a letter. And it's jes the beginnin' of the end. I don' know but I'd as lives she'd never ben born—"

"Mr. James, I'm ashamed of you!" said his wife. "It's temptin' Providence. If we'd never hed any more of her than jes the happiness of this last week, we'd hev hed enough to be grateful for the rest of our lives!"

Coming back for the hot water, Lally began singing again, half under her breath this time:

*"There was a certain father
Who thought that he would rather
His daughter should stay single all her
life,
Than be happy with a husband—*

Husband—husband—oh, there isn't any rhyme to husband!"

"Nor reason, either," said her mother. "Now, Mr. James, that corn's ben grow-

in' fur all it's wuth these hot nights, and is fairly achin' ter be hoed."

"I'm goin', mother, I'm goin'," he said.

They were all sitting in the porch that evening, the twilight falling and faint stars showing. The Madeira-vine shed its sweet breath, and the fragrance of the clethra-bush in the swamp blew softly about them, and the far-off crickets seemed only the singing of silence. "Isn't it perfect!" said Lally. "Oh, if you had been in the hospital wards as long as I was, with only the smell of drugs, this air would seem to you just blowing out of heaven!"

"I never quite liked your going ter the hospittle, Lally," said her father.

"Well, you see, it was just as I wrote you. If I stayed after I was through college to study medicine—"

"An' be a doctor!"

"It would have taken just as long again, and twice the expense—"

"Oh, consarn the expense!"

"But if I went into the hospital to be trained for a nurse, it would take only two years and no expense at all. And then plenty of work near home, where I could see you and come home for rest—"

"It don't seem jes wuth w'ile ter go ter college ter be a nuss," said her mother.

"Yes, dear. I shall be all the better nurse. That is, if I'm a nurse at all now," hesitatingly. "Perhaps I sha'n't be a nurse now, and you'll think those two years in the hospital have gone for nothing. Only, if I hadn't been in the hospital,"—pulling down a piece of the Madeira-vine about her,—"*I never should have met him, maybe.*"

"Him!" cried her father.

"Dr. Lewis. And knowing how to nurse, I may be of a great deal of use to him. Now I'll tell you all about him!" she exclaimed. "He's—he's—well, he's Dr. Lewis!" getting herself farther into the shadow. "And you can't help liking him; and he'll come out here and settle,—old Dr. Payne's looking for some one to take his place, you know. That is, if he thinks best after looking the ground over."

"Tain't good enough for him, mebbe."

"Why, Father James, I shouldn't think this was you!"

"By George! I shouldn't think 'twas! 'Tain't w'at I expected!"



ELIZABETH SWIFT GREEN.

Then an arm was about his neck, and a velvet cheek lay against his face a moment.

"It's the way a bird's wing brushes by in the dark. They all leave the nest, they all leave the nest," he said, and rose stiffly and went in.

"He a'most creaked," said his wife, shortly.

"Oh, mother!" cried Lally, and hid her face in her mother's neck, and poured out her story, and was comforted.

Going to the village the next morning, Mr. James was handed another letter for Lally.

"Guess your Laury's got a beau," said the postmistress.

"Her mother had one at her age," said Mr. James, dryly.

"S'pose she'll be gittin' merried soon,"—a foregone conclusion needing only the affirmative.

"Sooner or later," was the response. And he went home a little happier for having defended Lally from public curiosity.

"Guess the old man don't like it very well, he's so short," said the postmistress to the crony who had happened in.

"Not the leastest mite. He's allus ben consider'ble ambitioned for Laury. Nobody less 'n the Prince o' Wales 'd do for her."

"He'll have to take up 'ith short o' that," said the other, putting back into the box the postal card she had been spelling over, and turning to her little shop. "She's a good gal an' 'd orter hev a good man. But w'en a gal's father don't think well er the man, she'd better let him be."

"Gals are mighty headstrong nowadays. But I wouldn't 'a' thought—"

"Oh, I ain't sayin' thet I know anything," said the postmistress, her face as blank as if great secrets hid behind it. It is disagreeable to confess you know nothing. You can look as if you knew a great deal.

"I hear, Mr. James," said the minister, drawing up the chaise and pausing on his parochial round that afternoon to look over the stone wall the farmer was mending, "that your daughter will not be long with us. I hope her choice is a wise one."

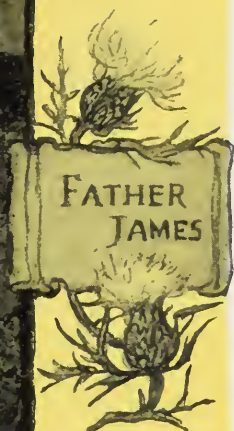
"First rate!" said Mr. James, taking out his big red handkerchief to wipe his

forehead. "Couldn't be better. Me an' her mother think she's done first rate." And there he stood committed.

But that was for the outside. In his heart—Lally would never be happy with what was in his heart. And then a new thought struck him with a pang of joy. What if the fellow who had come to see Lally's folks should find things not quite up to his mark?—What! And break Lally's heart? And shame her before the whole parish, too? He threw down his crowbar, in a rage at himself, at Lally, at all the world, and went striding away as if he were trying to escape his shadow. It would not have made his pursuing thoughts calmer had he known that the same thought, if with a difference, had for the first time occurred to Lally.

It was sunset when he found himself sitting on a shelf of rock in the old quarry. The long red light streamed over him and stained the lichens on the wall beyond. Down in the forsaken pit the waters of the pool were black. Well—it was time to go home; the boy had driven the cows up by this, and his wife was waiting for him to milk. There was no such thing as rest for him in this life, nor in the next one, either. He had brought the girl up; he had set his heart on her; he had gone without and spent himself that she might be made the perfect thing she was—and all to give her up now to another man. The perfect thing she was! It was not likely, then, that she would not choose as a perfect thing should. But what odds to him? He was going to lose her, just the same; and more—she would be wrapped up in that husband of hers, and in all the new concerns. That was the way of the world. Love went down; it did not run back. It was what other fathers had to put up with.

Soft purples began to filter through the red of the sunset. He heard a whippoorwill call, far off over the cranberry-swamp; and then there was a silver din of whippoorwills. He remembered the first time Lally ever heard one,—she held out both her little hands to the evening star. "The star is singing!" she had cried. Ah, ah, what a lovely dear she was then!—what a lovely dear she was now! Like a great velvet rose. No wonder she had a lover! Of course, of course—that,



too, was the way of the world. He wouldn't have liked it if she hadn't had one, he supposed. All the same, it was hard for him. It was hard for him that she didn't seem to care that it was hard. It was hard for him that he had to lose the daily sight and cheer of her. That it wasn't to him she would come in joy or in trouble. That she put some one else before him.

He knew how it was. His own wife had left father and mother and cleaved only to him, and never thought strange of it. How had *her* father and mother felt? He recollected that the mother cried when they left; and the father choked up and turned away quickly. But they had let her go. They wanted her to be happy. They cared more for her happiness than for their own. They knew the time would come when she would not have them and would be alone if she had no husband or child. Why, they loved her better than they loved themselves! They were glad in her happiness, even. And all at once, in his high-wrought mood, like a flash of revelation came a quick acquaintance with the joy of sacrifice. All at once he made it his own. He sat staring before him, as if at a vision of angels, while the rosy afterglow welled up and filled the sky and fell away; and then he saw a star sparkling up at him out of the water, as if glad of his sudden gladness. He climbed to break off half a dozen big boughs of the wild black-cherry, loaded with their pungent fruit, and saw Lyra, blue as a sapphire, up there in the sky above him, looking down into the pool; and all the way home he felt accompanied by something like spiritual and sympathetic sharers of his happy mood.

"Wal," he said to his wife, who was waiting at the gate, "I guess them cows are thinkin' it's high time o' day—"

"That's all right," she said. "Lally's milked. The farrer kicked, though, an' spilled some. Where you ben?"

"I don' know but I've ben a-rasslin' with the angel of the Lord, mother. Anyways, I come off with the blessing. Mother, I'm real pleased at this young man of Lally's. W'y, it'll be jes the same 's a son to us!"

"I thought you'd feel that way w'en ye come to think," said his wife. "Now

we'll have supper right away. I'm afeard the pop-overs are flat as flap-jacks, though."

He handed the boughs of black-cherry to Lally as he went in. "There," said he; "they're puckery, but they're good. Only they'll make yer lips so black he won't wanter look at ye!"

To his consternation, Lally burst into tears and sprang into his arms. "I don't care whether he does, or not!" she cried. "So long as I have you!"

"Sho! sho! Don't ye go milkin' them cows again. You're all tuckered out. Don't you know—you've got him, and us too!"

It had been a bitter day to Lally. At first a little indignant with her father for the way in which he looked at her lover, she had turned the tables and wondered how her lover would look at her father—he city-bred, his mother's house a place of comparative luxury and elegance; he used to the refinements and graces of life. She had been away from home a long while; peculiarities had been forgotten or had grown strange to her; they were of no consequence. In her love and her reverence for her people, and in her delight in them, they had not worried her. But suddenly, looking at them with a stranger's eyes, they started out like sparks on the blackening ember. And then in turn she was indignant with her lover for seeing them. "If he does!" said Lally to herself, with mysterious, unspoken threat. "Look with disdain on them, indeed! I wouldn't have father know it for a farm! If he does!" And the days of alternate doubt and certainty, of hope and fear, made her so restless that she wished she could go to sleep and not wake till Dr. Lewis came. And then she cried again, in a passion of tenderness for him too. But he should see them just as they were—her mother's toil-worn hands and rustic air; her father eating with his knife; the king's English!

When at last the day brought Dr. Lewis, he had already been to see Dr. Payne, and had satisfied himself concerning the professional outlook. And then the doctor dropped him at the farm. "You're going to Mr. James's?" the doctor had asked, as they jogged along. "There's a young woman there,

just back from college and hospital. One of the men cut himself with his scythe, mowing, and there was nothing left for me to do when I got there. Ah yes—I see. Well, sir, you're in luck. That's so. Yes, you'll be seeing the inside of most of the families within twenty miles, before you come to my years, but I doubt if you find the equal of the Jameses in all your goings and comings. I never have. There's a good deal goes on that's between God and James alone; but, for my part, when I find a man naked to his enemies and just outside the prison gate, I send him up there and James takes him on the farm. Or, if I have anybody sick without a spot to lay her head, I go to Mrs. James, and she brings her home to nurse. Hot nights, dark nights, stormy nights, I don't know what I'd have done in this village without that woman. Sam James could have made his fortune once merely by holding his tongue when the doubt was in his favor; but he spoke—and stayed poor. They sent him to the Legislature one term; but, by King! he was too honest for them! His word is better than another man's bond any day, and so was his father's before him. A childish sort of man, too; womanish; lives in his affections. Yes, they're rough, maybe, the Jameses; but they're rough diamonds. Never brought me much practice, though; nothing ever ails them!"

Dr. Lewis came into the living-room, set about with jars of big green boughs, where a gray-haired woman with a certain shy dignity gave him her roughened hand, where a tall gaunt man with a beaming eye took him by the shoulder and wheeled him round that he might look into his face, and where Lally laughed and cried with one arm about him and one about her father. And then, the simple blessing asked, the plates were

heaped, and before they were cleared Dr. Lewis was as much one of the family as if he had been born to it.

"Wait a minute," said Father James, before they rose. "I asked the blessing of the Lord upon this food. But now I want to give thanks for life and health and a new happiness, and a son!"

It was an hour or two later that Lally and her lover went straying through the dark down by the wheat-field, where the fireflies were flashing as if all the stars were falling. "Now," said Lally, "you have come. You have seen me in my home, my people in all their difference from yours. Do you still—"

"And you have been doubting me! I knew there was some bee in your bonnet. Do you suppose I don't know what it is to value people who live so near Nature that they have all her honesty and goodness?"

"And—and the king's English?" she asked, desperately.

"Lally, I wouldn't have thought it of you," he said; but he held her fast. "You distrust me, you distrust them. Oh, you want it all cleared up? Well. Don't you know that every Scotchman speaks in his own dialect? That the Greek poets sang each in his own? That the English language is spoken in its purity only in old Mercia and in Massachusetts; and outside of that, one dialect is no worse than another? I fancy that love and truth are no less love and truth when spoken in this Doric. Lally, it makes me proud to think you born of such simple noble souls as these!"

And Lally dropped his arm, and ran up the path through the blossoming yellow lilies, pale as spirits in the dark, and grasped her mother's hand, and threw herself upon her father's breast. "Oh, he says—he says," she cried—"he says that he is proud to be your son!"



The Story of an Idiom

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

AT the present day one meets occasionally in newspapers such a locution as "he would better do so and so." It is of course not absolutely impossible that this corruption may come in time to be accepted as proper; for the users of our speech have more than once accomplished feats fully as difficult. Now, however, it is as ungrammatical as it is unidiomatic. What the one who employs it really says—going on the assumption that he says anything—is that he would do so and so better than something else. What he is trying to say is that it would be better for him to do so and so instead of something else.

A locution of this sort is the invention of the purists in speech,—who, it is quite needless to remark, are beings essentially distinct from the pure in speech. In every period are to be found persons who can never be sincerely happy unless they can parse every word of every expression they use. To their eyes *had better do* presents insuperable difficulties. It matters nothing that they constantly come across it, or locutions like it, in the writings of great authors—never so often, indeed, as of late years. This fact satisfies the ordinary man; it does not satisfy them. Before they are willing to accept authority for any idiom, it must be reconciled to their reason—or what they choose to call their reason. If in this they fail, they are ready to sacrifice sense to any method of expression which they fancy to be consistent with grammar. Hence has originated the substitution of *would better* for *had better*.

This latter is not the only locution of the sort which has fallen under censure. There is a similar one contained in a favorite text of the Bible which has excited as much grammatical heart-burning as various other texts of that book have theological. "I had rather be a door-

keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," says the Psalmist. It is fair to observe in behalf of those who take exception to the idiom found here that the explanation of it does not lie on the surface. It presents a very genuine difficulty which has perplexed generations of men. The hostility to it is in consequence no new thing. To many lexicographers and grammarians in the past it has been both a stumbling-block and an offence. Further, though its nature had been previously pointed out, no exhaustive study of its exact character and early history was ever made until nearly a quarter of a century ago. Then the task was accomplished by Fitzedward Hall, who so effectually demolished the myths pertaining to the junction of the particle *to* with the infinitive. Accordingly, in telling the story of these locutions, much that is said here is based primarily upon the results of his investigations and upon the materials he collected.

There have existed and still exist in our tongue three idioms of essentially this same character. They are *had liefer* (or *liever*), *had rather*, and *had better*. The order in which they have been mentioned is the order in which they came into general use. At the outset it may be said that none of them goes back to the earliest period of the speech. At that time the regular expression for the first of these locutions which presented itself was made up of the comparative of *lief*, "dear," the dative of the personal pronoun, and the preterite subjunctive of the substantive verb. Instead of *I had liefer*, men said *me were liefer*—that is, "it would be dearer to me." The words are modernized, nor was this the order in which they always appeared; but essentially it is the original idiom.

It was towards the close of the thir-

teenth century that *had liefer* followed by a verb made its first recorded appearance in the language. Once established it came rapidly into extensive use. No reader of Chaucer needs to be told how frequently it is to be met in his pages. Nor is his practice in employing it different from that of his contemporaries and immediate successors. For about two hundred years this particular locution may be said to have been fully recognized, not merely in colloquial speech, but in literature of all sorts. But about the middle of the fifteenth century a rival idiom sprang up. It conveyed the same idea with the use of a different word. This was *had rather*. The newcomer did not expel *had liefer* speedily. As a matter of fact it never has entirely. But it steadily encroached upon the frequency of its employment. Though the two expressions lasted side by side for at least a century, the later form not only pushed gradually the earlier one from its supremacy, but finally drove it almost entirely from literary use. The practice of Shakespeare may be said to indicate the fortune which in his time had overtaken the supplanted and supplanting idioms. *Had rather* is found in his plays scores of times, *had liefer* not once.

Practically, therefore, after the sixteenth century this particular locution had died out of the language of literature. It can, indeed, be found employed in it occasionally. Even in our own day it is not altogether disused. Two or three writers of eminence have at times resorted to it; but as a general rule, when it now occurs, it is either put in the mouths of the uneducated or is the conscious adoption of an archaism. In this latter respect the effort made by Tennyson to revive the idiom is worthy of mention. As early as 1842 he had made use of the archaic combination of *lief* and *dear* in the "Morte d'Arthur"; but it was not until his later writings that he introduced *had liefer*. The first instance of its occurrence is in the *Idyls of the King*, which came out in 1859. Twice does Enid employ it in the poem which goes under her name. Her first use of it is where she says that, compared with having her lord suffer shame through his love to her,

Far liever had I gird his harness on him.

But Tennyson's course seems, up to this time, to have found few imitators. Decay has overtaken the expression. There has probably never been a period in which it has not been more or less employed in the colloquial speech; but in literature its day has long been gone.

Had rather is therefore the lineal successor of *had liefer*, or, strictly speaking, its supplanter. The meaning of both is essentially the same. But in the sixteenth century there began to be employed an analogous, though not a rival, locution. This was *had better*. An example of it has been cited from a poem of the fifteenth century; but even if no doubt exists of its appearance then, it did not come into general use until a good deal later. Like *liefer*, but unlike *rather*, *better* had been originally employed with the pronoun and the substantive verb. *Me were better*—that is, "it would be better for me"—was the method of expression which gradually gave way to *I had better*. It may be remarked in passing that a confusion of these constructions sprang up in the Elizabethan period and became somewhat prevalent. The dative with the substantive verb was sometimes replaced by the nominative. Hence we find such expressions as Viola's in *Twelfth Night*, "She were better love a dream." It was *had liefer*, however, which pretty certainly furnished the model upon which *had better* was formed. But the latter was apparently slow in coming into any wide general use. It could not encroach upon the employment of *had rather*, for it was distinct in meaning; but for some reason there seems to have been for a long while a reluctance to resort to it. In our version of the Bible it does not occur. In Shakespeare it is found but once followed by a verb, and that instance belongs to a part of *Henry VIII.* which is now usually ascribed to Fletcher.

This condition of things seems to have continued during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. *Had better*, though employed, was, comparatively speaking, not much employed; at least this is true if we confine our consideration to the writings of authors of the first rank. But in the nineteenth century all this was changed. The idiom came to be constantly used in literature, while the

analogous *had rather*, though still retaining its full hold upon colloquial speech, began to appear less frequently in written. The change which has taken place in the employment of the two idioms may be indicated by the result of an examination of representative novels of two of the greatest novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively. The first is Fielding's *Tom Jones*. That work appeared in 1749. In it *had rather* occurs just fifteen times. It is used indifferently by characters of every station, including the author himself when speaking in his own person. On the other hand *had better* is used but twice. Nearly a hundred years later—in 1848—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* was published in book form. In that work *had better* occurs twenty-three times, while *had rather* occurs only once, if we leave out of account locutions beginning with contracted and therefore doubtful forms like *I'd*. The situation had been completely reversed. It may further be added that in neither of these novels, largely representing, as they do, colloquial usage, does *had liefer* appear at all; though in *Tom Jones* this idiom with the double comparative—giving us *had lieferer*—is in one instance put in the mouth of an illiterate person.

Facts of this sort do not justify the formation of sweeping generalizations. They represent nothing more than an incomplete and necessarily one-sided investigation of usage. Inferences based upon them must therefore always be given subject to correction. Yet it is not likely that fuller examination would yield results essentially different. Certainly all the evidence which has so far ever been adduced points to the conclusion that distinct preference is now exhibited in literature for *had better* over *had rather*. Take, as a further illustration of the prevalence of the feeling, Disraeli's novel of *Sybil*. This appeared in 1845. In it the former locution occurs thirteen times, the latter not once.

It is no difficult matter to explain the present comparative infrequency in literature of *had rather*, once so much more common than *had better*. The place of the former can be easily taken in most instances by *would rather*. This latter locution had appeared in the language as early at least as the twelfth

century. It consequently preceded *had rather*; furthermore, it had always existed alongside of it, and had generally been interchangeable with it. If less idiomatic, it served the purpose well enough to be adopted by the timid as soon as the outcry against the assumed ungrammatical character of the almost synonymous expression made itself distinctly noticeable. This first began to be heard in the second half of the eighteenth century. From that time on the use of *had rather* became less frequent in the literary speech. But the case is different with *had better*. In no such easy way could men escape from the employment of that locution. *Would rather* says, even if sometimes imperfectly, just what it means; *would better* is forced to have a sense imposed upon it in order to mean anything at all. The use of it is so distinctly repugnant to our idiom, not to call it absolutely improper, that, when met with, it is apt to provoke a cry of pain from him who has been nurtured upon the great classics of our literature.

It cannot be stated positively where and when *would better* came first to be employed; but the vogue it has now, such as it is, it owes largely to the influence and example of Walter Savage Landor. We may entertain what view we choose of that author's style; but there can hardly be two opinions, among those who have studied the subject, as to the value of his pronouncements upon points of usage. In his observations upon language no man of equal abilities ever surpassed him in the combination of limited knowledge of the facts with unlimited wrong-headedness in drawing conclusions from them. In the hostility he entertained towards *had better*, of the origin of which he adopted and repeated an entirely erroneous account, he resorted on more than one occasion to the use of the inadequate and improper *would better*. Nor did he stop with this. Landor had always the courage of his perversities. In his devotion to what he fancied correctness he was capable of writing *had better left* for *had better have left*. All sorts of linguistic atrocities have been perpetrated in the name of grammar; but perhaps none can be found that equals this in defiance of the English idiom.

In consequence of the modern wide use

of *had better* and the partial avoidance of *had rather*, there are those who think that the latter is destined to undergo the same fate as *had liefer*; that while it will continue to be heard in colloquial speech, it will disappear from literary. But this is altogether improbable. There may be variation in the extent of the employment of the locution at particular times and by particular persons. That is something, however, quite distinct from its abandonment. *Had liefer* had died out of general literary use before literature had had full opportunity to exert its preserving influence. For the great agency which prevents the decay and death of words and idioms is their employment by a large number of writers of the highest grade. Such authors always continue in fashion; they are always read and studied and imitated. Hence they give enduring vitality to the forms of expression which appear in their productions. In the great writers of the past *had rather* is found almost universally; in some of them it is found very frequently. Their employment of the locution is certain in consequence to keep it alive; its concurrent employment in the colloquial speech will keep it vigorous. The most determined efforts directed against it for a century and a half have failed to displace it from the usage of the educated. With the fuller knowledge now possessed of its origin and character these efforts are sure in process of time to be abandoned altogether. It accordingly remains now to explain its exact nature and to recount some of the various views entertained about it.

It is clear from what has been said that during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries men were in the habit of using *had rather*; and to a less extent *had better*, with no thought at all of the peculiar character of these locutions. They accepted them, as they did many other idioms, without seeking to understand them. It was enough for them that they found them in good use at the time, or saw that they had been in good use in the past. But there always comes a period in the history of a cultivated language when it begins to be studied for itself as well as for what it contains. The vehicle is to some of full as much importance as the material it conveys.

Points of linguistic propriety, which at all times have interest for the few, begin now to be discussed by the many. In English this feeling first made itself distinctly manifest in the second half of the eighteenth century. Grammars and dictionaries then took up to some extent the question of usage. Manuals made their appearance instructing us as to the expressions we ought to avoid. It was inevitable that an idiom of the peculiar nature of *had rather* should attract attention. It was not understood in the least; and idioms not understood, like men in the same situation, are sure to be misunderstood. At the outset, accordingly, to mention this particular locution was usually to misrepresent it and to censure it. The analogous expression *had liefer* had died out of the language of literature; *had better* was comparatively little employed. The brunt of the attack fell consequently upon *had rather*.

There are two persons who are deserving of particular mention in connection with the early criticism of this idiom. Attention is due to the one because of his influence upon English lexicography, and to the other because of his influence over later grammarians. It was in 1755 that Dr. Johnson brought out the dictionary which goes under his name. No previous work of the nature, so far as I can discover, contained even an allusion to the locution under discussion. Their compilers either did not have their attention called to it or chose to refrain from committing themselves upon a matter which they were unable to comprehend. It is certainly not referred to in the dictionaries of either Dyche or Bailey, the two works of this kind which were in widest use before the appearance of Johnson's. It would have been no injury either to the truth or to his own reputation had Johnson preserved the same reticence as his predecessors. On the subject he had two utterances, one under *have*, and the other under *rather*. The fifth definition which he gave of the verb was "to wish, to desire in a lax sense." Two passages were cited to exemplify the meaning, and of these one was the text of the Psalms previously quoted. Under *rather* he defined *to have rather* as meaning "to desire in preference." "This is, I think," was his added com-

ment, "a barbarous expression of late intrusion into our language, for which it is better to say *will rather*." In these remarks Johnson not only showed ignorance—which, considering the time he wrote, was pardonable—but he displayed obtuseness, which is not a characteristic he was wont to exhibit. Still, he was addressing a generation even more unintelligent in this matter than himself. It is therefore not particularly surprising that these almost ridiculous statements should have been approved by several later lexicographers; that Sheridan, for instance, a quarter of a century afterwards, should be found repeating them in his dictionary and informing us that *had rather* is a bad expression which ought to be replaced by *will rather*.

The other writer alluded to was Robert Lowth, who died in 1787 as bishop of London. In 1762 he brought out a small work entitled *A Short Introduction to English Grammar*. Lowth was a man of ability and an eminent scholar in many fields; though it is well to remark here that English scholarship, as we understand it, can hardly be said to have existed in his day. Accordingly, while he knew a great deal more than his predecessors of the historical development of our grammatical forms, what he knew was not itself a very great deal. The consequence was that though he corrected some misstatements and removed some misapprehensions, he added both misapprehensions and misstatements of his own. It is a question, indeed, whether in the long run he did not do more harm than good. For Lowth was perhaps the first person, and certainly the first person of any recognized learning and ability, who devoted himself to the practice of pointing out mistakes or supposed mistakes of usage in the writings of eminent authors. Undoubtedly there is some justification for the course. Every great writer is liable, through haste or carelessness, or even at times through ignorance, to commit errors. But the difficulty with those who assume the office of critic is that in nine cases out of ten the so-called errors they fancy they find are not errors of the author in violating good usage, but errors of the censor arising from lack of knowledge of what good usage actually is.

Lowth was no exception to this general

rule. In the original edition of 1762 he had nothing to say of the particular locution here under consideration. But in a later one he took notice of it. He found it by no means reducible to any grammatical construction. He then proceeded to account for its origin, and promulgated the theory that it almost certainly sprang from a mere blunder. The proper form was *I would rather*. This had been contracted into *I'd rather*, and then erroneously expanded into *I had rather*. In this manner the corruption had crept into the language. This precious piece of etymology, for which there is not the slightest justification in fact, became during a good share of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a common, not to say *the* common, explanation of the origin of the locution. From Lowth's day down to Landor's it was fairly certain to be dragged into the discussion of the idiom by every one who objected to it. In truth, it was for so long time an accepted solution of the difficulty the expression presented that it is not unlikely that it may be found lingering still in some quarters, in spite of the not infrequent exposure which has been made of its falsity. In this country particularly it was adopted in the early editions of Webster's Dictionary—it has been discarded from the later ones—and owing to the great circulation of that work, was spread far and wide. From Worcester, too, it received a quasi-support.

In England, however, grammarians and lexicographers were, as a general rule, somewhat chary about committing themselves on the question of the propriety of the locution. This is true in particular of the early ones. Some of them clearly refrained from saying anything about it because they knew not what to say. On the one side was the adverse decision of the great literary autocrat of the times. On the other, they could not fail to observe that the expression had been regularly used by the best writers; and that even Dr. Johnson himself, four years after the denunciation of it in his dictionary, had fallen, during a temporary lapse into the English idiom, into the employment of it in his *Rasselas*. "I had rather hear thee than dispute," says the prince to Imlac, in the course of that not altogether exciting narrative. Men

of literary eminence, indeed, were not often likely to display hostility towards a locution which they themselves were in the habit of using consciously or unconsciously. In this matter the practice of English authors has been generally much more creditable than the attitude of English scholarship. The latter has constantly allowed ignorant criticism of the idiom to be made without entering any protest. Men have in consequence been led to assume that the censure of it has not been questioned because it cannot be questioned. Take as an illustration of too frequent comment the remark of Mrs. Orr, in her life of Robert Browning. She quoted a passage from a letter of his in which he used the expression "I had better say." Then she informs us that Mr. Browning would have been very angry with himself if he had known that he ever wrote *I had better*. If he did not know that he had written it, he was inexcusably ignorant of his own poetry. Assuredly if he took pains to make himself familiar with that, he would have been furnished with several opportunities for being angry with himself for using both *had better* and *had rather*.

It seems, indeed, rarely to occur to purists that an expression which is heard everywhere from the lips of cultivated men, which has also, as authority for its employment, the usage of the great writers of our speech, must have justification for its existence, even if they cannot comprehend what that justification is. In such cases we are bound to accept on faith, even if sight be denied. But in this instance sight is not denied. That the idiom in question is in accordance with the requirements of the most exacting syntax an analysis of any one of the three locutions specified, wherever it occurs, shows conclusively. Let us take, for example, the *had rather be* of the text from the Psalms which has been already given, and subject to examination each one of its constituent parts.

In regard to the first of these three words two things are to be taken into consideration—its grammatical character and its meaning. At the outset it is to be observed that *had* is here not an auxiliary, but an independent verb. Furthermore, it is in the past tense of the subjunctive mood and not of the indicative.

The use of this subjunctive form has never died out, though its place is usually taken by *would have* or *should have*. Yet, if in later times its employment has become more restricted, it cannot be called uncommon, especially in conditional sentences. In the raising of Lazarus described in the Gospel of John, both Mary and Martha are represented as saying to Christ, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother *had* not died." "But for delays of the press he *had* had this answer some months ago," wrote the great scholar Bentley. So Byron represents the pirates, at the close of their song in "The Corsair," when deploring the fate of their comrades, as exclaiming, while they divide the spoil,

How *had* the brave who fell exulted now!

It is needless to multiply illustrations. In fact, the instances where *had* is thus employed, though not common in colloquial speech like *would have* or *should have*, are so frequent that its occurrence creates no ambiguity and causes no surprise.

As regards the meaning of the verb in this particular locution, it is to be said that the original sense of the word *have*, which is to hold a material thing in one's hands, underwent a natural extension to holding a conception in the mind. Hence it came to mean "account," "esteem," "consider," "regard"; to signify, in fact, the idea which is often expressed by the word *hold* itself. In this respect it has gone through precisely the same course of development as the Latin *habere*, and the corresponding verbs in various other languages. In English it remains no unfamiliar usage. The phrases "had in reverence," "had in contempt"—for the verb of which we might substitute *held*—are heard not infrequently, and do not strike us at all peculiar. Combining, therefore, what is implied by the grammatical form and the meaning, the *I had* of *I had rather be* can be exactly represented in ordinary English by "I would hold, or deem."

So much for the first word; now comes the second. Few need to be told that *rather* is the comparative of both the adverb *rathe*, meaning "quickly," "early," and the corresponding adjective *rath(e)*. The positive forms of each practically died out long ago. When they appear

now, they appear as archaisms; indeed, Milton's "rathe primrose that forsaken dies" is the one passage which has made the word familiar to most modern ears. Further, the comparative *rather*, while common as an adverb, is hardly known with us as an adjective. It is, in truth, to the particular idiom under consideration that it is now almost entirely restricted. There is but little difficulty in tracing the development of meaning which took place. *Rather* strictly signifies "quicker," "earlier." But when a man wishes to have something more speedily than something else, it is generally safe to say that he has for it a distinct preference. Accordingly, the transition from the sense of "quicker" into that of "more desirable," "preferable," was both natural and easy. That it was actually made we know outside of this particular idiom; but here it has found its regular manifestation. It follows that *I had rather* is precisely equivalent to "I would (or should) hold more desirable (or preferable)." An *it* might be inserted between the verb and the adjective, to denote the following clause; but it is not necessary, and is here omitted, as in several other like phrases.

We come finally to the last word, *be*. This is not only an infinitive, but it is now invariably the pure infinitive. Originally, however, it was not such in all cases. In the earlier period the sign *to* frequently accompanied it, as it did also the infinitive when following *had liefer* and *had better*. There was a good deal of variation in the use of this particle. When the sentence contained two clauses, each with an infinitive of its own, *to* sometimes preceded the first verb and was omitted before the second. More frequently it was omitted before the infinitive of the first clause, and inserted before that of the second. The former construction is seen in the following lines, with modernized orthography, from Chaucer:

Liefer I had to dien on a knife
Than thee offendè, truë deare wife.

The other mode is exemplified in the text of the Psalms now under examination. But while both these practices existed, the preferred one was to drop the *to* altogether. In process of time this became the exclusive one, as we find it to-day.

As a result of this analysis, the passage of Scripture in which *had rather be* is found can be legitimately paraphrased, so as to exhibit clearly the grammatical character and construction of that idiom. This done, it would read as follows: "I would hold (or deem) it more desirable (or preferable) to be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." An explanation essentially similar is true of any sentence in which the archaic *had liefer* occurs. *Had better*, however, stands upon a somewhat different footing. In it the verb has regularly the sense of obligation which does not belong to it, as found in the other two locutions. To *have* to do a thing, implying that it is a matter of duty or of policy to do it, and not one of mere inclination, is a usage of the word which has existed from an early period and is current to-day, at least in colloquial speech. It is this which is found in *had better*, and it is this which makes it impossible to substitute for it *would better*.

One further observation remains to be made in connection with an idiom of this general nature. In the three examples of it which have been considered, *liefer*, *rather*, and *better* are, as we have seen, not adverbs, but adjectives. This is also true of the superlative best in *had best*, and of the positives *good* and *lief* in the expressions *had as good* and *had as lief*. The last-named locution maintained itself in usage after *had liefer* had died out, and still flourishes as vigorously as it did in the days of its youth. But in all these phrases the words have seemed and still seem to the popular apprehension not adjectives, but adverbs. Especially is the observation true of *had rather*. With this feeling on the part of the users of speech, it could be predicted with certainty that adverbs would be resorted to and not adjectives, if any new locutions were formed in imitation of the old ones. Such a result has shown itself in the extension of the idiom which has taken place. In our later speech we find *had sooner*, *had as soon*, and *had as well* employed, and the first two in particular have come to be used extensively. About the propriety of employing these there is some chance for controversy; in the case of the others there is really none.

The Capture of Andy Proudfoot

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

A DRY branch snapped under Kerry's foot with the report of a toy pistol. He swore perfunctorily, and gazed greedily at the cave-opening just ahead. He was a bungling woodsman at best; and now, stalking that greatest of all big game, man, the blood drummed in his ears and his heart seemed to slip a cog or two with every beat. He stood tense, yet trembling, for the space in which a man might count ten; surely if there were any one inside the cave—if the one whose presence he suspected were there—such a noise would have brought him forth. But a great banner of trumpet-reeper, which hid the opening till one was almost upon it, waved its torches undisturbed except by the wind; the sand in the doorway was unpressed by any foot.

Kerry began to go forward by inches. He was weary as only a town-bred man, used to the leisurely patrolling of pavements, could be after struggling obliquely up and across the pathless flank of Big Turkey Track Mountain, and then climbing to this eyrie upon Old Yellow Bald—Old Yellow, the peak that reared its "Bald" of golden grass far above the ranges of The Big and Little Turkey Tracks.

"Lord, how hungry I am!" he breathed. "I bet the feller's got grub in there." He had been out two days. He was light-headed from lack of food; at the thought of it nervous caution gave way to mere brute instinct, and he plunged recklessly into the cave. Inside, the sudden darkness blinded him for a moment. Then there began to be visible in one corner a bed of bracken and sweet-fern; in another an orderly arrangement of tin cans upon a shelf, and the ashes of a fire, where sat a Dutch oven. The sight of this last whetted Kerry's hunger; he almost ran to the shelf, and groaned as he found the first can filled with gunpowder, the next with shot, and the third containing some odds and ends of string and nails.

He had knelt to inspect a rude box, when a little sound caused him to turn. In the doorway was a figure which raised the hair upon his head, with a chilly sensation at its roots—a tall man, with a great mane of black locks blowing unchecked about his shoulders. He stood turned away from Kerry, having halted in the doorway as though to take a last advantage of the outer daylight upon some object of interest to him before entering. He was examining one of his own hands, and a little shivering moan escaped him. A rifle rested in the hollow of his arm; Kerry could see the outline of a big navy-pistol in his belt; and as the man shifted, another came to view; while the Irishman's practised eye did not miss the handle of a long knife in its sheath. It went swiftly through his mind that those who sent him on this errand should have warned him of the size of the quarry. Suddenly, almost without his own volition, he found himself saying: "I ask your pardon. I was dead beat an' fair famished, an' I crawled in here to—"

The tall figure in the doorway turned like a thing on a pivot; he did not start, nor spin round, as a slighter or more nervous person might have done; and a strange chill fell upon Kerry's heat when the man, whom he recognized as that one he had come to seek, faced him. The big, dark eyes looked the intruder up and down; what their owner thought of him, what he decided concerning him, could no more be guessed than the events of next year. In a full, grave voice, but one exceedingly gentle, the owner of the cave repaired the lack of greeting.

"Howdy, stranger?" he said. "I never seen you as I come up, 'count o' havin' snagged my hand on this here gun."

He came toward Kerry with the bleeding member outstretched. Now was the Irishman's time—by all his former resolutions, by the need he had for that

money reward—to deftly handcuff the outlaw. What he did was to draw the other toward the daylight, examine the hand, which was torn and lacerated on the gun-hammer, and with sundry exclamations of sympathy proceed to bind it up with strips torn from his own handkerchief.

“Snagged!” he echoed, as he noted how the great muscle of the thumb was torn across. “I don’t see how you ever done that on a gun-hammer. I’ve nursed a good bit—I was in Cuby last year, an’ I was detailed for juty in the hospital more’n half my time,” he went on, eagerly. “This here hand, it’s bad, ’cause it’s torn. Ef you had a cut o’ that size, now, you wouldn’t be payin’ no ’tention to it. The looks o’ this here reminds me o’ the tear one o’ them there Mauser bullets makes—Gawd! but they rip the men up shockin’!” He rambled on with uneasy volubility as he attended to the wound. “You let me clean it, now. It ’ll hurt some, but it ’ll save ye trouble after while. You set down on the bed. Where kin I git some water?”

“Thar’s a spring round the turn in the cave thar—they’s a go’d in it.”

But Kerry took one of the tin cans, emptied and rubbed it nervously, talking all the while—talking as though to prevent the other from speaking, and with something more than the ordinary garrulity of the nurse. “I got lost to-day,” he volunteered, as he cleansed the wound skilfully and drew its ragged lips together. “Gosh! but you tore that thumb up! You won’t hardly be able to do nothin’ with that hand fer a spell. Yessir! I got lost—that’s what I did. One tree looks pretty much like another to me; and one old rock it’s jest the same as the next one. I reckon I’ve walked twenty mile sence sunup.”

He paused in sudden panic; but the other did not ask him whence he had walked nor whither he was walking. Instead, he ventured, in his serious tones, as the silence grew oppressive:

“You’re mighty handy ’bout this sort o’ thing. I reckon I’ll have a tough time here alone till that hand heals.”

“Oh, I’ll stay with you a while,” Kerry put in, hastily. “I ain’t a-goin’ on, a-leavin’ a man in sech a fix, when I ain’t got nothin’ in particular to do

an’ nowheres in particular to go,” he concluded, rather lamely.

His host’s eyes dwelt on him. “Well, now, that ’d be mighty kind in you, stranger,” he began, gently; and added, with the mountaineer’s deathless hospitality, “You’re shorely welcome.”

In Kerry’s pocket a pair of steel handcuffs clicked against each other. Any moment of the time that he was dressing the outlaw’s hand, identifying at short range a dozen marks enumerated in the description furnished him, he could have snapped them upon those great wrists and made his host his prisoner. Yet, an hour later, when the big man had told him of a string of fish tied down in the branch, of a little cellarlike contrivance by the spring which contained honeycomb and some cold corn-pone, the two men sat at supper like brothers.

“Ye don’t smoke?” inquired Kerry, commiseratingly, as his host twisted off a great portion of home-cured tobacco. “Lord! ye’ll never know what the weed is till ye burn it. A chaw ’ll do when you’re in the trenches an’ afraid to show the other fellers where to shoot, so that ye dare not smoke. Ah-h-h! I’ve had it taste like nectar to me then; but tobacco’s never tobacco till it’s burnt,” and the Irishman smiled fondly upon his stumpy black pipe.

They sat and talked over the fire (for a fire is good company in the mountains, even of a midsummer evening) with that freedom and abandon which the isolation, the hour, and the circumstances begot. Kerry had told his name, his birthplace, the habits and temperament of his parents, his present hopes and aspirations—barring one; he had even sketched an outline of Katy—Katy, who was waiting for him to save enough to buy that little farm in the West; and his host, listening in the unbroken silence of deep sympathy, had not yet offered even so much as his name.

Then the bed was divided, a bundle of fern and pine boughs being disposed in the opposite corner of the cave for the newcomer’s accommodation. Later, after good-nights had been exchanged and Kerry fancied that his host was asleep, he himself stirred, sat up, and being in uneasy need of information as to whether the cave door should not



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

HE BOUND UP THE WOUNDED HAND WITH HIS OWN HANDKERCHIEF

be stopped in some manner, opened with a hesitating, "Say!"

"You might jest call me Andy," the deep voice answered, before the mountain-man negatived the proposition of adding a front door to the habitation.

Kerry slept again. Mountain air and weariness are drugs potent against a bad conscience, and it was broad daylight outside the cave when he wakened. He was a little surprised to find his host still sleeping, yet his experience told him that the wound was of a nature to induce fever, followed by considerable exhaustion. As the Irishman lifted his coat from where he had had it folded into a bundle beneath his head, the handcuffs in the pocket clicked, and he frowned. He stole across to look at the man who had called himself Andy, lying now at ease upon his bed of leaves, one great arm underneath his head, the injured hand nursed upon his broad breast. Those big eyes which had so appalled Kerry upon a first view yesterday were closed. The onlooker noted with a sort of wonder how sumptuous were the fringes of their curtains, long and purple-black, like the thick, arched brows above. To speak truly, Kerry, although he was a respectable member of the police force, had the artistic temperament. The harmony of outline, the justness of proportion in both the face and figure of the man before him, filled the Irishman with delight; and the splendid virile bulk of the mountain-man appealed irresistibly to the other's masculinity. The little threads of silver in the tempestuous black curls seemed to Kerry but to set off their beauty.

"Gosh! but you're a good-looker!" he muttered. And putting his estimate of the man's charm into such form as was possible to him, he added, under his breath, "I'd hate to have sech a feller as you tryin' to court my Katy."

This was the first of many strange days; golden September days they were, cool and full of the ripened beauty of the departing summer. Kerry's host taught him to snare woodcock and pheasants—shoot them the Irishman could not, since the excitement of the thing made him fire wild.

"Now ain't that the very divil!" he would cry, after he had let his third bird get away unharmed. "Ef I was

shootin' at a man, I'd be as stiddy as a clock. Gad! I'd be cool as an ice-wagon. But when that little old brown chicken scoots a-scutterin' up out o' the grass like a hummin'-top, it rattles me." His teacher apparently took no note of the significance contained in this statement; yet Kerry's very ears were red as it slipped out, and he felt uneasily for the handcuffs, which no longer clinked in his pocket, but now lay carefully hidden under his fern bed.

There had been a noon-mark in the doorway of the cave, thrown by the shadow of a boulder beside it, even before the Irishman's big nickel watch came with its bustling, authoritative tick to bring the question of time into the mountains. But the two men kept uncertain hours: sometimes they talked more than half the night, the close-cropped, sandy poll and the unshorn crest of Jove-like curls nodding at each other across the fire, then slept far into the succeeding day; sometimes they were up before dawn and off after squirrels—with which poor Kerry had no better luck than with the birds. Every day the Irishman dressed his host's hand; and every day he tasted more fully the charm of this big, strong, gentle, peaceful nature clad in its majestic garment of flesh.

"If he'd 'a' been an ugly, common-looking brute, I'd 'a' nabbed him in a minute," he told himself, weakly. And every day the handcuffs under the dried fern-leaves lay heavier upon his soul.

On the 20th of September, which Kerry had set for his last day in the cave, he was moved to begin again at the beginning and tell the big mountaineer all his affairs.

"Ye see, it's like this," he wound up: "Katy—the best gurr! an' the purtiest I ever set me two eyes on—she's got a father that 'll strike her when the drink's with him. He works her like a dog, hires her out and takes every cent she earns. Her mother—God rest her soul!—has been dead these two years. And now the old man is a-marryin' an' takin' home a woman not fit fer my Katy to be with. I says when I heard of it, says I: 'Katy, I'll take ye out o' that hole. I'll do the trick, an' I'll git the reward, an' it's married we'll be inside of a month, an' we'll go West.'

That's what brought me up here into the mountains—me that was born, as ye might say, on the stair-steps of a tenement-house, an' fetched up the same."

Absorbed in the interest of his own affairs, the Irishman did not notice what revelations he had made. Whether or not this knowledge was new to his host the uncertain light of the dying fire upon that grave, impassive face did not disclose.

"An' now," Kerry went on, "I've been thinkin' about Katy a heap in the last few days. I'm goin' home to her to-morrow—home to Philadelphia—goin' with empty hands. An' I'm a-goin' to say to her, 'Katy, would ye rather take me jest as I am, out of a job'—fer that's what I'll be when I go back,—'would ye rather take me so an' wait fer the little farm?' I guess she'll do it; I guess she'll take me. I've got that love fer her that makes me think she'll take me. Did ye ever love a woman like that?"—turning suddenly to the silent figure on the other side of the fire. "Did ye ever love one so that ye felt like ye could jest trust her, same as you could trust yourself? It's a—it—well, it's a mighty comfortable thing."

The mountaineer stretched out his injured hand, and examined it for so long a time without speaking that it seemed as though he would not answer at all. The wound was healing admirably now; he had made shift to shoot, with Kerry's shoulder for a rest, and their larder was stocked with game once more. When



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"BUT WHY FER? YOU'VE FOUND YOUR MAN"

he at last raised his head and looked across the fire, his black eyes were such wells of misery as made the other catch his breath.

Upon the silence fell his big, serious voice, as solemn and sonorous as a church-bell: "You ast me did I ever love an' trust a woman like that. I did—an' she failed me. I ain't gwine to call you fool fer sich; you're a town feller, Dan, with

smart town ways; mebbly your gal would stick to you, even ef you was in trouble; but me—"

Kerry made an inarticulate murmur of sympathy.

The voice went on. "You say you're goin' home to her with jest your two bare hands?" it inquired. "But why fer? You've found your man. What makes you go back that-a-way?"

Kerry's mouth was open, his jaw fallen; he stared through the smoke at his host as though he saw him now for the first time. Kerry belongs to a people who love or hate obviously and openly; that the outlaw should have known him from the first for a police officer, a creature of prey upon his track, and should have treated him as a friend, as a brother, appalled and repelled him.

"See here, Dan," the big man went on, leaning forward; "I knowed what your arrant was the fust minute I clapped eyes on you. You didn't know whether I could shoot with my left hand as well as my right—I didn't choose you should know. I watched fer ye to be tryin' to put handcuffs on me any minute—after you found my right hand was he'pless."

"Lord A'mighty! You could lay me on my back with your left hand, Andy," Kerry breathed.

The big man nodded. "They was plenty of times when I was asleep—or you thort I was. Why didn't ye do it? Where is they? Fetch 'em out."

Unwilling, red with shame, penetrated with a grief and ache he scarce comprehended, Kerry dragged the handcuffs from their hiding-place. The other took them, and thereafter swung them thoughtfully in his strong brown fingers as he talked.

"You was goin' away without makin' use o' these?" he asked, gently.

Kerry, crimson of face and moist of eye, gulped, frowned, and nodded.

"Well, now," the mountain-man pursued, "I been thinkin' this thing over sence you was a-speakin'. That there gal o' yours she's in a tight box. You're the whitest man I ever run up ag'inst. You've done me better than my own brothers. My own brothers," he repeated, a look of pain and bitterness knitting those wonderfully pencilled brows above

the big eyes. "Fer my part, I'm sick o' livin' this-a-way. When you're gone, an' I'm here agin by my lonesome, I'm as apt as not to put the muzzle o' my gun in my mouth an' blow the top o' my head off—that's how I feel most o' the time. I tell you what you do, Dan: you jest put these here on me an' take me down to Garyville—er plumb on to Asheville—an' draw your money. That 'll square up things fer you an' that pore little gal. What say ye?"

Into Kerry's sanguine face there surged a yet deeper red; his shoulders heaved; the tears sprang to his eyes; and before his host could guess the root of his emotion the Irishman was sobbing, furiously, noisily, turned away, his head upon his arm. The humiliation of it ate into his soul; and the tooth was sharpened by his own misdeeds. How many times had he looked at the great, kindly creature across the fire there and calculated the chances of getting him to Garyville?

Andy's face twisted as though he had bitten a green persimmon. "Aw! Don't cry!" he remonstrated, with the mountaineer's quick contempt for expressed emotion. "My Lord! Dan, don't—"

"I'll cry if I damn please!" Kerry snorted. "You old fool! Me a-draggin' you down to Garyville! Me, that's loved you like a brother! An' never had no thought—an' never had no thought—Oh, hell!" he broke off, at the bitter irony of the lie; then the sobs broke forth afresh. To deny that he had come to arrest the outlaw was so pitifully futile.

"So ye won't git the money that-a-way?" Andy's big voice ruminated, and a strange note of relief sounded in it; a curious gleam leaped into the sombre eyes. But he added, softly: "Sleep on it, bud; I'll let ye change your mind in the mornin'."

"You shut your head!" screeched Kerry, fiercely, with a hiccough of wrenching misery. "You talk to me any more like that, an' I'll lambaste ye—er try to—big as ye are! Oh, damnation!"

The last night in the cave was one of gusty, moving breezes and brilliant moonlight, yet both its tenants slept profoundly, after their strange outburst of emotion. The first gray of dawn found them stirring, and Kerry making ready

for his return journey. Together, as heretofore, they prepared their meal, then sat down in silence to eat it. Suddenly the mountain-man raised his eyes, to whose grave beauty the Irishman's temperament responded like that of a woman, and said, quietly,

"I'm a-goin' to tell ye somethin', an' then I'm a-goin' to show ye somethin', before I bid ye far'well."

Kerry's throat ached. In these two weeks he had conceived a love for his big, silent, gentle companion which rivalled even his devotion to Katy. The thought of leaving him helpless and alone, a common prey of reward-hunters, the remembrance of what Andy had said concerning his own despair beneath the terrible pressure of the mountain solitude, were almost more than Kerry could bear.

"Fust and foremost, Dan," the other began, when the meal was finished, "I'm goin' to tell ye how come I done what I done. Likely you've hearn tales, an' likely they was mostly lies. You see, it was this-a-way: Me an' my wife owned land j'inin'. The Turkey Track Minin' Company they found coal on it, an' was wishful to buy. Her an' me wasn't wed then, but we was about to be, an' we j'ined in fer to sell the land an' go West." His brooding eyes were on the fire; his voice—which had halted before the words "my wife," then taken them with a quick gulp—broke a little every time he said "she" or "her." Kerry's heart jumped when he heard the mention of that little Western farm—why, it might have been in the very locality he and Katy looked longingly toward.

"That feller they sent down here fer to buy the ground—Dickert was his name; you've hearn it, I reckon?"

Kerry recognized the murdered man's name. He nodded, without a word, his little blue eyes helplessly fastened on Andy's eyes.

"Yes, Dickert 'twas. He was took with Euola from the time he put eyes on her—which ain't sayin' more of him than of any man 'at see her. But a town feller's hangin' round a mounting-gal hain't no credit to her. Euola she was promised to me. But ef she hadn't 'a' been, she wouldn't 'a' took no passin' o' bows an' compliments from that Dickert. I thort the nighest way out on't was to tell

the gentleman that her an' me was to be wed, an' that we'd make the deeds as man an' wife, an' I done so."

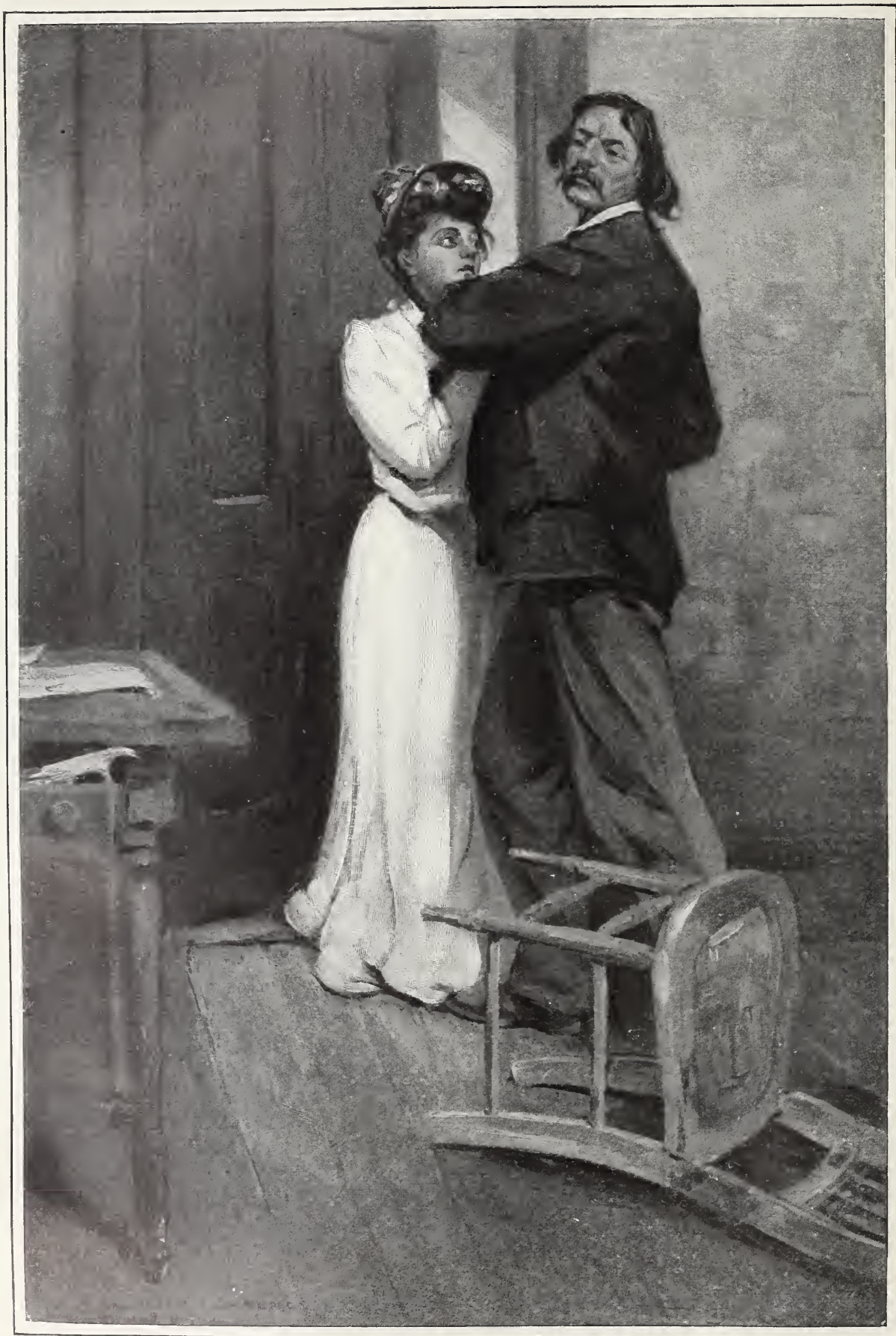
Kerry looked at his host and wondered that any man should hope to tamper with the affections of her who loved him.

"Wed we was," the mountain-man went on; and an imperceptible pause followed the words. "We rid down to Garyville to be wed, an' we went from the jestic's office to the office of this here Dickert. He had a cuss with him that was no better'n him; an' when it come to the time in the signin' that our names was put down, an' my wife was to be 'examined privately and apart'—ez is right an' lawful—ez to whether I'd made her sign or not, this other cuss steps with her into the hall, an' Dickert turns an' says to me, 'You git a thousand dollars each fer your land—you an' that woman,' he says.

"I never liked the way he spoke—besides what he said; an' I says to him, 'The bargain was made fer five thousand dollars apiece,' says I, 'an' why do we git less?"

"'Beca'se,' says he, a-swellin' up an' lookin' at me red an' devilish,—'beca'se you take my leavin's—you fool! I bought the land of you fer a thousand dollars each—an' there's my deed to it, that you jest signed—I reckon you can read it. Ef I sell the land to the company—it's none o' your business what I git fer it.'

"Well, I can't read—not greatly. I don't know how I knowed—but I did know—that he was gittin' from the company the five thousand dollars apiece that we was to have had. I seen his eye cut round to the hall door, an' I thort he had that money on him (beca'se he was their agent an' they'd trusted him so far) fer to pay me and Euola in cash. With that he grabbed up the deed an' stuffed it into his pocket. Lord! Lord! I could 'a' shook it out o' him—an' the money too—hit's what I would 'a' done if the fool had 'a' kep' his mouth shut. But I reckon hit was God's punishment on him 'at he had to go on sayin', 'Yes, you tuck my leavin's in the money, an' you've tuck my leavin's agin to-day.' Euola was jest comin' into the room when he said that, an' he looked at her. I hit him." He gazed down the length of his arm thoughtfully. "I ort to be



"I'LL COME, ANDY. I'LL COME TO YE, EF I LIVE"

careful when I hit out, bein' stronger than most. But I was mad, an' I hit harder than I thort. I reached over an' grabbed open the table drawer jest fer luck—an' thar was the money. I tuck it. The other cuss he was down on the floor, sorter whimperin' an' workin' over this feller Dickert; an' he begun to yell that I'd killed 'im. With that Euola she gives me one look—white ez paper she was—an' she says, 'Run, Andy honey. I'll git to ye when I kin.'"

The mountain-man was silent so long that Kerry thought he was done. But he suddenly said:

"She ketched my sleeve, jest ez I made to start, an' said: 'I'll come, Andy. Mind, Andy, *I'll come to ye, ef I live.*'" Then there was the silence of sympathy between the two men.

So that was the history of the crime—a very different history from the one Kerry had heard.

"Hit's right tetchy business—er has been—a-tryin' to take Andy Proudfoot," the outlaw continued; "but, Dan, I'd got mighty tired, time you come. An' Euola—"

Kerry rose abruptly, the memory hot within him of Proudfoot's offer of the night before. The mountaineer got slowly to his feet.

"They's somethin' I wanted to show ye, too, ye remember," he said. They walked together down the bluff, to where another little cavern, low and shallow, hid itself behind huckleberry-bushes. "I kep' the money here," Proudfoot said, kneeling in the cramped entrance and delving among the rocks. He drew out a roll of bills and fingered them thoughtfully.

"The reward, now, hit was fifteen hundred dollars—with what the State an' company both give, warn't it? Dan, I was mighty proud ye wouldn't have it—I wanted to give it to ye this-a-way. I don't know as I've got any rights on Euola's money. I reckon I mought ax you fer to take it to her, ef so be you could find her. My half—you kin have it, an' welcome."

Fear was in Kerry's heart. "An' what 'll you be doin'?" he inquired, huskily.

"Me?" asked Andy, listlessly. "Euola she's done gone plumb back on me," he explained. "I hain't heard one word

from her sence the trouble, an' I've got that far I hain't a-keerin' what becomes of me. I like you, Dan; I'd ruther you had the money—"

"Oh, my Gawd! Don't, Andy," choked the Irishman. "Let me think, man," as the other's surprised gaze dwelt on him. Up to this time all Kerry's faculties had been engrossed in what was told him, or that which went on before his eyes. Now memory suddenly roused in him. The woman he had seen back at Asheville, the woman who called herself Mandy Greefe, but whom the police there suspected of being Andy Proudfoot's wife, whom they had twice endeavored, unsuccessfully, to follow in long, secret excursions into the mountains. What was the story? What had they said? That she was seeking Proudfoot, or was in communication with him; that was it! They had warned Kerry that the woman was mild-looking (he had seen her patient, wistful face the last thing as he left Asheville), but that she might do him a mischief if she suspected he was on the trail of her husband. "My Lord! Oh, my Lord! W'y, old man,—w'y, Andy boy!" he cried, joyously, patting the shoulder of the big man, who still knelt with the roll of money in his hands,— "Andy, she's waitin' fer you—she's true as steel! She's ready to go with you. Yes, an' Dan Kerry's the boy to git ye out o' this under the very noses o' that police an' detective gang at Asheville. 'Tis you an' me that 'll go together, Andy."

Proudfoot still knelt. His nostrils flickered; his eyes glowed. "Have a care what you're a-sayin'," he began, in a low, shaking voice. "Euola! Euola! You've saw me pretty mild; but don't you be mistook by that, like that feller Dickert was mistook. Don't you lie to me an' try to fool me 'bout her. One o' them fellers I shot had me half-way to Garyville, tellin' me she was thar—sick—an' sont him fer me."

Kerry laughed aloud. "Me foolin' you!" he jeered. "'Tis a child I've been in your hands, ye black, big, still, solemn rascal! Here's money a-plenty, an' you that knows these mountains—the fur side—an' me that knows the ropes. You'll lend me a stake f'r the West. We'll go together—all four of us. Oh Lord!" and again tears were on the sanguine cheeks.

The Strange Cycle of the Cicada

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

THE true locust of our meadows and fields, which is closely related to the dread destroyer of Holy Scriptures and to the Rocky Mountain locust, is commonly called a "grass-hopper," which it is not. The real grass-hopper resembles the true locust in many respects, but is a different insect. Then again, the proper name of the so-called "seventeen-year locust" is Cicada (*Cicada septendecim*), and it belongs to a genus known in Great Britain as "harvest-flies."

There is an annual cicada whose buzzing note is popularly held to predict hot weather, and which in form and habit resembles the seventeen-year species. Since this insect is known to appear from year to year, some persons have doubted the existence of a seventeen-year species on the ground of what they call their own observation. But Septendecim is truly periodical, and takes seventeen years to mature. That time is spent underneath the ground, in an undeveloped condition known as the pupa state. The "shells" are the cast-off pupa-cases, or final "moult," of the insects when they come up after their long sojourn within the earth.

At several points in the United States seventeen-year cicadas appeared in the spring of 1902, while in other parts there were none. This uncovers one of the curious facts in the insect's natural history. Somewhere

throughout the continent there appears, almost every year, a brood which is limited to a certain belt of country of greater or less extent. Entomologists, by keeping the track of these broods, have been able to predict their appearance within certain zones. For example, in the western suburbs of Philadelphia immense numbers of cicadas appeared in the summer of 1885. This visit was predicted and announced by the writer several months before it occurred. The only knowledge needed for this was that a brood had appeared in 1868; and the only ability, that of adding seventeen to these figures. In like manner, by adding seventeen again, a 1902 brood was predicted, and it arrived "on time." If readers will make note of the cicadas' coming in their own neighborhood, they may be sure that seventeen years thereafter another brood will appear.



THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA AND ITS PUPA-CASE

We begin our history with the exode of the pupæ from the ground, and will limit it to observations (hitherto unpublished) of the brood of 1885 in Philadelphia. The first pupæ appeared about May 23, but were not out in great numbers until the second week in June. The exode began about six o'clock, evening, and continued during the night, but chiefly the first part thereof. The exit from the burrow was deliberate, as was also the insects' progress over the surfaces

on which they travelled. They moved forward and upward without manifest directing purpose, but with a general tendency to get as far up as possible. They paused at various distances from the ground, and attached themselves to sundry parts of trees and other objects. More than a dozen pupa-cases were seen clinging to the leaves of a small twig eight inches long. Apparently, where the uncontrollable sense of their coming transformation arrested them there they halted, obedient to that overforce that brooks no denial from any creature.

On the evening of June 4, great numbers were ascending tree trunks in a neighbor's spacious grounds. They had directed their course toward the trees from all parts of the lot, but an adjacent fence received a portion of the host. They issued in such numbers that trunks, branches, and leaves of trees were covered with them in motion or at rest. The ground beneath was riddled with holes, and in a few days the fallen shells lay so thickly at the roots of trees that they hid the surface, and quantities adhered to bark and foliage. The movements of this host, creeping out of their open burrows and huts, crawling along the grassy surface, climbing up trees, and breaking forth from their shells, as seen in the light of a full moon, formed a weird and interesting spectacle.

Some idea of the vast issuing swarms may be had from the number of exit holes within certain surfaces. In a space six feet square, lying between two trees, there were 665 openings. Within a circle described by a radius of ten feet from the trunk of a large maple-tree a careful count and estimate showed 9600 openings. The most extraordinary perforation was underneath a beech which had a spread of thirty feet in diameter. Within this circle the earth was pierced



A STUDY IN IDENTIFICATION

1. Cicada

2. Grasshopper and young

3. The lubber-locust of the West

4. Locust, and pupa above

with the enormous number of 31,500 burrow holes. In one square foot of surface there were forty-one openings, and in another space they averaged sixty-eight to the square foot.

Almost invariably the burrows were more thickly placed around the bases of trees than elsewhere. This naturally followed, since the roots marked the sphere of subsistence during their subterranean life. With insects as with men, one cannot escape from his past, even when he seems to emerge therefrom.

Most of the pupæ after ascension passed directly to the tree or bush whereon transformation occurred. But there were exceptions. In many places were little elevations, somewhat resembling the heaps that earthworms make, but higher. These were the much-talked-of cicada huts, turrets, or towers. They were about the length and twice the thickness of a man's thumb; were built immediately above the open burrow, and were hollow inside. In fact, a turret is simply a continuation of a burrow above the ground. The builder literally carries up its hole



CICADA CITY OF MUD HUTS, OR TURRETS

with it! Entomologists have speculated as to the use of these turrets. The writer's opinion is that they were built by pupæ who, for some reason, had miscalculated the time of their exode. They reached the top too soon, halted, and built themselves a temporary refuge, as men and cicadas who are "ahead of their time" must commonly do, or die.

There are few things in nature more wonderful than the common impulse which seizes these millions of undeveloped insects living in dark tunnels underneath the ground and urges them to cut their way upward, that they may complete their appointed life in the upper air. Stirred by this strange unrest, the mighty host begins to move. What engineering skill directs their course aloft? What instinct guides their movements and enables them with unerring accuracy to burrow to the sunlight? If we suppose that a pupa reaches the surface before it is quite prepared to transform, or, when the surface is reached, that weather or other conditions retard the change to the winged form, we have the influences that require it to build a shelter. Its manner of proceeding is interesting and

ingenious. It brings up from its burrow a little ball of mud, which it carries between its mouth and strong forepaws. The latter are admirably designed for digging. The pellets are placed atop of one another, as a mason would lay stones while building a circular tower. They are moistened by saliva, which serves as a sort of cement, and are pushed down upon each other by the head and feet, and thus adhere tenaciously. The inside is smoothed by continued motion of

the jaws, as a plasterer spreads mortar upon a wall. It is not varnished, however,



A CICADA TURRET

Built against a board fence, at the base of which the burrow opens

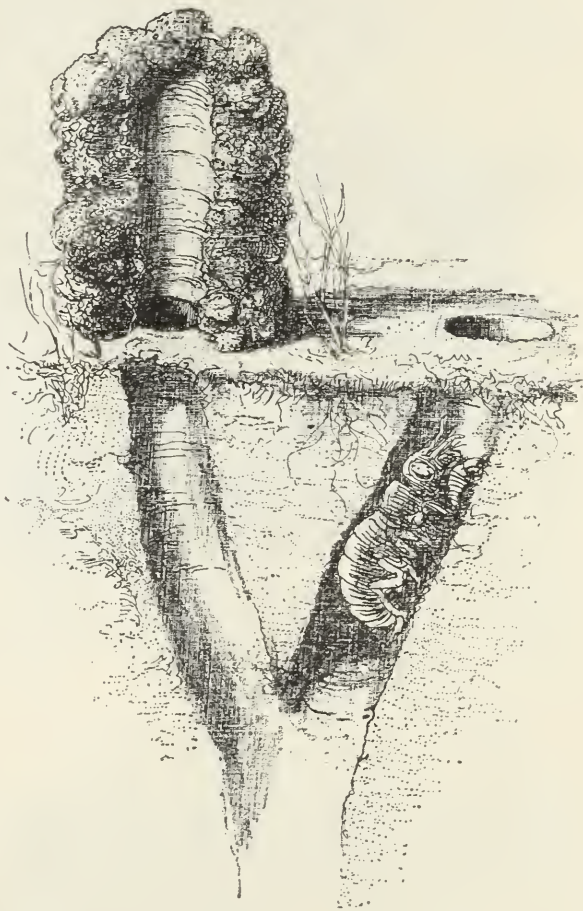
as some naturalists have asserted. The top is closed, and the builder awaits within the signal to emerge, whereat it breaks through the top, or occasionally the side wall. Like a frontier pioneer, it leaves its house and moves on, joining the mighty procession of its migrant fellows. The huts stand empty in the silent cicada city, like an abandoned mining-town whose "boom has burst," or like the winter quarters of an army when the spring campaign calls afield.

Beneath the surface of the area occupied by our city brood, as shown by deep section cuttings, the earth was a network of crossing and interblending burrows. It would seem that the normal preference of the pupæ was each for its own ascension track. One fancies that this preference was fortified by a wholesome regard for safety, although no special signs of quarrelsomeness were seen. But they were wise enough to use a ready-made roadway when it fell convenient; for from many holes several individuals would issue.

Shortly after leaving the burrow the cicada's transformation occurs, which is only partial, not complete as with moths and butterflies. This is the pupa's emergence from its shell, and is technically known as the ecdysis. Fastening itself by its sharp claws, the pupa remains perfectly still for a little while. Then the hard outer skin begins to crack along the middle of the back. As the insect thus appears it is plump, white, and soft. When the forepart of the body is pushed out, it presents a grotesque figure, looking like a snow-white pupa mounted pickaback upon a yellow one. Next it begins to pull out its legs, first the front ones and then the hind ones, until at last the body is free from the tough case, which all the while clings to the tree. This process, which resembles the moulting of a spider or snake, is not without danger, for one will often find pupæ maimed or that had died during ecdysis.

These soft white objects are delicate and tempting morsels for the birds, which destroy quantities of them. Other enemies await to destroy them, even the domestic cat! Next door to my house a large church was being erected. A stray cat had taken up her abode underneath a

wooden shanty built on one end of the lot as a tool-house; and she developed a taste for the emerging cicadas. She would watch until the insects had got out of their shells, and then snap up the white soft morsels and eat them with greedy relish. It seems a hard fate; but what is Nature to do with her superfluous children? Unless a vigorous check upon



SECTIONAL VIEW OF CICADA HUT AND BURROW
Showing crossing and interblending burrow

increase were provided, certain species would soon overrun the earth.

After emergence the cicada fastens itself at a little distance from its abandoned case, and then occurs a swift and striking change. The head becomes jet black. The body darkens into a dull yellow and rapidly takes upon itself a tough skin. On either side of the thorax, close up to the head, two little "buds" may be seen just after emergence. These are rudimentary wings. The juices of the white, plump body rapidly run into these winglets. They broaden and lengthen, pushing downward, until within the space of from eight to fifteen minutes they have

expanded into the full proportions of the insect's wings, whose tips extend beyond the end of the body. It is a pretty sight, this rapid growth of the beautiful wings of a freshly emerged cicada. As the wings expand, the body diminishes, and soon assumes its normal size.

Now follows another period of rest, but the insect has completed its form. It has attained the perfect stature of what is known as the "imago." By and by it is able to stretch its new-found wings and fly into the tree tops.

In a little while the air is filled with music. The cicada-lover is serenading his sweetheart, and he woos his mate to his side by sounding the little drums with which he is provided. These are slight cavities, placed underneath the forepart of the body, and covered with a membrane something after the manner of a drumhead. The rapid tightening and contracting of this membrane is supposed to produce the male cicada's call. The females are without drums, and are therefore silent listeners to the male orchestra. An ancient Grecian poet has alluded to this in his ungallant lines,

Happy the cicadas' lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives!

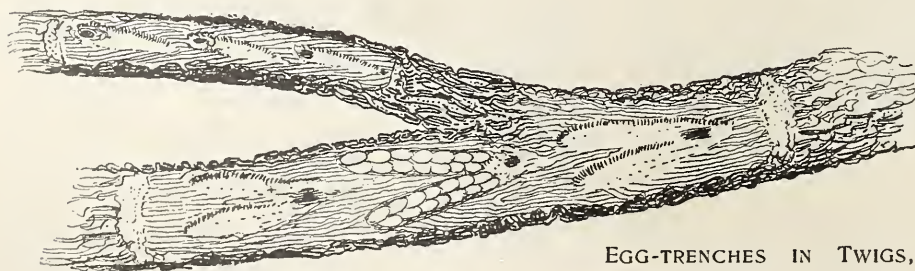
The male cicadas spend a few weeks flitting from bough to bough and rolling their mimic drums to summon their lady-loves to their sides. Then their lives are ended. But the mother cicadas have serious work to do before their death. They must provide for another brood. Nature has endowed the female with an instrument known as a "piercer," which has the power and does the work both of an awl and of a double-edged saw, or rather of two keyhole saws cutting opposite to each other. With this instrument she cuts for an egg-trench a little V-shaped



A CICADA PUPA'S HANGING TOWER OR ORIOLE HUT

slit through the bark into the fibre of a twig, or the tender tip of a larger branch. Within this she deposits a certain number of eggs. Then she moves farther along the branch, saws another slit, and again oviposits. Thus she continues until she has exhausted her store of four or five hundred eggs. At length, weakened by her labors, she falters and falls and soon dies. Like a good mother, her last care is for her offspring, whom, however, she is never to see. A month or six weeks of sunlight and song, of happy courtship, of busy maternal duty,—this is the sum of the cicada's mature life after its long subterranean career.

We now follow the life of the little ones. Twigs within which female cicadas have oviposited generally die. Forests thus infested present the appearance, along the tops and sides of trees, of having been blighted by frost. The leaves die, giving a ragged and sorry aspect to the trees which otherwise are uninjured. This is about all the harm that cicadas do after emergence. It is only when tender young trees are assault-



EGG-TRENCHES IN TWIGS,
MADE BY FEMALE CICADA



FORMS OF THE CICADA ISSUING FROM THE PUPA-CASE

1, 2, and 3. Positions of the
issuing Cicada

4. Immediately after issuing
from shell

5. Twenty minutes later, before the roofing
of the wings—pure white

ed that plants can be destroyed. It is during pupa life, while living in their cavernous homes near the roots of trees, that cicadas are most likely to do mischief.

In six weeks the young are hatched. They are about a sixteenth of an inch long, tiny miniatures of a pupa-shell. The first pair of their six legs are relatively large, shaped somewhat like lobsters' claws, and armed with strong spines beneath. They have shoulder-knots, the future wing buds, and attached to the mouth and carried under the breast is a long beak. These wee creaturelings fling themselves from their cradles "on the tree top," and fall to the ground as lightly as thistle-down. At once they begin to burrow, their strong forelegs enabling them to dig rapidly. Down they go until they have reached a roost upon some branching rootlet. Clearing away a little cell around the root, they fasten their sharp beaks into the tender bark and pump

out the sap, which becomes for them both meat and drink. There they stay and thus they live until their long pupilage of seventeen years is ended.

We may perhaps venture to guess that during this period they burrow back and forth amid the maze of roots, and drink long and deep from the streams of savory sap which they tap with their beaks. They thrive and grow. They take no end of sleep. Perhaps they greet one another, and pass who knows what communications, in the mysterious language of the mute children of the insect world.

When Nature gives the signal, an irresistible impulse seizes the entire host. They leave their caverns and, guided by an unerring instinct, mount upward. When the spring air blows softly, out they come. Soon the air is filled with the flutter of their wings, and the rolling of their drums is heard among the trees. In six weeks they are gone, an extinguished nation, and silence falls upon the groves.

The Perfect Year

BY ELEANOR A. HALLOWELL

WHEN Dolly Leonard died, on the night of my *débutante* party, our little community was aghast. If I live to be a thousand, I shall never outgrow the paralyzing shock of that disaster. I think that the girls in our younger set never fully recovered from it.

It was six o'clock when we got the news. Things had been jolly and bustling all the afternoon. The house was filled with florists and caterers, and I had gone to my room to escape the final responsibilities of the occasion. There were seven of us girl chums dressing in my room, and we were lolling round in various stages of lace and ruffles when the door-bell rang. Partly out of consideration for the tired servants, and partly out of nervous curiosity incited by the day's influx of presents and bouquets, I slipped into my pink eider-down wrapper and ran down to the door. The hall was startlingly sweet with roses. Indeed, the whole house was a perfect bower of leaf and blossom, and I suppose I did look elfish as I ran, for a gruff old workman peered up at me and smiled, and muttered something about "pinky-posy"—and I know it did not seem impertinent to me at the time.

At the door, in the chill blast of the night, stood our little old gray postman with some letters in his hand. "Oh!" I said, disappointed, "just letters."

The postman looked at me a trifle queerly—I thought it was my pink wrapper,—and he said, "Don't worry about 'just letters'; Dolly Leonard is dead!"

"Dead?" I gasped. "Dead?" and I remember how I reeled back against the open door and stared out with horror-stricken eyes across the common to Dolly Leonard's house, where every window was blazing with calamity.

"Dead?" I gasped again. "Dead? What happened?"

The postman eyed me with quizzical

fatherliness. "Ask your mother," he answered, reluctantly, and I turned and groped my way leaden-footed up the stairs, muttering, "Oh, mother, mother, I don't *need* to ask you."

When I got back to my room at last through a tortuous maze of gaping workmen and sickening flowers, three startled girls jumped up to catch me as I staggered across the threshold. I did not faint, I did not cry out. I just sat huddled on the floor rocking myself to and fro, and mumbling, as through a mouthful of sawdust: "Dolly Leonard is dead. Dolly Leonard is dead. Dolly Leonard is dead."

I will not attempt to describe too fully the scene that followed. There were seven of us, you know, and we were only eighteen, and no young person of our acquaintance had ever died before. Indeed, only one aged death had ever disturbed our personal life history, and even that remote catastrophe had sent us scampering to each other's beds a whole winter long, for the individual fear of "seeing things at night."

"Dolly Leonard is dead." I can feel myself yet in that huddled news-heap on the floor. A girl at the mirror dropped her hand-glass with a shivering crash. Some one on the sofa screamed. The only one of us who was dressed began automatically to unfasten her lace collar and strip off her silken gown, and I can hear yet the soft lush sound of a folded sash, and the strident click of the little French stays that pressed too close on a heaving breast.

Then some one threw wood on the fire with a great bang, and then more wood and more wood, and we crowded round the hearth and scorched our faces and hands, but we could not get warm enough.

Dolly Leonard was not even in our set. She was an older girl by several years. But she was the belle of the village.

Dolly Leonard's gowns, Dolly Leonard's parties, Dolly Leonard's lovers, were the envy of all womankind. And Dolly Leonard's courtship and marriage were to us the fitting culmination of her wonderful career. She was our ideal of everything that a girl should be. She was good, she was beautiful, she was irresistibly fascinating. She was, in fact, everything that we girlishly longed to be in the revel of a ballroom or the white sanctity of a church.

And now she, the bright, the joyous, the warm, was colder than we were, and *would never be warm again*. Never again. . . . And there were garish flowers downstairs, and music and favors and ices—nasty shivery ices,—and pretty soon a brawling crowd of people would come and *dance* because I was eighteen—and still alive.

Into our hideous brooding broke a husky little voice that had not yet spoken:

"Dolly Leonard told my big sister a month ago that she wasn't a bit frightened,—that she had had one perfect year, and a perfect year was well worth dying for—if one had to. Of course she hoped she wouldn't die, but if she did, it was a wonderful thing to die happy. Dolly was queer about it; I heard my big sister telling mother. Dolly said, 'Life couldn't always be at high tide—there was only one high tide in any one's life, and she thought it was beautiful to go in the full flush before the tide turned.'"

The speaker ended with a harsh sob.

Then suddenly into our awed silence broke my mother in full evening dress. She was a very handsome mother.

As she looked down on our huddled group there were tears in her eyes, but there was no shock. I noticed distinctly that there was no shock. "Why, girls," she exclaimed, with a certain terse brightness, "aren't you dressed yet? It's eight o'clock and people are beginning to arrive." She seemed so frivolous to me. I remember that I felt a little ashamed of her.

"We don't want any party," I answered, glumly. "The girls are going home."

"Nonsense!" said my mother, catching me by the hand and pulling me almost roughly to my feet. "Go quickly

and call one of the maids to come and help you dress. Angeline, I'll do your hair. Bertha, where are your shoes? Gertrude, that's a beautiful gown—just your color. Hurry into it. There goes the bell. Hark! the orchestra is beginning."

And so, with a word here, a touch there, a searching look everywhere, mother marshalled us into line. I had never heard her voice raised before.

The color came back to our cheeks, the light to our eyes. We bubbled over with spirits—nervous spirits, to be sure, but none the less vivacious ones.

When the last hook was fastened, the last glove buttoned, the last curl fluffed into place, mother stood for an instant tapping her foot on the floor. She looked like a little general.

"Girls," she said, "there are five hundred people coming to-night from all over the State, and fully two-thirds of them never heard of Dolly Leonard. We must never spoil other people's pleasures by flaunting our own personal griefs. I expect my daughter to conduct herself this evening with perfect cheerfulness and grace. She owes it to her guests; and"—mother's chin went high up in the air—"I refuse to receive in my house again any one of you girls who mars my daughter's *débutante* party by tears or hysterics. You may go now."

We went, silently berating the brutal harshness of grown people. We went, airily, flutteringly, luminously, like a bunch of butterflies. At the head of the stairs the music caught us up in a maelstrom of excitement and whirled us down into the throng of pleasure. And when we reached the drawing-room and found mother we felt as though we were walking on air. We thought it was self-control. We were not old enough to know it was mostly "youth."

My *débutante* party was the gayest party ever given in our town. We seven girls were like sprites gone mad. We were like fairy torches that kindled the whole throng. We flitted among the palms like will-o'-the-wisps. We danced the toes out of our satin slippers. We led our old boy-friends a wild chase of young love and laughter, and because our hearts were like frozen lead within us we sought, as it were, "to warm both

hands at the fires of life." We trifled with older men. We flirted, as it were, with our fathers.

My *débutante* party turned out a revel. I have often wondered if my mother was frightened. I don't know what went on in the other girls' brains, but mine were seared with the old-world recklessness—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." *We die!*

I had a lover—a boy lover. His name was Gordon. He was twenty-one years old, and he had courted me with boyish seriousness for three years. Mother had always pooh-pooched his love-story and said: "Wait, wait. Why, my daughter isn't even *out* yet. Wait till she's out."

And Gordon had narrowed his near-sighted eyes ominously and shut his lips tight. "Very well," he had answered, "I will wait till she is out—but no longer."

He was rich, he was handsome, he was well-born, he was strong, but more than all that he held my fancy with a certain thrilling tenacity that frightened me while it lured me. And I had always looked forward to my *débutante* party on my eighteenth birthday with the tingling realization, half joy, half fear, that on that day I should have to settle once and forever with—*man*.

I had often wondered how Gordon would propose. He was a proud, high-strung boy. If he was humble, and pleaded and pleaded with the hurt look in his eyes that I knew so well, I thought I would accept him; and if we could get to mother in the crowd, perhaps we could announce the engagement at supper-time. It seemed to me that it would be a very wonderful thing to be engaged on one's eighteenth birthday. So many girls were not engaged till nineteen or even twenty. But if he was masterful and high-stepping, as he knew so well how to be, I had decided to refuse him scornfully with a toss of my head and a laugh. I could break his heart with the sort of laugh I had practised before my mirror.

It is a terrible thing to have a long-anticipated event finally overtake you. It is the most terrible thing of all to have to settle once and forever with *man*.

Gordon came for me at eleven o'clock. I was flirting airily at the time with our village Beau Brummel, who was old enough to be my grandfather.

Gordon slipped my little hand through his arm and carried me off to a lonely place in the conservatory. For a second it seemed a beautiful relief to be out of the noise and the glare—and alone with Gordon. But instantly my realization of the potential moment rushed over me like a flood, and I began to tremble violently. All the nervous strain of the evening reacted suddenly on me.

"What's the matter with you to-night?" asked Gordon, a little sternly. "What makes you so wild?" he persisted, with a grim little attempt at a laugh.

At his words, my heart seemed to turn over within me and settle heavily. It was before the days when we discussed life's tragedies with our best men friends. Indeed, it was so long before that I sickened and grew faint at the very thought of the sorrowful knowledge which I kept secret from him.

Again he repeated, "What's the matter with you?" but I could find no answer. I just sat shivering, with my lace scarf drawn close across my bare shoulders.

Gordon took hold of a white ruffle on my gown and began to fidget with it. I could see the fine thoughts go flitting through his eyes, but when he spoke again it was quite commonplace.

"Will you do me a favor?" he asked. "Will you do me the favor of marrying me?" And he laughed. Good God! he *laughed!*

"A favor" to marry him! And he asked it as he might have asked for a posie or a dance. So flippantly—with a laugh. "*A favor!*" And Dolly Leonard lay dead of *her* favor!

I jumped to my feet—I was half mad with fear and sex and sorrow and excitement. Something in my brain snapped. And I struck Gordon—struck him across the face with my open hand. And he turned as white as the dead Dolly Leonard, and went away—oh, very far away.

Then I ran back alone to the hall and stumbled into my father's arms.

"Are you having a good time?" asked my father, pointing playfully at my blazing cheeks.

I went to my answer like an arrow to its mark. "I am having the most wonderful time in the world," I cried; "*I have settled with man.*"

My father put back his head and shouted. He thought it was a fine joke. He laughed about it long after my party was over. He thought my head was turned. He laughed about it long after other people had stopped wondering why Gordon went away.

I never told any one why Gordon went away. I might under certain circumstances have told a girl, but it was not the sort of thing one could have told one's mother. This is the first time I have ever told the story of Dolly Leonard's death and my *débutante* party.

Dolly Leonard left a little son behind her—a joyous, rollicking little son. His name is Paul Yardley. We girls were

pleased with the initials—P. Y. They stand to us for “Perfect Year.”

Dolly Leonard's husband has married again, and his wife has borne him safely three daughters and a son. Each one of my six girl chums is the mother of a family. Now and again in my experience some woman has shirked a duty. But I have never yet met a woman who dared to shirk a happiness. Duties repeat themselves. There is no duplicate of happiness.

I am fifty-eight years old. I have never married. I do not say whether I am glad or sorry. I only know that I have never had a Perfect Year. I only know that I have never been warm since the night that Dolly Leonard died.

The Muffled Peal

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

LAY love by, out of mind
And youth, and revelry.
Now early stars on thee
Are smiling from the blue,
O may the dark be kind,
Silence be true!

Alone, pass even so,
While no bright trail divine
Tells where that wound of thine
Is gone beyond despair:
Queen, keep thy queenly woe
Worthy the wear.

Perfect this final art,
And greaten with the years;
All time is yet for tears,
Then spend them not too fast!
And though they fail the heart,
Sorrow will last.

In Medias Res

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

WE are accustomed to speak of the middle West as if there were an eastern West and a western West, and, somewhat subtly, we are right. The appellation is at least not inappropriate; it possesses spiritual, intellectual, and material truth; there is in reality an eastern, a middle, and a western West. What is, for the occasion, most important to us is the fact that in the old Northwest Territory we find the part for which we are looking, the middle West, the edges of which are spattered with influences from the regions back of it and in front of it. It is not as western as it was; it is not eastern, and its people are grateful for both blessings, as they would call them. It is western to the Bostonian and the New-Yorker, and it is far-eastern to the man of the plains. Its people are proud of certain inclinations toward the East, as they are of certain racy characteristics of the new soil that is growing older. Its successful men and women look to the rising sun for its possessions of ripeness, while their adventurous children look to the setting sun for the promises of stirring life which are hidden under the entrancing, mysterious shadows. Its people, especially its women, love the virtues of the older parts of the land, and are proud of the descent which links them to the birth-places of the nation; they are also acquiring some of the vices, or, if this be too strong a phrase, some of the lack of the sterner virtues, found in the older parts.

In this region of the country, which starts in at Buffalo, and runs through to the newest fringe along the Mississippi, the extremes are not the most awakening and stimulating to the visitor from the—well, to please the centre, let us say the imitative East. In a topsy-turvy sort of way one goes from a hoary East at Buffalo, through ripened life in which the pulse of youth still stirs at Chicago and

St. Paul, on toward the plains and mountains which ring and echo with the joyous music of extreme youth and despotic equality.

To the man from the older section the middle part of the West affords more entertainment than does the eastern West, because it differs far more from his own home in the most ancient of our geographical fringes—that along the Atlantic seaboard. It is the punditory custom to say of this section when it is contrasted with New York, for example, that it is “more American,” just as it is customary to knit the brow over the self-same phrase when the “far West” is contrasted with the remainder of the land, including this central cradle of modern Presidents. But no part of the country is more American than any other part; the shouting, pistol-shooting, bronco-riding nuisance on the plains—a remnant of whose class is still on this side of the grave and outside of the jail—is no more American, as he is no more pleasing, than is the most simian of New-Yorkers whose consuming love of London society has been acquired by observing other Americans imitate its bad manners in the dining-rooms of the Savoy or of Claridge's on a Sunday night.

When we get into the Middle West on our journey from the Atlantic, we see Americans most of whom have a great advantage over certain characteristic Eastern Americans. They start and go on through the race of life depending more on their own powers, and arrive at their goal not only self-reliant, but more kindly inclined toward the democracy which gives the free opportunity. At the same time one cannot say that these typical lives of the Middle West are not also typical of the East. We have a social fringe as well as a geographical fringe, a great distinction being that the one is more bedraggled than the other; and our social fringe on the so-called upper side

of our national life gives a coloring to the fabric which makes what we call a "social atmosphere." This atmosphere is a bit clearer in the Middle West than it is in the metropolis, while democracy is more real, more impressive, there to those who like democracy, and may be more oppressive to those who do not.

In the end all that one can say is that social distinctions are more abundant in one part of the country than in another, just as social exactions are heavier in the city than they are in the country; that there is more leisure in one part of the country than in another; that there is a larger distribution both of capital and of culture in one part than in another; that there is a more promiscuous democracy in one place than in another; and that the American who starts in the race of life without fortune and without powerful friends will get on best in that part of the land where there are, proportionally, fewer strivers and more numerous opportunities. What ought to be insisted upon by all Americans who believe that character is better than ancestry is that democracy does not consist alone in freedom of manners and in lack of social distinctions.

While it is true that you feel your approach to the Far West while you are still in this charming middle country, you realize more and more as you linger in it—and linger in it you will if the hospitable people can keep you—that the influence of the "old home" is gaining ground there. Yet, after all, the product is very different, and it is also very likeable. Let it be borne in mind that we are not now walking in the business streets of these Middle-Western cities and towns as if they were the one object of our tour, but that we are glancing at them while we hasten on to the resonant parts of the town—that is, the parts known as "residential." But business is a necessary evil, like most government, or as war used to be when the Christian spirit was trying to force its way into human society, and as it is still thought to be by some who regard Christianity as essentially feminine, not realizing or comprehending that which is the beautiful side of the masculine character. Ostensibly this is a land of business, the Middle West, and it is a land of

wonderful prosperity. Business and enterprise show their black sides by filling the normally blue atmosphere with black smoke. Cleveland permits business to push its way into Euclid Avenue. Chicago puts its oldest and its most conspicuous club where its genial mid-day habits may act as a preventive of nervous prostration, and other towns have other ways of showing, by involuntary cerebation, the need of laying the foundation in good, stiff gold mortar. In its material aspect, its marvellous growth, in the fruits of prescience, of courage, and of industrious toil, the Eastern man of long ago has vindicated his emigration to the West of his day. Here is a fat land, here are wealth and comfort, and a cultivation with a much larger measure of refinement in its leading social circles than is always to be found among some similar circles in the farther Eastern cities.

Say what the East may, or the West does, it is here that one finds the largest sum or aggregate of the comforts, the conveniences, and the luxuries of ordinary every-day life. New York may possess more splendid hotels than Chicago—I have not the intrepidity to assert that it does,—but in a large measure these concentrated magnificences and sublimated palaces of ease are the abiding-places of Western men who have learned, by their own exertions and achievements, what a man ought to have if he pays enough for it. The electric street-railway starts out here and goes East when the old horse-car "plant" has been destroyed. The electric light does its police-work and illumines the pathway to the church and the lyceum in the Middle West before its beams—if you can call them beams—are thrown into Eastern purlieus. It may be that some Eastern town, or several Eastern towns, actually began the use of these comforts, but they were first general in the Middle West, as were the telephone and other devices which lighten, or completely perform, the necessary drudgeries of life. It is in this stretch of country that we find the most luxurious trains on the railroad, and here we find the stenographer introduced to the traveller to allure him from the "library" and from the scenery to the weary tasks of life.

This Middle West, to continue for a moment on the materialistic side of the subject, is the natural distributor of the country, and it is in the way of vindicating the expectation of those whose conjectures are called prophecies that some day Chicago will be bigger than New York. As railroads have driven river-freighting and river passenger service, except for pleasure, largely out of business, the cities called railroad centres have increased in population and productiveness.

The market of the great commerce of the country is what we must call this Middle West. It is the centre of the enormous energies where exchange takes place; it is the centre of the largest commerce of the continent, the busy expanse where the products of the entire world are bought, and where are sold the products of the land on which the food of this people and most of the food of Europe are grown and raised. It has its own great ocean, more crowded than any other water in the world—no longer with the white sails, but with the white steam (and the black smoke) of commerce. Through these waters one may sail a thousand miles in ships which rival the transatlantic liners in their stores of luxury, and which equal the trains that delight the sense of success that is the rightful joy of these sons of American pioneers. There are not so many ships as trains in these days and in these parts. Only those go by water who do not care when they get to their journey's end, to their summer's outing in the "old home," or to their sports among the lakes of Wisconsin or Minnesota, charged to the brim with fish, or to their shooting on the remoter plains or in the still farther mountains. Going to the "old home" for recreation is now a game that two can play at. The old home in the East still calls to the sons and daughters in the Middle West, but also is it true that the Middle West is old enough to possess established domestic shrines of its own, and there are annual summer and autumn gatherings there of the children who have gone back to the earliest shrine to dwell permanently amid the luxuries of the older civilization—for it is the fashion to speak thus of an older civilization, although our country is still so new that it is really absurd to speak of one

thing, or of one class in it, as older than any other American thing or American class. Possibly it would be more nearly correct to say that there are a little larger variety and a greater abundance in the East than in the inner parts of the country of opportunities which men and women of leisure enjoy. At all events, pilgrims now go to the domestic shrines in the Middle West for the annual vacation, even for the Thanksgiving turkey, in numbers that excel those of the pilgrims who used to go eastward on such occasions in the earlier day—for the reason, perhaps, that the serious pioneers of that time were too busy to take vacations. It is even true to-day of the busy man of this central market-place that a doctor's warning is too often the necessary condition precedent to a belated hunt after enjoyment.

As one passes through these lakes, taking pleasure in the very wideness of their waters as well as in the panorama of scenery which is the distinctive feature of every considerable journey in this favored land, one sees not only the monuments of splendid energy, but, struggling through the necessary grime of successful work, of beneficent achievement. One sees too the joyful spirit of recreation, and the material evidences of that intense determination to make the most of the mind and spirit which is such a beautiful sign of the American, notably in the homes of the second and third and fourth generations of the English people who settled in the old Atlantic fringe in the seventeenth century.

I am not losing sight of the mingling of other people with the children of our earliest immigrants. It is an agreeable mixture where there is a mixture, although the lines of social demarcation are visible even in the second generation. This is true of the Germans, for example, who make up so large a part of the population of some of those States which, together, constituted that proud earliest general territory that once belonged to the Eastern colonies (Eastern, Middle, and Southern, let me hasten to say, in order that I may avoid sectional controversy), and which was the first part of our land in which the freedom of all men was declared by law. The Germans have their quarter "across the

Rhine," or their streets, their newspapers, their language, and they make the beer which they drink in company with the Americans, who have learned to like some German customs. But the people of the second generation of Germans rather resent their inherited foreignness, and become more sternly American than those whose fathers and grandfathers were not only to the manner, but to the manor born. The Americanism of the young German who insists on the English tongue and who discontinues the paternal German newspaper is newer and shinier than the old nativity, smoothed as it is by its passage down from generation to generation; but the German-American, as he is called, is genuine; and there are others, too.

But, to return, the American, he of the American ancestry, has stamped himself, his social traits, his intellectual quality, his moving energy, his spiritual gifts, upon this Middle West. The institutions of this land are his. The New England prayer-meeting and the New England town meeting have moved onward through the Mohawk Valley and have settled down in Ohio and the other States in near neighborhood to the social graces of the Old South, with its dominating county, the two joined more closely by the propinquity of the New-Yorker and the Pennsylvanian, who were prone to the middle way, intellectually and politically as well as geographically.

On these lakes—to return once more—we see the tall chimney, and the great ore-ship of seven or eight thousand tons burden, its heavy cargo loaded and trimmed at the ore-docks at Duluth in little more than a half-hour. We see the great masses of shining copper on the wharves at Hancock and at Houghton. We are rarely out of sight of trade and commerce. We are rarely without a reminder of the enormous riches which are stored up in the earth under what used to be the forest where the old French explorer trod, and whose people were taught in spiritual things by the old French Jesuits, and whose cruelty and savagery were set aflame by French and English soldiers. "Gone is the forest primeval," but suddenly we find, in the lands which the lumberman deserted because he thought that he had robbed them

of all their commercial value, such stores of iron ore that the like has never been seen before—ore that is shovelled out as the ooze of rivers is shovelled out by great dredges.

We see, too, the school for the teaching of mining engineers rising above the copper-heaps at Houghton; we see from the deck of the boat the monument at Cleveland—a constant reminder of the fervid patriotism of Garfield's State; we catch glimpses of other schools marked by the constant flagstaff, of parks at the waterside near Detroit, and, strangest of all, or at least most original of all, the little summer community at St. Clair—the "Little Venice," with its villas built on the edge of the water, with canals for its pathways, while its people, who seem to live in bathing-clothes and in boats, fill the air with a constant splashing and laughter which must disturb the placid British demeanor of the near-by opposite Canadian shore.

From these lakes we would know the land on which they border—its enterprise, its vocations and its avocations, its mysterious and poetic history, punctuated here and there, as by the white fort at Mackinac; but the country, like other countries, must be studied more closely than from the decks of a steamer. To the great joy and happiness and profit of this part of the land, remoteness from the seaboard seems to diminish social conventions. One finds both free manners and stiffness in the West, as in New England and in the Middle States—a freedom and friendly exuberance which may best be illustrated by the abandon following the wedding, and a stiff formality which is made most apparent in the observance of the social requirements of a funeral.

To look at social life in a large or in a general way, we find first of all a more definite line drawn between the sexes. The women flock together and the men together more than is the case in the East. There is a distinction between the intellectual planes occupied by the two, a good deal to the advantage of the women. The Middle West, or that phase of it which we are now considering, has so long ceased to be frontier that it is only on the extreme verge, as your train moves off toward the Rocky

Mountains, that you encounter crudities of a new land. Here we are in a land where fortunes are laid by, and where life takes on the aspect of social fruition, for the attainment of which, with certain spiritual and ethical increments, labor struggles. The average man has not yet entered the primrose paths of literary and artistic dalliance. He is still enamoured of activity; and he is the exceptional individual of a community, perhaps, too, he who is most intensely preoccupied by such gigantic business enterprises as are so obvious in the West, who fills a library with books or a gallery with fine pictures. He is therefore known in the community for his exceptional, perhaps eccentric, traits as he would not be known for them in the far East, where the man who is a collector of precious things of the mind or of the hand of the artist is rather common, and has taken a matter-of-fact sort of place among experts. It is probably the tendency of the Western community which possesses one of the book or picture collectors to exaggerate his accomplishments or achievements; it seems so extraordinary to the man who is doing a hard day's work in "progress" that a captain who is doing infinitely harder and more successful work should have collected an almost unique group of pictures of the Barbizon School, or of some other objects of beauty or of artistic skill.

The difference which I am aiming to explain is shown by the fact that while Mr. Gladstone, the always hurried Mr. Gladstone, was an intelligent collector of ivories and of Wedgwood pottery, no one exclaimed over his knowledge and intelligence in that pastime. An interest in some achievements of æsthetic or of literary culture would naturally be presumed of Mr. Gladstone, or of any one of his place in an old country. His knowledge and his liking for certain beautiful symbols would not be regarded as a trait of character; but in a newer community, where these symbols are not or have not been produced, but whither they have to be imported, anything like an expert knowledge of them, or like a real passion for them, on the part of a busy man, is naturally regarded as a trait of character. There are instances, however, which show that the intensity and

the large free mind which make of a man the builder up of new and untrodden lands, and of enormous productive or distributive agencies, in turning aside from his tasks will naturally seek gratification and spiritual repose in the great masterpieces of letters and of arts. And when we wonder if a genius of industry has really acquired a true taste for what he buys, let us measure the soul of such a man against the soul of some of the dealers and critics whose business it is to have and to hold the expert knowledge, and to bargain with it against the purse of the Fortunate.

The man whose lofty and far-seeing imagination has led him to people deserts and the wilderness and to conquer nature for the material welfare of man is at least not necessarily the man of dwarfed or of blunted sensitiveness to the high thoughts and to the beautiful images which have been wrought by men of other gifts. There is more reason for expecting the flowers of art and letters to bloom in the nature of a mighty leader of the material progress of our time than to find them flourishing in the heart which is vitiated by the constant fumes of pleasure. The maker for men of new pathways through hitherto untried lands must have had great perceptions, must have dealt in high courage with problems of a future which he could see only with the inspired vision of prophecy; so is it that such as he is often readier to hear and to comprehend the loftiest speech and the noblest vision of the great masters of the past, or of the present, than is he who may cultivate a taste for the sake of an occupation or of a trade.

The social picture of the Middle West as a whole, however, presents the sexes occupying different intellectual and moral planes. There the woman is indisputably the mistress in all that makes for culture—culture in letters and in art; the man is king in his own active realm. Each is most deferential to the other in that other's sphere. The books on the shelves, the pictures on the wall, are of the woman's choice or selection. The man speaks of her literary or artistic tastes, usually of both combined, with the reverence that is due to her superior intellectual and spiritual gifts and acquirements. She is

the hostess, and the host stands appropriately behind her. She is the instructed, and leads the intellectual movements of her town. The book club, the Dante club, the entertainer of the lecturing or the travelling lion, is the woman. Often the clergyman assists; but she, through her influence over the surrendered man, has selected the clergyman, and on her he must count for the success of himself and of his work. She is, indeed, generous and gracious, and welcomes with joy every man who strays from business into the company of books and pictures, into homes which she has made. They call their houses homes, oftener than the East, and these homes bespeak the finer taste of the woman. Her education is likely to be more virile than that of her Eastern sisters, because it is acquired at schools and colleges where coeducation of the sexes is the rule. It is like in essence, very different in kind and in degree, to the mental training of the soft-voiced women of the Old South, who were accustomed to read Burke and Bolingbroke and Hume, with the more ancient classics, to their fathers. Her domination in the home and her primacy in the higher life, as we are inclined to call it, are seen not only in the more obvious social affairs, but in the element of seriousness which marks most life in this midway of the country.

As the man pays her high respect by recognizing her superiority in the kingdom of taste, of feeling, of the imagination, of the knowledge which comes from books, she returns his deference by venerating him as the active ruler of the world of affairs. When the man in the Middle West is ready to seek intellectual repose from the business in which he has laid up, or is laying up, his fortune, he is likely to go into politics. Whether he is business man or politician, she who is queen at home is subject when the king is at his desk or in the capital. She is the cheering partner of his toils, who knows nothing of the hardships or of the deviousness of his way, but who is lost in the glory of his successes. To the hard and critical world he may be as bad as politicians can be, but she is content to accept him at his own valuation, and to feel in him, or his career, the confidence which he

feels for her as mistress of the home. If he is obedient to her conception of all that constitutes the duty of husband, son, father, and brother, no evil whisper can disturb her faith in him. The model man at home is safe, with his women-folk, against all the slanders and assaults of rival partisans or of competitors without. This attitude was well expressed by a young woman student in one of the great coeducation universities of the West. She was asked to write her view of Thomas Jefferson, and this was her response: "Thomas Jefferson was timid and sly, but lovely in his family." She could judge him as one of the "world of men," because she was not of his family; if she had been, the last part of her description alone would have sufficed.

This Middle West is the heart of the country. It has its faults, but it has many and noble virtues. Like most middle things, it produces the average. It is safe and wholesome; if it were not, the whole body would be corrupt. Probably in political things we may wish an improvement, but politics is one of the crude occupations of men, and here, as elsewhere, we must judge of men and women by other tests. Judged by those tests, the Middle West is a fine tribute to our race and to democracy. It is the custom to read democracy through the spectacles of the man who gathers news to sell over his counter, and who wants the largest possible return for his outlay. Therefore we hear that democracy is vulgar; but when that charge is made, the one who makes it really means that democracy is not reticent,—that its daily press, for instance, recounts the lives of the multitude who walk out of our ordinary paths, and that it spreads abroad the more obnoxious qualities of the class whose members in other countries—in France especially—are concealed behind the screen of manners, of traditions, which afford a seclusion dear to an old and established society, but which are not desired by those abounding with the joy of the new country conquered, and with the love of their fellows who have fought up, or who are fighting up, with them. No one need feel shame of democracy at the very heart of the very heart of our country.

Kittie's Sister Josephine

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

KITTIE JAMES told me this story about her sister Josephine, and when she saw my eye light up the way the true artist's does when he hears a good plot, she said I might use it, if I liked, the next time I "practised literature."

I don't think that was a very nice way to say it, especially when one remembers that Sister Irmingarde read three of my stories to the class in four months; and as I only write one every week, you can see yourself what a good average that was. But it takes noble souls to be humble in the presence of the gifted, and enthusiastic over their success, so only two of my classmates seemed really happy when Sister Irmingarde read my third story aloud. It is hardly necessary to mention the names of these beautiful natures, already so well known to my readers, but I will do it. They were Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom, and they are my dearest friends at St. Catharine's. And some day, when I am a real writer and the name of May Iverson shines in gold letters on the tablets of fame, I'll write a book and dedicate it to them. Then, indeed, they will be glad they knew me in my schoolgirl days, and recognized real merit when they saw it, and did not mind the queer things my artistic temperament often makes me do. Oh, what a slave is one to this artistic, emotional nature, and how unhappy, how misunderstood! I don't mean that I am unhappy all the time, of course, but I have Moods. And when I have them life seems so hollow, so empty, so terrible! At such times natures that do not understand me are apt to make mistakes, the way Sister Irmingarde did when she thought I had nervous dyspepsia and made me walk three miles every day, when all the time it was just Soul that was the matter with me. Still, I must admit the exercise helped me. It is so soothing, so restful, so calming to walk

on dear nature's breast. Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom always know the minute an attack of artistic temperament begins in me. Then they go away quietly and reverently, and I write a story and feel better.

So this time I am going to tell about Kittie James's sister Josephine. In the very beginning I must explain that Josephine James used to be a pupil at St. Catharine's herself, ages and ages ago, and finally she graduated and left, and began to go into society and look around and decide what her life-work should be. That was long, long before our time—as much as ten years, I should think, and poor Josephine must be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old now. But Kittie says she is just as nice as she can be, and not a bit poky, and so active and interested in life you'd think she was young. Of course I know such things can be, for my own sister Grace, Mrs. George R. Verbeck, is perfectly lovely and the most popular woman in the society of our city. But Grace is married, and perhaps that makes a difference. It is said that love keeps the spirit young. However, perhaps I'd better go on about Josephine and not dwell on that. Experienced as we girls are, and drinking of life in deep draughts though we do, we still admit—Maudie, Mabel, and I—that we do not yet know much about love. But one cannot know everything at fifteen, and, as Mabel Blossom always says, "there is yet time." We all know just the kind of men they're going to be, though. Mine will be a brave young officer, of course, for a general's daughter should not marry out of the army, and he will die for his country, leaving me with a broken heart. Maudie Joyce says hers must be a man who will rule her with a rod of iron and break her will and win her respect, and then be gentle and loving and tender. And Mabel Blossom

Illustration by W. H. Clark



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

KITTIE SAYS JOSEPHINE IS NOT A BIT POKY

says she's perfectly sure hers will be fat and have a blond mustache and laugh a great deal. Once she said maybe none of us would ever get *any*; but the look Maudie Joyce and I turned upon her checked her thoughtless words. Life is bitter enough as it is without thinking of dreadful things in the future. I sometimes fear that underneath her girlish gayety Mabel Blossom conceals a morbid nature. But I am forgetting Josephine James. This story will tell why, with all her advantages of wealth and education and beauty, she remained a maiden lady till she was twenty-eight; and she might have kept on, too, if Kittie had not taken matters in hand and settled them for her.

Kittie says Josephine was always romantic and spent long hours of her young life in girlish reveries and dreams. Of course that isn't the way Kittie said it, but if I should tell this story in her crude, unformed fashion, you wouldn't read very far. What Kittie really said was that Josephine used to "moon around the grounds a lot and bawl, and even try to write poetry." I understand Josephine's nature, so I will go on and tell this story in my own way, but you must remember that some of the credit belongs to Kittie and Mabel Blossom; and if Sister Irmingarde reads it in class, they can stand right up with me when the author is called for.

Well, when Josephine James graduated she got a lot of prizes and things, for she was a clever girl, and had not spent all her time writing poetry and thinking deep thoughts about life. She realized the priceless advantages of a broad and thorough education and of association with the most cultivated minds. That sentence comes out of our prospectus. Then she went home and went out a good deal, and was very popular and stopped writing poetry, and her dear parents began to feel happy and hopeful about her, and think she would marry and have a nice family, which is indeed woman's highest, noblest mission in life. But all the time Josephine cherished an ideal.

A great many young men came to see her, and Kittie liked one of them very much indeed—better than all the others. He was handsome, and he laughed and joked a good deal, and always brought

Kittie big boxes of candy and called her his little sister. He said she was going to be that in the end, anyhow, and there was no use waiting to give her the title that his heart dictated. He said it just that way. When he took Josephine out in his automobile he'd say, "Let's take the kid, too," and they would, and it did not take Kittie long to understand how things were between George Morgan—for that was indeed his name—and her sister. Little do grown-up people realize how intelligent are the minds of the young, and how keen and penetrating their youthful gaze! Clearly do I recall some things that happened at home, and it would startle papa and mamma to know I know them, but I will not reveal them here. Once I would have done so, in the beginning of my art; but now I have learned to finish one story before I begin another.

Little did Mr. Morgan and Josephine wot that every time she refused him Kittie's young heart burned beneath its sense of wrong, for she did refuse him almost every time they went out together, and yet she kept right on going. You would think she wouldn't, but women's natures are indeed inscrutable. Some authors would stop here and tell what was in Josephine's heart, but this is not that kind of a story. Kittie was only twelve then, and they used big words and talked in a queer way they thought she would not understand; but she did, every time, and she never missed a single word they said. Of course she wasn't *listening* exactly, you see, because they knew she was there. That makes it different and quite proper. For if Kittie was more intelligent than her elders it was not the poor child's fault.

Things went on like that and got worse and worse, and they had been going on that way for five years. One day Kittie was playing tennis with George at the Country Club, and he had been very kind to her, and all of a sudden Kittie told him she knew all, and how sorry she was for him, and that if he would wait till she grew up she would marry him herself. The poor child was so young, you see, that she did not know how unmaidenly this was. And of course at St. Catharine's when they taught us how to enter and leave rooms and how to

act in society and at the table, they didn't think to tell us not to ask young men to marry us. I can add with confidence that Kittie James was the only girl who ever did. I asked the rest afterwards, and they were deeply shocked at the idea.

Well, anyhow, Kittie did it, and she said George was just as nice as he could be. He told her he had "never listened to a more alluring proposition" (she remembered just the words he used), and that she was "a little trump"; and then he said he feared, alas! it was impossible, as even his strong manhood could not face the prospect of the long and dragging years that lay between. Besides, he said, his heart was already given, and he guessed he'd better stick to Josephine, and would his little sister help him to get her? Kittie wiped her eyes and said she would. She had been crying. It must indeed be a bitter experience to have one's young heart spurned! But George took her into the club-house and gave her tea and lots of English muffins and jam, and somehow Kittie cheered up, for she couldn't help feeling there were still some things in life that were nice.

Of course after that she wanted dreadfully to help George, but there didn't seem to be much she could do. Besides, she had to go right back to school in September, and being a studious child, I need hardly add that her entire mind was then given to her studies. When she went home for the Christmas holidays she took Mabel Blossom with her. Mabel was more than a year older, but Kittie looked up to her, as it is well the young should do to us



Charles L. Johnson, engraver.

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

MABEL PUT HER FINGERS IN HER EARS

older girls. Besides, Kittie had had her thirteenth birthday in November, and she was letting down her skirts a little and beginning to think of putting up her hair. She said when she remembered that she asked George to wait till she grew up it made her blush, so you see she was developing very fast.

As I said before, she took Mabel Blossom home for Christmas, and Mr. and Mrs. James were lovely to her, and she had a beautiful time. But Josephine was the best of all. She was just fine. Mabel told me with her own lips that if she hadn't seen Josephine James's name on the catalogue as a graduate in '93, she never would have believed she was so old. Josephine took the two girls to matinées and gave a little tea for them, and George Morgan was as nice as she was. He was always bringing them candy and violets, exactly as if they were young ladies, and he treated them both with the greatest respect, and stopped calling them the kids when he found they didn't like it. Mabel got as fond of him as Kittie was, and they were both wild to help him to get Josephine to marry him; but she wouldn't, though Kittie finally talked to her long and seriously. I asked Kittie what Josephine said when she did that, and she confessed that Josephine had laughed so she couldn't say anything. That hurt the sensitive child, of course, but grown-ups are all too frequently thoughtless of such things. Had Josephine but listened to Kittie's words on that occasion, it would have saved Kittie a lot of trouble.

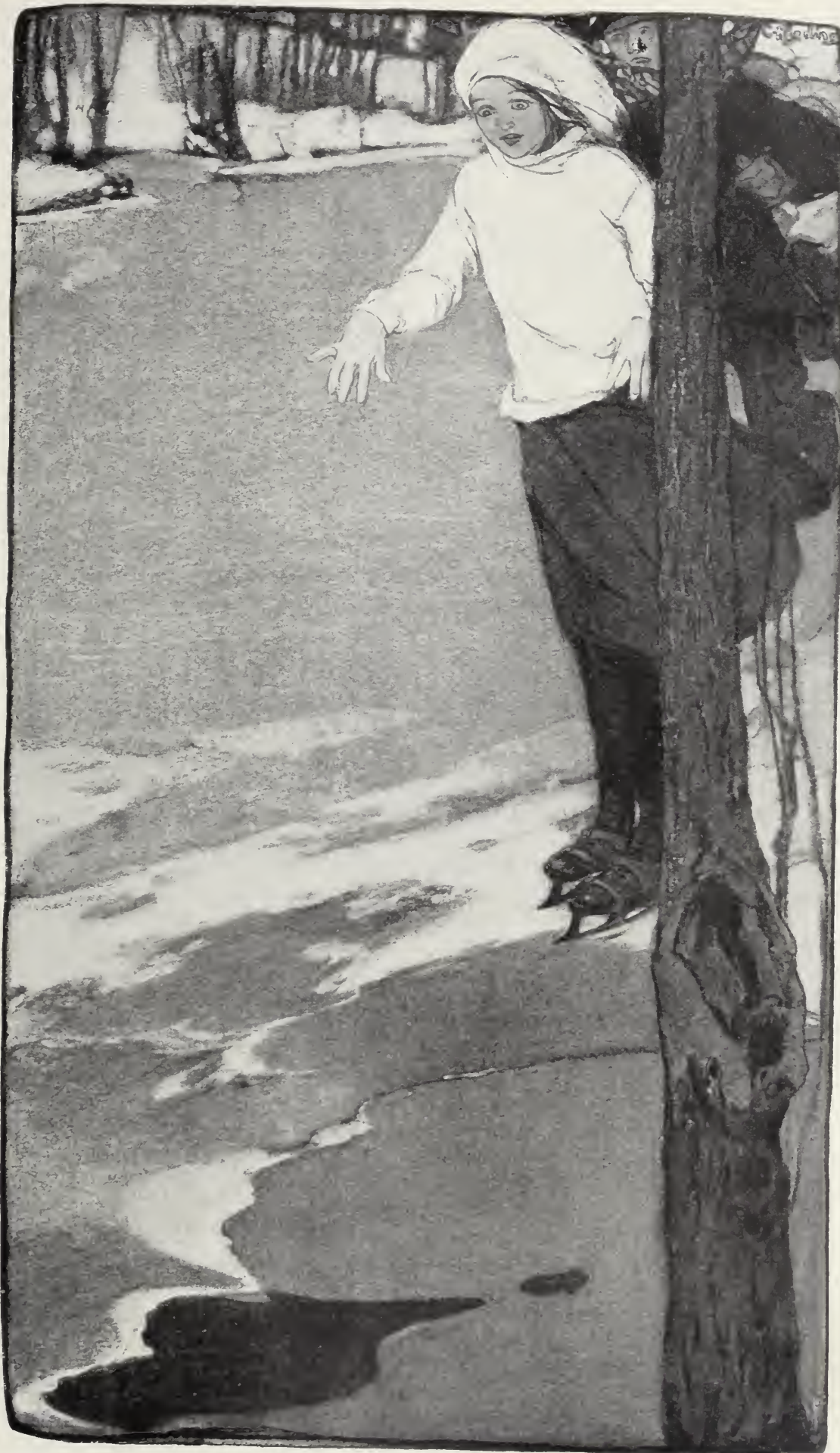
Now I am getting to the exciting part of the story. I am always so glad when I get to that. I asked Sister Irmingarde why one couldn't just make the story out of the exciting part, and she took a good deal of time to explain why, but she did not convince me; for besides having the artistic temperament I am strangely logical for one so young. Some day I shall write a story that is all climax from beginning to end. That will show her! But at present I must go on with this according to the severe and cramping rules which she and literature have laid down.

One night Mrs. James gave a large party for Josephine, and of course Mabel and Kittie, being thirteen and fourteen,

had to go to bed. It is such things as this that embitter the lives of school-girls. But they were allowed to go down and see all the lights and flowers and decorations before people began to come, and they went into the conservatory because that was fixed up with little nooks and things. They got away in and off in a kind of wing of it, and they talked and pretended they were *débutantes* at the ball, so they stayed longer than they knew. Then they heard voices, and they looked and saw Josephine and Mr. Morgan sitting by the fountain. Before they could move or say they were there, they heard him say this—Kittie remembers just what it was:

"I have spent six years following you, and you've treated me as if I were a dog at the end of a string. This thing must end. I must have you, or I must learn to live without you, and I must know now which it is to be. Josephine, you must give me my final answer to-night."

Wasn't it embarrassing for Kittie and Mabel? They did not want to listen, but some instinct told them Josephine and George might not be glad to see them then, so they crept behind a lot of tall palms, and Mabel put her fingers in her ears so she wouldn't hear. Kittie didn't. She explained to me afterwards that she thought it being her sister made things kind of different. It was all in the family, anyhow. So Kittie heard Josephine tell Mr. Morgan that the reason she did not marry him was because he was an idler and without an ambition or a purpose in life. And she said she must respect the man she married as well as love him. Then George jumped up quickly and asked if she loved him, and she cried and said she did, but that she would never, never marry him until he did something to win her admiration and prove he was a man. You can imagine how exciting it was for Kittie to see with her own innocent eyes how grown-up people manage such things. She said she was so afraid she'd miss something that she opened them so wide they hurt her afterwards. But she didn't miss anything. She saw him kiss Josephine, too, and then Josephine got up, and he argued and tried to make her change her mind, and she wouldn't, and finally they left the con-



Half tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

KITTIE WAS SKATING STRAIGHT TOWARD IT

servatory. After that Kittie and Mabel crept out and rushed up-stairs; it was time, for people were beginning to come.

The next morning Kittie turned to Mabel with a look on her face which Mabel had never seen there before. It was grim and determined. She said she had a plan and wanted Mabel to help her, and not ask any questions, but get her skates and come out. Mabel did, and they went straight to George Morgan's house, which was only a few blocks away. He was very rich and had a beautiful house. An English butler came to the door. Mabel said she was so frightened her teeth chattered, but he smiled when he saw Kittie, and said yes, Mr. Morgan was home and at breakfast, and invited them in. When George came in he had a smoking-jacket on, and looked very pale and sad and romantic, Mabel thought, but he smiled, too, when he saw them, and shook hands and asked them if they had breakfasted.

Kittie said yes, but they had come to ask him to take them skating, and they were all ready and had brought their skates. His face fell, as real writers say, and he hesitated a little, but at last he said he'd go, and he excused himself, just as if they had been grown up, and went off to get ready.

When they were left alone a terrible doubt assailed Mabel, and she asked Kittie if she was going to ask George again to marry her. Kittie blushed and said she was not, of course, and that she knew better now. For it is indeed true that the human heart is not so easily turned from its dear object. We girls know that, even if we don't know much. We know that if once one truly loves it lasts forever and ever and ever, and then one dies and is buried with things the loved one wore.

Kittie said she had a plan to help George, and all Mabel had to do was to watch and keep on breathing. Mabel felt better then, and said she guessed she could do that. George came back all ready, and they started off. Kittie acted rather dark and mysterious, but Mabel conversed with George in the easy and pleasant fashion young men love. She told him all about school and how bad she was in mathematics; and he said he had been a duffer at it too, but that he had learned to shun it while there was yet

time. And he advised her very earnestly to have nothing to do with it. Mabel didn't, either, after she came back to St. Catharine's; and when Sister Irmingarde reproached her, Mabel said she was leaning on the judgment of a strong man, as woman should do. But Sister Irmingarde made her go on with the arithmetic just the same.

By and by they came to the river, and it was so early not many people were skating there. When George had fastened on their skates—he did it in the nicest way, exactly as if they were grown up—Kittie looked more mysterious than ever, and she started off as fast as she could skate toward a little inlet where there was no one at all. George and Mabel followed her. George said he didn't know whether the ice was smooth in there, but Kittie kept right on, and George did not say any more. I guess he did not care much where he went. I suppose it disappoints a man when he wants to marry a woman and she won't. Now that I am beginning to study deeply this question of love, many things are clear to me.

Kittie kept far ahead, and all of a sudden Mabel saw that a little distance further on, and just ahead, there was a big black hole in the ice, and Kittie was skating straight toward it. Mabel tried to scream, but she says the sound froze on her pallid lips. Then George saw the hole, too, and rushed toward Kittie, and quicker than I can write it Kittie went in that hole and down.

Mabel says George was there almost as soon, calling to Mabel to keep back out of danger. Usually when people have to rescue others, especially in stories, they call to some one to bring a board, and some one does, and it is easy. But very often in real life there isn't any board or any one to bring it, and this was indeed the desperate situation that confronted my hero. There was nothing to do but plunge in after Kittie, and he plunged, skates and all. Then Mabel heard him gasp and laugh a little, and he called out: "It's all right, by Jove! The water isn't much above my knees." And even as he spoke Mabel saw Kittie rise in the water and sort of hurl herself at him and pull him down into the water, head and all. When they came up they were

both half strangled, and Mabel was terribly frightened; for she thought George was mistaken about the depth, and they would both drown before her eyes; and then she would see that picture all her life, as they do in stories, and her hair would turn gray. She began to run up and down on the ice and scream; but even as she did so she heard these extraordinary words come from between Kittie James's chattering teeth:

"Now you are good and wet!"

George did not say a word. He confessed to Mabel afterwards that he thought poor Kittie had lost her mind through fear. But he tried the ice till he found a place that would hold him, and he got out and pulled Kittie out. As soon as Kittie was out she opened her mouth and uttered more remarkable words.

"Now," she said, "I'll skate till we get near the club-house. Then you must pick me up and carry me, and I'll shut my eyes and let my head hang down. And Mabel must cry—good and hard. Then you must send for Josephine and let her see how you've saved the life of her precious little sister."

Mabel said she was sure that Kittie was crazy, and next she thought George was crazy, too. For he bent and stared hard into Kittie's eyes for a minute, and then he began to laugh, and he laughed till he cried. He tried to speak, but he couldn't at first; and when he did the words came out between his shouts of boyish glee.

"Do you mean to say, you young monkey," he said, "that this is a put-up job?"

Kittie nodded as solemnly as a fair young girl can nod when her clothes are dripping and her nose is blue with cold. When she did that, George roared again; then, as if he had remembered something, he caught her hands and began to skate very fast toward the club-house. He was a thoughtful young man, you see, and he wanted her to get warm. Perhaps he wanted to get warm, too. Anyhow, they started off, and as they went, Kittie opened still further the closed flower of her girlish heart. I heard that expression once, and I've always wanted to get it into one of my stories. I think this is a good place.

She told George she knew the hole in

the ice, and that it wasn't deep; and she said she had done it all to make Josephine admire him and marry him.

"She will, too," she said. "Her dear little sister—the only one she's got." And Kittie went on to say what a terrible thing it would have been if she had died in the promise of her young life, till Mabel said she almost felt sure herself that George had saved her. But George hesitated. He said it wasn't "a square deal," whatever that means, but Kittie said no one need tell any lies. She had gone into the hole and George had pulled her out. She thought they needn't explain how deep it was, and George admitted thoughtfully that "no truly loving family should hunger for statistics at such a moment." Finally he said: "By Jove! I'll do it. All's fair in love and war." Then he asked Mabel if she thought she could "lend intelligent support to the star performers," and she said she could. So George picked Kittie up in his arms, and Mabel cried—she was so excited it was easy, and she wanted to do it all the time—and the sad little procession "homeward wended its weary way," as the poet says.

Mabel told me Kittie did her part like a real actress. She shut her eyes and her head hung over George's arm, and her long, wet braid dripped as it trailed behind them. George laughed to himself every few minutes till they got near the club-house. Then he looked very sober, and Mabel Blossom knew her cue had come, the way it does to actresses, and she let out a wail that almost made Kittie sit up. It was 'most too much of a one, and Mr. Morgan advised her to "tone it down a little," because, he said, if she didn't they'd probably have Kittie buried before she could explain. But of course Mabel had not been prepared and had not had any practice. She muffled her sobs after that, and they sounded lots better. People began to rush from the club-house, and get blankets and whiskey, and telephone for doctors and for Kittie's family, and things got so exciting that nobody paid any attention to Mabel. All she had to do was to mop her eyes occasionally and keep a sharp lookout for Josephine; for of course, being an ardent student of life, like Maudie and me, she did not want to miss what came next.

Pretty soon a horse galloped up, all foaming at the mouth, and he was pulled back on his haunches, and Josephine and Mr. James jumped out of the buggy and rushed in, and there was more excitement. When George saw them coming he turned pale, Mabel said, and hurried off to change his clothes. One woman looked after him and said, "As modest as he is brave," and cried over it. When Josephine and Mr. James came in there was more excitement, and Kittie opened one eye and shut it again right off, and the doctor said she was all right except for the shock, and her father and Josephine cried, so Mabel didn't have to any more. She was glad, too, I can tell you.

They put Kittie to bed in a room at the club, for the doctor said she was such a high-strung child it would be wise to keep her perfectly quiet for a few hours and take precautions against pneumonia. Then Josephine went around asking for Mr. Morgan.

By and by he came down, in dry clothes but looking dreadfully uncomfortable. Mabel said she could imagine how he felt. Josephine was standing by the open fire when he entered the room, and no one else was there but Mabel. Josephine went right to him and put her arms around his neck.

"Dearest, dearest!" she said. "How can I ever thank you?" Her voice was very low, but Mabel heard it. George said right off, "There is a way." That

shows how quick and clever he is, for some men might not think of it. Then Mabel Blossom left the room, with slow, reluctant feet, and went up-stairs to Kittie.

That's why Mabel has just gone to Kittie's home for a few days. She and Kittie are to be flower-maids at Josephine's wedding. I hope it is not necessary for me to explain to my intelligent readers that her husband will be George Morgan. Kittie says he confessed the whole thing to Josephine, and she forgave him, and said she would marry him anyhow; but she explained that she only did it on Kittie's account. She said she did not know to what lengths the child might go next.

So my young friends have gone to mingle in scenes of worldly gayety, and I sit here in the twilight looking at the evening star and writing about love. How true it is that the pen is mightier than the sword! Gayety is well in its place, but the soul of the artist finds its happiness in work and solitude. I hope Josephine will realize, though, why I cannot describe her wedding. Of course no artist of delicate sensibilities could describe a wedding when she hadn't been asked to it.

Poor Josephine! It seems very, very sad to me that she is marrying thus late in life and only on Kittie's account. Why, oh, why could she not have wed when she was young and love was in her heart!

The Garden

BY ALICE BROWN

DO you hear the clock, sweetheart,
Striking out the hours?
No. I linger here apart,
With my garden flowers.

Do you see the dial face
Pointing on to night?
No. My vine about its base
Climbs into the light.

But, sweetheart, time goes tirelessly;
Soon you will be sped.
Nay, I care not. There will be
Flowers when I'm dead.

A Vatican Sermon

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

UNDER the gay sky of a winter Sunday, nearly all the cabs in Rome were scurrying towards St. Peter's. There was one long parade of them returning along the Tiber embankment, having discharged their loads, and there was an endless double file of the reckless little flea-bitten vetturas trotting into the Borgo, these overcrowded with laughing Italian families—grandmothers, parents, daughters-in-law, and children, heaped up pleasantly like fruit and flowers in peddlers' carts. They crossed the St. Angelo bridge, passing that statue of St. Peter which, Pasquino said, once grew so alarmed at the number of people Pope Sixtus V. was hanging, for petty offences, from the battlements of the castle near by, that it called over to the statue of St. Paul: "I fear I must be leaving. Sixtus will surely hang me for cutting off Malchus's ear!" When the double file reached the piazza in front of the church, it broke into brisk disorder: the pathetic little horses galloped for the arch to the left, which leads into the Via delle Fondamenta, the iron tires making an intolerable clatter on the uneven flagstones. They passed through the arch, and so on, round St. Peter's, to the Swiss Gate of the Vatican, where the people dismounted hurriedly and joined the pedestrians. Every one held in his hand a slip of white paper—a printed invitation. These were presented for the inspection of the Papal Gendarmes and the Swiss Guards—the former fine enough with their cocked hats and white belts, the latter more mediæval-looking than the Yeomen of the Guard, gaudier than bumblebees, and showing no signs of overwork.

The stream of people went through the gate, through a small court and a couple of passages, to emerge upon a great court, the Cortile di San Damaso, which is enclosed partly by the palace, partly by a large open gallery. The roof of the

latter was now crowded, the figures of the people silhouetted to the view of those below, against the rich blue sky that curves down over Italy on a clear day, almost as rich, almost as blue, as the summer sky over the United States. The court itself was not crowded by the eight or nine thousand persons who were standing about in groups, the murmur of their chatter and laughter rising through the warm air to those who were leaning from open windows of the palace.

Against the arcade, opposite the gallery, stood a very large platform, higher than the heads of the spectators. It was hung with red velvet and gold, and between two columns which rose over a dais on the platform long red velvet curtains depended, underneath the papal arms carved upon the stone front of a small balcony. The dais supported a great red and gold chair, the papal throne. Upon each side of the throne stood rigidly a tall, steel-helmeted Swiss Guard in his brilliant stripes, long pike in hand. In spite of the stateliness of this pair, the whole picture was (to an American) so strangely theatrical that it seemed only plausible that the two guards would presently draw the curtains to disclose an old-fashioned tableau: "Marmion and Constance" possibly, or "Joan of Arc before her Judges," to be followed by a declamation, "I speak not to implore your grace," for the benefit of the Ladies Missionary Adjunct.

The Society of the Daughters of Mary had entered in procession, girls in white dresses with long veils; and with the banners of the society borne proudly in the van, they took places nearest the platform, for it was to them, particularly, that the Pope would speak.

Seated upon the steps of the arcade, to the left, were twenty or thirty young girls in gray, with lace scarfs upon their heads, a choir of novices; beyond them was a band of many pieces. The choir-

girls whispered, gossiped, chuckled, now and then breaking into open laughter, which did not shock, as it might from a choir in church; yet the court was a church at the time, since the day was Sunday and the Pope was coming there to preach. Their laughter was but part of the murmur of gayety that was everywhere.

But the people were waiting for the Pope happily. Even the papal lay nobles, in their evening dress and silk hats, with gold chains and orders clinking together across their white shirt-fronts, looked cheerful. There were many country people, and many poor, but they were the "respectable" poor; there were no beggars, no cripples, none of the deformity, rags, and dirt that make so much of Rome only less hideous than parts of Naples. Better still, there were no postal-sellers, no venders of cheap cameos nor peddlers of folding photogravures encircling the spectator. Florentines, Neapolitans, soft-spoken Venetians, and a few dark Sicilians were there with the Roman crowd. There were Germans wearing the Emperor's mustache, and Frenchmen with heavily rimmed monocles. There were about a hundred or so tall Americans and English, the former eagerly interested and looking so, the latter the same but not looking so.

Where the crowd was thinnest and the open spaces were largest, below the gallery, stood two young people whose nationality was marked—partly by their keen, humorous, expectant eyes; somewhat, too, by the fashion of their clothes. The young man was broad-shouldered, but he wore a short coat two inches broader and flared, slightly, above the hips; the girl's plain long coat "gave her a waist," and her shoes were, perhaps, too dainty. More than their nationality was marked, however, in her way of keeping her slim gray glove tucked through his arm all the while, and in their both showing openly that while they dwelt in a more exalted sphere, still the world was a beautiful, if remote, spectacle, fondly arranged for the two to look at, now and then, as a momentary diversion from their permanent vocation of looking at each other. They were a Chicago bride and groom on their wedding-journey; and they had been given tickets by Father Murphy of the American College "to see the Pope."

They looked about them with the unreasonable surprise that Americans might be expected to feel in such a place: the sense of unreality that much velvet and gold and a throne flanked by guards in helmets and long hose must produce on people who naturally expect raw plank-ing, bunting, and a glass of water on a deal table to furnish the color of public dignity. But they did not look very long, and fearing that they were recklessly consuming too much of eternity in loose observation of the evanescent, were turning to each other again, when the young man was made aware of a hand fluttering at him over the heads of a group near by, and of a frenzied voice that cried:

"Hi! 'Ere! Zees way!"

Quite at a loss, the youth could but stare, until the owner of the hand and the voice, a small, dapper Italian, was at his side, plucking earnestly at his sleeve and repeating: "Zees way! 'Ere!"

"What is the trouble? Are we in the way?"

"In *what* way? *No!* Come weetha me!" exclaimed the sacrilegious intruder. "You too far back! I show good place! Come!"

He was all staccato; and he made use of more gestures in twenty seconds than many a legislative orator might employ in a whole session. He turned sharply and began to work a path toward the red platform—an easy task of which he made as much as possible, vociferating in Italian to his countrymen, calling greetings to acquaintances here and there, and saying everything thrice over with shoulders, arms, and hands; looking back, continually, to shout cordial encouragements to the bewildered Americans, who followed him without knowing why.

"'Ere! Squeege! Push! I show you! Keep your both elbow out alway, in crowd, like me! Shove! You see? Push! Elbow out both side; nobody can press you, lady, w'en you keep both elbow out. Shove! Good for zees pipples to get some shove!"

Thus heartening his passive followers, he led them to within a few feet of the red platform, stopping at a vantage-point whence they faced the throne.

"Aha, gentiman! Is it better? You satisfy? Behole wair you are! Now

you can see Pawp nice w'en 'e come. I 'ave arrive you 'ere, becaus' w'y? Eh? You trav' all ze way from Cincinnat' to see Pawp, I sink you mus' see 'im *nice*. So I arrive you 'ere."

In the space of three minutes he had taken as complete possession of the pair as if he had bought them. They offered no resistance, and finding themselves in a better position, were grateful. Their bustling little proprietor was neatly dressed and, except for his trifling mustache, clean-shaven. He was calm and self-contained for his kind—which means that had he been an American he must have been thought to labor unsuccessfully with overmastering emotion. When, from a far corner of the court, came the wail of a baby (of course there were babies there), he leaped as high as he could to shake his forefinger at it and ejaculate, "'Sh!" as if a baby could not cry at a Pope! He was not alone in this action, however. Half the Italians present exhibited their sense of responsibility for the baby's conduct, and the multitudinous "'Sh!" and the sight of so many people jumping up and down and waving their hands either amused or horrified the child into instant silence.

A gentleman coming quietly out of the palace into the arcade created a stir among the various officials and unofficials lounging there. A dozen of these hurried forward to greet him. He was a stout, elderly man; his frock coat was trim, almost dandified, and not new; his silk hat had known many ironings; his gray mustache had a slight, cavalier upward twist; and he looked very happy. Deferential groups followed him and surrounded him; and when he paused to address any person, that person took on, at once, an air of profound attention, bending forward a head cocked to pelican solemnity, as if called into a consultation of state—the manner of the county chairman to whom the United States Senator says something just before the speech.

"'Tis ze Pawp brozzer!" exclaimed the new guardian of the young Americans. "Look how all gentimans bow! He not reech: Pawp family poor pippel; not fine, reech family—ver' poor,—but like many here. No diff' now! See all gentimans make bow and bow. An' look,—see yo'ng gentiman black mustache, bal' head in

front, lean agains' marber colun? He Pecci. Gentimans don' run and bow so much to 'eem, now. Treat ver' nice, but not like new Pawp brozzer. An' look—other way—see gentiman w'ite 'airs, w'ite mustache, front of ze ban'; he great composer, great musician, gr-r-reat frien' of me; goin' lead ze ban'. Yo'ng girl, all in same clothes—novice—they goin' sing. That w'y I am 'ere. My frien', that great composer, he make special compozitzion for to-day. He write to me, las' night, to me, his gr-r-reat frien', that I shall be 'ere for his great special compozitzion. An' w'y? Beckoss I am *jawnlis*!"

"Jawnlis?" The young couple could make nothing of the word.

"Jawnlis! Yes. Me, I am jawnlis. Make report to newspape'! You un'stan'?" He jerked a pencil from one pocket, a crumpled sheet of blank paper from another, and made, in half a minute, half a hundred imitations of a man writing, including all the gyrations incidental to the act as he conceived it—writing furiously for a second, pursing his lips with energy; pausing then, plunged into abysmal thought in the effort of composition; pirouetting out of it, happily relieved by a shining idea; writing again more violently, turning the sheet to go down the other side, not forgetting to stab it with periods and slash it with dashes, his hand fluttering to high poises, then swooping down like that of an old-fashioned piano-pupil "showing technique," and completing the masterpiece almost as quickly as a melodrama heroine does her letter of farewell to the cruel guardian.

"Write!" he cried. "Write, write, write! You un'stan'? Write! So! Write in newspape'! Jawnlis! So! Critichise compozitzion make for to-day. 'E write me special. W'y? You can imagine! I am jawnlis, man of newspape'! An' I am his gr-r-reat frien'. You un'stan'. Yes, I am jawnlis." With that the journalist laid his forefinger along his nose—a gesture which, in Italy, usually denotes not a sly or facetious intention, but the contrary.

"It take brain," he said, impressively, but with an undercurrent of melancholy expressive of the loneliness of his isolation, "great brain. Sank God, I haf brain! Zees pippel all roun' you, zey haf

not brain. No! Bigot! Stupid! Myself, I am a Liberal. But zees man, zees Pawp who is goin' come 'ere, I like 'eem! Ees a good man. 'E liberal inside. 'E frien' of ze King; I hear they eat dinner sometime long ago, an' make good frien' togeth'. Good man; not meddle politic, only preach; talk only spirchal power, no temporal. 'E belief all real Christian Kingdom ees spirchal; preach *ole* Christian doctun. Ev'rabod' like 'eem, excep' only some cardinals. If 'e goin' be temporal, come out Vatican, try to get temporal power, I be firs' to 'ate 'eem; I be ze firs' to 'it 'eem—I knock 'eem down! I am a Liberal! No bigot! You expec' *me* go to confessional? Tell my troub' to *priest*? Pouf! Aha! Whoo! You no fool zees chick! Ha, ha! You 'ear? 'No fool zees chick!' I been America; I know ze slank. Bell-boy teach me. Yes! Been at Cincinnat'! See!" He laid violent hands upon the collar of his coat and threw it forward to expose the trade-mark of a Cincinnati clothing-house sewn into the lining of the collar. His attitude may be easily translated to the familiar. It was: "Behold the birthmark! I am your father, the Duke."

"Only three time I wear 'eem," he continued. "That 'ow I know you. My clothe' made in Cincinnat'. I see you far back in crowd. 'Ha! Fine lady,' I say, 'good family. American! Cannot see.' I bring you good place. I would lay down my life for American! I am gentiman—gentiman troo and troo!" His voice shook; he hovered on the verge of pathos, but suddenly adopted the gallant as more becoming. He placed his left hand upon his right chest, bowed, and repeated:

"Gentiman troo an' troo! You see, I say it from my hearts, weetha my 'and on my hearts!"

A bell within the palace tinkled. There had been an agreeable sound of chatter, sounding from everywhere in the court, but the bell was a signal for the mere murmur to heighten in pitch and rise to a sudden resonant noisiness, which was like the coming of heavy April rain through sunshine to fall on a tin roof. It increased again, like a quick rattle of hail, as, with a wide flash of brass and silver, the instruments rose simultaneously to

the mouths of the musicians. The Papal Anthem leaped out jubilantly from the horns; a kind of reverent quickstep it is; and the great melody of it took its way through the clamor of the ten thousand, like a soul-stirring procession passing down a shouting street. Another bell was struck. At that, into the anthem there broke a deep and splendid roll of drums. These were the heralds of the coming of the presence. They rolled out their long salute, while a dozen stately and glittering officers filed slowly out upon the platform and ranged themselves in a semicircle, flanking each side of the dais. They were followed by as many ecclesiastics in purple and red; and now the clamor of the crowd grew into an uproar, then suddenly rose to thunder as there appeared a single figure, all in magnificent white, amidst the mass of red and gold and purple. There was a storm of hats and handkerchiefs on the air, and the cheering filled the court like a solid as the Pope passed to his throne. The officers and ecclesiastics knelt as he went by them; and to the young Americans, who had, all at once, found inexplicable tears in their eyes, it seemed quite natural that these dignitaries should kneel.

For Pius X. has the effect of pathos; perhaps it is the transparent and touching quality of the simple goodness that is in his face. Many a town in the United States has been blessed with a citizen (but usually not more) whose look was of this type; a strong and kindly "Uncle Billy Jackson," an old fellow carrying the radiance of a life spent in good works, the service of those in need; one whose hale greeting on the street made the recipient better and gayer all day; that rare thing, a genial philanthropist, whose heart and hand and scanty store were not for the orphan alone, not for the unhighly-educated alone, but for all who lacked, or sinned, or mourned; for the grieving child, the lame dog, the drunkard, for the stranger fallen sick.

Looking upon the Pope, one feels the great pity of it that the man should be a prisoner; for a prisoner he is, not merely out of sentiment, as so many lightly think, or voluntarily, or because of his own sense of right, not even because it is his policy; but because the policy of the powers of his organization confine him.

The satisfaction of being his own jailer, which was his predecessor's, is denied to Pius X. One remembers well his sorrow in the great trust which he had not sought, and thinks of that beloved Venice which he will never see again.

There was something about him, too, which made the little bride lean closer to her young husband, as she said, huskily: "He seems so like the good bishop in *Les Misérables*. I know he'd have given Jean Valjean the stolen silver!"

The Pope stood in front of the throne, smiling a little, and looking down upon his people; for his they were, from the moment they saw him. Nor was it difficult to be sure he liked them. You hear, in Rome, that it will not be long before Pius X. will be as difficult of access as was his predecessor; but, in whatever manner his present small liberties may come to be curtailed, one thing is certain: that he will always want the people to come to him. He would go to them, if he could. Perhaps one might add, he will if he can.

In all that happy and enthusiastic crowd, it is probable that no one, Roman or stranger, lacked the feeling that the Pope liked him, individually, and would have been glad to know him in a friendly, easy way. Yet there was not a touch of the politician. The man's doctrine was in the beauty of the expression of his fine, rugged peasant face; that doctrine which had pleased the Liberal, the true and fine solution of the anomalous situation of the Church of Rome, and which the Church will accept when there are no politicians among its princes to urge the pity of the faithful with the "prison" theory. It is a return to Christianity. It is simple enough, surely: all power is spiritual power; therefore, why should the Church seek the shadow of temporal power which is itself a shadow? This is not less nor more than "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The incapacity of the Jews to understand the difference between spiritual and temporal power was a factor in the martyrdom of Christ. Should the Vicar of Christ seek—as the Master did not seek—a thing and not the spirit?

Pius X. is of a good height, strongly made, even stout, and has a fine grace of carriage; his dignity is as great as

his position, but utterly without haughtiness or pomposity or pride of office. He has none of the "magnetism" of the "popular preacher," actor, or orator; nevertheless, he is remarkably magnetic; it is the magnetism of unmistakable goodness and good-will to all the world.

"Viva il Papa!" thundered the crowd. Every one was laughing with excitement and the sheer pleasure of seeing him, and because he smiled a little.

"See!" cried the journalist, seizing the arm of the young man from Chicago. "Look, my frien' the composer; 'e will speak to me! Aha! I am 'ere, my frien'!" He waved his crumpled bit of paper over the heads of the people, shouting reassuringly to the leader of the band, who, looking very anxious, was now mounted upon a stool in front of the novices, baton in hand. The leader nodded affably. "'E speak to me, you see? Great composer! Excuse. I must make attensh' for my critichism."

The full joyful voices of the novices rose in the open air over the pulsing instruments. It was as if the young girls had, all at once, bloomed gloriously into music. The people listened intently; yet no one looked at the singers; rarely an eye wandered even for a moment from the Pope.

"It is like music set not to words," whispered the little bride, "but to a face."

The journalist made some hieroglyphics upon his sheet of paper, spread upon his elevated knee—a storklike attitude perfectly at variance with the ponderous responsibility of his expression, which would have made that of Atlas, in comparison, seem a vacation schoolboy's. He listened in silence for three minutes, but the strain was too great. He thrust the paper in his pocket and turned to the Americans.

The composer, his air of anxiety replaced by one of relief and pleasure, was acknowledging the hearty plaudits of the people. The Pope bowed and smilingly waved his hand to him; at which the cheering broke out again, lasting until the Pope came forward and stood, near the edge of the platform, to speak to the Daughters of Mary—and to all the people. Silence fell instantly; there was only the faint, multitudinous rustle as

every one leaned forward a little, intent to listen.

His voice, mellow, clear, and resonant, yet gentle, has in it the quality of lofty and practical goodness that is in his face. It is a strong voice, too, with the strength of the man who could give an incorrigible lout a fine beating for the good of his soul; and it is what might be called a "brave" voice. A man with that kind of voice will not be afraid of anything that might happen to himself only. But, more than these things, it carries to one who hears it the benediction that exhales from the spirit of Pius X. to all the world, all the time.

While he was speaking, the great clock, high over his head, belled out the hour, four. So intent were the people not to lose a syllable that a thousand unconscious whispers reproved each solemn stroke, saying "'Sh!" to the bell.

Quite silently, and without so much as the sound of a foot scruffing the pavement, the crowd had drawn forward and closer, leaving no groups and open spaces, until, at last, they formed a dense press; so that when the Pope raised his arms for the benediction and the people knelt to receive his blessing, the whole mass surged back like one large receding wave.

The Chicagoans were expecting the congregation to file out in decorous silence after the benediction, and they were infinitely surprised, and delighted as well, when the people, rising, began to cheer again with all their hearts. The enthusiasm which had greeted the coming of the Pope burst out, many times intensified by the silence which had pent it up; and it was the greater because the feeling for the man had grown deeper every second. His coming had thrilled the people; at first sight they had liked him; now they loved him. Women were crying and laughing and shouting, "Viva il Papa!" at the same time; the handkerchiefs were out again, overhead, like whitecaps on a running sea. The music flared up, only to be drowned, and above everything sounded the regular, volleyed

cheering of the students of the American College.

Pius X. smiled down upon it all from the red throne. One of his attendants had brought him a beautiful red hat and long red coat, for now the western hills were casting their cold shadows over the city.

The journalist had lost his charges in the confusion, and they were making their way, slowly, toward the arch through which they were to descend to the Bernini steps. The little bride, awed and full of many thoughts, walked lingeringly, her head over her shoulder, looking back wistfully. She pressed her husband's arm.

"Jim, *you* don't believe they'd hurt him, that Curia, or anybody, do you?"

"No, no; all that's just talk," answered the Chicagoan, reassuringly. "Some people like to talk that way; they think it makes them more interesting. Besides, I don't think a man that looks like the Pope would be apt to try to do anything he couldn't do. He looks pretty strong, to me."

"There's something so sad about him," she said, "something so sad and so kind!"

They reached the arch, and she stopped for a last look at the picture they would never see again. The racing sea of whitecaps was still beating up to the red wall of the platform; above it the banners tossed and rocked like stricken sails. The silver-shot blue of the late afternoon sky bent in like a canopy over the brown palace walls; the brilliant semicircle of officers, helmeted guards, and prelates glittered about the red throne, whereon sat the central figure of all the world—so it seemed at that moment—the good and simple-hearted old man in his gorgeous white and red, his kindly eyes beaming good-will from under the splendid hat.

"Ah, isn't he wonderful!" said the little bride; and then, in her girlish tenderness and admiration, she found the inadequate and incongruous word that is luminous with the human meaning the Pope of Rome had for her: "Oh, isn't he a *dear*!"

The Charming of Estercel

BY GRACE RHYS

YOUNG Mistress Eileen lay on her nurse's neck.

From the window high up in the gray walls of Kintra Castle the nurse could see the spring woods descending, pouring down the castle slopes in waves of purple, snow white, and faint green.

But young Mistress Eileen turned her face from the delight of the window and buried it, sighing, in her nurse's bosom. Above the brown head the old face was wrinkled and lined as if with the handwriting of a hundred years, but the hollow eyes beamed with love.

"I think," said Mistress Eileen, sighing once more, "there is something the matter with me, Nurse Phaire."

"Pulse of my heart," answered the nurse, "is it sickening you are, or what?"

Mistress Eileen lifted up her head, then turned again and gazed upon the floor. Her brown cheek was flushed red and her hands were pressed together. She shook back the mass of curls that fell from under her ribbon, half turned towards her nurse, and spoke, using a most pitiful voice.

"I have a pain somewhere," she said.

"And where, my jewel?" asked the nurse, anxiously.

"It is in my heart, nurse," cried Mistress Eileen, suddenly flinging her arms about the old woman's neck and sobbing aloud. "I never meant to tell, but when I am without a mother, and father is full of trouble and weighty affairs, whom have I to find comfort with but you?"

"What's this you're telling me now?" said the nurse, doubtfully; then all at once reading the secret half discovered by the flushed cheek and the sighing mouth, she cried, "Ah, my lamb and my heart's treasure, you're not after giving your heart away, and you so young?"

"Indeed and I have not given it away," answered the young girl. "It has gone from me by no will of my own and left an empty place behind. Night and day

I am in trouble from it, and by no wish of my own at all. Last year, I remember, I was happy, and now that seems so long ago."

"And who in the world, child, is it that your heart has gone seeking after?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, then turned and whispered in the nurse's ear: "It is my cousin Estercel. It is a great pity, but he is not caring for me at all."

"Well, well, well;" and, "well, well, well, to be sure," said the old woman, softly, as she patted her charge; "and it not so long since you were children together!"

"He is twenty-one years old, and a man, nurse," said Eileen.

"That is a great age, indeed," said the old woman, smiling.

But Eileen only sighed and pressed her hands together upon her bosom.

"It is a dreadful sorrow," she said. "I could not have imagined that I should suffer like this. Perhaps I shall die."

The nurse looked anxiously upon her; the flushed cheek was thinner than it had used to be; the small fingers had surely grown finer. The old woman turned the delicate face round between her two hands and examined it; there beneath the forehead's arch each brow's edge was surely sharper, and her eyes burned with a painful look.

"My darling love," said the old woman, as she gazed; "and there was I thinking it was nothing but the spring weather—sure that was why I was giving you a little morning dose."

"I never took it, nurse," said Eileen. "I always poured it out of the window. I have been most unhappy. If I cannot have some love to call my own, I would rather die."

"It will come, my child; have patience, and it will come. A face like my darling's will surely gather love."

"I cannot find patience any more,"

said Eileen, sadly. "All day and all night I am tormented. And here is a strange thing, Nurse Phaire: all day and all night I am longing for my cousin Estercel to come, and when I do see him riding to the door I am forced to go away to hide. I cannot bear that he should look at me. Nurse, you know when the sun shines in the middle of the blue sky, you cannot look up without being blinded. That is how my cousin Estercel's eyes appear to me; like the sun in a shining blue sky. And, oh, nurse, the curls of his hair! They are like the color of the sun itself; and I am so ugly and dark and brown. It is no wonder he will not look at me."

"What!" said the old woman, in indignation. "He not look at my girl, and she an O'Neil and the heiress of Kintra, and he only an O'Neil on his grandmother's side, and that three times removed?"

"You are forgetting now that my father will marry again, nurse," said Eileen, seriously. "And my cousin Estercel has no covetous mind. He is not the man to go hunting castles. It is only that he does not care for me. And he never will; of that I am sure; and I shall be lonely till I die," and down fell her tears.

"Hush now, hush; and never fear, my precious jewel," said the nurse, taking her to her bosom. "He shall turn to love you as sure as the sun shines this day. We will find a good plan. I will be thinking now that my child may have her wish."

She rocked the young girl to and fro upon her knee while she gazed out upon the rolling woods, and every wrinkle in her old face seemed as wise as a hundred years.

Presently she spoke. "There is a drink we could be giving him," she said, musing, "if I could mind what to put in it. This was how my grandmother used to be saying it"—she still rocked her nursling, while she bent her ear sideways, as if listening far down the past: "'Take the blood of a black hen, seven spiders' stones, the ashes of a ram's thigh-bone . . .'"

"No, no, nurse," cried Eileen, leaving the old woman's knee and moving to the casement. "I do not like that at all. You need not tell me any more of it."

"Just as you please, my lamb, just as you please. And, indeed, that drink is troublesome to make; and since you are not liking it, maybe I can find some other way."

Still keeping her place on the low oak chair, she rested her elbows upon her knees and her white-capped head upon her hands.

Eileen stood by the window, gazing, a small, slight figure, well bred, keen, and full of a fire that was now half quenched in sorrow.

"There is a charm that I mind now," said the nurse at last, "and I never heard tell of it failing. You must take a ring and put it in a bird's nest for the whole season of the spring; and when it is well warmed through with bird-love and the young are ready to fly, you must give it to the person upon whom you have placed your love, and in a while it is sure that he will love you back again."

Eileen turned her face eagerly upon her nurse, and then her look again faded. "Ah, but," she said, "my cousin Estercel has great hands and fingers. Where will I find a man's ring to put in the nest?"

"Mistress Eileen," said the nurse, "the brooches and the chains and the rings that were my lady your mamma's, that's now in glory, are all put by for you till you come to be eighteen years of age, and the case they are in is in the old press in the blue room, and the key of the press is upon my bunch. Shall we go now and search and see if there is a man's ring amongst them?"

Eileen sprang forward and seized her nurse's hand to pull her from the chair. "We will go down at once," she cried.

Then together they descended to the long room below. It was lit by three narrow windows, and at one end was a great bed of state in faded blue, holding the secret of many a birth and death of that dwindled house.

Against the wall, facing the blue bed, was a tall cupboard of black oak carved with curious figures strangely spreading their feet and hands.

Having closed the door, the nurse chose a key from her dangling bunch; opening an inner drawer, she drew out a velvet case, once purple, now faded to a score of different hues.



"THERE IS A CHARM," SAID THE NURSE AT LAST

The old woman carried the case to the bed, while Eileen eagerly followed her; together they opened it and gazed upon its contents. The box was very old, and the velvet partitions were all broken down, so that the jewels lay heaped together, emitting faint rays of light. Eileen put out a half-reluctant hand, lifted them one by one, and laid them on the bed.

Two gold chains she laid out, then a necklace of brilliants, set in solid silver, chased and tarnished; large, heavy bracelets encrusted with various colored stones; two worked brooches of the old Celtic fashion, both of gold; a waist-chain, and a gem for the forehead.

Then the nurse picked up something that lay at the bottom of the box. "See here, rose of my heart," she cried, holding it up. "This is a man's ring, sure enough."

Eileen seized upon it; but as she looked, blank disappointment spread over her face. It was a huge old ring of silver, of a great weight, with a narrow band, and a tower raised upon it, on the top of which was a rough but ingenious carving of a city, cut out of a bloodstone.

Eileen looked despairingly upon it.

"Oh, nurse," she said, "you know very well Estercel would never wear so stupid a ring! And then think of the poor little birds!"—she smiled up in her nurse's face; "a thing so large and heavy, it would be worse than a cuckoo in the nest."

"Give it here to me, child," said the nurse, taking it and weighing it in her hand. "No, this would never do; and now it is in my mind that one Sunday morning my blessed lady your mamma showed me this ring in this very room, and told me it was the ring of the Lord Bishop Decies, who was her own grand-uncle. And more by token, Mistress Eileen, look, here is the likeness of the city of Jerusalem on the top. That would be the terrible blasphemy for us to be putting the Holy City for a nest of little birds to sit upon."

But Eileen seemed to care nothing for Jerusalem, nor for the Lord Bishop's ring with that city on the top; without heeding her nurse, she still continued her search in the bottom of the box, nor did she pay more heed to the jewels laid out upon the bed. It was a wonder to see a

young girl caring nothing for the bright stones and the gold; but jewels belong to the joy of love, and sorrow of the heart will scarcely reach out a hand for them.

At length Eileen raised her head. "See this one, nurse!" she cried. "Would not this one do?" and she held out a ring of gold, wide and thin.

The nurse took it from her and carried it to the window; they stood together and examined it under the light; it was worn and slender, a hoop of seven wires of twisted gold.

"Ah, Mistress Eileen," said the nurse, "this is the very ring for the charm; for look now, it has been carried for long years on some man's finger, and by the feel of it upon my hand I can tell that it was worn in love. Take it now in your hand and see; there is trouble in the ring and much love; it is hardly cold yet after God knows how many years."

She placed the ring in the palm of Eileen's hand, and tightly folding her fingers over it, bade her close her eyes.

The young girl turned pale as she stood, her face still raised to the light of the window; the ring seemed to burn in her hand. For a moment she waited, then opened her eyes. "Oh, it is true, Nurse Phaire!" she said. "It is alive. I can believe it."

"Hold it, Mistress Eileen," said the nurse. "It must not be left cold again. It must be warmed now with another love, that it may bring happiness to you. Look, I will put it in your bosom to keep until you find a nest," and she tucked the ring safely within the folds of the girl's dress, over against her heart.

"I will go now, nurse, to the woods. I will go this very moment," said Eileen, eagerly. "The afternoon is early yet, and the bushes are full of nests. Oh, I am so glad I told you! My heart is lighter already."

"Take the greyhound with you, child, if you will go; he is watchful and obedient. Ah me! that these old bones can no longer go wandering through the blessed green bushes; but the Holy Powers be thanked, I have still the sight of my eyes, and can look down from the window and see you go. Now I will call Mary to bring your hood; she shall go with you too, and Dermot shall follow

behind. The times are rough, and my brown darling must go safe."

"And at the back of Dermot a troop of horsemen to ride the bushes while I go staring into a sparrow's nest?" said Eileen, laughing now. "No, indeed, Nurse Phaire, alone and in secret I will go. I will not have the charm spoiled by the eyes and gossip of a man and a maid. But I will take Lawdir, because he is a discreet dog and will neither look nor tell again. And now I myself will go and get my hood, and slip out of the little gate," and with a cheerful face she sped away.

"Mistress Eileen! Mistress Eileen!" cried the old woman, hobbling along the passage. "Come back and listen to me. You shall change that green gown for a worse. I will not have that fine embroidery torn in the bushes. Put on the old gown, child of my heart; it will not matter for that one."

But Eileen would not listen, and presently she came hastening wilfully by, her white hood in her hand; and the nurse was so full of joy to see the brighter face and bearing, that she only smiled and caught her by the sleeve as she said,

"Well, stay a moment, for a naughty maiden, then, and let Nurse Phaire put the hood on straight."

Then with her old hands that trembled she carefully hooded the brown head, smoothed the locks upon the forehead, stroking away an imaginary speck upon the small round chin, feeding her fond love on nearness of sight and touch, very loth to let her darling go.

But Eileen would not stay; she twitched her sleeve from the old woman's hands, and hurrying away, turned down a little stone stairway, which led out by a small arched door upon a smooth green slope that ran steeply down to the moat below.

Eileen went down to the moat-side where a broad plank had been laid across. By the side of it she paused and whistled three times. While the last note was on her lips a greyhound came bounding round the castle wall, and coursing towards her, fawned at her feet. She stooped and stroked him and spoke kindly to him, till the hound grew wild with joy.

He sprang up, with his forefeet upon her shoulders, and then she chid him till

his head drooped, and he fell soberly behind as she turned. Very lightly she crossed the plank that rose and fell under her step, and running down the farther slope, was soon safe among the bushes.

Joy was in her feet as they sped along; like tiny wayward children, they danced in their hurrying to and fro. She had nursed her loneliness and sorrow so long in secret that unburdening and the entering hope made a new day for her.

Everything about her was sharing in her joy. Green buds in showers gemmed the boughs. A rustle of life that stirred filled the air, and over and through it cried the ecstatic songs of the birds; everything living was rejoicing because of its mate.

Eileen rejoiced also; for hope and an innocent imagination painted the image of Estercel before her in livelier, yet more delicate, colors than the seen love brings to any created eye. The ring that was to charm him was clasped to her heart with one hand, while with the other she parted the boughs to gaze into the secret hiding-places of the spring.

From her earliest childhood Eileen had made companions of the birds; she knew them well, their names and their song, their looks and their behavior, and now she was pondering deeply to which of them all she should deliver the treasure of her ring.

The fighting doves she would not trust, even if, with the terror of her nurse before her eyes, she dared to climb so very high in her good gown with the wide sleeves and her snow-white underdress.

The thrush she loved with her whole heart; she knew him for a kind soul with a great angelic song; but when she looked into his nest she could not bear to trust her ring to that clay bottom. The black-bird had a better nest, and for a while she hesitated by one, fresh built in a thorn; but while she waited, up came the shining black cock with a fierce shriek, his broad rustling tail expanded, his bill like gold in the sun, and his jewelled eye upon her. She drew away, shaking her head at him; she knew him, too, and how all the birds ran before him at the winter feeding. Neither he nor any of his rearing should have her ring.

By more than one nest she paused and waited. Should the robin take it? He



EILEEN SLIPPED THE RING INTO THE NEST

was our Lord's own bird; she would wish that breast with its holy stain pressed against her ring; but upon every day in the year, except Good Friday only, he, too, was fighting; so neither would she think of him.

From the beautiful wren's house, too, she turned away; he, the most impious and the most unfortunate of all the birds, who now for more than sixteen hundred years had paid for his transgression in the hunting of each St. Stephen's day—he, poor wretch, once guilty of that fearful laughter, should never nurse her ring.

Dreaming and searching, and pausing here and there, she came at last to a small open space that seemed like a safe green chamber in the descending wood. Below, seen through the trees' arch, glittered a small bright lake. All around, the songs of the birds still continued; for this was the time of year when they can scarcely sleep for joy. Beginning now to be tired, Eileen sat down to rest for a moment on the well-mossed ground; the greyhound, who followed all the way obediently behind her, came and lay at her feet.

Across the floor of moss stood a young beech with small leaves of a piercing green. Eileen soon noticed that one hanging branch swayed and rocked continually, and as she watched she saw a reddish breast and the flutter of a white feather in a wing.

She sat still till the branch ceased its swinging for a moment; then she stole towards it. Soon she found that flat upon the fork of the bending bough two chaffinches had built their nest. It was a round, perfect house of love, so clever, colored so softly, so feather-lined. Carefully Eileen laid the tip of one finger within; the nest was warm and as soft as down. Without more hesitation she took the ring from her bosom, kissed it once, slipped it in the nest; then, afraid of her own deed, she fled up through the woods, her heart beating, her breath panting on her lips. She had done a terrible thing—she had plucked her long-secret love out of her bosom to put it to the hazard of that rocking branch, of those beating wings, of those wild and tiny hearts. If these should fail her now, what could her own heart do but break?

All that night Eileen tossed upon her bed, dreaming of birds' wings and feathers and the eyes of Estercel; wondering, when she woke, how her ring was faring away down in the dark among the wild creatures of the wood; grieving for fear the chaffinches should quarrel with the ring and desert the new-built nest.

Although she was now a grown maiden, she still took her morning meal with her nurse in the upper room; while her grave father sat with his friends round the table in the hall, she was off and away to her parlor of pure green hidden in the wood. When she was come to the tree and the nest, there, lo and behold! a small egg lay right within the circle of the ring. Eileen held her breath for pleasure, so unexpected it looked, so pure in its pale color, so delightful in its shape; it seemed to her as great a wonder as any star.

Thereafter Eileen came each day to the wood. The chaffinches were wild and shy, but as she stepped softly, and seldom came quite near, they soon became used to seeing the silent creature seated over against them in her plumage of green or crimson, with her gray companion sleeping at her feet.

As there was little to do as she sat, Eileen kept her prayers to say in her new chamber in the wood; she told her rosary over as she sat among the leaves, and each day she added a prayer for Estercel.

Each day the roof of leaves grew deeper; the beeches flourished to a more amazing emerald, till the wood was lit by a quivering green light. When the sun shone and a breeze blew, Eileen watched the moving golden circles of the light that fell through the leaves and spotted all the ground.

On some days the rain fell and dripped, but Eileen minded it little as the birds, who play in the summer rains and sing the louder, for they know them meant for joy.

In the top branches of the beech-tree the cock chaffinch showed his red breast and sang his quick song; his silent mate sat below, obediently accomplishing the wonder of the nest.

Eileen sat always where she could see the smooth brown creature spread upon the nest, the bright eye that gazed so

patiently abroad, the head that turned so silently, pleased with the song that sounded far above.

From time to time there would be the flutter of a white feather, and the bird with the red breast and the song would light upon the bough. There for a while he would sit and comfort his brown mate, now and then feeding her with worm or grub, which she would take sometimes, sometimes refuse, but all the while regarding him thankfully with bright eye.

Eileen learned much of the mystery of love as she sat there day by day. Another look grew upon the brilliant face; the kindness of the birds' love grew upon her, and she began to remember them too in her prayers, sure that the Father of all, who inspired her own heavenward desires, held in His thought also the wild creatures of the wood, since they took so gratefully from His hand their love and their sunshine and their rain.

After a time came one morning, and when Eileen came to the nest, in place of the fair smooth eggs, lo! five ugly little naked souls with gaping mouths sat all together upon her ring.

Eileen went home vexed that day. "Their looks disgust me, Nurse Phaire," said she. "I never saw young birds so ugly. They have got no feathers on. Their mouths are as large as their bodies, and they all squeak together. I do not like them to be sitting on my ring. I had a mind to have it out again."

Nurse Phaire shook her head wisely upon the ignorant girl. "Mistress Eileen is proud this morning, and handsome," said she. "But I remember a Mistress Eileen that was given into my hands one morning, seventeen years ago, who was no handsomer nor wiser than these little birds. Ah, God knows the young are scornful, but an old woman like me knows what goes before and behind them and is never proud at all."

Eileen stood pouting and bending her brows on her old nurse.

The old woman could not bear to see her cross; she reached out her hand and pulled the young girl on to her knee. "There, there, child of my heart, sure I never meant to vex you. Handsome you are and proud you may be, and have a good right; but not too proud to love the poor old woman that nursed you.

There, there, child of my heart, the ring is doing finely; it will be holding the better love surely now, for the pity of love will be in it, and it will be strong against sorrow and sickness and age."

Eileen kissed her back again, and next day returned to the wood; as she watched the parent birds at their hard labors of devotion she learned the pity and the service of love. Her tears dropped down that morning as she thought on suffering and age and death, and pride left her heart.

Then with a better wisdom she began to think again of Estercel. Below her the lake shone. In waving lines along its face the edges of the ripples caught the light, till it seemed as though rows of diamond lamps were being lit, bright as the spirit in those eyes that had troubled her peace. If only, she was thinking, her nurse's charm taught Estercel to look kindly upon her, her feet and her hands should be his servants till the last hour of age should bring her death.

Day by day the feathers grew upon the young ones in the nest; day by day the red breast and the brown labored ceaselessly from dawn till dark to keep them satisfied. And in the labor seemed to be their pleasure, too, for the song from the beech-tree, though less frequent, was as loud as ever.

At length came a morning when the first young bird, full-feathered, very round and fat, most pretty now to Eileen's eyes, sat on the edge of the nest. Many times the short wings quivered and lifted, like living creatures that themselves desired the air, only to be folded once more. At length with a mighty effort they rose again, and father and mother shrieked for joy as the first young bird fluttered over the edge of the nest and tumbled on to the moss below.

Another followed, and another, till only one was left in the nest. Then Eileen rose up and went over, for she feared lest her ring should be left cold. One young bird she lifted up, so round and sweet and short-tailed that she must needs kiss his downy feathers before she drew out her ring. It was quite warm and shining bright. Her fingers thrilled as she held it; her heart beat as she hid the charmed gold in her bosom.

For a moment longer she lingered to

gaze at the wonder of the unsoiled nest, that had been the house of such delight, and that so soon now would be left cold.

But, once she turned, it was very fast she ran up through the wood to carry her treasure to her wise nurse, who awaited her.

As Eileen ran up the castle slope she began to be troubled. "Oh, nurse," she cried, as she gained the upper room, "what are we going to do? I have taken the ring back again; it is quite warm; but how in the world will we get my cousin Estercel to put it on his finger? I wonder I never thought of that till now."

"Where have you got the ring, my lamb?" asked the nurse, and Eileen gave it to her.

The old woman closed her eyes and held it tight in the palm of her hand. "It is indeed quite warm," she said, presently. "There is another heart in it altogether now. God bless the little birds for as innocent as they are. But see here now; I have a chain for you, Mistress Eileen, that I found in the box."

And as she spoke she strung the ring upon a light-linked chain and fastened it round Eileen's neck.

"There, my lamb," she said. "Keep it close and wear it night and day. The birds' charm is in it safe enough."

But Eileen's mind had returned to its care. "But, nurse," she said, "what about my cousin Estercel? The ring may hang round my neck for a twelve-month, for all the boldness or power I have to get it on to his finger."

"Leave it to me, my jewel," said the old nurse, "leave it to me. Have patience and I will find a way."

All the summer through Eileen waited, and she had the more patience because she felt always the secret of the ring next her heart; and because she believed in it and in the wonder that would come of it, maidenlike she had begun to fear. She was content to put off her happy days, and keep before her this promise of wonder that glorified all her future, like a rainbow that crosses a spring sky.

Eileen had the more leisure for her dreams, since serious matters occupied the attention of her father and of those gentlemen who were his friends. In

England, Charles and his Stuart Parliament; in Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, lords of the Pale and broken houses of the Irish nobility—were altogether at odds. The whole country was full of those uneasy rumors of threatening wars that send men riding and speaking much secretly together. Therefore Eileen, who was accounted by her father as still a child, and who, moreover, had no sister nor near kinswoman, was left much alone.

So it passed till, with the mists of October, Tyrone went hunting the stag. With the dawn Eileen's father rode away, and Eileen beside him to keep him company for the first miles of the way; then she must needs turn her horse's head and ride home again, for the hunt was too far and too fast for her, and, moreover, there were to be other matters on foot besides the stag.

Towards dusk Eileen stood by one of the hall windows watching the narrow road that wound down from the castle gate. The October mists were rising and cloaking the colors of the autumn trees; for an hour and more she stood dreaming and listening to the robins' song that came up from below. At last, with the deepening of the evening, color and song together faded away and the silence was for a while complete.

Then with a start Eileen lifted up her head, for she heard the sound of jaded, stumbling hoofs; and surely it was the sound of more men than rode out behind her father in the morning. While she listened, out of the dusk appeared figures, two horsemen that rode the winding white track and seemingly talked together, and one taller than the others who rode half his horse's length behind, and at the back of him again two serving-men. As they reached the foot of the steep castle slope, Eileen could hear the breathing of the sorely blown horses. Then she saw that the tallest of the horsemen dismounted and himself began to lead his horse up to the castle, speaking kindly to him as he did so.

Eileen saw that it was Estercel. Like an arrow she flew from the hall and up the stairway to her chamber above, for the ring seemed to burn her bosom.

From her chamber she heard a tramping and a shouting and a running to and fro of serving men and women, and all

the noise and open-air clamor that the return of gentlemen at the close of a day brings to a silent house.

An hour and more passed and no one had been to seek Eileen, and she felt herself forgotten. The tears were standing in her eyes, when suddenly the door was pushed open and Nurse Phaire came in. The old woman saw the figure of Eileen against the dusky window where she waited.

"Mistress Eileen! Mistress Eileen! the master has been calling for you! What have you been doing not to come down? Then was I must find the linen and put those lazy girls to set two chambers ready for the gentlemen with him, for their horses are overridden and they can go no farther to-night. Ah, but if you had known who was here with his Honor, you would have run down fast enough, I promise you. But come now, my lamb; I have a sight for you to see."

She took the reluctant girl by the hand and pulled her from the window and out into the dark passage, where a lighted candle stood. Without allowing her time to pause, the nurse hurried her along till they came to a narrow passage where one could hardly pass, at the end of which was a tiny flight of steps and a narrow door. This the nurse opened with a key, and in another moment the two stood in a narrow dark gallery that ran along the north end of the hall. Laying her hand upon Eileen's mouth, the old woman drew her silently forward into the centre of the gallery.

Below in the hall a huge fire of logs was burning on the flat hearthstone, and the flames with a galloping sound were rushing up the great black chimney.

The dark hall was full of their light; they and the quivering radiances that streamed from them seemed to rejoice in the hall as if in a playground they themselves had chosen; they leaped and fought and played with a gayety more brilliant than is shown by any other children of the summer sun.

Sideways, over against the fire, was a black oaken seat heaped with skins and furs. Upon them, carelessly stretched, lay a man in his first youth, sleeping sound. His whole attitude expressed the healthful weariness of the day's hunting and the pleasure of rest. He was dressed

in a suit of dark-colored velvet, which Eileen recognized as belonging to her father. The strong curling locks of hair upon his head and neck had the color of the flame-light; but for all this grace of youth, his face was that of a man, and his limbs, so negligently thrown down to sleep, appeared lengthy and strong.

"Mistress Eileen," whispered the nurse, "see how he's sleeping—for all the world like an innocent child. Thank your nurse, my lamb, for she had him washed, and dressed in the master's second-best, and got him down before the rest of them. Take up your gown now, child of my heart, and run down as quick as the wind, and as quiet, and clap the ring upon him while he's sleeping. Holy saints, bless the boy; he's tired out."

"Oh, I cannot, nurse; I am afraid. If he wakened and caught me, I should be lost," whispered Eileen, in great fear.

"Give me the ring, then, silly child," said the old woman, crossly. "You can go quick and I go slow, and some one may be coming into the hall. Stay there, then, and watch, if you are afraid." Grumbling under her breath, the old woman hobbled along to the gallery door.

Eileen waited a moment, gazing down upon the young man's heavy sleep, while she wrung her hands together in distress. To her nurse, her cousin Estercel was but a splendid child; to her he was the burning spirit of life itself, at once terrible and beautiful, offering her sharp arrows and an enchanted cup.

She could hear that her nurse was near the bottom of the winding stone stair; she could not bear to see her approach the youth with the ring. As though her feet were winged, she fled back through the dark passages to her own chamber and cast herself in an agony of shame upon the floor.

"Oh, I am a very bold girl," she cried to herself. "How could I think to do such a thing? If he finds it out, he will despise me forever, and then I shall die in earnest."

Presently in came her nurse, laughing, and carrying two wax lights with her. "Get up, get up, Mistress Eileen," she cried. "What is it you're doing lying there on the floor? and nothing but the best of good fortune in store for you now from

this out. The ring is on his finger and he's fast yet. He never stirred no more than the wolf that owned the skin that's under him. Quick now, Mistress Eileen, come and let me dress you; his Honor has sent word you are to come to the table to-night, and I have got some things out of the box for you. What's that? The tears running down out of your eyes? Stop that nonsense directly, Mistress Eileen. Come and kiss your old nurse, my pretty lamb—your old nurse that loves you,—and let me dress you and make you as handsome as the heavenly stars.”

According to long use and wont, the nurse took hold of her charge, undressed and bathed her, combed her thick curls while Eileen fretted; put on her an underdress of white homespun wool, and over it a garment of white silk, the piece of which had been brought over from France but five years before.

If Eileen had any pleasure in the toilet, her nurse had twenty times as much. Words cannot tell the delight of the nurse's heart in her young nursling that grows into beauty under her care as the tree blossoms under the gardener's hand. Eileen had grown tall enough now to reach for the fruit that grows on the boughs of the tree of life; her lips were ready for tasting it; and the old nurse felt that she could lie down in peace, once she saw her darling satisfied.

But Eileen herself knew care and dread. How could she bear to see the open sign of her long-cherished secret, under the eyes of all, upon a careless hand?

When at length she was fully dressed she stood before the brazen mirror, and the old woman bound round her head the narrow golden band with the white beryl-stone in the centre, that shed a pale lustre upon her forehead. Eileen looked in the mirror, that gave back an uncertain reflection like one seen in water. But she took no pleasure in what she saw, neither in her eyes, which were like a dark night of stars with a round white moon riding above, nor in her gown of silk, nor her thick locks. She only thought, “Oh, if I had but hair the color of the sunlight and eyes like Estercel's, he would not turn away from me.”

But as she thought it a knock came to her door, and a voice in the passage to say that supper was served in the hall.

Eileen had no courage to set out by herself; her face was pale, and her nurse had to take her by the hand and lead her down to the door of the hall, as she had been long ago used to do. But when no escape was possible and Eileen must needs go in through the lit arch of the doorway, she cast away her fears and entered like a true daughter of her father's house.

The nurse, for as long as she could see in her corner by the door, watched her crossing the lower end of the hall in her streaming white garments, with her head well uplifted. As soon as the doorway's edge had hidden her, the old woman turned, and smiling to herself, hobbled back to the upper chamber. Then sitting down to rest in the chair, she fell fast asleep, for she was very old, and Eileen's father, too, had been a babe in her arms.

Some hours later she was suddenly awakened, and there was Eileen waiting at her knees, in a young ecstasy, her face like a dark rose for its wreath of smiles.

“Oh, nurse,” she cried, clasping her hands together, “it is true, indeed it is, the charm of the ring. When I was got in the hall and had given my father good night, Estercel he came straight across to me; and he said, ‘Will you sit by me at supper, Cousin Eileen?’ And I was so glad. And all through the supper he talked to me and told me of the day's hunting and many matters besides. And now when my father desired me to leave them, he bade me good night most kindly, saying, ‘Shall we meet again, Cousin Eileen?’ And I am so glad. And many times he looked down at the ring upon his hand, and I could see he was thinking of it; and he asked me if I believed in the fairies, and whether I had seen them, and if there was any hurt in fairy gold. And, oh, nurse, charm or no, I feel now I should never have done it, for I cannot bear to deceive.”

“Tut, tut, and nonsense!” said the old nurse, crossly, for she hated to be awakened from her sleep. “Where's the deceiving? Get up from there, Mistress Eileen, and take off your silk dress, and get into your bed. I'm perished sitting here.”

But the old nurse's arms were open to

Eileen one day of the next spring when the charm of the ring was accomplished and the desire of her nursling's heart given to her at last. Attentively she lent her ear to listen, as though she would discover the music of her own youth across the long years of the past and catch its echo in the voice of the maiden she had fostered.

Eileen's face was pale as it lay on her nurse's shoulder, and from her lips came many sighs as she told her story:

"And after that we went walking under the trees, Nurse Phaire; and, 'What bird is that singing so loud up there?' asked Estercel, and I saw at once what

bird it was, and I was afraid the ring would tell him; so I could bear it no more, and I told it all to him, nurse, about the nest and everything, for I have been most unhappy to deceive him."

"There was no need to tell, my lamb," said the old woman, wise and fond. "The young are very foolish; there was no need to tell. And what did he say?"

"He said," answered Eileen, while her tears fell on her nurse's neck, fresh as the spring rain, and a small laugh came up from her heart,—"he said, 'A white witch should be punished'; and then he said—but—oh no, I can never tell any one what Estercel has said to me to-day."

Love Sang to Me

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

LOVE sang to me. And I went down the stair,
And out into the darkness and the dew;
And bowed myself unto the little grass,
And the blind herbs, and the unshapen dust
Of earth without a face. So let me be.

For as I hear, the singing makes of me
My own desire, and momentarily I grow.
Yea, all the while with hands of melody,
The singing makes me out of what I was,
Even as a potter shaping Eden clay.

Ever he sings, and saith in words that sing,
"Beloved, thus art thou; and even so
Lovely art thou, Beloved!"—Even so,
As the Sea weaves her path before the light,
I hear, I hear, and I am glorified.

Love sang to me, and I am glorified
Because of some commandment in the stars.
And I shall grow in favor and in shining,
Till at the last I am all-beautiful;
Beautiful, for the day Love sings no more.

Radium the Revealer

BY C. W. SALEEBY

FORTUNATELY it is possible for every one with a guinea to spare to become the possessor of a tiny speck of the most expensive and rare and wonderful of all known substances. And it is convenient for the writer upon radium that Sir William Crookes has invented the spinthariscopes, a little scientific toy which needs no skill to use, and demonstrates very perfectly the most astounding of all the astounding properties of radium. I must make a start with the spinthariscopes, which most of my readers have doubtless seen, and will help thereby myself in treating of a very complex subject.

The spinthariscopes is a little tube, about an inch and a half long, closed at one end, and having a couple of magnifying lenses at the other. On the inner surface of the blind end is a little bit of paper covered with tiny yellow crystals of a salt called zinc sulphide. A little metal pointer, like the hand of a watch, stands out in front of this piece of paper, and on the end of the pointer is a speck of radium—much too small to be seen by the naked eye. Go into a dark room with the spinthariscopes and hold it as close as possible to one eye. At once you see a shower of points of light, that come from the surface of the zinc-sulphide paper. That shower of sparks never ceases, night or day, year in, year out. The invisible morsel of radium will keep the spinthariscopes going like that for at least thirty thousand years—a period five times as long as that of recorded history. In time you may have to renew the bit of paper, for M. Becquerel has shown that the flashes of light are probably due to the splintering of the little crystals by something that flies out from the radium; and after that has been going on incessantly for a few years there can hardly be any crystals left. One point worth noting is that, for some reason or other entirely unconnected with

the radium, the spinthariscopes works better when it is not too cold. We know that the radium has nothing to do with this fact, for radium works just as well in liquid air or hydrogen, at a temperature more than two hundred degrees below zero, as it does at ordinary temperatures. No power we know affects the properties of this extraordinary substance.

Now the sight which the spinthariscopes affords is really the vindication of the much-abused alchemists who sought to turn the baser metals into gold. Later generations laughed at them and said: "Oh no; you cannot transmute one element into another, for each element has its own kind of atom; and the atoms are the unalterable foundation-stones of the universe. They cannot be changed one into another, and so you cannot change lead into gold. Your philosopher's stone is a myth." But this supposed impossible thing is precisely what is happening in the spinthariscopes. Let us consider the facts.

Radium is certainly an "element"—as much an element as gold or lead or any other. Now the atoms of any element have a characteristic weight of their own. If we represent the weight of a hydrogen atom—the lightest of all—by the figure 1, then the radium atom, according to Madame Curie, its discoverer, is 225. It is very heavy indeed. Only two heavier substances are known, thorium (232) and uranium (240); and these two share the remarkable properties of radium. Now if you confine some of this "element" in a tube and wait a little, there appears in the tube after a time a minute quantity of a gas which was not there before. It is not gaseous radium, for when it is examined with the spectroscope it shows a spectrum quite different from that of radium; in fact, its spectrum is quite different from that of any known substance. But it was discovered by Sir William Ramsay that if the spectrum of

this mysterious gas—often known as the radium “emanation”—be examined again after an interval of about four weeks, it has changed into a familiar spectrum which is instantly recognizable as that of the gaseous “element” known as helium. So here is the astonishing fact: that the “element” radium decomposes itself and produces another “element,” helium. Now the atomic weight of helium is about 2.2, just about one-hundredth part of that of radium (225), so that each atom of radium breaks up—despite the name *a-tom*, that which cannot be cut up—into about a hundred particles, and when these have had a few weeks in which to settle down, they are recognizable as the atoms of helium. Now it is these particles, flung out at a speed of nearly 200,000 miles a second from the speck of radium in the spinthariscopes, that strike the little screen of zinc-sulphide paper, and thereby produce the never-ceasing shower of sparks that you see when you look into the instrument.

And this is the interesting thing, that just before the death of Herbert Spencer, the greatest thinker whom the Anglo-Saxon race has ever produced, there should have been discovered in radium a substance which proves that his great formula of evolution is as applicable to atoms as it is to societies or solar systems. I will not quote that formula here—you will find it in “First Principles,”—but if you know the facts of radium and then read that famous definition of evolution, framed forty years and more before radium was known, you will discover that it fits those facts as well as if it had been framed to describe them. This applicability to all circumstances, new or old, is the hall-mark of a universal truth, and of that alone. We may take this, then, as the most important fact about radium, that it proves the truth of *atomic evolution*. Not even an atom is immune from the universal law of unceasing change; and the reason why every one should possess a spinthariscopes is that this simple little instrument demonstrates evolution going on even in the atom, which the distinguished physicist of not so long ago felt himself justified in describing as bearing upon it the stamp of the “man-

ufactured article.” Not manufactured, but evolved.

These rays of radium—consisting of material particles, and not of mere vibrations in the ether, like sunlight, the Roentgen rays, heat rays, electric waves, and most of the others with which we are familiar—have been called by physicists the Alpha rays; but they constitute only one of radium’s many activities. There is a great deal more going on in the spinthariscopes, though we cannot see it. Omitting for the moment the Beta rays, since they need more detailed discussion, I may mention the Gamma rays, which are also being constantly given off by radium. These are either Roentgen rays or something very like them; and perhaps it is their presence that explains the similarity, in the power of curing certain diseases, between radium and the Roentgen rays. Like these latter, but even in greater degree, the Gamma rays have the most extraordinary penetrating power. They can be detected after passing through five inches of armor plate; and as you look into the spinthariscopes, they are passing out of it in all directions. Some of them, for instance, are passing into your eye—though you are unaware of it—and probably go right through your head and proceed on their way without interruption. Not only does radium give out these rays, but it has the power of picking up any Roentgen rays that may be about. If you are looking at a piece of radium in the dark through a fluorescent screen, you will notice that it shines much more brightly than before if Roentgen rays are being generated in the same room, showing that it has the power of picking them up and giving them forth again in an altered form.

And radium is ever giving out a large quantity of those rays which we call heat. Whatever the temperature of its surroundings, it is always a little hotter. So powerful is this action and so nearly inexhaustible, that if you could obtain a sufficient supply of radium—probably half a pound would be quite enough—it would keep a room warm not merely during your lifetime, but for hundreds of generations after you.

And now let us look at the Beta rays, which are also being incessantly given off inside the spinthariscopes. Like the

Alpha rays, these also consist of particles of matter. In the terms used by physicists, they are corpuscular, and not undulatory rays. And the corpuscles, or "electrons," as they are usually called, fly out from the radium at a most portentous speed. The whole subject is new, and estimates as to certain points vary, but Sir Oliver Lodge has said of these electrons, "Three hundred times faster than the fastest-flying star, they are the fastest-moving matter known." Until the discovery of radium, it was thought that the greatest speed ever attained by matter was that of certain of the "runaway stars." Arcturus, for instance, moves at the rate of about a hundred miles a second; but that is a mere dawdle compared with the speed of these electrons.

Now each of these electrons carries with it a tiny charge of electricity. They are all the same size; and the size is the same whether the electron be given out by radium or by thorium or by uranium, or by any other radioactive substance. In virtue of this electric propensity, these substances are able to affect a delicate indicator of electricity; and it was by this means that Madame Curie was enabled to discover radium. She went through two tons of pitchblende, the mineral in which it is found, and ended up with one-tenth of a grain of radium, after some months of hard work. This property of affecting an electric indicator was the only guide and test that she had in tracing this minute quantity of the unknown substance which she suspected to be there. But since then more complications have arisen. I said that the electrons *carry* a charge of electricity, but it seems probable that each of them *is* a charge of electricity, or, indeed, is an *atom* of electricity. And when we come to consider where these electrons come from and what they do before they leave the radium, we shall see that *atoms of matter are made of atoms of electricity!* As a result of the revelations of radium, not only do we know that one kind of matter may be changed into another, but we have found that matter itself consists of electricity.

Let us try to imagine the size of an atom. Lord Kelvin is our informant on this point, and he calculates that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the

earth, the atoms in it would be somewhere between the size of small shot and cricket-balls. This gives some faint idea of the size of an atom. But now imagine an atom of radium magnified to the size of St. Paul's Cathedral. Under such circumstances it would appear to consist of about one hundred and fifty thousand tiny particles, each of which is one of the electrons we have been speaking of, and the size of those electrons would be about the size of this dot called a full stop, or period (.). Try and realize, if you can, from Lord Kelvin's illustration, what the size of an atom is, and then try to realize that the ratio of an atom to an electron—the ratio of an atom of matter to one of its constituent atoms of electricity—is the ratio of St. Paul's Cathedral to a full stop. Obviously one hundred and fifty thousand full stops would not fill St. Paul's Cathedral. And so far away from one another are the electrons in an atom that the distance is comparable to the distance between the planets of the solar system. Relatively to their size, the electrons are as far from one another in this inconceivably tiny atom as the earth is from Mars, which is an average distance of sixty millions of miles.

This is by no means the only resemblance between an atom—or atomic system, as we should call it—and the solar system. Just as the planets are revolving round a centre, so the electrons in each of the atoms that go to make up those planets are also revolving round an atomic centre—revolving at a speed hundreds of times faster than the speed of the planets which they compose. And it is supposed that the electrons are constantly colliding with one another in their mad race within the atom, and the result of these collisions is to expel some of them from the atomic system. The electrons thus expelled constitute the Beta rays of radium. So small are the electrons, as compared with the atoms of ordinary matter, and so great is their velocity, that they pass through such a substance as the brass tube of the spinthariscopes almost as if it were not there. The Alpha rays consist of bigger particles and they are stopped with ease, but the Beta rays need a considerable thickness of matter to arrest them. But

when they are arrested they can be shot forth again, just as they were from the radium itself. This explains the fact that ordinary substances, such as glass, which have been kept near radium, themselves become radioactive after a time. And this is what makes me think that there is an analogy between radium and genius. Both get their energy from within and both can impart some degree of their powers to their neighbors.

This property of evolving power within itself is one of the most extraordinary facts about radium. At first it was thought to get its power from sunlight, or from some sort of unknown waves in the ether. Then Sir William Crookes thought that the molecules in the air might constantly be striking the radium and so be imparting energy to it. But now we know that the energy of radium is derived from the motion of its electrons. And this is a new source of energy, greater than any which has hitherto been known.

We do not yet know whether there is any radium in the sun. We cannot detect in the spectrum of sunlight any of the lines that are characteristic of the spectrum of radium. But this may be due to the absorption of the characteristic light of radium as it passes through the atmosphere. I think it is highly probable that there is radium in the sun. For one thing, we know that there is helium in the sun. It was discovered there before it was discovered on the earth, and that is why it got its name. And if the helium on the earth is produced from radium, very likely the sun's helium has the same source. Furthermore, the physicists tell us that the sun is only about twenty millions of years old, whereas the geologists say that the crust of the earth is far older than that. This discrepancy was made a great deal of—far too much, indeed—by the late Marquis of Salisbury, when he attacked evolution in his presidential address to the British Association at Oxford in 1895. But if there is radium in the sun, it has another source of energy besides the shrinking on which Helmholtz made his calculation; so that it may be old enough to satisfy the geologists in their large drafts on the bank of Time. And we know that the sun gives out elec-

trons, just as radium does. It is probably these electrons that hit a comet and develop its tail by causing its lighter parts to stream behind it; for a comet does not develop a tail until it approaches the sun, and the tail is always turned away from the sun. The electrons given out by the sun sometimes strike our atmosphere and make a rare gas, called krypton, that exists in the top-most layers of the atmosphere, to become luminous; and that, we believe, is the cause of the phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis.

Now one word as to the practical uses to which radium has already been put. It gives us the easiest way of distinguishing diamonds from paste; for diamonds glow in the dark when a little radium is brought near them, and paste does not. Radium has already cured numerous cases of lupus, which is tuberculosis of the skin, and also many case of rodent ulcer, the most superficial form of cancer. The therapeutic properties of radium have only just begun to be investigated, and it is still doubtful whether it can do any more than the Roentgen rays, which also cure lupus and rodent ulcer; but there seems to be some evidence that radium is more potent than any other remedy in certain cases. If this be so, it will become a question whether private ownership in radium should be permitted, for there is only very little of it in the whole world, and if it can cure cases where nothing else will, then the whole planetary store of it must be given up to the doctors. Fortunately it does not wear out in a hurry, and Sir William Ramsay has plenty of time to see whether he can build up radium out of helium, reversing the normal process. Meanwhile radium has been used in Russia in cases of nearly, but not absolutely, complete blindness, and has enabled patients to see for a little time; long enough to learn the shapes of a few letters and to get a glimpse of their friends.

If there is radium in the sun, it will not lose its light and power nearly so soon as we had expected. Instead of three million years—after which the sun was expected to expire, leaving the earth lifeless and desolate—humanity may have fifty millions of years yet to run to and fro upon the earth.

Gainly Jones

BY ARTHUR COLTON

“ON the coast of California,” Captain Buckingham began, “there was once a town named Saleratus. I don’t know why it was named Saleratus. That’s not its name now. It has reformed and doesn’t like to remember the past. But at that time some of it was Mexican, and more of it was Chinese, and some of it wasn’t connected with anything but perdition. That was about ’73, and I was taking my ship, the *Annalee*, between San Francisco and different Asiatic ports, and I came down to Saleratus to look up cargo, and fell in there with some people by the name of ‘Jones and Shan,’ a firm that did a mixed mercantile and banking business. ‘Ungainly Jones’ he might have been called, but he wasn’t. He was called ‘Gainly Jones,’ and came from Indiana.

“He and Fu Shan lived in two ornamental and expensive houses side by side on a hill that was bare and composed of sand-banks, and stood over the creek which ran down by the town into the bay. Jones lived alone, but Fu Shan was domestic. He was a cultivated Oriental with a mild squeaking voice, and came from a mercantile family in Singapore. He had more porcelain jars than you’d think a body would need, and fat yellow cheeks, and a queue down to his knees, and wore cream-colored silk clothes, and was a picture of calmness and culture. But Jones had a large slab-sided construction, and a countenance that seemed worn with care and thought. Thoughtful he was, given to contemplation and melancholy, but I judged some of his lines that simulated care came from the kind of life that people led in Saleratus, in order to avoid monotony. I spent some days with him in his house over the creek, and he said Saleratus was monotonous.

“We were sitting on Jones’s porch with Fu Shan at the time, and waiting for supper. Yet there were going on in

Saleratus, to my knowledge, at that moment, the following entertainments: three-card monte at the Blue Light Saloon, and a cock-fight at Pasquerillo’s; two alien sheriffs were in town looking for horse-thieves, and had one corralled on the roof of the court-house; some other fellows were trying to drown a Chinaman in the creek, and getting into all kinds of awkwardness on account of there being no water in the creek to speak of and other Chinamen throwing stones. And yet Gainly Jones continued, ‘No, I don’t get no satisfaction out of it.’

“‘Have no water in cleek,’ said Fu Shan, with aristocratic peacefulness. ‘Dried up.’

“‘Dried up, played out,’ said Jones, drearily, not understanding him. ‘Fu Shan’s a dry-rotted Asiatic. Don’t anything make any difference to him. Got any nerves? Nary a one. Got any seething emotions? Not a seeth. He’s a worn-out race in the numbness of decrepitude.’ Fu Shan chuckled.

“‘But me, I’m different,’ said Jones; ‘the uselessness of things bothers me. Look at ’em. Why, I been in Saleratus eight years; partner with Fu Shan here five. Sometimes I had a good time. Where is it now? You laugh, and there’s nothing left. You heave a sigh. Same amount of wind. Gone too. The Chinese invented gunpowder, but they only use it for fireworks. Why not? They’re a level-headed race, they are. Anybody you happen to hear of that’s done anything better with it? What’s the use? If there’s anybody with a destiny that’s got any assets at all, and he wants to swap even with me, bring him along. Look at this town! Is it any sort of a town? No honesty, for there ain’t a man in it that can shuffle a pack without stacking it. No ability, for there ain’t more’n two or three can stack it real well. No seriousness, for they start in to drown a Chinaman

in a dry creek, and then cut away as happy as if they'd succeeded. I sits up here on my porch, and I says, "What is it but a dream? Fu Shan," I says, "this here life's a shadow." Then that forsaken, conceited, blanked heathen, he says one of his ancestors discovered the same several thousand years ago. But, he says, another ancestor, pretty near as distinguished, he discovered that if you put enough curry on your rice it gives an appearance of reality. Which, says he, they discovered the uselessness of things in Asia so long ago they've forgot when, and then they discovered the uselessness of the discovery. They've forgot more'n we ever knew, says he, the stuck-up little cast-eyed pig. Go on! I'm disgusted. Ain't I put on curry till it give me a furred mouth and dyspepsia of the soul? What's the use?"

"Fu Shan chuckled again.

"What's the use?" said Jones. 'Things happen, but they don't mean anything by it. You hustle around a circle. You might as well have sat down on the circumference. Maybe the trouble is with me, maybe it's Saleratus. One of us is played out.'

"Fu Shan took the ivory pipe-stem from his mouth and spoke, placid and squeaking: 'My got blother have joss-house by Langoon. Vely good joss-house, vely good ploproperty. Tlee huddled Buddha joss and gleen dlagons. My ancestor make him. Gleen ddragon joss-house. Vely good.'

"My! You'd think he's an idjit, to hear him,' said Jones, and looked at Fu Shan admiringly. 'But he ain't, not really.'

"On the day of the sailing of the *Anna-lee* Gainly Jones came aboard carrying a valise, and after him, carrying a valise, was one Maya Dala, a little old Burmese servant of Fu Shan's, whom I used to see sweeping his porch.

"You got no objections to passengers that carry the price?" said Jones.

"I was glad to see him, for he was an entertaining man, let alone that it was good business to take aboard any one that had connections with 'Shan Brothers,' of Singapore, which was a name familiar on bills of lading.

"We went through the Golden Gate

that afternoon. We sat that night in the cabin. Maya Dala and the cabin-boy cleared the table, and the dim oil-lamp swayed overhead with the lift and fall of the ship, while Gainly Jones spread himself six to seven feet on the cabin lounge and unloaded his mind.

"Remember what Fu Shan said of his brother's joss-house? Yes. You have to figure out the facts. I figure 'em out this way: Fu Shan had a father named Lo Tsin Shan, and I guess he was a sort of a mandarin family in China. It was he who went to Singapore and started in the tea business. He had a large, hard head. He went into a lot of different enterprises. He cut a considerable swath. He founded the house. He died, and left ten or twelve sons, who scattered to look after his enterprises. That's how Fu Shan came to Saleratus six years ago. Fu Shan was always some stuck on his intellects. At that time he thought he could play cards. He couldn't. I skinned him out of two hundred and fifty one night, and then we went into partnership. But that's neither here nor there. Now, Lo Tsin Shan appears to have been a little fishy as to his feelings, but he had brains, though Fu Shan's opinion is too reverential to admit the first. Lo Tsin had an agency at Calcutta. Burma lies on the way, but it wasn't commercial in those days. Now in Burma there's a navigable river that runs the length of the country, and all along it are cities full of temples, some of 'em deserted and some of 'em lively. One of the best is at Rangoon, on a hill, and it's called the Shway Dagohn Pagoda. There's a lot of relics in it, and smaller temples around, and strings of pilgrims coming from as far as Ceylon and China. Remarkable holy place. Old Lo Tsin he dropped down there one day and looked around. His fishy feelings got interested. He says to himself, "Guess I'll come into this." He went sailing up the river till he found a king somewhere who appeared to own the whole country, whose pastime was miscellaneous murder, and whose taste for tea was cultured and accurate. Then Lo Tsin got down on the floor and kowtowed to this king for an hour and a half, the way it comes natural if you have the right kind of clothes on. Then he bought a temple of him.



“‘WHAT’S THE USE?’ SAID JONES”

“‘It stands at the foot of the south stairway of the Shway Dagohn. Fu Shan isn’t sure what the old man’s idea was, whether it was pure business or not. For he seems to have worked up the reputation of the temple till there was none in the place to equal it, except the Shway Dagohn, which he didn’t pretend to compete with. He advertised it on his tea. Shan Brothers have a brand still called Green Dragon Pagoda Tea. There wasn’t any real doubt but the income of the temple was large; yet it didn’t appear at his death that he’d ever drawn anything out of it. The whole thing is gold-leafed from top to bottom, and full of bronze statues, and two green dragons at the gate, and ministering angels know what besides, for Fu Shan’s information ain’t complete on that point. But this was a fact, that Lo Tsin, by the will he made, instead of going back to his ancestral cemetery in China, had himself carried up from Singapore and buried in that same temple, and there he lies, under the stone floor, at the feet of the eight-foot brown lacquer statues of Buddha, in the Temple of the Green Dragons. But that’s not to the point. Now when they came to split up his enterprises among his sons, one of ’em took the temple for a living. His name was Lum Shan. But Fu Shan says Lum would rather come over to America and go into business in Saleratus.

Lum Shan don’t like his temple. I don’t know why.

“‘Then I says: “Speak up, Fu Shan. Don’t be bashful, Asia. If you’ve got any medicine for the hopeless, let her come. What’s your five thousand years got to say to a man with an absolute constitution, a stomach voracious and untroubled, who looks around him and don’t see no utility anywhere—ebb and flow, work and eat, born and dead, rain and shine, things swashing around, a heave this way and then that. You write a figure on the board and wipe it out. What’s the use? Speak up, Asia, and don’t recommend me no more curry.”

““Hi, hi!” says Fu Shan, chuckling, the little yeller idjit. “My got blother have joss-house by Langoon. All light. He tlade. You go lun joss-house by Langoon. Vely good ploperty.” That’s what he said. Well—why not? And that’s the way I looked at it.”

“He paused and blew smoke. Maya Dala and the cabin-boy were gone.

“I asked, ‘You learning Burmese off Maya Dala?’ and he nodded.

“‘Now,’ I said, ‘what I don’t see is this temple business. Where’s the profit? Don’t temples belong to the priests?’

“‘Seems not always. They’re a kind of monks, anyway. It’s where old Lo Tsin Shan was original, to begin with, and mysterious afterward. Suppose a Siamese prince brings a pound of gold-

leaf to gild things with, and some Ceylon pilgrims leave a few dozen little bronze images with a ruby in each eye? They've "acquired merit," so they say. It goes to their credit on celestial records. Their next existence will be the better to that extent anyhow, now. Suppose the temple's gilded all over, and lumber-room's packed to the roof with bronze images already. Do they care what becomes of these things? Don't seem to. Why should they? They're credited on one ledger; you credit the same to the business on another. Economic, ain't it? That was the old man's perception, to begin with, but afterwards—well, maybe his joss-house got to be a hobby with him. I don't know, nor care. I'm going to look into it. Fu Shan says it's good property. What he says is generally about so.'

"That was the limit of Gainly Jones's knowledge of this thing.

"Maya Dala remembered the Shway Dagohn, but as to the other pagodas and monasteries—there were many—he didn't know—he thought they belonged to the monks and the Buddhas, or to the caretakers, or to no one at all, or maybe to the government. What became of the offerings? He thought they were kept in the pagodas. Sometimes they were sold? No doubt. He thought it made

no difference, for was it not taught in the monastery schools that 'the giver acquired merit only by his action and the spirit of his giving, wherefore the merits of the poor and the rich are equal'? Why should they care what became of their gifts?

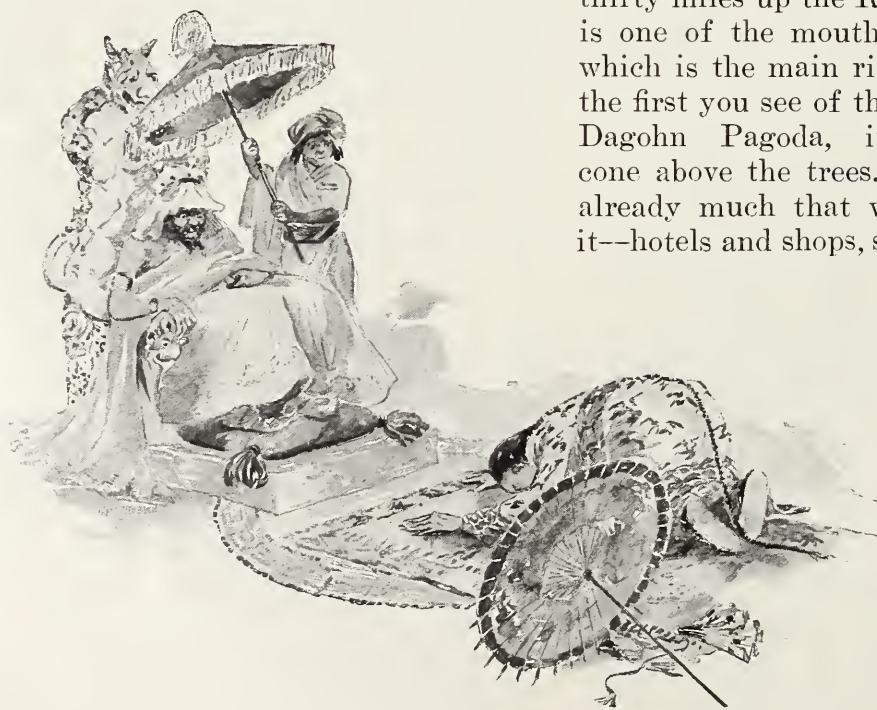
"So many days and nights we talked it over, and got no further than this, but drew nearer to the old East by sailing west. So much appears backwards and crisscross there, that it seems no more than natural to reach the East by sailing west. It is a muddy sea with no bottom. It swallows a man as a fog-bank swallows a ship. Gainly Jones left the *Anna-lee* at Hongkong and disappeared.

"He dropped out of sight. His name went from the letter-heads of 'Jones and Shan.' I saw one a year or two after. It read, 'Shan Brothers, Saleratus: Fu Shan—Ium Shan.'

"Singular man was Jones. He held the opinion that this life was an idea that occurred to somebody, who had got dog-tired of the idea, but who couldn't seem to shake it off.

"It happened in the fall one year that I took in sailing orders from agents in Hongkong to go around to Rangoon for a cargo of teak-wood. It's a hard wood that's used in ship-building. That was a new port to me. You go some thirty miles up the Rangoon River, which is one of the mouths of the Irrawaddy, which is the main river of Burma. And the first you see of the town is the Shway Dagohn Pagoda, its gilded tapering cone above the trees. But Rangoon had already much that was European about it—hotels and shops, stone blocks of build-

ings, custom-houses, offices of the Indian Empire, and houses of English residents—but the gilded pagoda looks down on everything from its crowded hill, and the crowds in the streets are Eastern—Chinaman, Malay, and Ben-



"LO TSIN GOT DOWN AND KOWTOWED TO THIS KING"

galee, and mainly the Burman of the Irrawaddy.

"When the *Annalee* was anchored over against the timber-yards, I said to myself:

"'Rangoon? Pagoda? Why, Green Dragons and Gainly Jones!' and I wondered if he was there to be asked: 'How's business? How's the dyspeptic soul?' Had he an office, maybe,

near the custom-house, and did he export gold-leaf and bronze images of Buddha? One might find the Temple of the Green Dragons and inquire. I followed a broad street leading to the right, for nearly a mile. It grew wooded. Gateways with carved stone posts and plaster griffins took the place of shops, and behind them you could see the slanting roofs of the monasteries, and their towers strung to the top with rows of little roofs. A stream of people moved drowsily in the road—monks in yellow robes, with their right shoulders bare; women with embroidered skirts; men with similar skirts; men with tattooed legs; men in straw hats with dangling brims; covered carts looking like sunbonnets on wheels, and pulled by hump-necked oxen; little skylarking children; Chinamen and black-bearded Hindoos. It's the procession of the East, which you gape at forever, but don't make out.

"Then I saw a stone stairway going up the side of the hill. So I went on, staring ahead at the shining cone in the air, and getting bewildered to see near by the quantity of dancing statues on the roofs of the temples that crowded the hill, and the acres of tangled carving. So I came to the foot of the stair.

"Close on the right was a gateway in a white wall, and on either side a green lacquer dragon that had enamelled goggle-



"SHE COMES AROUND AFTERWARD AND LAYS DOWN THE LAW"

eyes and expression ridiculous, but a size that called for respect. The gateway led under a row of roofs held up by shiny pillars. Over the wall you could see a gilded cone pagoda with a bell on top. It looked pretty inside the gate, a garden-place of flowers and trees and little white and gold buildings. A yellow-robed old man sat under a roof near the gate, with some children squatted around. He wasn't Gainly Jones. He didn't look as if an inquiry for Gainly Jones would start anything going in his mind. There were a faint tinkle of bells and the far-off mutter of a gong.

"Anyway, there were green dragons, and I went in, thinking of the years gone—of Fu Shan, who sat sucking his porcelain and ivory pipe on Jones's porch, looking down on the creek where the boys were rowing with his countrymen: looking down on Saleratus, that unkempt community, and saying, 'Vely good joss-house, gleen ddragon joss-house, by Langoon'; and then Gainly Jones: 'Stuck-up little blanked heathen! Speak up, Asia, if you got any medicine for the hopeless.'

"In the cone pagoda there were people praying on the floor, and it was ringed with bronze and lacquer Buddhas, standing, sitting, and lying, that all smiled—three hundred identical smiles. Then I came to a small temple on a mound—just a pointed roof on a little circle of white

pillars. There sat a yellow-robed man on the floor, with right shoulder bare, leaning against a pillar. A woman stood in front of him, talking fast, and three children were playing in the grass. You could look over the wall and see the shuffling crowd in the street, and those going up and down the stairway to the Shway Dagohn. The yellow robe was smoking a pipe. Moreover, he was Gainly Jones.

"The woman stared at me, and scuttled away. I said, 'How's business and the dyspeptic soul?'"

"Business good; dyspeptic soul's took a pill. Squat; stretch; sit down. Glad to see you."

"Those were his remarks, and it didn't look as if the East had swallowed him, except he was remarkable calm, and his head was shaved, and his clothes didn't seem proper on a white man.

"And then, slowly, bit by bit, he unloaded his mind, which appeared as full of little things as a junk-shop—bits of things like these:

"See that woman that left? Well, she

has four children, all girls, and she's bored with it. Around these parts, when a woman's going to have a child, she generally puts in a bid at the temple to make it a boy. Queer, ain't it? Well, that one has had four girls. Every time she comes around afterward and lays down the law. Sometimes she brings her man, and they both lay down the law. My, but it's lively! That one on the left,' pointing to the children, 'that's Nan—proper name Ananda; that's one of their four. She's got the nerve of a horse-fly, you bet! The chunky one in the middle, his name's Sokai, which I call him Soaker for short. His folks work in the rice-fields when they ain't opium-drunk. The littlest one's Kishatriya, but I call Kiyi on account of his solemnness. Seems as if it ought to cheer him up to call him Kiyi. His folks died of cholera. Keeps meditating all the time, don't he? Business? Oh! Fu Shan—Lum Shan—Oh yes! Saleratus!"

"He puffed his pipe slowly, and told his story: 'Well, you see, Fu Shan gave me a letter. Well, Lum Shan read it. Then

he says, "All light," and lights out. All there was to that. Left me kind of surprised. Thinks I, "Must be some poison around here." There wasn't. But it didn't suit him. Then I looked up the title to the temple. Blest if old Lo Tsin hadn't got it recorded in the English courts in '53, when they annexed the town! Title appeared to be good. I investigated some more. There were twenty yellow monks teaching school here. There's forty now; I



"I SQUATTED BEFORE EACH OF THOSE BRONZE INDIVIDUALS"



"ONE OF THE YELLOW ROBES RECITED A MONOTONOUS CHANT"

got 'em in. But they appeared to think Shan or me was a sort of financial manager that managed worldly affairs mysterious like. They said: "Why should the holy be troubled? All things are one." I thought they were pretty near right, but I didn't see much advantage to it. I thought it was an all-round discouraging statement. It was the oneness of things that was tiresome. But they didn't seem to see it that way. I strolled around and thought it over. Then I says, "Lend me one of them robes."

"“But,” says they, “it is the garment of the phongyee. You are not a holy one.”"

"“Think not?” says I. “Right again. Any kind of a blanket will do.”"

"“They gave me a blue cotton sheet, and recommended I go and sit three or four weeks in the pagoda and consider that all things are one. All right. I squatted every day before each of those bronze individuals, and remarked to each about fifty times that all things were one, till it seemed to me every one of 'em was thinking that identical thing too, same as me, and every one of 'em had the same identical and balmy smile over it, same as each other.

"“Take it on the whole,” thinks I, “that’s a singular coincidence.” After three or four weeks I says, “All things

are one,” and felt about it the same way as they looked. There was no getting away from the amicableness of 'em. So far so good. Then I went out and strolled around. Lot of yellow monks living over by the west wall, that pass the time meditating on selected subjects and teaching school. Monks,—why,—monks, now, is the mildest lot of old ladies going. The institution furnishes two meals a day, but they all go into the city mornings with begging-bowls, to give people a chance to acquire merit by charity. Then they come back and give away what they’ve collected to poverty collected at the gate. In that way they acquire merit for themselves. Economical, ain’t it? Then I saw how old Lo Tsin felt. He admired the economy of it, anyway. I guess he admired it all round. Stood pat by his own temple, he did, and then got himself buried there. The thing give him a soft spot in the head.

"Now they think I’m a sort of an abbot. Blamed if folks don’t come in from everywhere to show me a cut finger and discuss their sinfulness; and if Nan’s mother ain’t mad because the temple keeps putting her off with girls, then little Kiyi’s got the fever and chills. Always something to worry about. But a man can always go over to the pagoda and tell 'em, “All things are one,” and

get three hundred identical opinions to agree with. Look at Kiyi. Now, ain't he great?"

"So Gainly Jones went on in this way, unloading his mind of odds and ends. Down on the slope below, Nan was thumping Soaker on the back to make him obedient. She wore a striped cloth and a string of beads for her clothes, but laying down the law appeared to run in her family. Soaker took his thumping in a way that I judged was a custom between them. Little Kiyi crept up the steps, squatted on the stone floor in front of us,—big head and tiny body, arms and legs like dry reeds,—motionless, solemn, and silent, while Jones was unloading his mind; and it seemed to me Kiyi was another mysterious thing, same as the bronze Buddhas in the cone pagoda.

"‘He's got it,’ Jones said, speaking husky. ‘Worse 'n I did.’

"‘Got what?’

"Jones's face had grown tired, heavy and worn; he was looking at Kiyi: ‘Born with it. Got injected with the extract of misery beforehand. Born wishing he wasn't. I know what it is, but he don't know what it is—Kiyi don't. First thing he see was the cholera.’

"All about the gardens was a faint tinkle of bells blown by the wind, and a gong kept muttering somewhere in the distance. Kiyi rolled over on the edge of Gainly Jones's yellow robe, curled up, and went to sleep. He had no clothes but a green loin-cloth. His hair was done up in a topknot. I looked at Jones, and then at Kiyi, and then it seemed to me he was the littlest and the saddest thing in Asia.

"The *Annalee* being ready to sail, I took the Shway Dagohn road, thinking Gainly Jones might have messages to send. It was a windy afternoon and the hot dust whirled in the road. The yel-

low old man inside the gate sat alone. There were no children under the trees. The old man came out of his dream, and motioned to stop me, and mumbled something about the ‘Tha-Thana-Peing,’ which was Jones's title in that neighborhood, though whether it meant ‘His Solemn High Mightiness’ or just meant ‘The Man That Pays the Bills,’ I didn't know. ‘No go, no go,’ mumbled the yellow old man.

"‘Ain't you keeping school to-day?’

"‘Dead,’ mumbled the yellow old man.

"‘Who? Not Jones! No—Tha-Thana!’

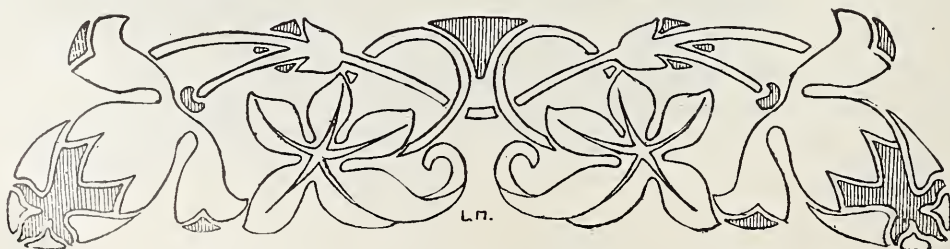
"‘Kishatriya,’ he mumbled, ‘Kiyi,’ and fell back into his drowsy abstractions. So I went past to the little temple behind the gilded cone. Most of the monks were sitting around it on the grass, and up against a pillar sat Gainly Jones, bent over Kiyi's body, that was on his knees. One of the yellow robes recited a monotonous chant. Maybe it was a funeral service, but I got the notion they were going over their laws and gospels for the benefit of Jones.

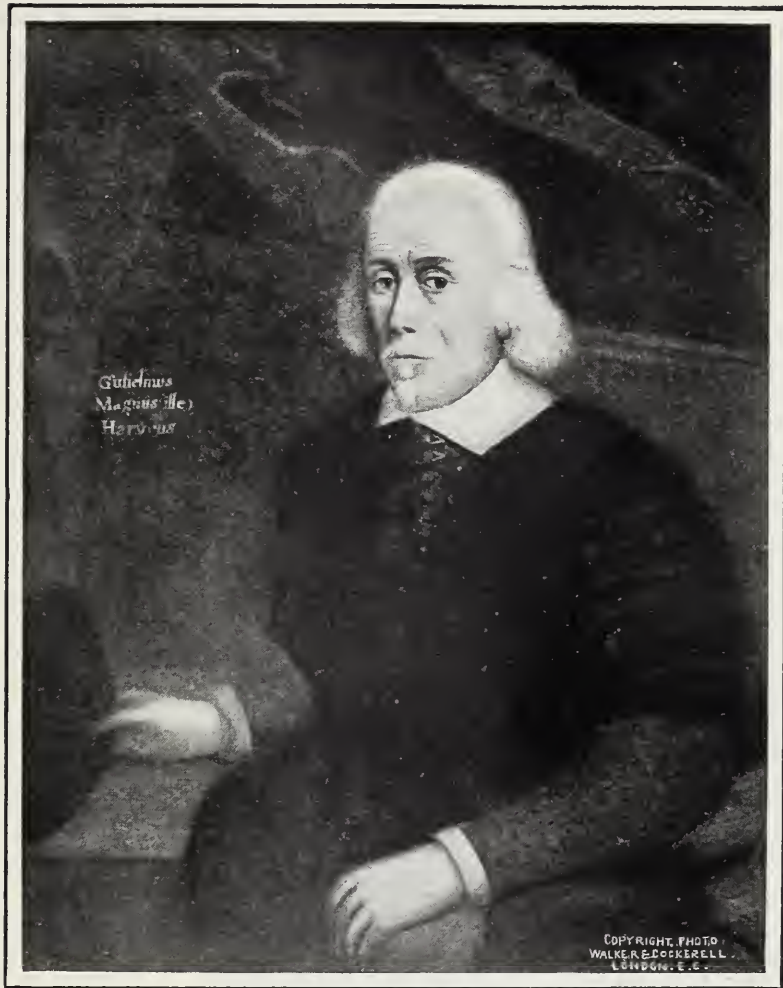
"When Jones looked up, the reciter stopped and it was all quiet. Then Jones said, huskily: ‘See here, Buck, what's the use? They can't make no Oriental of me. This ain't right, Buck. Now, is it? No, it ain't right.’

"Then I backed out of that assembly.

"It seemed to me it was a proposition a man might as well dodge. Only I recollect how little Kiyi looked uncommon little, like a wisp of dried hay, and Gainly Jones uncommon large, with his fist resting on the stone floor, and his big bony arm bare, and his head hung over Kiyi, and his clothes scarcely proper for a white man.

"Ay, I don't know. Maybe Gainly Jones been studying what might be called the Kiyi proposition ever since, but," concluded Captain Buckingham, "I've been dodging it."





PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HARVEY

The Invisible Philosophers

BY EDMUND GOSSE

IN the pursuit of pure knowledge there is little to gratify the vanity of an individual. That reverence for the precursors, which we meet with in the history of the arts and of literature, does not occur in the history of science. A Cædmon in poetry, a Palestrina in music, a Cimabue in painting, is interesting and attractive in his very incompleteness; the freshness of his genius fascinates our attention, and we do not ask whether he was not presently superseded. But the collective labor of creating knowledge is incessant, and it occupies successive generations of laborers, who work and die and are forgotten. They clear a little space in the jungle; they try false paths and scale useless heights. Others follow them with new developments and fresh

formulas, and these clear another little space. The pioneers are buried in the forest, and we build no memorials to them. The following pages are intended to form a very modest monument to a group of men whose work is almost entirely forgotten, but without whose admirable initiative there might have been in England no Newton and no Darwin.

It had been Bacon who discovered that science had proceeded along an entirely false track, and that on natural history—that is to say, on the close observation of objects—alone could be laid the firm foundations of a pure natural philosophy. The facts of the world were to be collected, and laws evolved from a multitude of instances. The Baconian injunction had been “to take all that comes rather

than to choose, and to heap rather than to register." Bacon had started the great idea, but he had not carried it out. He is not the founder, he is only the prophet, of modern physical science. To be in direct touch with nature, to adventure in the unexplored kingdom of knowledge, and to do this by carrying out an endless course of slow and sure experiments, this was the counsel of the *Novum Organum*. In this sense that book started the whole enterprise; in another sense, the serious, patient, somewhat scornful Harvey, who did what Bacon merely talked about, was the father of English science. But in reality it was neither the eloquence of the one nor the energy of the other which gave the final start-word. It was the

From their meetings directly sprang the Royal Society, and the whole system of scientific inquiry which has spread into such a mighty thing all over the English-speaking world.

In taking into consideration the state of European thought in the seventeenth century, the great activity of the chemists must not be overlooked. Their false ambitions waylaid the infant steps of science and perpetually tripped them up. It is difficult for us to realize that investigators who were otherwise wholly sound and sensible were drawn away, as if by a lodestone, by the hope of attaining boundless wealth "in transmutations and the Great Elixir." We can hardly be patient with men of genius who wasted

their time in chasing the Philosopher's Stone, and in trying to "gain the Indies out of every crucible." It is disconcerting to find Robert Boyle, who was the Tyndall of the seventeenth century, and one of the wisest and best of men, trying to make hermetic gold by alchemy. But all this was part of the passionate groping after knowledge in the dark; it was such a fumbling for the door of light as was inevitable in the obscure condition of men's experience. And if the Invisible Philosophers had a tendency to try wild issues that led to nothing, they neither wandered far nor obstinately pushed forward upon them.

The "Invisible College" is first mentioned in a letter written by Robert Boyle to the French savant Marcombes, on the 22d of October, 1646. But by that time the meetings,

unselfish enthusiasm of a group of anatomists, mathematicians, and chemists who met in a modest room in London in 1645, and who called themselves, or were called, the Invisible Philosophers.

out of which so much was to spring for the science of the world, had already been held for some months. In the midst of the Civil War, when all other men's minds were fiercely racked with



PORTRAIT OF THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE
From a painting by Frederick Kerseboom (1632-1690)

political and religious passion, a little group of persons, not more than ten or twelve in number at first, assembled in a private house to reason without fear or prejudice upon the laws of nature. There was a certain element of danger in their proceedings, for it would have been difficult for them to justify their purpose to the jealous courts of the day. What they proposed to do was absolutely unprecedented. There existed, of course, in Italy and in France, as well as in England, solitary investigators; and some of these were professors, and taught classes of disciples. But anything like an academy or society instituted on equal terms of membership to pursue scientific experiments or examine physical discoveries was a thing absolutely unknown. The Académie des Sciences in Paris was not started until 1666, and was therefore a little later than the Royal Society in London. Both these famous bodies have the College of Invisible Philosophers of 1645

to look back to as their parent and their pioneer.

It is from casual records and fragmentary correspondence that we have to build up an impression of the character of the proceedings of the Invisible Philosophers. It seems that the person who originally suggested the meetings was a German clergyman settled in London, Nicholaus Haak, of whom little is known. But they were held at the lodgings of the famous astronomer, Jonathan Goddard, in Wood Street, because he kept "an operator in his house for grinding glasses for telescopes and microscopes." The first rule of the society—and it was an amazing one in those days of fanaticism and

political prejudice—was that theology and statecraft were never once to be mentioned. In the little body there were men of every shade of opinion, meeting



PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHN WALLIS
From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

there, though they could meet nowhere else, on terms of perfect amity. The famous Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, who was one of the original Invisibles, has left a note of the subjects which their deliberations included; they were "physics, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, statics, magnetics, chemics, mechanics, and natural experiments, with the state of these studies, as then cultivated at home and abroad."

The attitude of this little society, the seed out of whose early germination we may say that the life of all future scientific corporations arose, was wonderful in its freedom from all controversial taint. The Invisible Philosophers in that age

of violence were entirely candid and dispassionate. They had no aim other than truth. We are told that they awakened astonishment by their serenity; they were essentially "opposed to all spiritual frenzies." There is to us something sublime in the fortitude of these admirable men, whose aim was, in the very midst of a great civil war, to "assemble in a private house to reason freely upon the works of nature." They secured immunity by their privacy, their silence. Their efforts were accompanied by no advertisement; they met on their noble errand with the secrecy of a band of conspirators. And conspirators indeed they were; they were conspiring to tear the complicated mystery out of the blank and stolid phenomena of the world. They escaped the dreadful danger of being educational; there was, most happily, no suspicion of pedagogy about them. They eschewed "the colors of rhetoric, the devices of fancy, and the delightful deceit of fables." Their fundamental law was personal experiment. Nothing was to be taken for granted; everything was to be examined, tested, analyzed; and opinion was to be formed anew upon every subject, from the virgin evidence of the senses. We hear of no friction amongst them, no jealousy, no heartburnings. They worked in perfect unison, each, like a coral insect, contributing his atom of knowledge towards the great structure, of which not one could hope to see more than the foundation. The only merit they recognized in one another was that of a clear and deep skill in natural research, and towards the attainment of this they all worked in a loyal unity.

It was a collection of all the most splendid scientific talents of the age. The host who welcomed the other Invisibles to his lodgings, Jonathan Goddard, was a young, wealthy physician, lately come to London from Cambridge. Not thirty yet, Goddard enjoyed an immense reputation, which was steadily to increase. He was the great medical reformer of the day; under his hands anatomy ceased to be empirical, and took the form of an exact science. Goddard had the foible of universal attainment; he was the first Englishman to make telescopes. It was his restless activity, his love of investigation for its own sake, that made the circle

of friends cluster about him. We are told that "whenever any curious experiment was to be done, the Invisible Philosophers made Dr. Goddard their drudge till they could obtain to the bottom of it." An intimate friend of Goddard, a few months older than he, and long associated with him at the university, was John Wallis, the most eminent mathematician of his time. They were wide-minded men, those earliest apostles of English science, and the modern necessity for specialism did not weigh them down. If their physicians made telescopes, their mathematicians were anatomists. Wallis turned from his theorems to welcome with rapture the discoveries which Harvey had made, and he was the first person who publicly maintained in Cambridge the theory of the circulation of the blood, which the great anatomist had demonstrated in a book published at Frankfort in 1628.

The practical genius of Harvey even more than the theoretical genius of Bacon seems to brood over the earliest deliberations of the Invisible College. They all revered Harvey, as later Cambridge philosophers were to regard Darwin with worship, but, after his long and lonely labors, the weary protagonist of anatomical science was too old to take part in their meetings. Withdrawn to his paternal estate near Folkestone, and occasionally paying a visit to Merton College, Oxford, of which he was nominally the warden, William Harvey was now preparing for the death which came to him at last in 1657. But although the discoverer of the circulation of the blood was not an Invisible—had been indeed in his queer public prominence almost too Visible,—his spirit sustained the earnest and secret philosophers.

Unhappily, the records of the proceedings of the College are wholly lost. Perhaps they consisted merely of rough notes and records of experiment; perhaps they were destroyed in the Fire of London. The latter, or some analogous accident, seems the more likely, since their honorary secretary, or "summoner," as he was called, was a man remarkable for preciseness and orderly system. This was Dr. John Wilkins, the celebrated grammarian, astronomer, and divine, long afterwards Bishop of Chester, and already



IN THE GROUNDS, WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD

famous as the author of three most ingenious books, *A New Habitable World in the Moon, Is Our Earth One of the Planets?* and *Mercury*—works in which Wilkins, with a kind of magician's instinct, forestalled a variety of modern discoveries and inventions.

But the presiding spirit among the Invisible Philosophers seems to have been that "lover of virtue," as he styled himself, the Hon. Robert Boyle. Nothing is more curious than the comparative obscurity which has clouded the once blazing reputation of this man, who seemed to his contemporaries another Aristotle. It was even seriously suggested that the soul of Bacon, who died very shortly before Boyle's birth, was reincarnated in the younger philosopher, who seemed destined to carry the Baconian theories into universal practice. The fourteenth child of that sturdy nobleman the Earl of Cork, Robert Boyle was born at Lismore on the 25th of January, 1627. He was amazing in his childhood, and he evinced in early boyhood "so strong a passion to acquire knowledge" that his teachers at Eton, alarmed for his health, had "to force him out to play." What the child was

the man remained. Like Browning's Grammarian, Robert Boyle was "soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst" for science; "this man decided not to Live, but Know"; and human annals supply us with no instance more astonishing or more pathetic of the abandonment of everything that makes existence agreeable for the sake of an insatiable longing for knowledge.

When he was eleven years of age, being already an excellent scholar, Robert Boyle, as befitted a young aristocrat of his tastes and station, started on the Grand Tour. He has left a fragmentary account of his adventures, composed, with the gravity of an elderly person, at the age of seventeen. At Florence he became interested in "the new paradoxes of the great star-gazer" Galileo, who died while he was in that city, and about whose blindness the boy has a charming phrase, that Galileo "had the satisfaction of not being blind till he had seen in heaven what never mortal eyes beheld before." Long before this, indeed, the reading of Quintus Curtius, so he says, had started Boyle "in the unsatisfied love of knowledge," but he began his scientific experiments in "the melancholy solitude" of

his own country house of Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, where he buried himself for that purpose in his nineteenth year. We read of the great earthen furnace which he set up there, of his limbecs and recipients, of his wind-gun and his magnetics, and we form an impression of him thus youthful, but with the freshness fading from him, all the natural joys of life neglected, wholly absorbed in, and as it were blighted by, his vain scientific passion.

From Stalbridge, Robert Boyle was accustomed to come up to London to attend the meetings of the Invisible Philosophers, and, young as he was—not twenty years of age at the beginning,—his ardor made itself felt at once. He seems at first to have had little ambition to produce his results, and none to dazzle the world with publications—

Oh, such a life as he proposed to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give!
Sooner, he spurned it.

The fortune of Robert Boyle, as a seventh son, was not large. He spent all the income of it on his experiments; it was said of him that his whole life was absorbed in the pursuit of nature, as a hound pursues a hart without a moment's deviation of purpose through the labyrinth of the forest; he neglected love and politics and sport, all the legitimate pleasures, that he might devote every hour of his existence to the discovery of natural causes. Such was the character of the extraordinary man who presented himself, like an atom of consuming radium, in the midst of the little circle of Invisible Philosophers.

In 1649 the Invisibles underwent an important transformation. So many of them were now engaged at Oxford that it was determined to try the dangerous experiment of removing the society to that university. It might have been fatal to it; as a matter of fact, it gave it new vitality. Dr. Petty, the young political economist, afterwards so widely known as Sir William Petty, welcomed the philosophers with enthusiasm, and offered them hospitality. They met in his rooms over an apothecary's shop, where they could conveniently inspect drugs and the like. Almost immediately Petty was made a fellow of Brasenose, and the Invisibles met in his rooms in college until 1652, when Petty was sent to Ireland as physician to the army. Wilkins then invited them to meet in the lodge of Wadham College, of which he was the master, and now began the most pros-



PORTRAIT OF SETH WARD, BISHOP OF SALISBURY

From an engraving by David Loggan



PORTRAIT OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

perous era of their existence. One gathers that, for all their modesty, they found it impossible any longer to be quite as "invisible" as they proposed to be. Anything in the nature of biological or experimental philosophy had up to that date been entirely unknown at Oxford, and the rumor of these meetings created no small sensation.

It attracted to them some of the most illustrious men of the day, amongst others Seth Ward, the mathematician, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and the physician Thomas Willis, to whom is attributed the motto, notable enough in those wild times of prejudice, that "learning is of no party." But most active of all, except the indomitable Robert Boyle, was a youth of twenty, named Christopher Wren, who was a gentleman-

commoner of Wadham, and who was already famous in the university for his geometrical genius. He did not as yet show any of that disposition to architecture which was to make him, as Sir Christopher Wren, one of the most prominent of Englishmen, but he was full of scientific ardor and energy. We are told that he was one of the earliest of those who joined the Invisible Philosophers after their arrival at Oxford, and that he "exhibited to them many new theories, inventions, experiments, and mechanic improvements."

A list of these has been preserved, displaying the extraordinary activity of Wren's invention, and helping us, too, to understand what kind of subjects the Invisible Philosophers discussed. The papers which Wren laid before the society appear

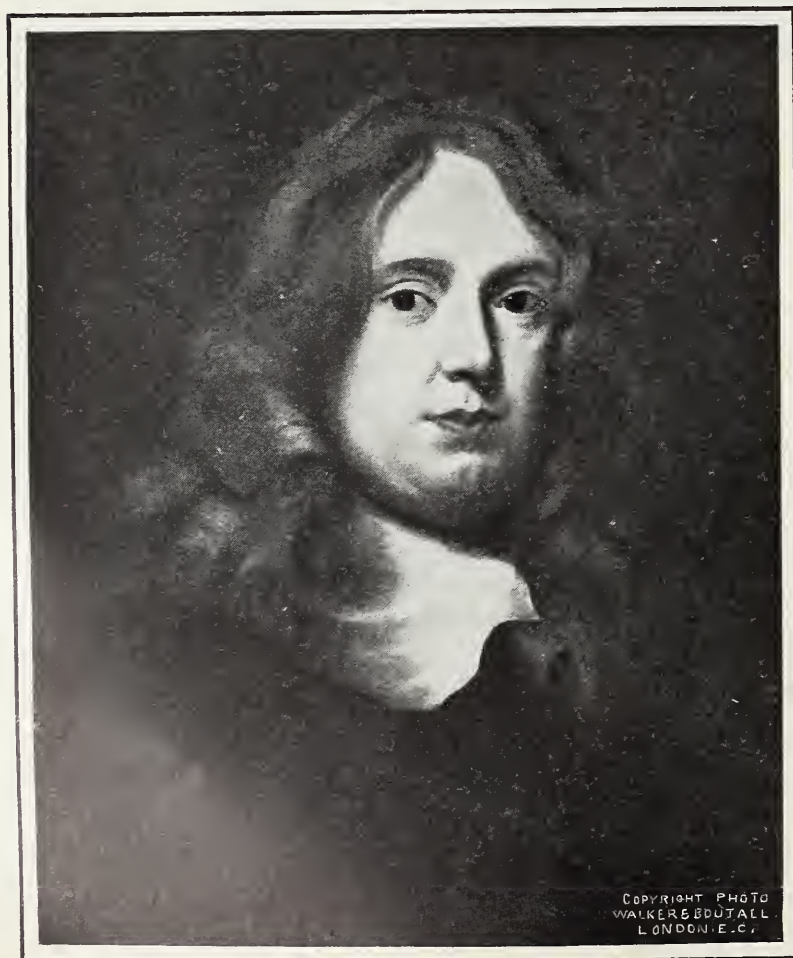
to be lost, but the titles of fifty-three of them are preserved, and they range from pneumatic engines to ways for making fresh water at sea, and from easier modes of whale-fishery to the invention of an artificial pavement, "harder, fairer, and cheaper than marble." One idea of Wren's was a method of infusing liquors directly into the living blood. This he showed at the lodge of Wadham to his interested colleagues, injecting liquid wax into the veins of animals; but nothing came of it in the end. This might be said of the majority of the experiments of the Invisible Philosophers. They were groping after physical truth in a gross darkness, and it constantly evaded them.

It was probably while they met in the lodge of Wadham College that the Invisibles began their system of inquiries. They set themselves in an attitude of incessant interrogation. Some of them examined all the existing books of science, and corrected the careless observations therein set down. Others sought out sea-

men, travellers, and merchants, and propounded queries to them. We know what sort of problems interested them. Among the earliest subjects of their inquiry were the causes of the petrification of wood, of the eclipses of the moon, of currents in the sea; they were curious about the functions of the lodestone, and those of the organs of human and animal bodies. When they could secure correspondents in the still mysterious tropics they sent out schedules of questions to them. They asked, "Is there a fountain which gushes in pure balsam in Sumatra?" and the reply was, "No." They asked, "Is there a vegetable in Mexico that yields water, wine, vinegar, oil, milk, honey, wax, thread, and needles?" and the reply was, "Yes, the cocoanut-palm." They asked, "How do the master workmen of Pegu add to the color of their rubies?" but to this query they received no reply. They persevered until all England was alive with the spirit of scientific investigation, and until they had awakened in

the cause of research the noble and inquisitive genius of the British merchant. They cultivated philosophic doubt, and they suffered danger from fanatic forms of religion. They were accused of being sceptics and of disturbing the canon of holy writ. But they allowed these vain accusations to pass over their heads unheeded.

Wilkins was presently translated to be master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Invisible Philosophers returned once more to London. Dr. Goddard, having been appointed to be Professor of Physics at Gresham College in 1655, had taken up his residence in that charming place. When the Invisible Philosophers ceased to meet in Oxford, they held their sessions in the rooms appointed for Dr. Goddard in the great



PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM COWLEY

From a painting by Mrs. Mary Beale (1632-1697), pupil of Sir Peter Lely



Photograph copyrighted by W. E. Wilson

Engraved by Isaac Taylor (1730-1807), from a drawing by Samuel Wale (died 1786)

house in London, the gardens of which extended from Old Broad Street to Bishopsgate Street. This had been the mansion of the munificent Sir Thomas Gresham, who had devised it by his celebrated will to become "the new nursery of the Muses"; it was, unhappily, pulled down in consequence of a short-sighted act of Parliament, in 1768. At Gresham House the Invisibles met on Wednesdays, after the lecture of the astronomy professor, and here the meetings seem to have been more formal. Dr. William Croone, the anatomist, acted as the first registrar, and took notes of all that passed. But there was still no ceremony, and they avoided the formality of standing orders. If Sprat is to be understood, they merely proposed each week some particular experiments which were to be prosecuted on the next, in order to avoid confusion and waste of time.

The history of the Invisibles becomes a little obscure as we approach the Restoration, but in 1657 they were joined by the poet Abraham Cowley, who came to Oxford for a time, and took the degree of

M.D. He was at this time deeply interested in botany, and was composing his Latin poem *De Plantarum*. The temper of Cowley was experimental in several respects, and he now formed the resolution to make "labor about natural science the perpetual and uninterrupted task" of the remainder of his life. Unhappily, the remainder of that brilliant and useful life was to be brief. But Cowley was able to perform one great service. He perceived that if only "that right Porphyrian tree" could be planted in the heart of English culture,

The Phoenix Truth would on it rest
And build his perfumed nest.

It was Cowley who conceived the plan of a philosophical college endowed for the advancement of experimental physics, out of which the Royal Society ultimately rose. When that body was incorporated, on the 22d of April, 1663, its nucleus was formed by the survivors of that College of Invisible Philosophers which had collected nearly twenty years before over the telescope-shop in Wood Street.

The Passport

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

A MORNING in May of the year 1812. The sun shone in a pale-blue sky. White clouds moved gently forwards.

The slow canal crept on in endless line between the heavy meadows. Here and there a pollard-willow lifted its brown tuft of spreading branches against the calm horizon. Cattle, black and white, browsed and drowsed throughout the fields.

By the waterside, planted against the foliage of a long-drawn garden, stood a summer-house—a white octagonal pagoda with dark-green Venetian shutters, such as were beloved of Dutch patricians a hundred years ago. Here the stately eighteenth-century merchant sat on summer evenings, solemnly smoking his long clay pipe and drinking his dish of still fragrant tea, whilst his eyes rested on some round-bellied rowing-boat that lazily rippled the slow water, and his thoughts were of mighty East-Indiamen, of pepper, palm-trees, and gold.

But in this year of our Lord 1812, May morning or winter night, rain or sunshine, a darkness, low, unbroken, lay heavy upon the land. "This year of our Lord!" How ironical it sounds, while the devil, century after century, fills the throne with viceroys of his choosing, which the Holy One rejected. As if the Lord of Love, beholding Napoleon, were responsible for the crimes of a brute genius of evil climbing, climbing, to earthly godhead on a scaffolding of corpses that rot away beneath his feet. Under the blood-stained hand of the conqueror the Low Countries—annexed to his empire, as "alluvial deposit of three French rivers" (including the Rhine)—lay panting, their liberties annihilated, their colonial commerce paralyzed, their children drawn away, unremittingly, to death.

It was the 9th of May. Napoleon's power remained unbroken; his enormous army was rolling eastward, to melt amid

far masses of unmelting snow. The whole of Europe trembled with the tramp of driven feet.

In the quiet summer-house beside the sluggish water a girl sat doing fancy-work, with a listless youth beside her. She was a young girl, barely twenty, fair and fresh-colored, in the high-waisted, low-necked dress of the period. The young man, some half a dozen years older, was delicate-looking, a bit of a dandy, with his ruffles and gilt buttons and tight-fitting clothes.

There were long pauses of silence in the whitewashed, octagonal chamber. The dark lions on the old oak cupboards, the blue dragons on the Chinese vases, stared motionless, with uplifted claw. Through one open window came occasionally the lowing of kine.

The girl laid down her work. "How peaceful it is!" she said, looking out across the meadows.

The man yawned.

"I love peace," his companion continued. "I wish it could be always so. Peace."

The man shifted his position to one more indolent still. "Where, then," he answered, "would be all the fame and the glory?"

"I hate the horrible words."

He laughed. "How silly you are, Agnes!" he said. "What does it matter to us, besides? Our interest is confined to the news sheets."

She gazed at him. They were cousins; they had known each other all their lives. All their lives it had been almost tacitly understood that they would marry. He was an orphan, possessed of considerable property in the funds; her father had been his guardian, and much of the lad's leisure had been spent in the company of his uncle's children, male and female. She was the prettiest of the daughters; what wonder that she should become her wealthy cousin's wife? In fact, she wore

"I MUST LEAVE YOU THE PRIVILEGE OF AN OCCASIONAL MISTAKE"



LUCIUS WILKINSON H. H. H. H.

his ring upon her betrothal finger; he had given it her on her birthday, without any special ceremony, and placed it where she wore it, himself.

"If *you* were a conscript!" she said, reproachfully.

"Heaven forbid! For one thing, at least, delicate health has its use. A month of barrack life would kill me."

"And our countrymen who bivouac in all weathers, that a tyrant—"

"Hush!" he cried, and glanced anxiously round. Then he added: "You are mad. You, the daughter of the Emperor's Prefect! At any moment you may ruin yourself—"

"I care not."

"And your father and all the rest."

"True. I wish father had never accepted this post under the new government. It makes him seem an accessory."

"On the contrary, it enables him to act as a go-between."

"That also is true. With your calm judgment, Floris, you see many things more correctly than I."

The young man smiled approval. "Always, then, let yourself be advised by me," he answered. "I know what is best for us both."

She pouted prettily. "'Always' is a very solemn word," she said. "'Almost always' must suffice you."

"Of course," he retorted, "I must leave you the privilege of an occasional mistake." Then they lapsed into silence, each thinking, she of him, he of other things, till a knock at the summer-house door called them back to the needs of the moment.

And the need of that moment was suddenly great. A servant stood in the quiet of the summer-house, holding out an official missive marked "Urgent"—or rather, as men wrote in that day: "Haste! Haste!"

The young man took it; his fingers trembled, for the times were evil. An ashen pallor overspread his features as he hurriedly scanned the contents. Unable to speak, he extended the paper to his cousin.

It contained the nomination of Floris van der Holst as page of honor to his Majesty the Emperor, to accompany him on his Russian campaign.

The two stared at each other aghast.

It was some moments before the young man could frame his trembling lips to form words.

"The other poor wretches were selected a couple of months ago," he stammered at last. "Who—who—can have—"

"An enemy," she answered, dully. She took up the paper. "It is signed by the military commander," she said. "It ought to have passed through the Prefect's hands."

He started up with a scream of rage and fear. "I can't go," he cried; "I can't do it. It will kill me. My God! it means death."

"Dear Floris, they will take care of the hostages."

"Yes, call them by their right name. You are bold, Agnes. He drags these victims, as all know, behind his chariot, that they may answer for their well-born relations' good faith with their innocent lives. I can't go, Agnes; I can't. Ask the doctors. It will kill me! Oh, my God!" The sweat stood out on his forehead. A drop ran down to his eyelid. He wiped it away with his sleeve.

"Hush!" she said. "Is there no escape?" She still held the document. "It says that you must set out, at once, within six hours, so as to catch up those starting to-morrow from Arnheim. The Emperor leaves Paris on the 12th. You meet him on the Rhine."

"Oh, spare me the details!" he cried, wildly. "I—I—"

"Possibly my father might help us."

Again he screamed aloud. "Not a word to your father! It were my ruin. You see, this whole plan has been executed outside, against, him. As soon as he hears of the matter he must carry out the law or imperil his own head."

"He will not do that," she replied.

The young man paced up and down the floor of the summer-house, like a wild beast endeavoring to escape. "I must fly," he breathed, faintly. "I must fly."

"Impossible. Who can fly? Where to?"

"To England."

"That means beggary."

"My money is there. The greater part of it. I am not such a fool as your father thinks."

"But you cannot fly. Impossible to get away."

"Need you tell me that? Oh, great Heaven! I would give every penny I've left for a passport."

She quivered, as with an electric shock, from her head to her feet. "A passport," she repeated, and turned red and white.

Her tone and her manner struck him. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"I was thinking."

"Thinking? Thinking what? There is not a moment to lose."

"But, Floris—"

"Do you mean anything or do you not? If your father comes home, and knows, and finds me here, all is lost."

"He is gone into Haarlem for the day."

"Within an hour or two I must be on the road to the south. You will never see me again."

She gazed at him with burning eyes. In sooth, he looked utterly unfit to encounter the hardships of a Russian campaign.

"It means death," he repeated. "It means death."

"Listen to me," she began. "On my father's secrétaire lies a paper. I was to give it to the Englishman who has been here negotiating about that exchange of prisoners—the fishermen. Father expressly told me all about it before leaving this morning. It is the Englishman's passport."

He stopped in front of her, suddenly calm. "Get it me," he said.

"But the risk? You speak as if it were the easiest thing in the world."

"It is not an easy thing. It is very difficult. But anything is better than certain and horrible death."

"The Englishman is probably not at all like you."

"I shall make myself like the Englishman."

"If you are discovered—"

He stamped his foot. Already he was half outside the door. She followed him across the garden and into her father's private room. He ran up to the bureau and snatched the folded paper off it. She looked over his shoulder.

"Dark hair," she read. "Whiskers."

He interrupted her. "All that matters nothing," he said. "The height tallies. Leave the rest to me."

"There is a woman also," she persisted. "It says, 'with his wife.'"

For a moment he faltered. "I must arrange that," he answered, presently. "I will say she was ill and I had to leave her behind."

She caught up the words like an echo. "Yes," she said. "You had to leave her behind."

He had hidden the precious paper in his breast pocket. "I must get away before I meet my uncle," he cried.

"Yes. I must meet him," she answered.

He turned to her, but her face was impassive. "At least he will not kill you," he said. "They would kill me." He caught her to his breast and kissed her, and was gone.

She stepped to the window and watched him hurrying away.

Half an hour later he was in Haarlem, where he lived, his uncle's country house standing on the farther side of the Haarlem wood, some four miles up the road to Leyden. As far as Amsterdam he could travel with all publicity, and declare that he was going southwards, in obedience to the imperial order. His plan was to reach the capital in his own name, and then, under cover of the darkness, to slip on to the British vessel which he knew to be waiting for the man whose pass he had seized. This was, of course, a perilous undertaking—quite impracticable, should the harbor officials scent a cause, however faint, of suspicion. Once aboard, he trusted to the weightiest of arguments, gold, to make the captain immediately lift anchor.

After hurried preparations for his departure, he betook himself to the little house at the back of the Walloon church. He had been there so often; it seemed strange, as he walked along the familiar Haarlem streets, to think he was saying good-by to it all for many a day, possibly forever—almost certainly forever to Marguerite.

She looked up with a smile as he entered. "Fie, *méchant*," she said. "It is Tuesday. Thou didst promise for Saturday night."

"Marguerite," he replied, "I am called away to the army in Russia. I must leave within an hour."

The girl turned white and red, and white again. "It were a splendid thing," she said, "if—"

"If what?" he exclaimed, angrily. "You women always think of glory. Besides, there's no question of glory. They want me as a hostage, a non-combatant, a page d'honneur."

"You cannot go. You are not strong enough."

"You are a sensible girl, Marguerite. No, I cannot go. I must fly. I must get away to England. That is my only chance."

"To England!" She threw up her pretty hands. "To the enemy! Ah no! that were worst of all."

"We have no time to talk politics," he replied, with nervous irritation. "You may be French, but I am not, and your enemies are not naturally mine. I fly where I can get away from your Emperor."

"He is a great man," she exclaimed, kindling, "a maker of kings. If you only were strong like other youths—"

"Oh, by all means, betray me!" he cried. "Go find your old mother among her perfume-pots and tell her my secret, that she may inform the first official who comes to have his French mustaches dyed black."

"How you wrong me! You wrong me!" she answered. "I forgive. Go thou, then, to England, and forget."

He did not look at her, sullenly beating his foot on the floor.

It was she who broke the silence. "But this escape!" she said, slowly; "you speak as if it were an easy thing. The commissary of police was telling only yesterday, as my mother soothed his wrinkles, of a poor fellow that had run away from the conscription—" She broke off, shuddering.

"Go on!" he cried.

"They caught him on an English fishing-smack, and the military authorities hanged him as an informer."

"Marguerite, you can keep my secrets, and, besides, I need your help. I have got an English passport. I must be made up to match the description, and no one in the country can do that as well as you."

"Mother can," she said.

"Your mother is a chatterbox, and mad about your Emperor. And she is the intimate friend of every French coxcomb in the town. Swear that you will not breathe a word to your mother. I have confided in you. Help me."

"Dearest, I will do everything for you," she said.

He kissed her. Then he took out the passport, and immediately they discussed professional details. He must assume the disguise in Amsterdam.

"Your uncle and cousins," she said, "are in that city. You go to them to take leave?"

"No; they came to their country house again for the summer last week. All last year he could not get away from Amsterdam."

"I know," she said; "and so I have never seen them, never seen her."

"You do not want to see them."

"Is she pretty?"

"Certainly not as pretty as you. Still, she is pretty also."

"Different?"

"Very different. Cold and handsome."

"And I am warm—am I not?—and passionate. But her name is not like yours, van—der—Holst?" She lisped charmingly over the rough foreign syllables.

"No, you cannot remember their long Dutch name. I have told it you before. I have no time now to chat about my uncle and cousins. So you think you can manage the wart?"

"Of course I can manage the wart."

She was studying the document. Suddenly she gave a cry. "There is a woman in it! A wife!"

"Yes, there is."

"Who is going with you?" She turned her flaming black eyes on him. "Oh, Floris!—your cousin—"

"Ta-ta-ta! Thou speakest foolishness. My cousin, the Prefect's daughter, is safe at home with her father, the Prefect."

She gave a great gasp. "But how then?" she stammered. "Who?"

"I must manage."

"You cannot. *That* is foolishness. Do you think for one moment they will let you pass without full information about the woman? Of these things, it seems, I know more than you. I hear the officers talking. If they doubt your passport—if they stop you—you are lost!"

He burst into lamentations and reproaches, like a petulant child.

For only answer she threw her arms about his neck.

"Let me go," she said. And as he did not answer: "As your wife. Let

me go," she said. Then, as he still halted, "It is your only chance of safety," she said.

He cast a frightened glance around him. "We will go together," he replied. "In Heaven's name."

The light of joy that had suffused her face died away to a smile over the last three words.

"In whatever name," she said, softly. "We will go together."

"But your mother!" he protested. "The cackling—"

She laid her hand against his mouth. "I will go to Amsterdam this afternoon, by the diligence, to buy cosmetics," she said. "We will meet there, after nightfall, at some small inn."

"No," he answered, "at the Doelen Hotel, to avoid all suspicion. From there we will go to some private place—for the night, as they think,—and so get away."

Whilst these arrangements were being made at Haarlem, Agnes was preparing herself as best she could to face her father on his return. The terrible hours of doubt and speculation passed, as such hours will, in swift eddies and stagnant swamps. They brought her no satisfactory solution, nor had she expected them to do so; nothing remained but to bear the consequences of what was almost a crime. "They will not kill you," had been Floris's farewell. She supposed not.

Her father came home late—which was early, for in those days people dined at four. She had to meet him and her brothers and sisters at table. But nobody noticed how she looked.

She was gulping down a spoonful or two of soup, when the servant announced the Englishman. Her portly father laid down his napkin. "Dear me, yes," he said. "The Englishman. Of course. I had forgotten all about him." So speaking, the Prefect rose with leisurely dignity and proceeded to cross the white marble vestibule.

Before he reached his door a faint call arrested him.

"Father!" said Agnes.

"My dear child, I shall be back in a moment. What is it?" he asked, testily.

"Let me speak to you first." She threw open the drawing-room door. He followed, annoyed.

"You will not find the passport," she said.

"Well, then, get it," he answered, supposing she had locked it up for safety.

"I—I can't," she said, helplessly. "I have given it away."

He did not laugh nor cry out at her. He understood at once—so serious were the times—that he was face to face with some tragedy. And his first thought was naturally of himself, the Emperor's Dutch Prefect, in his exposed position, of his children and his house. He closed the door.

"Tell me at once what mad thing you have done," he said, sternly.

And she told him, in broken accents, of her cousin's despair and her help. He was chiefly shocked by the fact that the whole scheme, which ought to have passed through his hands, had been elaborated without his knowledge. "It is a deed of personal enmity against Floris," he remarked. "And your action all the more dangerous on that account. What enemy can he have?"

"I know of none."

"Some one who has influence with the military commander," reflected the Prefect. "Some rival—" The word at once led him to an accurate solution, for he knew of Mademoiselle Marguerite and her mother's "beauty-shop," frequented by all the young officers of Haarlem. He checked himself, and reverting to the question of immediate importance, "A pretty mess we are in," he said. "I must make this man out a new passport. No, that will not help us. Good heavens! Agnes, you must get back that paper, or I don't know what may happen." He seemed hardly to realize the predicament before; now his stately cheeks grew pale.

She answered calmly, for one contingency at least she had thought out during that long afternoon. "You must put off the Englishman till to-morrow. In the morning I will go to the military commander and confess what I have done. He is a man of rank and a Frenchman. I am not a bit afraid of him, father."

The Prefect smiled in spite of himself. After all, the chief thing the unknown enemy had wanted was manifestly the young man's removal, whether to Russia

or to England would not probably matter much.

But the next moment the smile had given way to a look of genuine alarm. "There is a woman in the passport," cried the Prefect. "He is running his head into the noose!"

"He said he would manage," replied Agnes, paling.

"Manage! His only chance lies in a hurried passage through the custom-house. If he is stopped, if inquiries are made—well, you know as well as I!"

Yes, she knew.

"The whole thing is madness," continued the Prefect. "The danger he affronts is enormous. He must be stopped. The boat will not sail much before midnight. I must send one of your brothers after him to recover the passport and bring him back."

She stood thinking.

"I will send Felix!" said the Prefect, deliberately, and moved towards the door.

She looked up. "Let me go too!"

"Why, what use would you be?"

"I think I might persuade him," she answered, blushing, "to do what is best."

He gazed at her. "Perhaps," he said. "By all means let him go to Russia. I don't believe in his delicate health."

So it was settled. Half an hour later the brother and sister were driving along the road towards Haarlem, the young fellow much pleased with the importance of his rôle in this adventure, the young girl pensive, with a project in the depths of her eyes.

They did not converse much, for she answered in monosyllables. Half-way a slight mishap to the harness delayed them. Night had fallen, cold and windy, when they drove into the desolate and dimly lighted streets of Amsterdam.

"Trust me to find him, wherever he is," Felix had boasted; but his perspicacity was not called into account, for when the carriage drove up to the Doelen Hotel, one of the first things they noticed in alighting was a large trunk with Floris's name on it standing near the door. They learned that the Heer van der Holst was staying in the house, but had gone out, declaring his intention to return for supper. They stared at each other and at the trunk. Was it possible that he had abandoned his idea

of flight, having found it impracticable? Agnes asked to be conducted to a private room and to be immediately apprised of his return. Her brother went to hunt for him.

Meanwhile Floris and the French girl had experienced a terrible end to the first stage of their journey. For Marguerite had been taken ill within half a league of the city gates, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the travellers had reached the hotel. She now lay in a bedroom there, suffering less, but still miserably weak. But the pain of her body dwindled beneath the distress of her mind. For all continuation of the journey was utterly out of the question. And the boat—Floris's last chance of escape—would sail within a couple of hours.

"What is that?" she asked, lifting up her face in alarm, from dull misery, as noises and voices became audible in the passage and the adjoining apartment.

A chambermaid was with her—a fat woman, full of motherly advice and commiseration. "A new arrival," said the woman, and went out to reconnoitre. She came back with satisfactory information. It was only a sweet young lady, evidently of the higher classes, all by herself, probably not come to stay the night, as she had no luggage with her, only a reticule.

The girl, left to herself, lay thinking in the darkness. The steps of her neighbor could be heard for some time pacing restlessly to and fro. Then all was silence. Marguerite, in the stillness of the hour, rose up painfully on her couch. She stretched out her hand, with sudden resolve, to the bell, and rang it loud, like a challenge. The woman, who had promised to remain within call, appeared at once.

"So?" said the woman, her face all abeam with interest.

"Tell me of this lady in the next room," replied Marguerite. "Tell me immediately. She is Dutch, you say—not French?"

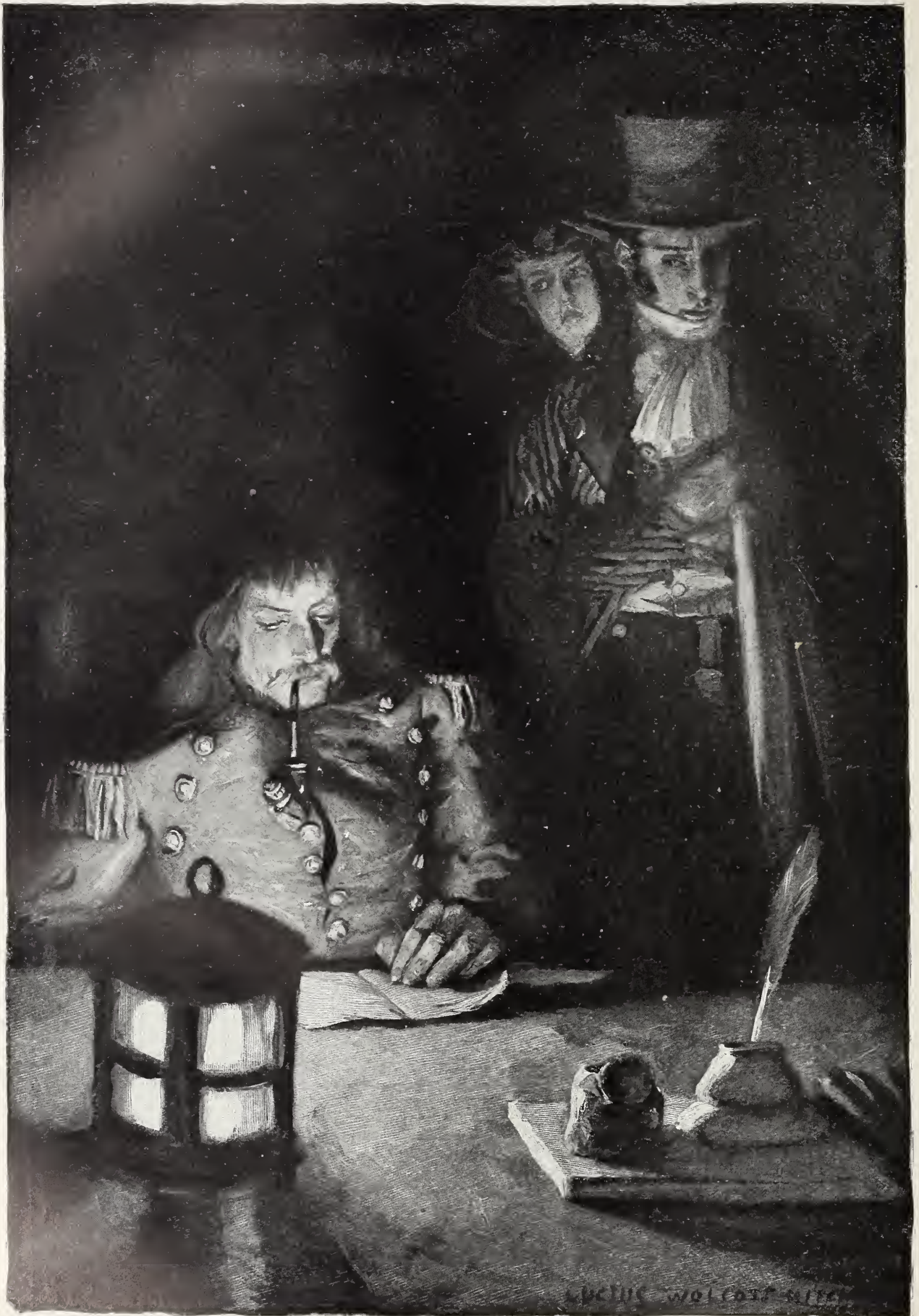
"Dutch, every inch of her; a sweet, high-born lady, as any one can see."

"Young? Kind-looking?"

"All kindness and goodness and sweetness and youth," said the tender-hearted chambermaid. "'I wouldn't trouble you,' she says twice in one minute. No, nor she wouldn't trouble a flea."



"ARE YOU A GOOD PATRIOT? DO YOU LOVE YOUR COUNTRYMEN?"



See page 117

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE EXAMINATION

Marguerite had let herself slip from the couch. "I will go to her," she said.

"You lie still, my pretty—"

"At once. There is no time to be lost. Help me. Any moment some one may join her."

"I will go and call her—prepare her!"

"She might refuse. Come, aid me before my husband returns." She dragged herself the few requisite steps, the woman assisting her.

"Come in," said a pleasant voice. The French girl sank on the nearest seat.

"Let me speak to you a moment alone, for the love of God!" she said, exchanging her broken Dutch for her own language.

Agnes motioned assent. She had thought the knock to mean her cousin. The note lay ready on the table by which she informed Felix of her intention to accompany Floris through the custom-house and to leave the British vessel in a rowing-boat, landing far up the Y before sunrise. The plan had its manifest dangers, but she was certain that the journey to Russia, for Floris, meant nothing less than death. The disappointment and surprise of the stranger's entrance took away her voice.

"Are you a good patriot? Do you love your countrymen?" continued Marguerite, eagerly. The chambermaid departed, grumbling at foreign lingo.

The young lady in the high-backed tapestry chair drew a little aside. The light from the single oil-lamp, under its green shade, fell, heavily clouded by the dark and lofty chamber, across her white hands lying listless in the lap of her travelling-dress. Near to her the French girl lay more than sat, her hand stretched out in an anguish of appeal.

"I love my country," came the guarded reply.

"Trust me, mademoiselle! I have little time to lose. Swear to me by the Blessed Virgin—nay, by some oath you Huguenots keep—swear secrecy, silence!" A spasm crossed her face.

"You are ill! You are suffering!" exclaimed Agnes, in an altered voice.

"No, no! Swear! It is a matter of life and death."

"Hush! Calm yourself. I swear."

"I am come here with a young Dutchman flying for his life. I can go no farther

—no, not to save a life! I should but lose three. Within an hour he must be on board the vessel." She paused.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"He cannot go alone. He cannot go alone."

"I do not understand."

"He cannot present himself at the custom-house alone. His passport is made out for a man and his wife."

"And you are his wife? But they will not hurt *you*."

"The passport is not his; it will not bear scrutiny. The passport bears another name. The name of an Englishman."

"Whose name?" asked the listener, and struck down the lamp-shade.

"Does that matter? I know not. The name of an Englishman. I come to you. I ask, have you not a maid, some woman to be trusted, that can go with your countryman on board, through the customs?"

"And then?" The other girl's voice had grown steadier.

"Then she would take the rowing-boat up the Y and be landed at some lonely spot, in the darkness."

"That was your plan?" The voice was again quite calm.

Silence.

"That was your plan?"

"Mine?—no. Did I not tell you I was his wife?"

"His wife! His wife!"

"Ah, do not cry out thus! Do not reproach me, mademoiselle. There are things you young ladies do not understand. He was going to take me with him to England and marry me there."

"Woman, you are a liar! You have lied to me about this last thing. Who knows but that you lie to me about all?"

The French girl burst into violent weeping. "*You* know," she said, covering her face with her hands. "You can hear, you can see the truth of my story. Do they speak as I do who act a part? Help me, help him, for the love of Heaven!"

The girl in the chair lay back without moving. At length she said, checking the other's hysterical sobs, "I will help you if you tell me his name."

"Why—why?"

"I will help you if you tell me his name."

"His name—oh, remember your oath!—his name is Floris van der Holst."

"Oh, do not weep thus, girl, for you make me weep too!"

"You weep! You weep for me!" cried Marguerite, in amazement. "Ah, you are good! And I thought the women of your rank were unkind."

"You were mistaken," replied Agnes, mastering her emotion. "I will help this Mynheer van der Holst. Is he with you? Send him to me at once."

She had scarcely done speaking when a man's step was heard in the passage. The door opened, and Felix came in.

He stopped, astonished. Agnes had sprung to her feet. Marguerite attempted to do the same, but fell back.

"Felix, this lady is ill. She cannot reach her room. She came in here. You must help her." The room was full of the smell of "eau de Reine."

Flattered and pleased, Felix lifted the fair freight and bodily bore it into the adjoining apartment. Then, summoning the chambermaid, he at once led back his sister.

"Do you know who that lady is?"

"No—Felix,—oh, Felix!—do you?"

"It is the little French hair-dresser from Haarlem. Her mother came with the officers—the 'marchande de beauté.'"

"I care not. What of Floris?"

"Nothing. It is past ten, and the ship sails before midnight. I suppose he has gone to the Kalverstraat to make purchases. But he must come back to this hotel for his luggage."

"True!" She pushed him towards the door. "Go, Felix—go to the shops—stop him—find him!"

"I'm sure I'm right," replied the youth, delighted with his own sagacity. But he turned in the doorway. "Agnes, you have been weeping!"

"Who would not weep? Go, Felix, but be back in an hour."

"Supposing I were to go to the customs?" he suggested.

"On no account do that!" she cried. "Your loitering there would be sure to arouse suspicion. If you do not find him, come back here at the last moment. As you say, he must return for his luggage."

She almost thrust him out. Then she came back, and was about to sink on the

settee lately occupied by Marguerite. But she drew away and fell upon another couch, burying her face in the cushions in the darkness.

The doctor was in the next room, with the man who had brought him—Floris.

"Removal of any kind is out of the question," said the physician. "Surely you can see that?"

"Yes, I can—now," replied Floris, both sullenly and sadly. "I had hoped against hope."

"You were wishing to continue your journey?" inquired the doctor, curiously.

"Oh no; I was anxious to move to a private house."

The physician grunted such words as "immovable," "absolute repose"; he squeaked querulous protest, for the invalid had lifted herself on one arm.

"Floris!" she gasped, eagerly, "go into the next room. Speak to the lady there. Ask her to do as she promised me. She is willing to help us."

"She? Who? What lady?"

"A strange lady. A good woman. You can trust her. Go."

The young man obeyed. His heart, from its despair, gave a sudden leap of unexplained expectation. He hastened to the adjoining apartment, knocked, and entered.

A woman had half lifted herself on a couch in a dark corner. She came forward to the dim light, then shrank back.

"Agnes!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered.

"Agnes, I do not understand. What has passed?" he stammered, wretchedly. "You must allow me to explain."

"There is no time for explanations," she said, measuring the words she had prepared. "Nor do I think they are necessary. My brother is here to stop you."

"The blackguard!"

"Do not let us scatter epithets. I have put him off the scent."

"It is no use. I am lost, anyhow. I have but an hour left. Not a soul can I trust."

"You can trust me."

"Oh, Agnes—my darling." He had run forward; she put him away.

"I will be your—the woman you require. I ask no questions. I"—her voice

faltered—"I expect no promises. Let us start. But before we go I demand of you, as you are a man and a—anything but a craven coward,—go to that poor creature and make *her* such promises, great or small, as she has a right to expect."

"I will do whatever you require," he said, humbly.

"I require nothing. You promised to make her your wife. Is that reasonable? I cannot tell. I see that she has risked all she has for you. Once more I say, I ask no questions. I need know nothing. Go to her. She believes in you. At least show that you are not a—nay, we will not bandy epithets. I shall be waiting for you in the passage. I am ready."

When he joined her, he began, with much embarrassment, to explain what was needed.

"I must take you," he said, "to a sort of place you have never seen before—a house of entertainment. If the police are watching me, as I presume, they will think we intend to remain there. My luggage is at the hotel. I must leave it behind."

She thought with bitterness of her position at that moment—she, the Prefect's daughter. But she only drew the hood of her heavy mantle about her face. He continued speaking, earnest words, tender words, a medley of excuse and appeal. After a moment she stopped him.

"Let us not speak," she said. "What further need is there of words between you and me?"

They went on then, in silence. Through the still streets, with here and there, at corners, a miserable oil-lamp. Into the hospitable doors where his coming was expected and his early departure most heavily paid for. A brief pause while he made up to suit the passport, she not helping him, from sheer inability to touch him, as she stood by his side. Then away down the desolate back garden and out at the gate by the water. Away, in unbroken silence still, along deserted byways, to the terrible moment at the custom-house.

"An Englishman and his wife, of no particular importance, a third-rate unofficial agent of the British government, described in the passport as a solicitor's clerk, embarking in the small vessel about to start for England." The "sig-

nalement" is sufficiently accurate. A few lazy glances in these tired night-watches. A heavy stamp on the document, fees—the breath of the night wind, the lap of the water, and a rowing-boat throbbing with two throbbing hearts.

"I am safe," he whispered in her ear. "The captain is bribed to start as soon as I am on board. The wind is straight for freedom!" Then suddenly, most tardily, he seemed to remember. "And you?" he said.

"These men will land me on the other side," she answered, "at my aunt's farm of 'Veldzicht'; there I shall spend what remains of the night. I have left a note at the hotel for Felix. To-morrow I return to Haarlem and confess all to the General."

"He will not hurt a woman," murmured Floris, smoothly.

"No," she answered him. "Men never do."

His thoughts had flown back across the dark of the water. "But how about 'Veldzicht'?" he said. "You planned this before!"

"What if I did?" she asked, fiercely.

"You—you came after me to help me."

"In troth I did not know another woman had already undertaken the task."

He did not reply. Already they were approaching the bigger vessel. Her broad bows loomed black in the dark.

"But she failed, you see," continued Agnes, in accents of sad triumph. "So my aid was not superfluous, after all."

He caught hold of her fingers and covered them with kisses. Then, as the boat swept alongside, he sprang to a rope ladder dangling ready, and clung to it with both hands, eager to climb.

She had risen in the rowing-boat as he left it. And she flung herself forward, with both arms about his neck, and kissed him repeatedly on each cheek.

Holding on with one hand, a foot raised on a rung of the ladder, he disengaged an arm to encircle her waist. But already she had sunk back in the stern. The boat broke away.

"Go!" she said, in a low voice, to the men.

He hung on the ladder. "Agnes!" he cried. "Au revoir!"

She looked at him quickly in the darkness. "Ah no!" she said. "Adieu!"

Some Real American Music

BY EMMA BELL MILES

IT is generally believed that America has no folk-music, nothing distinctively native out of which a national school of advanced composition may arise. The commercial spirit of the age, and our conventional mode of existence, have so far effaced original types of character and romantic phases of life that the folk-song seems already a thing of the past.

Dvorák and a few other composers have indeed made use of negro themes, and the aboriginal Indian music has been seriously treated more than once. But these compositions, however excellent, are no expression of American life and character; they fall as strangely on our ears as any foreign product.

But there is hidden among the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas a people of whose inner nature and its musical expression almost nothing has been said. The music of the Southern mountaineer is not only peculiar, but, like himself, peculiarly American.

Nearly all mountaineers are singers. Their untrained voices are of good timbre, the women's being sweet and high and tremulous, and their sense of pitch and tone and harmony remarkably true. The fiddler or the banjo-player is well treated and beloved among them, like the minstrel of feudal days.

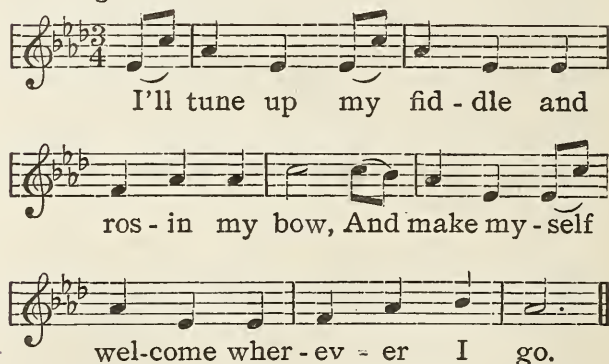
The mountain fiddler rarely cuddles his instrument under his chin; he sets it against the middle of his chest, and grasping his bow near the middle, wields it with a jiggling movement quite unlike the long sweep of the accomplished violinist's bow-arm. It is sometimes complained that their playing is too rapid and jerky; but the tunes are composed for this tempo, and no other would be found suitable.

Prominent among the elements of this music is that leading American characteristic, humor; not the sparkling wit of

the French, nor the broad, clumsy jollification of the Teuton; not sarcasm nor irony, but the keen, wholesome, freakish American love of a laugh pervades directly or indirectly almost every line. The music, too, while usually minor, is not of a plaintive tendency; there are few laments, no sobbing and wailing. In this it differs radically from that of savage peoples. Neither has it any martial throb or clang. It is reflective, meditative, with a vein of genial and sunny philosophy; the tunes chuckle, not merrily, but in amused contemplation.

The mountaineer is fond of turning the joke on himself. He makes fun of his own poverty, his own shiftlessness, his ignorance, his hard luck, and his crimes:

Allegretto.



I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow,
And make myself welcome wherever I go.

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when
I'm dry;
If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I
die.

I went up on the mountain and give my
horn a blow;
Ev'ry gal in the valley come running to
the do'.

As I went down to my old field, I heard
a mighty maulin';
The seed-ticks was a-splittin' rails; the chig-
gers was a-haulin'.

Once touched by religious emotions, however, the mountaineer seems to lose his sense of the ridiculous entirely—the deeps of his nature are reached at last. The metaphors of Scripture, the natural expression of the Oriental mind, are taken with a literalness and seriousness against which one cannot help thinking a touch of humor might be a saving grace.

Hit's the old Ship of Zion, as she comes,
Hit's the old Ship of Zion, as she comes,
Hit's the old Ship of Zion, the old Ship of Zion,
Hit's the old Ship of Zion, as she comes.

She'll be loaded with bright angels when she comes, etc.

Oh, brothers, what will you do when she comes? etc.

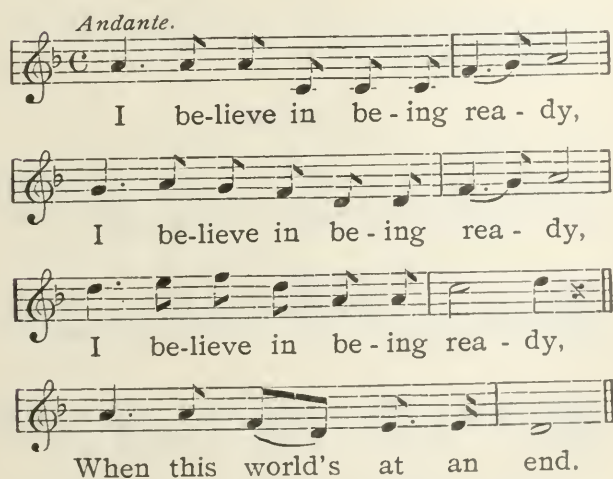
We will flee to the rocks and the mountains, etc.

Repetition carried to the point of wearisomeness is a favorite form of revival hymns:

Some have fathers up in glory,
Some have fathers up in glory,
Some have fathers up in glory,
On the other shore.

Some bright day we'll go and see them,
Some bright day we'll go and see them,
Some bright day we'll go and see them,
On the other bright shore.

Andante.



I be-lieve in be-ing rea - dy,
I be-lieve in be-ing rea - dy,
I be-lieve in be-ing rea - dy,
When this world's at an end.

Oh, just let me in the kingdom,
Oh, just let me in the kingdom,
Oh, just let me in the kingdom,
When this world's at an end.

Here a feeling for the supernatural is uppermost. The oddly changing keys, the endings that leave the ear in expectation

of something to follow, the quavers and falsettos, become in recurrence a haunting hint of the spirit world; neither beneficent nor maleficent, neither devil nor angel, but something,—something not to be understood, yet to be certainly apprehended. It is to the singer as if he stood within a sorcerer's circle, crowded upon by an invisible throng.

RAIN, MIGHTY LORD

Andante.



Rain, oh, rain, mighty Sav - - iour,
Rain con - vert - ing pow - er down,
Rain, mighty Lord. The way the ho-ly
proph-ets went, Rain, might-y
Sav-iour, The road that leads from
ban-ish-ment, Rain, might-y Lord.

Shout, shout, we're gaining ground,
O halle-hallelujah;
The power of God is a-comin' down—
O glory hallelu'.

I do believe beyond a doubt,
O halle-hallelujah;
The Christian has a right to shout—
O glory hallelu'.

It is their one emotional outlet. Having no theatre, no bull-fight, no arena, no sensational feature of any kind in their lives, they must, being a high-strung race, find vent some other way.

They rock to and fro softly, crooning and moaning, until the impulse comes upon them to leap into the air and scream and shout until exhausted. It is common for women, and even men, to injure themselves unawares; or, at baptizings, to pitch headlong into the water. I have seen convulsions and even temporary insanity brought on by these excesses. It is the music that produces this feeling; but these songs cannot be fairly judged

sung out of their natural setting of brushwood camp or half-lighted log church, and reenforced by the vibrant, frenzied voices of exhorters and the high strained singsong of the preacher who has reached what is known as his "weavin' way." I confess that the wild fascination of a mountain revival has a strange power over me; the scene and the music draw me with a charm that I do not understand.

Such a religion has naturally little to do with the moral law. I am far from wishing to imply that they regard no principles of right and wrong, or that their own code of morals is not rigidly adhered to by the majority. The popular idea in this connection is, I am well aware, one of mere lawlessness. But the world at large knows little of the mountain people except as some bloody feud or fight over a raided still finds its way into court. This is as if one judged society by the divorce columns and reports of fraud and embezzlement. It should be remembered that the greater number of the mountaineers never get into the newspapers. Who is there to speak of their hospitality, their independence, their fidelity to marriage bonds? They are really of superior moral fibre for so primitive a race.

But, like most primitive peoples, they are prone to hold brute courage the first of the virtues, and the hero of their ballad is too often the criminal. The bold robber stands to their minds as the buccaneers and marooners of the Spanish Main stood to seventeenth-century England. He is the Man Who Dared—that is all—and if justice overtakes him, their sympathies, of course, follow him all the more.

Last night as I lay sleeping, I dreamt a pleasant dream;
I dreamt I was down in Moscow, 'way down
by Pearly stream;
The prettiest girl beside me, had come to go my bail;
I woke up, broken-hearted, in Knoxville
County jail.

In come my jailer, about nine o'clock,
A bunch of keys was in his hand, my cell
door to unlock,
Saying, "Cheer you up, my prisoner, for I
heard some voices say
You're bound to hear your sentence some
time to-day."

In come my mother, about ten o'clock,
Saying, "Oh, my lovin' Johnny, what sen-
tence have you got?"

"The jury found me guilty, and the judge
a-standin' by
Has sent me down to Knoxville to lock me
up to die."

THE GAMBLING MAN

I have played cards in England,
I have played cards in Spain,
I always played the high-low-jack,
And never lost a game.

My mammy used to talk to me
Of things I hadn't seen;
Said she, "My boy, you'll be in the work-
house
Before you are sixteen."

I knew she was a-talkin',
But I thought she was in fun,
But I had to wear the ball and chain
Before I was twenty-one.

I'll play cards with a white man
And I'll play with him fair;
I'll play the hat right off of his head,
And I'll play him for his hair.

I've gambled away my pocketbook;
I've gambled away my comb;
I've gambled away all the money I had,
And now I will go home.

There are simple dance tunes, such as "Citico," "Shady Grove," and "Musk-rat," to which a mere shuffling step is measured, the couples dancing in an "eight-handed set":

MUSKRAT



Romantic love as a *motif* is almost altogether absent throughout the mountaineer's music. It is a subject of which he is very shy. His passion is not a thing to be proclaimed from the housetops. Once married, his affection is a beautiful thing, faithful to whatever end; but he does not sing of it.

The young men and maidens have, however, something that stands to them instead of love-songs—almost, one suspects, instead of wooing. These are the “kissing games,” half dance, half romping child-play. They are next of kin to the old May-pole dance—real playing at love,—games in which much choosing of partners takes place, and many kisses are taken openly, in wholesome lightness of heart as part of the game. These are such games as the children of more civilized societies play; but the mountain children rarely organize their frolics into games;—their sport is scarcely more elaborate than the romping of colts in a pasture, or the imitative pranks of monkeys. They are half-grown lads and girls who sing these songs, and tall bachelors are not in the least ashamed of joining in with whole-hearted abandon.

Hit's over the river to feed my sheep;
Hit's over the river, Charley;
Hit's over the river to feed my sheep
And see my lonesome darling.

You stole my partner, to my dislike,
You stole my partner, to my dislike,
You stole my partner, to my dislike,
And also my dear darling.

I'll have her back before daylight, etc.

The following is a game of marriage, with a ceremony of joining hands:

All around this world so straight
Go choose the one to be your mate.

The ceremony completed, they dance in a ring around the happy pair:

Kiss the bride and kiss her sweet;
Now you rise upon your feet.

Another gives a picture of a burlesque paradise:

Where coffee grows on white-oak trees,
The river runs with brandy;
The boys are made of lumps of gold,
And the girls are sweet as candy.

“Weevily Wheat” is very old and very popular. It is more like a dance than a game:

O law, mother, my toes are sore,
Tra la la la la la la;

Dancing on your sandy floor,
Tra la la la la la la.
Your weevily wheat isn't fit to eat,
And neither is your barley;
I won't have none of your weevily wheat
To make a cake for Charley.

Charley he is a handsome lad,
Charley is a dandy;
Charley he is the very one
That sold his hat for brandy.
Your weevily wheat isn't fit to eat,
Nor neither is your barley;
We'll have some flour in half an hour
To make a cake for Charley.

It is not improbable that the “Charley” of these songs is the Prince Charlie of Jacobite ballads. “Over the River, Charley,” may or may not be an echo of “Over the Waters to Charlie,” for a large proportion of the mountain people are descended from Scotch Highlanders who left their homes on account of the persecutions which harassed them during Prince Charlie's time, and began life anew in the wilderness of the Alleghenies.

The mountaineers sing many ballads of old England and Scotland. Their taste in music has no doubt been guided by these, which have come down from their ancestors. Indeed, so prone are they to cling to tradition that it is often difficult to distinguish these from their own modern compositions, especially as many have been recast, words, names of localities, and obsolete or unfamiliar phrases having been changed to fit their comprehension—Chester town being substituted for London town, and the like. Here is one exactly as it was sung to me by two young girls in the mountains:

THE LADIE BRIGHT

Andante.

It was a la - die bright; Each
child she had was three; She
sent them off to a Northern State, For to
learn their gram - ar - ie.

It was a ladie bright;
Each child she had was three;
She sent them off to a Northern State
For to learn their grammarie.

They had been gone but a little time—
Two months, perhaps, or three—
Till sickness spread all over the land
And swept her babes away.

She prayed if there was a King in Heaven
Who chose to wear a crown,
That He would send them home that night
Or in the morning soon.

'Twas twelve long months, about Christmas-
tide,
The night being cold and long,
The three little ones came running home,
And into their mother's arms.

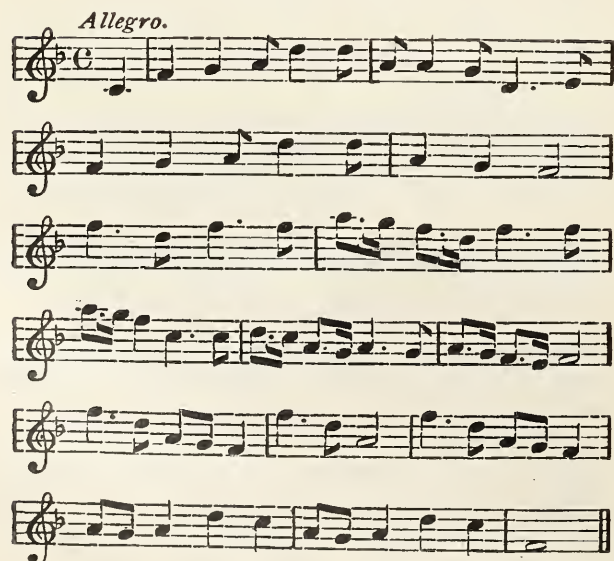
She set a table before them soon,
On it spread bread and wine,
"Now, come along my little babes,
Come, eat and drink of mine."
"I may not eat of your bread, my mother,
Nor drink none of your wine."

She fixed a bed in the back room side,
On it spread a clean sheet,
And over the top spread a golden skirt
For to make a sweeter sleep.

"Awake, awake," said the oldest one,—
"Now soon the cock will crow.
I see our Saviour smiling down,
And to Him we must go."

Some of the best instrumental music
is of a descriptive nature, reflecting
vividly the incidents of every-day life.
Peculiar fingerings of the strings, close

CAKCLING HEN



harmonies, curious snaps and slides and twangs, and the accurate observations of an ear attuned to all the sounds of nature, enter largely into the composition of these. In the "Cackling Hen" the cackle, hard, high, and cheerfully prosaic, is remarkably well rendered, as may be easily seen.

"Big Jim" is a dance tune in which the major melody drops suddenly into a running repetition of two or three minor notes, beautifully like the drumming of rain on a cabin roof.

In the "Fox-Chase," the baying of the hounds, from the eager start of the pack as they take up the trail to the last lin-

THE FOX-CHASE



gering yelp, after the quarry is treed, is given by the banjo accompaniment. The spoken "patter" runs along irrespective of rhythm, interpolated irregularly with the hunting-cry. It is almost impossible to reduce the effect to musical notation; the emphasis is all on the hound's deep note; the thumb-string, while almost imperceptible to the ear, still plays an important part in producing the rhythm. It begins with a regular movement, which grows more and more rapid and exciting as it progresses; then, as the fox is treed, the close comes, suddenly, with the baying of "Old Sounder."

Boys, blow up the dogs and let's have a fox-chase. Get the horn and give her a toot. Call up the dogs and we'll go down on the creek. Whoopee! Go it, Lead!

Come on, boys, and let's go down on the

point of the ridge and hear this fox-chase. They will fetch him out on the other side. Whoopee! Go it, Lead! Come on, old dog! Whoopee!

Just listen at those dogs run that fox! Listen, boys! I believe they have run him down in the gulf; we can just hear them down in there. Whoopee! Go it, Lead!

Just listen at 'em, boys! They have started him out of the creek. Whoopee! Come on, old dogs!

Come, boys, let's go round on the point of the ridge and hear that race. Whoopee! Just listen at Old Sounder!

Boys, they are bringing him out on the ridge. Just hear old Lead—Bow! Bow! Wow! Wow!

Come on, boys; you will miss the best part of the race. Whoopee! Hold 'em down, Rocks!

Boys, I can't stay here any longer—I've got to go to those dogs. I believe I hear old Lead at that old tree—bow, wow, wow! Let's go to them—they are treed on Round Knob. Whoopee! Coming to you, old dogs!

As I write these songs, old memories come drifting on their melody—memories of drowsy noons and the tankle-tump-a-tankle of the banjo on the porch, and the thump-*chug*, thump-*chug* of the batten as the mother's shuttle went patiently to and fro; of yodels ringing

down the gulch; of spinning-wheel songs, old Scotch ballads blurred together with the crescendo and diminuendo of the whirling spokes; of the crooning “By-ce. . . . By-ce. . . .” that lulls little children to sleep; of the laugh and leap of dancers bounding through “Cripple Creek” at the bidding of a man told off to call the figures; of red firelight flickering over an impromptu play party—neighbor lads and girls singing and romping through all the evolutions of those intricate games of courtship, in which the couples are never finally mated, saluting and pirouetting and following and flouting; of wilder nights at “protracted meeting,” when, an awed and fascinated child, I clung to the wall or clambered on the benches to be out of harm's way; of the ripple of water and the drone of bees. . . .

Had I but words to say how these tunes are bound with the life of the singer, knit with his earliest impressions, and therefore dearer than any other music could ever be,—impossible to forget as the sound of his mother's voice!

Crude with a tang of the Indian wilderness, strong with the strength of the mountains, yet, in a way, mellowed by the English of Chaucer's time—surely this is folk-song of a high order. May it not one day give birth to a music that shall take a high place among the world's great schools of expression?

NOTE.—For assistance in writing the score of these melodies, I am indebted to Professor Roy L. Smith and to Mrs. Arnold, of Chattanooga.

The Breeze

BY JOHN B. TABB

THRO' thee the ocean knows
The fragrance of the rose;
And inlands, far away,
The blossom of the spray.

Thro' thee to every wave,
A whisper of the grave;
And to each grave a sigh
Of life that cannot die.

The Altar of Righteousness

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

I

LIGHT and night, whose clouds and glories change and mingle and divide,
Veil the truth whereof they witness, show the truth of things they hide.
Through the darkness and the splendor of the centuries, loud or dumb,
Shines and wanes and shines the spirit, lit with love of life to come.
Man, the soul made flesh, that knows not death from life, and fain would know,
Sees the face of time change color as its tides recoil and flow.
All his hope and fear and faith and doubt, if aught at all they be,
Live the life of clouds and sunbeams, born of heaven or earth or sea.
All are buoyed and blown and brightened by their hour's evasive breath:
All subside and quail and darken when their hour is done to death.
Yet, ere faith, a wandering water, froze and curdled into creeds,
Earth, elate as heaven, adored the light that quickens dreams to deeds.

Invisible: eye hath not seen it, and ear hath not heard as the spirit hath heard
From the shrine that is lit not of sunlight or starlight the sound of a limitless word.
And visible: none that hath eyes to behold what the spirit must perish or see
Can choose but behold it and worship: a shrine that if light were as darkness would be.
Of cloud and of change is the form of the fashion that man may behold of it wrought:
Of iron and truth is the mystic mid altar, where worship is none but of thought.
No prayer may go up to it, climbing as incense of gladness or sorrow may climb:
No rapture of music may ruffle the silence that guards it, and hears not of time.
As the winds of the wild blind ages alternate in passion of light and of cloud,
So changes the shape of the veil that enshrouds it with darkness and light for a shroud.
And the winds and the clouds and the suns fall silent, and fade out of hearing or sight,
And the shrine stands fast and is changed not, whose likeness was changed as a cloud
in the night.

All the storms of time, and wrath of many winds, may carve no trace
On the viewless altar, though the veil bear many a name and face:
Many a live God's likeness woven, many a scripture dark with awe,
Bids the veil seem verier iron than the word of life's own law.
Till the might of change hath rent it with a rushing wind in twain,
Stone or steel it seems, whereon the wrath of chance is wreaked in vain:
Stone or steel, and all behind it or beyond its lifted sign
Cloud and vapor, no subsistence of a change-unstricken shrine.
God by god flits past in thunder, till his glories turn to shades:
God to god bears wondering witness how his gospel flames and fades.
More was each of these, while yet they were, than man their servant seemed:
Dead are all of these, and man survives who made them while he dreamed.

Yet haply or surely, if vision were surer than theirs who rejoiced that they saw,
Man might not but see, through the darkness of godhead, the light that is surety and
law.

On the stone that the close-drawn cloud which veils it awhile makes cloudlike stands
The word of the truth everlasting, unspoken of tongues and unwritten of hands.
By the sunbeams and storms of the centuries engraven, and approved of the soul
as it reads,
It endures as a token dividing the light from the darkness of dreams and of deeds.

The faces of gods on the face of it earven, or gleaming behind and above,
 Star-glorified Uranus, thunderous Jehovah, for terror or worship or love,
 Change, wither, and brighten as flowers that the wind of eternity sheds upon time,
 All radiant and transient and awful and mortal, and leave it unmarred and sublime.
 As the tides that return and recede are the fears and the hopes of the centuries
 that roll,

Requenehed and rekindled: but strong as the sun is the sense of it shrined in the
 soul.

II

In the days when time was not, in the time when days were none,
 Ere sorrow had life to lot, ere earth gave thanks for the sun.
 Ere man in his darkness waking adored what the soul in him could,
 And the manifold God of his making was manifest evil and good,
 One law from the dim beginning abode and abides in the end,
 In sight of him sorrowing and sinning with none but his faith for friend.
 Dark were the shadows around him, and darker the glories above.
 Ere light from beyond them found him, and bade him for love's sake love.
 About him was darkness, and under and over him darkness: the night
 That conceived him and bore him had thunder for utterance and lightning for
 light.

The dust of death was the dust of the ways that the tribes of him trod:
 And he knew not if just or unjust were the might of the mystery of God.
 Strange horror and hope, strange faith and unfaith, were his boon and his bane:
 And the God of his trust was the wraith of the soul or the ghost of it slain.
 A curse was on death as on birth, and a Presence that shone as a sword
 Shed menace from heaven upon earth that beheld him, and hailed him her Lord.
 Sublime and triumphant as fire or as lightning, he kindled the skies,
 And withered with dread the desire that would look on the light of his eyes.
 Earth shuddered with worship, and knew not if hell were not hot in her breath;
 If birth were not sin, and the dew of the morning the sweat of her death.
 The watchwords of evil and good were unspoken of men and unheard:
 They were shadows that willed as he would, that were made and unmade by his
 word.

His word was darkness and light, and a wisdom that makes men mad
 Sent blindness upon them for sight, that they saw but and heard as he bade.
 Cast forth and corrupt from the birth by the crime of creation, they stood
 Convicted of evil on earth by the grace of a God found good.
 The grace that enkindled and quickened the darkness of hell with flame
 Bade man, though the soul in him sickened, obey, and give praise to his name.
 The still small voice of the spirit whose life is as plague's hot breath
 Bade man shed blood, and inherit the life of the kingdom of death.

"Bring now for blood-offering thy son to mine altar, and bind him and slay,
 That the sin of my bidding be done": and the soul in the slave said, "Yea."
 Yea, not nay, was the word: and the sacrifice offered withal
 Was neither of beast nor of bird, but the soul of a man, God's thrall.
 And the word of his servant spoken was fire, and the light of a sword,
 When the bondage of Israel was broken, and Sinai shrank from the Lord.
 With splendor of slaughter and thunder of song as the sound of the sea
 Were the foes of him stricken in sunder and silenced as storms that flee.
 Terror and trust and the pride of the chosen, approved of his choice,
 Saw God in the whirlwind ride, and rejoiced as the winds rejoice.
 Subdued and exalted and kindled and quenched by the sense of his might,
 Faith flamed and exulted and dwindled, and saw not, and clung to the sight.
 The wastes of the wilderness brightened and trembled with rapture and dread
 When the word of him thundered and lightened and spake through the quick
 and the dead.

The chant of the prophetess, louder and loftier than tempest and wave,
 Rang triumph more ruthless and prouder than death, and profound as the grave.
 And sweet as the moon's word spoken in smiles that the blown clouds mar
 The psalmist's witness in token arose as the speech of a star.
 Starlight supreme, and the tender desire of the moon, were as one
 To rebuke with compassion the splendor and strength of the godlike sun.
 God softened and changed: and the word of his chosen, a fire at the first,
 Bade man, as a beast or a bird, now slake at the springs his thirst.
 The souls that were sealed unto death as the bones of the dead lie sealed
 Rose thrilled and redeemed by the breath of the dawn on the flame-lit field.
 The glories of darkness, cloven with music of thunder, shrank
 As the web of the word was unwoven that spake, and the soul's tide sank.
 And the starshine of midnight that covered Arabia with light as a robe
 Waxed fiery with utterance that hovered and flamed through the whirlwind on Job.
 And prophet to prophet and vision to vision made answer sublime,
 Till the valley of doom and decision was merged in the tides of time.

III

Then, soft as the dew of night,
 As the star of the sundawn bright,
 As the heart of the sea's hymn deep,
 And sweet as the balm of sleep,
 Arose on the world a light
 Too pure for the skies to keep.

With music sweeter and stranger than heaven had heard
 When the dark east thrilled with light from a saviour's word
 And a God grew man to endure as a man and abide
 The doom of the will of the Lord of the loud world's tide,
 Whom thunders utter, and tempest and darkness hide,
 With larger light than flamed from the peak whereon
 Prometheus, bound as the sun to the world's wheel, shone,
 A presence passed and abode but on earth a span,
 And love's own light as a river before him ran,
 And the name of God for a while upon earth was man.

O star that wast not and wast for the world a sun,
 O light that was quenched of priests, and its work undone,
 O Word that wast not as man's or as God's, if God
 Be Lord but of hosts whose tread was as death's that trod
 On souls that felt but his wrath as an unseen rod,
 What word, what praise, what passion of hopeless prayer,
 May now rise up to thee, loud as in years that were,
 From years that gaze on the works of thy servants wrought
 While strength was in them to satiate the lust of thought
 That craved in thy name for blood as the quest it sought?

From the dark high places of Rome
 Far over the westward foam
 God's heaven and the sun saw swell
 The fires of the high priest's hell,
 And shrank as they curled and clomb
 And revelled and ravaged and fell.

IV

Yet was not the work of thy word all withered with wasting flame
 By the sons of the priests that had slain thee, whose evil was wrought in thy name.
 From the blood-sodden soil that was blasted with fire of the Church and her creed

Sprang rarely but surely, by grace of thy spirit, a flower for a weed.
 Thy spirit, unfelt of thy priests who blasphemed thee, enthralled and enticed
 To deathward a child that was even as the child we behold in Christ.
 The Moors, they told her, beyond bright Spain and the strait brief sea,
 Dwelt blind in the light that for them was as darkness, and knew not thee.
 But the blood of the martyrs whose mission was witness for God, they said,
 Might raise to redemption the souls that were here, in the sun's sight, dead.
 And the child rose up in the night, when the stars were as friends that smiled,
 And sought her brother, and wakened the younger and tenderer child.
 From the heaven of a child's glad sleep to the heaven of the sight of her eyes
 He woke, and brightened, and hearkened, and kindled as stars that rise.
 And forth they fared together to die for the stranger's sake,
 For the souls of the slayers that should slay them, and turn from their sins, and
 wake.

And the light of the love that lit them awhile on a brief blind quest
 Shines yet on the tear-lit smile that salutes them, belated and blest.

And the girl, full-grown to the stature of godhead in womanhood, spake
 The word that sweetens and lightens her creed for her great love's sake.
 From the godlike heart of Theresa the prayer above all prayers heard,
 The cry as of God made woman, a sweet blind wonderful word,
 Sprang sudden as flame, and kindled the darkness of faith with love,
 And the hollow of hell from beneath shone, quickened of heaven from above.
 Yea, hell at her word grew heaven, as she prayed that if God thought well
 She there might stand in the gateway, that none might pass into hell.
 Not Hermes, guardian and guide, God, herald, and comforter, shed
 Such lustre of hope from the life of his light on the night of the dead.
 Not Pallas, wiser and mightier in mercy than Rome's God shone,
 Wore ever such raiment of love as the soul of a saint put on.
 So blooms as a flower of the darkness a star of the midnight born,
 Of the midnight's womb and the blackness of darkness, and flames like morn.
 Nor yet may the dawn extinguish or hide it, when churches and creeds
 Are withered and blasted with sunlight as poisonous and blossomless weeds.
 So springs and strives through the soil that the legions of darkness have trod,
 From the root that is man, from the soul in the body, the flower that is God.

V

Ages and creeds that drift
 Through change and cloud uplift
 The soul that soars and seeks her sovereign shrine,
 Her faith's veiled altar, there
 To find, when praise and prayer
 Fall baffled, if the darkness be divine.
 Lights change and shift through star and sun:
 Night, clothed with might of immemorial years, is one.

Day, born and slain of night,
 Hath hardly life in sight
 As she that bears and slays him and survives,
 And gives us back for one
 Cloud-thwarted fiery sun
 The myriad mysteries of the lustrous lives
 Whose starry soundless music saith
 That light and life wax perfect even through night and death.

In vain had darkness heard
 Light speak the lustrous word

That cast out faith in all save truth and love:
 In vain death's quickening rod
 Bade man rise up as God,
 Touched as with life unknown in heaven above:
 Fear turned his light of love to fire
 That wasted earth, yet might not slay the soul's desire.

Though death seem life, and night
 Bid fear call darkness light,
 Time, faith, and hope keep trust, through sorrow and shame,
 Till Christ, by Paul cast out,
 Return, and all the rout
 Of raging slaves whose prayer defiles his name
 Rush headlong to the deep, and die,
 And leave no sign to say that faith once heard them lie.

VI

Since man, with a child's pride proud, and abashed as a child and afraid,
 Made God in his likeness, and bowed him to worship the Maker he made,
 No faith more dire hath enticed man's trust than the saint's whose creed
 Made Caiaphas one with Christ, that worms on the cross might feed.
 Priests gazed upon God in the eyes of a babe new-born, and therein
 Beheld not heaven, and the wise glad secret of love, but sin.
 Accursed of heaven, and baptized with the baptism of hatred and hell,
 They spat on the name they despised and adored as a sign and a spell.
 "Lord Christ, thou art God, and a liar: they were children of wrath, not of grace,
 Unbaptized, unredeemed from the fire they were born for, who smiled in thy face."
 Of such is the kingdom—he said it—of heaven: and the heavenly word
 Shall live when religion is dead, and when falsehood is dumb shall be heard.
 And the message of James and of John was as Christ's and as love's own call:
 But wrath passed sentence thereon when Annas replied in Paul.
 The dark old God who had slain him grew one with the Christ he slew,
 And poison was rank in the grain that with growth of his gospel grew.
 And the blackness of darkness brightened: and red in the heart of the flame
 Shone down, as a blessing that lightened, the curse of a new God's name.
 Through centuries of burning and trembling belief as a signal it shone,
 Till man, soul-sick of dissembling, bade fear and her frauds begone.
 God Cerberus yelps from his throats triune: but his day, which was night,
 Is quenched, with its stars and the notes of its night-birds, in silence and light.
 The flames of its fires and the psalms of their psalmists are darkened and dumb:
 Strong winter has withered the palms of his angels, and stricken them numb.
 God, father of lies, God, son of perdition, God, spirit of ill,
 Thy will that for ages was done is undone as a dead God's will.
 Not Mahomet's sword could slay thee, nor Borgia's or Calvin's praise:
 But the scales of the spirit that weigh thee are weighted with truth, and it slays.
 The song of the day of thy fury, when nature and death shall quail,
 Rings now as the thunders of Jewry, the ghost of a dead world's tale.
 That day and its doom foreseen and foreshadowed on earth, when thou,
 Lord God, wast lord of the keen dark season, are sport for us now.
 Thy claws were clipped and thy fangs plucked out by the hands that slew
 Men, lovers of man, whose pangs bore witness if truth were true.
 Man crucified rose again from the sepulchre builded to be
 No grave for the souls of the men who denied thee, but, Lord, for thee.

When Bruno's spirit aspired from the flames that thy servants fed,
 The spirit of faith was fired to consume thee and leave thee dead.

When the light of the sunlike eyes whence laughter lightened and flamed
 Bade France and the world be wise, faith saw thee naked and shamed.
 When wisdom deeper and sweeter than Rabelais veiled and revealed
 Found utterance diviner and meeter for truth whence anguish is healed,
 Whence fear and hate and belief in thee, fed by thy grace from above,
 Fall stricken, and utmost grief takes light from the lustre of love,
 When Shakespeare shone into birth, and the world he beheld grew bright,
 Thy kingdom was ended on earth, and the darkness it shed was light.
 In him all truth and the glory thereof and the power and the pride,
 The song of the soul and her story, bore witness that fear had lied.
 All hope, all wonder, all trust, all doubt that knows not of fear,
 The love of the body, the lust of the spirit to see and to hear,
 All womanhood, fairer than love could conceive or desire or adore,
 All manhood, radiant above all heights that it held of yore,
 Lived by the life of his breath, with the speech of his soul's will spake,
 And the light lit darkness to death whence never the dead shall wake.
 For the light that lived in the sound of the song of his speech was one
 With the light of the wisdom that found earth's tune in the song of the sun;
 His word with the word of the lord most high of us all on earth,
 Whose soul was a lyre and a sword, whose death was a deathless birth.
 Him too we praise as we praise our own who as he stand strong;
 Him, Æschylus, ancient of days, whose word is the perfect song.
 When Caucasus showed to the sun and the sea what a God could endure,
 When wisdom and light were one, and the hands of the matricide pure,
 A song too subtle for psalmist or prophet of Jewry to know,
 Elate and profound as the calmest or stormiest of waters that flow,
 A word whose echoes were wonder and music of fears overcome,
 Bade Sinai bow, and the thunder of godhead on Horeb be dumb.
 The childless children of night, strong daughters of doom and dread,
 The thoughts and the fears that smite the soul, and its life lies dead,
 Stood still and were quelled by the sound of his word and the light of his thought,
 And the God that in man lay bound was unbound from the bonds he had wrought.
 Dark fear of a lord more dark than the dreams of his worshippers knew
 Fell dead, and the corpse lay stark in the sunlight of truth shown true.

VII

Time, and truth his child, though terror set earth and heaven at odds,
 See the light of manhood rise on the twilight of the Gods.
 Light is here for souls to see, though the stars of faith be dead:
 All the sea that yearned and trembled receives the sun instead.
 All the shadows on the spirit when fears and dreams were strong,
 All perdition, all redemption, blind rain-stars watched so long,
 Love whose root was fear, thanksgiving that covered beneath the rod,
 Feel the light that heals and withers: night weeps upon her God.
 All the names wherein the incarnate Lord lived his day and died
 Fade from suns to stars, from stars into darkness undescried.

Christ the man lives yet, remembered of man as dreams that leave
 Light on eyes that wake and know not if memory bid them grieve.
 Fire sublime as lightning shines, and exults in thunder yet,
 Where the battle wields the name and the sword of Mahomet.
 Far above all wars and gospels, all ebb and flow of time,
 Lives the soul that speaks in silence, and makes mute earth sublime.
 Still for her, though years and ages be blinded and bedinned,
 Mazed with lightnings, crazed with thunders, life rides and guides the wind.
 Death may live or death may die, and the truth be light or night:
 Not for gain of heaven may man put away the rule of right.

"The City of Beautiful Towers"

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

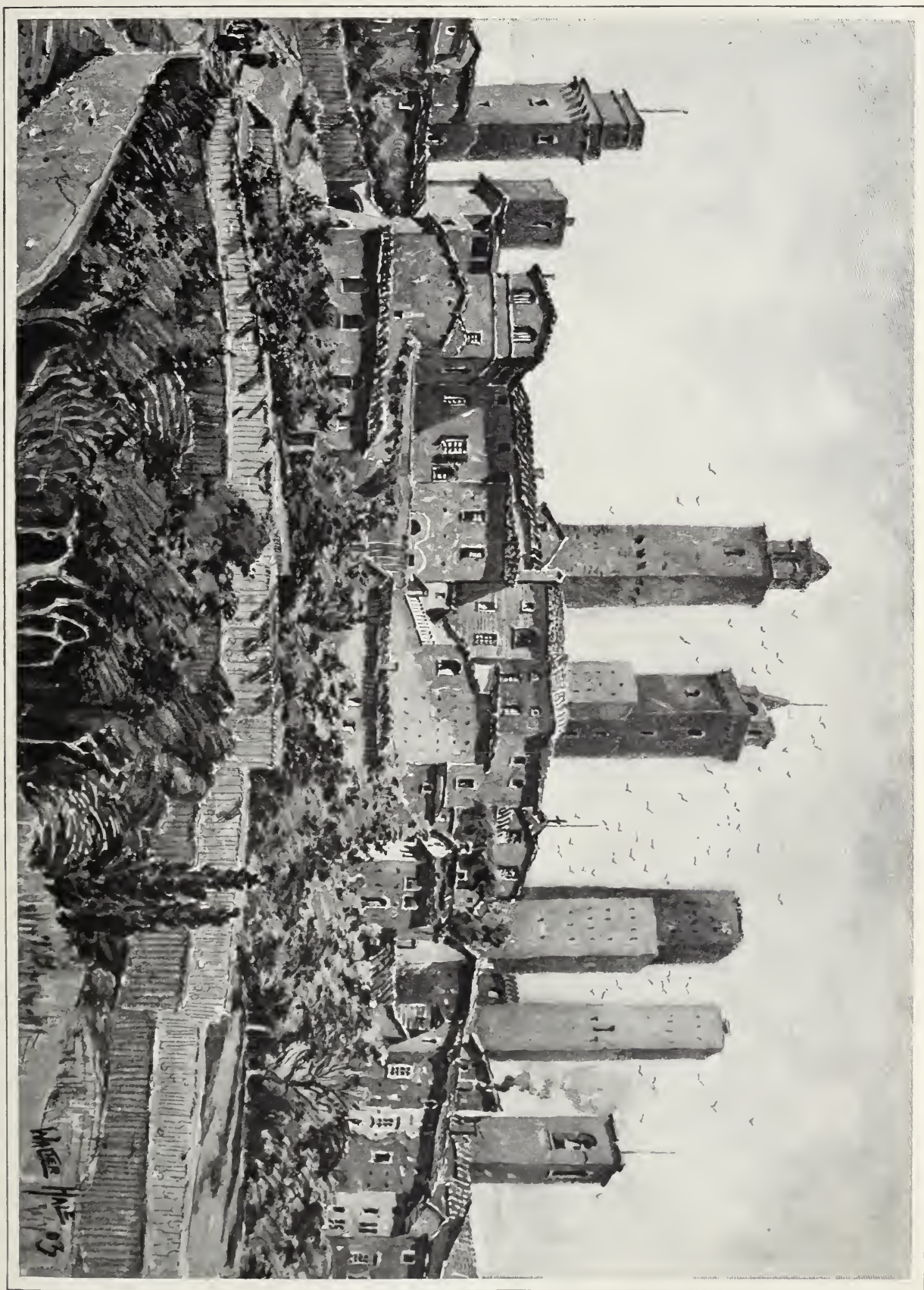
OVER four hundred years ago in San Gimignano, a hill town of Tuscan Italy, the powerful families of two political factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, erected towers above their palaces with the gentle hope of out-doing their rivals in number and in height. Now and then they fought from them with projectiles and great stones and molten lead. The towers, after centuries of gentle decay, are to-day serving their best purpose. The eccentricities of architecture have placed the town in the path of the tourists' search-light, and the villagers whose ancestors bore the burden of taxation for these skyward vanities are reaping the long-delayed benefit of their labors.

"In the path of the tourists' search-light" does not necessarily mean within three minutes' walk from the station. The traveller is so much of an epicure in these days that inaccessibility but renders more palatable the feast of the unusual, and to him the nine-mile drive through the countryside increases the value of his discovery. Since Queen Victoria was driven over these hills to see what a mediæval town really should be, many have followed in her august wheel-tracks. We did not travel with the pomp of royalty, for Pogni was our single escort through this region. He was fat and sunshiny, and should have walked up the steep grades to save his horses, but did not. We had liked him from the moment he was discovered hissing at us from over the railroad fence. The cabbies, in certain Italian localities, are not allowed to shriek at possible "fares," but are permitted to attract attention by a polite "hiss!" And if there is anything funnier than twenty of these unfeathered geese emitting their war-cry from their perches, it deserves to be dramatized. Pogni, having two horses, hissed twice as loud as those having single cabs, and he sat in the shade of the only tree to do it, proving that he was a lucky man from

birth, or a strong one. He was a good whip-cracker as well, and evidently a kind man, for his horses were impervious to the sound, and chose their own gait during the upward climb.

In this manner we drove through the lovely sloping farm-lands, the heart of the Chianti country and the home of comfort and contentment. It seemed that all the men and women of the farmhouses were in the open, garnering the wheat with sickle and twine, and young arms and old. It may have been warm work, but the fields, with their many rows of mulberry-trees festooned with grape-vines, do not suggest the heat of our broad undotted acres. It was the resting-hour for most of them; the huge dun oxen were unyoked and gleaning where they could, and the simple luncheon of bread and cheese, washed down with the red wine of the straw-covered flasks, was as gratefully munched by the circle of peasants in the pleasant shade of the trees.

It was a menu as unalterable as the everlasting hills, for whatever difficulty the Italian housewife may have in procuring the fare, she is not harassed with the necessitous struggle for variety. The harvesters were lending themselves wholly to the leisure of the moment, and it is from this happy abandonment that the lazy sightseer in Italy judges the countrymen to be as indolent as himself. We who thumb our time-tables for the late trains, and from our car-window watch the peasantry stretched out for the noon siesta, were sleeping in the gray hours of the early morning while these *contadini* were out in the fields, or walking to market at the head of the slow-going ox-team, or setting the house to rights for the long day's work at the wearisome hand-loom. If there are complaints, it is not from the burden of work, but rather from the lack of it; though they are a cheerful people, in sunshine or in storm, and as we returned their bright



greetings we chided ourselves for that American characteristic which associates a smiling face with an idle body.

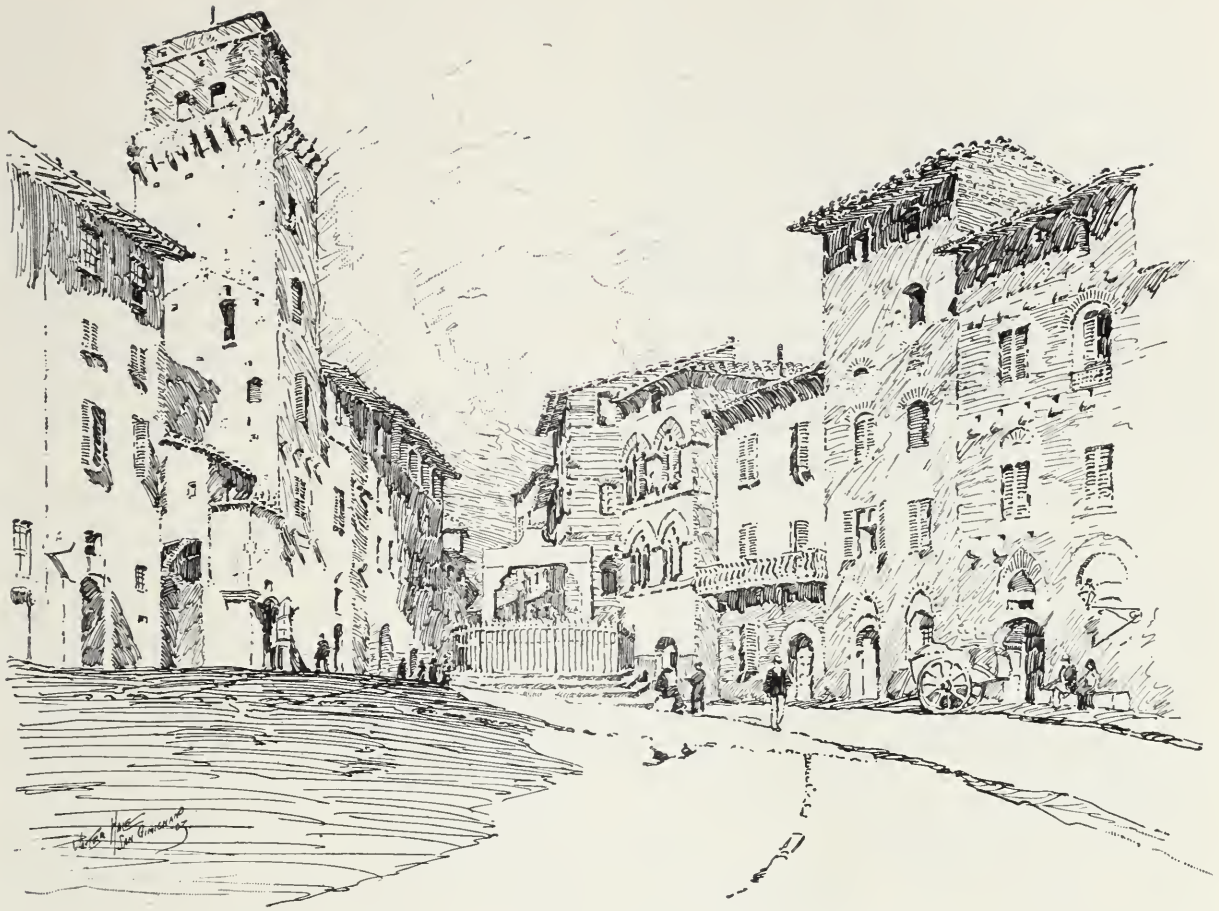
Pogni was an excellent example of sweet temper; for we had made a good bargain with him, and though he declared himself ruined and his horses reduced to starvation, he accepted his defeat with the grace of a vanquished monarch, and, with a courtesy that should be royal, became our host for the hour. He listened with strained attention to our mental wanderings, keen for the pause for breath, when he would leap in with a staccato jab of the index-finger towards some ruined monastery, give us its history, and end with a negative wagging of the same digit and a melancholy "no more." Habitations were his passion, and the strong moment of the drive was the first glimpse of the village towers. Pogni dramatized it by an outward flinging of the arms, a sudden checking of the horses,

and a triumphant "*Ecco!*" What we saw on the highest hill in the distance was a walled citadel, mainly composed of factories with a variety of chimneys, and all hands on a strike. No smoke was blackening the sky, and there was an appearance of desertion that every busy Italian hill town possesses when one is more than a mile beyond the walls. Pogni's satisfaction was so tremendous that one would have thought he had built the towers himself. At every turn of the road which brought us a different view, he would glance over his shoulder with uplifted eyebrows, holding the pose until we flung him an epithet of delight and appreciation. For a couple with a limited vocabulary, this was an exhausting business, and we were relieved to pass within the walls, when he assumed a severe air, and cracked his whip with much hauteur.

Our hotel was in the piazza over a tunnelled stable and a closed shop displaying the English sign, "*Etrurians Antiquity.*" The landlord gave us a choice of two large rooms, and for a long time we agonized over the decision. Both had their attractions. The first possessed a fireplace, a real one, such as we had never seen when the weather was cold, but the second had two bunches of waxflowers on the dresser, quite remarkable in coloring and construction, and that our evenings might be devoted to the study of this unusual flora, we chose the bouquets. It was not the decision that our guardian angels would have made, and they behaved very badly about it, later on, by losing us every time we wandered over our own door-sill, and bringing us up, after weary marches through futile corridors, to the room of the fireplace. There we would have to wait until some one of the household would discover



THE ARCHED ENTRANCE TO THE PIAZZA



THE PIAZZA CAVOUR—THE PALAZZO CORTESE ON THE LEFT

us and lead us back to the waxflowers of our choice.

The household consisted of the landlord and his wife, together with the signorina and a "boots"—who must have stayed in the well, for occasionally we heard his hollow voice coming up from a great depth below. The housemaid was a pretty girl, and though her position in life did not entitle her to the courtesy of "signorina," she swished about with such a rush of starched petticoats, and was so amiably inattentive, that we gave her more than her due. In the big dining-hall which we shared with a German artist and his wife, and a French lady who was studying the frescos in the churches, she played with a pet fox while waiting to change the plates, and called down into the square to her companions—girls with less rustle to their skirts, perhaps, but more freedom. As for the landlord, he divided his time between the kitchen at the back of the hotel and the dining-room windows, balancing himself gracefully on the sill every time he heard the sound of wheels. At times he would

hurl a platter of spaghetti towards the table on the way to the window, but he never stopped to serve us save when a fresh bottle of wine was to be opened. It was his own wine, of his own bottling, and quite as dear to him as his signora in the kitchen. Afterwards, when we had learned to swing out over the window-sills, and felt the delicious uncertainty of approaching wheels, we found our landlord entirely *simpatico*, and looked for guests as eagerly as he did.

Apart from the joy of speculation, there was the beauty of the piazza itself. It is not every one whose summer-hotel windows look into a flat-iron square that has not changed one whit in four hundred years. There was a well near the point of the iron, with deep grooves worn in the stone sides from the ropes of centuries—that was the village club, and the sole ornament of the gravelled open space. Tall buildings, purely mediæval, defined the flat-iron; they had once been palaces, though the occupants probably stabled their horses on the ground floor in those days, as they do now. At our left, from

a balcony as gay as sedate geraniums will permit, rose the Cortese tower, and across the square by the archway was the rugged monument of hate of the Cinatti—names that convey nothing to the *dilettante* in historical research, save a complacent satisfaction in the knowing of them. However, at right angles with the hotel, flanking the drug and tobacco shop, were the two low towers of the Ardinghelli, the Guelphs who began it all, and, farther on, beyond the church, were the two tall towers of the Ghibelline Salvucci, who outdid their neighbors by many feet, and lashed their opponents into a stone-mason's boom. It was not until we had drunk our chocolate and devoured seven biscuits at the café on the corner that we learned our own hotel to be part of the ancient Palazzo del Podesta (the home of the Mayor, we would say), whose campanile, with the clock on one side, became the measure for all extravagant excrescences. From that hour we viewed the results of this ancient rivalry in a different light, and with some degree of anxiety whenever we came upon a new one of unusual height. At various angles of the hilly town our tower was undoubtedly squat; in other spots it soared beautifully, and in one charming locality by the penitentiary it was higher even than the Torre del Comune, which is on a hill and has every advantage, as well as being an official tower and privileged to grow as tall as it pleased.

The Palazzo Publico has more than the tower of the Comune to recommend it. After that graceful extravagance there was a little of the public funds left for frescoing, and though Mr. Sodoma and Mr. Pinturicchio and Mr. Gozzoli did not command as high prices then as they would now, having been "discovered," their services were much valued. In the thirteenth century the poet Dante was despatched from Florence to honor the city by a personal request that representatives should be sent to an assembly of the Guelphs. He was received in the Sala del Consiglio, on the second floor, and a toothless old custodian who shows the room is not quite sure whether his coming was a greater event than the celebration of the six-hundredth anniversary of his coming in 1899, when "flags were

everywhere, also notables, and fine bands." Dante's visit was in 1299. Since then the towers arose, and the city, ruined by the continual warring of the two factions, fell an easy prey to Florence, which, in her absorption of all small fry, showed the fine commercial instinct of a modern syndicate. Since then the towers have fallen—there are but thirteen of the original fifty remaining—hurled down piece after piece upon their masters' enemies, perhaps, or converted into something practical, like a bow-window or a summer kitchen.

The scattering of fifty towers along the sky-line might have failed artistically, but we grew very fond of this bakers' dozen, noting many beauties in the rough unfinished piles of masonry, and abandoning our first-formed impression of factory architecture. The German artist and his wife painted them diligently, and various English ladies made hard-pencil sketches in neat books while stopping over from train to train. But it was not the novelty of the towers that caught and held us; it was a quality less tangible, a charm not to be put into words. The whirl of the distaff in the streets had something to do with it; the view of the country from the walls, of the town from the fortress, helped us to linger; the bells that burst into spells of musical coughing, the geniality of the people, the mystery of the dark narrow ways at night, the simplicity of them when the sun shone, the delight of a couple nearing thirty in growing five centuries younger in an hour, all were added reasons that are foolish in the telling; while the joy derived from the hotel windows and the children were subjects for hysteria.

And the children!

As Guelph or Ghibelline in the old days, the youngsters may have entered into the animosity that actuated the building of towers, but it is difficult to picture an Italian lad of the fifteenth century shrieking delightedly to his neighbor that "fried rats and pickled cats are good enough for Democrats," though "ice-cream and sugar-plums are just the cheese for Republicums." No, the little chaps of that era were probably engaged in the more serious business of melting lead for father; but their posterity, not one of whom would know a

Guelph from a hot cross-bun, are of the cheerful race that makes a political campaign in Mulberry Street as enjoyable as a Fourth of July picnic. The first child we met wished to be our guide, with no other qualifications than an old army cap and a fine manner when dispersing beggars. He had a friend, however, who spoke English if urged, and who, upon being urged, flapped his arms and murmured "Beautiful view," with the uncertain air of a young bantam trying to crow. After that, we all sat down upon the grass outside the Porta San Giovanni and hunted four-

leaved clovers, Domenica and others of her sex joining us. Indeed, it was Domenica who found the first symbol of luck, and presented it to us with a smiling "*buona fortuna*." She was genuinely surprised at the reward of two cents, but the news of our liberality must have passed quickly through her cohorts, for clovering became a tremendous industry, and we were met hourly at the hotel by politely avaricious little girls with neatly spliced offerings of the three-leaved variety. Domenica finally drove them away. She wore an apron, often a clean one, and was something of a gen-

eral in her district, though her command was hampered by the care of a baby—a poor thing a little the worse for wear. But she was no greater power among her own than was our friend Sam in the Via delle Romite.

It was a memorable morning down by the public washing fountains when we met Sam. We were sitting on the clotheslines, one might say, for the women were spreading their linen on the grass all about us, our own garments decorating either side the roadway with gratifying results. The artist missed a shirt, and became quite peevish about it. He



THE TORRE DEL COMUNE FROM WITHOUT THE WALLS

blamed his state of mind to the swarm of flies; and the scribe, with a glowing conviction that literature does not pay, broke off an olive-branch, in a most unpeaceful frame of mind, and proceeded to beat the flies from the artistic atmosphere. At this crucial moment Sam appeared (his name turned out to be Giuseppe, but Sam appealed to our patriotic fancy); we had seen him earlier in the day shamefacedly posing, in a red chiffon scarf loaned by the German wife to the German husband for a bit of color, but the boy had thrown off the filmy yoke of such decadent femininities, and drew near to enjoy the healthy, hostile clash of literature and art. In half a minute he was the possessor of the olive-branch, a true little dove, and was soberly switching the flies from the ankles of the illustrator at four cents an hour. The following morning he was there with his fly-brush and a dozen of his companions as well, all of whom sat upon the grass in a half-circle and watched the switching of the ankles with solemn faces. It was to them the latest whim of a millionaire, and another evidence of the utter madness of these Americans. Sam, in his new capacity, bore himself with a becoming dignity. His attitude was kindly but firm towards his followers, and he varied his accomplishments in the olive-branch line by waving back his comrades who ventured to cross the visual angle of art. Often he brought us stemless carnations, which he shyly presented to his patron with a whispered "*per voi e vostra signora,*" and though openly mocked by sniggering boys who dubbed him "porter," he daily bore the camp-stool through the streets to the very steps of our hostelry.

It was during these sketching hours that Literature again held second place. By nothing but a pocketful of biscuit could she command attention, and then it was such a silent, pleading attention, such a hungry, pitiful attention, that the biscuit disappeared ere she felt the joy of her short-lived prominence. There were wild moments when she fed only the black dog and the white one those wonderful English delicacies, and the human satellites watched unprotestingly, sweetly looking to it that black and white shared equally. There were other happy hours when the biscuit went to those who did

some service, and then there was a great brushing off of the signora's skirt, a tying of her shoe-strings, and a carrying of her sunshade. But through all this Sam waved the olive-branch.

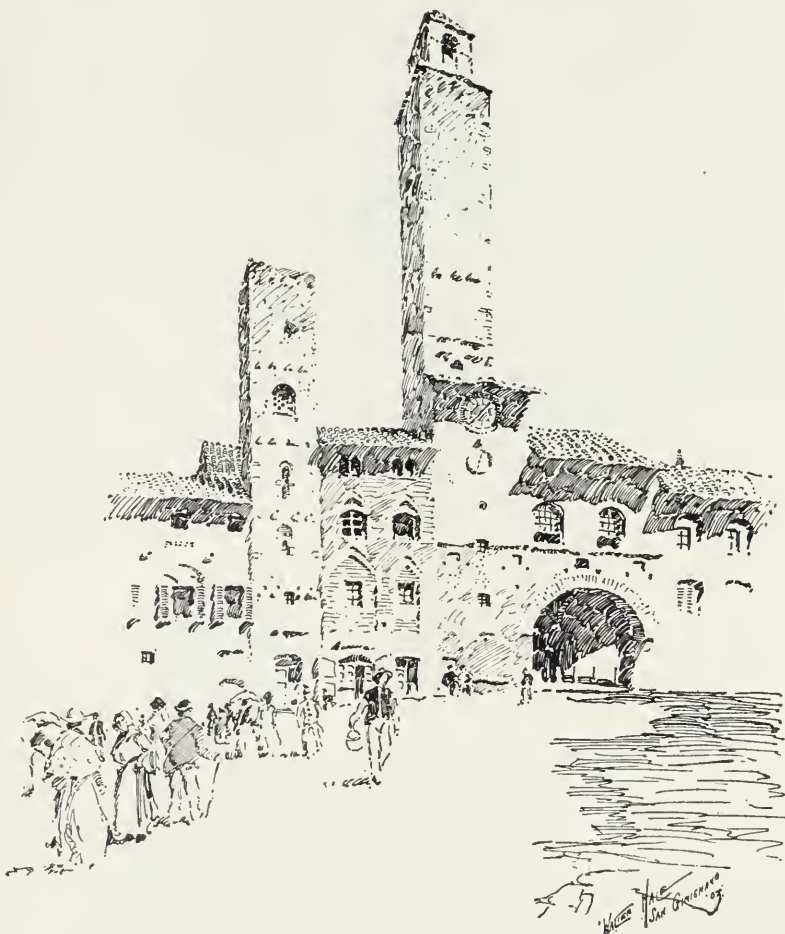
The children were never-tiring, but occasionally they went home, and after that there were the hotel windows that gave upon the square. During the first idle hour at the window we wondered how long we could endure the dreariness of the scene; from that time on, we feared to leave for anything less engaging than the children. We grew to watch for the proud lady who had a noble palazzo across the square, and whose daughters went out attended by a hunchback servant; then there were our friends the knitting-women, who came from their rooms all around the flat-iron, and called greetings to those who were clanking the buckets up and down the well; and of course the patrons of the well themselves were of absorbing interest. Some of them carried copper vessels, and some of them Chianti-bottles; for the flasks are not limited to the good red wine, and at every moment of the day a man, woman, or child was crossing the square with one or more of them in hand. The *habitués* of the place were great gossips, particularly the men, and got into fierce arguments with the hostlers, who rolled out their little rickety victorias from their tunnelled stables and polished as they shrieked. The horses, too, received a rubbing up or down, and frisked about in the open space with a pretence of youth that we knew to be but the effervescence of the Italian character.

The Via San Matteo, which ran along the back of the iron, was the busiest roadway of the town. The ox-teams turned into the square from its narrow confines, and the panniered donkeys with their rope nose-bags to their bridles, *à la* Tantalus, toiled wearily up its steep hill past the church, and sidled gingerly down its steep hill through the archway. A stumpy company of quick-footed infantry clumped along at sunset, and at dusk a herd of goats added to the *mêlée*. At five, the bakers came through, seesawing long boards on their heads, on which the fresh loaves safely slid about, and at six the post-chaise made ready to depart for the railroad, with two warning toots of a

horn that brought the girls from all directions with letters for the travelling post-box. By the time the evening meal had been served, lights shone out from the corner café, and a glittering officer sipped his vermuth at the little table outside. Inside, a long seat ran around the wall, on which was painted so luxurious a back that for the moment the stranger was perplexed to find so little comfort in such rich upholstery. The men of the village who sat about the room saluted us as we entered, and doffed their hats to the assemblage as they themselves left. A very pretty custom, but of no attraction for us when we knew that the black kitten was already flying about the well as though the square of seven centuries was designed as a playground for her on the day of her birth. It was at the kitten-hour that a tiny boy came out with mother and father and romped while the older folks sat together on the well steps, and though he nightly planned games of stupendous length, long before the black kitten found the sand-man he was asleep in mother's arms; nor did he open up his heavy eyes when father took him home.

Very little of the unusual occurred in this hill town, though there was a closed theatre in another part of the Palazzo del Podesta that suggested possibilities of an enlivening nature. We had not felt the dulness until the signorina rustled in one evening, and told us of two hucksters who were to sell their wares at auction that night in the square. Immediately we enjoyed the elation attendant upon the first night at the opera, hurried into our seats at the window as though we might lose them, and watched apprehensively for an usher to demand our coupons. The wagon stood against the well, piled high with goods; and a long table, on which a bright

lamp burned, was in the front. All was ready for business, but the loiterers were few, and our ardor was a little dampened in finding the audience so poor. The performers were not daunted, however; two cornets were suddenly produced, like rab-



THE PALAZZO DEL PODESTA—"THE TOWER OF THE CLOCK"

bits from a silk hat, and the pair started for a trip around the town. The tune they played was a little thing of their own, but the Pied Piper of Hamelin did not meet with a more generous response. In a quarter of an hour the gathering was most gratifying, and, to judge by our limited acquaintance, highly representative. The small guide and his English-speaking friend sat on the shafts of the wagon; Domenica, in a clean apron, hovered about preserving order, while Sam, in a red cap, stood from start to finish with his nose against the lamp.

The remainder of the evening was one to be taken through half-shut eyelids, with only an occasional uplifting when Domenica's father bought a blue and purple bedspread, and Sam's mother



THE VILLA DELLA MADONNA ON THE EASTERN WALL

entered into a war of words with the signorina over a table-cover, from the centre of which Italy's martyred king glowered most reprovably. The crowd rocked with laughter at the jests of the auctioneer, the girls hugged up to their sweethearts, even husbands laid protecting hands upon the shoulders of their wives and bought largely, while the children, mindful of the necessity of well-curbed emotion, made flying trips to the far corners of the square to emit whoops of pent-up energy. The donkey-carts drew up to enjoy the fray, and a herd of belated goats came in from the point of the iron, and stood

like foolish carven images, while the little herdsman lingered on the outskirts. The light was acetylene, but the scene that it illumined was of the days of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, when spite-towers were the fashion, and the spite-fence was as foreign as the land from which it rises. By eleven, the square was left to the black shadows and the white moon, and silent save for the notes of the flutist who played in the palace of the Ardinghelli. *Lucia* he gave us that night, *Rigoletto*, and the song of *Il Trovatore* to Leonora, rightly enough from the "donjon-tower."



A Little Candle

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

LOVE has had its romance from the beginning. Battle also; and of but little less renown. But Knowledge has had hers; albeit some of its chapters have been wrought out in plainest prose, and by the hidden and the lowly.

Hebron school-house was a small and sorry copy of Hebron church. Both were the barest of frame buildings, brown from time and weather, unpainted, and without bell or steeple, or glass in their windows. Except for an open space before the meeting-house door, and a path leading to it from the lonely red road, the forest girdled them into its solitude; and low mountains shut in all, their thick verdure tinged with a haze blue as indigo against the soft azure of the summer sky.

The old meeting-house looked well able to hold its own for another half-century; but its companion, of a much later date, showed already signs of decay. Its wooden shutters, flatly flung back against the stained weather-boarding, sagged low from their hinges. The uncouth door sagged too, and had worn a wide curve of a lighter color in the dark floor. Inside were the teacher's dingy pine table and split-bottomed chair, and the heavy home-made benches for the pupils, the boys sitting

on one side of the aisle that they formed and the girls on the other; but of other furnishing there was none, nor sign of stove or fireplace. School held for only a few weeks of summer, when crops were laid by, and when long mountain roads were not too long for little feet.

"How many fingers have you on your right hand? How many on your left? How many on both?" The teacher read the questions with labored precision from Smith's Arithmetic. He was a round-

shouldered young man with slate-colored hair and a sallow skin. The day was hot, and his slate-colored coat hung on a peg behind his chair.

"How many did you say?" he repeated in his authoritative monotone.

The little boy in the pink calico body and the patched trousers which reached down to his dusty ankles answered cheerfully, "Four, and one thumb; four, and one thumb—ten in all," and then spread out his stubby fingers and looked at them attentively to make sure he could have made no mistake.

Word for word as they were printed in the book the questions sounded out into the sleepy air of the schoolroom. The little girl with the clear hazel eyes and the dark-brown hair, who was sitting quite at



HE SPREAD OUT HIS STUBBY FINGERS

the end of the long recitation-bench, kicked her white crossed feet back and forth in a mild contempt unknown to any save herself.

The teacher came to her at last with his questions, and she leaned forward expectantly.

"There were five robins sitting on a—telegraph-wire, and a—sportsman passed by and shot two: how many remained?"

"Not any," the little girl said.

A dozen sunburnt little hands waved in the air. It was a delicious excitement to hear Melissa Dean miss. The teacher read over the question to himself to be certain that she had. "Next!" he said, sharply.

The light in Melissa's eyes shot straight into his slate-colored orbs. "The rest of 'em would 'a' flew," she said, soberly.

"How many would 'a' flew?" he asked, in some heat.

"Three." She began to swing her feet again.

As she returned to her seat when the recitation was over, she caught up a large geography from under a pile of books lying on the end of a bench, and retreating with it to the farthest and darkest corner of the unceiled room, sat there in a trance of bliss the rest of the morning while the voices of pupils and teacher buzzed monotonously on. At recess she held her own with the fleetest in prisoner's base and Anthony-over, but before the two hours were ended she stole back to the schoolhouse. Some of the older pupils were there before her, studying map questions around the teacher's table.

"Fetch my geography here, right this minute, Melissy Dean," a tall boy commanded as her little bare feet reached lightly up to the high door-sill; "I know you're the very miss that's had it."

She produced the book leisurely from behind a board tacked across the studding of the wall and carried it with comical dignity to the table. "I could study geography myself if I just wa'n't so little," she said, in rebuttal of his imperiousness; "an' anyhow I can answer all the questions the rest of you've been over."

"Try her! Try her!" the tall boy shouted derisively.

They flung their questions without mercy, but the little maid held her ground.

"Try her on the equater 'n' the 'maginary lines," one of the girls suggested maliciously.

Melissa's white skin flushed. "There ain't any meanin' to them things," she said, "an' I never learnt 'em. I don't believe anybody ever did."

"I don't either, Melissy," a much-befreckled boy agreed fervently; proud, moreover, to be her champion.

He managed to keep near her side when school was out and the noisy crowd streamed along the homeward way, their number diminishing at every cross-roads in the fading light. Sometimes he found a few late blackberries and poured them into her slim hands held up to receive them.

"How'd you ever make out to learn all that hard stuff in the geogrophy, Melissy?" he asked in honest admiration when at last only he and she were together, three miles of winding road behind them, and Mount Yonah with its deepening shadows before their faces.

"Was it hard?" she said, innocently. "I didn't know it."

Presently she looked up from her unaccustomed introspection. "I just *love* to learn things, Timothy,"—confiding the secret for the first time. "I'm gonter learn *everything* there is before I die."

"You won't learn it up here in White County," Timothy responded with conviction. His honest blue eyes were studying her face curiously.

"I'm gonter learn it," the child repeated, looking toward an opening between the hills where the gold of sunset still lingered.

"I would do the best I knew how for you, Melissa."

"I know you would, Timothy."

They were in the solitude that shut in Hebron church and the decaying schoolhouse,—more decayed than in the days when they went there together. Melissa had a fancy for making the old meeting-house tidy for the monthly preaching day, and Timothy came often with her to help. The house, the white level space before the door, even the path leading out to the lonely road, had all been swept clean of so much as a leaf, and the two were resting now on one of the flat sunken grave-



WORD FOR WORD AS THEY WERE PRINTED IN THE BOOK

Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill



"I WOULD DO THE BEST I KNEW HOW FOR YOU, MELISSA"

stones, numberless oaks and chestnuts tasselling above and around them in fringes of pale yellow or reddish gold moving lightly in the soft air. For days, with the awakening life of the world, something had been stirring in Timothy to press boldly forward and secure a definite claim to what he had always intended should be his. As they sat there

in the afternoon stillness, the heightened color in Melissa's face, the tendrils of dark hair curling with dampness around the forehead he had always thought so beautiful, the oft-loved light in her hazel eyes, had precipitated desire into speech; but her answer had not been what he had hoped for.

"There's not anybody else—"

"No, oh no, Timothy; you know that."

In truth, with little to retard and enrich maturity, most of the young people of her acquaintance had already mated; some who were attracted by her looks and by a certain tang in her character, had touched, when they came nearer, the indefinable barrier which even as a child had shut her in to herself. Timothy had touched it too, and ignored it,

biding his time. He could not believe that when once he held her face to face she would send him away empty.

A new humility came upon him. "I always knew I was not good enough for you, Melissa—"

"Oh, too good, Timothy."

"But I hoped all the time you loved me a little."



THERE WAS ROOM FOR ALL THREE ON THE FLAT STONE

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I do love you, Timothy," she said, simply. She laid her little thin brown hand on his arm as if in unconscious appeal for help to make him understand. "It isn't that, Timothy. It's what I told you a long time ago; what I have tried to tell you sometimes lately."

His face clouded. "If you love me, how can you love the other thing more?"

She moved her hand from his arm, and feeling his mistake, he took it again and held it gently, his wits going afield for some argument to help his cause, and finding one in the simple piety common to them both. "I thought it was in the Bible that when two people felt as we do they must forsake everything for each other. Haven't you seen that in the Bible?"

She shook her head. "It's there, but I can't think it means me."

"It wasn't intended for you to go away off down there to Athens amongst people you don't know to get learnin'," he persisted. "If it had been best for you to have some great education different from the rest of us, you wouldn't have been born up here in this mountain country. It was just intended for me to take care of you, and for us to make a little home and be happy."

Through an opening between the trees a small clearing showed amidst the verdure of a hillside beyond the white road. There was a low brown house with the pink and white of blossoming apple-trees behind it. A man was ploughing in the field and a woman was crossing the little yard, a child clinging to her skirt.

Melissa rose from her place. "It is time we were going, Timothy," she said. There was something in her voice that he had never heard there before and that went to his heart.

When she got to the rude farmhouse in which she lived, she went into the tiny room cut off from one end of the porch, laid an old geography open on the window-sill whose rough wooden shutter was open to the spring air, and in the fading light turned the pages slowly. Poem or romance she had never seen, nor knew she aught of the world outside the enclosing hills around her humble home save what she had learned from this one book.

Nevertheless, because she had so much even as this, the dream-world of her childhood had never faded, nor her feet faltered as she had steadfastly journeyed thitherward.

"But it would never have been built except for you, Timothy. Nobody else would have taken the trouble."

Timothy's reply was slow in coming, and his wife answered for him: "I reckon he got enough pleasure out of it to pay him for the trouble, Melissa. I never saw him take mo' pleasure in anything." Her eyes rested upon her husband with a pride which had not yet grown accustomed to the bliss of possession, and a responsive smile came to Melissa Dean's sweet face.

There was room enough for all three friends on the wide flat stone at the outer edge of the little graveyard, with the shadow of the oaks upon it. Except for the voices of the children at play deeper still in the woods, the silence and the greenness of the forest midsummer lay all about them, sunshine and faint breezes giving light and motion to the multitudinous leaves.

Close at hand was the old meeting-house, older and darker still, but firm on its low foundation of rough moss-grown stones, and seeming as much a part of the landscape as the brown earth on which it stood, or the ancient oaks whose branches lapped above its roof. And a few hundred yards away, distinct, insistent even, the white walls and green blinds and modern, if simple architecture of the new schoolhouse.

The new schoolhouse and Melissa Dean's new kind of teaching had been the sensation of the thinly settled neighborhood for weeks; its first great sensation, indeed, since Wiley Redd had "hid out" for a year to keep from going to the war. Timothy had been as eager as anybody to see what was going on within those walls, which, as head workman, he had helped to rear in the early spring, and to find out the precise use of the simple equipment over whose every detail he had labored with such honest pride; but he would not satisfy his interest until Addie Lee could come also, and bring the baby with her.

The little fellow lay asleep on a quilt

at their feet, sleeping better so this August day than in his mother's arms. An insect buzzed too near the tiny rounded cheek, and Timothy leaned forward to brush it away. Speech came blithely under the stimulus of such proximity. "If I haven't had my pay before, I'll be more'n apt to get it with interest when *he* gets big enough to go to school," he cried.

The young mother caught her breath, and bending down, held one of the baby's hands against her face.

"He *will* be big enough by and by, Addie Lee," Timothy said, in gentlest palliation; "and when he is, I know we ought to be glad an' thankful he'll have what we've been seein' them other little children a-havin' this morning."

Pride of motherhood leaped lightly past its own misgiving. "Bless his heart, I know he'll learn as fast as any of 'em," she said.

"It's right for every generation to have a better chance than the one that went before it." The thought had been growing on Timothy all the spring, and he uttered it now with the satisfaction one feels in newly discovered truth. "There's the old meeting-house, now—"

Melissa Dean interrupted eagerly, seeing his meaning. "You know, Timothy, I've thought of it so many times! Just what we see before us—it is a picture of the past with all its pathos, and of the new with all its hope!" She never tried to put what she felt any differently because she had be-



"I SHOULD STEAL IF IT WERE NOT FOR MY BOOKS"

come lettered beyond him. Comprehension is not essentially a thing of the trained intellect.

The three were silent. Melissa's eyes travelled along the few irregular and nar-

row paths among the low graves around them. Here and there a yellow wild-flower grew, undisturbed by human step. On some of the gray headstones, rough and unshaped, the passion-vine hung its green leaves and purple blossoms with their symbols of deathless love and suffering. Then she looked once more at the humble man and woman beside her, with their sincere and sweet faces.

"But there was more in the past than pathos." She held out her slim hand towards the old church. "Through how many years, these long years which no one but ourselves will ever know about, it has borne its witness."

"You mean the meeting-house—"

The old light flashed in her clear eyes. "Yes. Think what it has meant to us; to us who have had so little beside it; to these men and women lying here around us, with less even than we have had."

The voices of the children at their play came again in sweet merriment. The young mother leaned over her little one and kissed him softly.

"Every generation ought to have a better chance than the one that went before it," her husband repeated, gently.

"You know, Melissy," he said after a while, "when you went away and stayed all them four years, I never really believed you would ever come back here and live. Addie Lee an' me both said so often."

"And don't it all seem little an' lonesome an' shut in to you now, Melissa, since you've been away where there are people an' towns, an' great open places for them to live?" Addie Lee was looking at her curiously.

"It is rather shut in right here," Melissa admitted, lightly; "but if you go out to the road you can see a little more; and if you climb the hill you can see still farther. Everything, at last, is joined on to something else. This little Hebron neighborhood is part of all the rest of the world."

But Addie Lee looked a little blank.

"You felt something like that just a minute ago," her husband suggested. "When you heard the children a-laughin' an' callin', didn't it sorter seem to you like the baby was a part of them?"

"And the school-children are mine all the time," Melissa said with a little laugh. And then suddenly she turned with a burst of her old frankness, her old desire to be understood by the man who once had loved her. "But, Timothy! I must speak the truth,—I do love the children, and I do want to help them, and, oh! they help me just as much—but even they, and the new schoolhouse, and all of your and Addie Lee's kindness could never, never satisfy me if I did not have something else. It is my books—all the books you have seen in my little log house, and the rest that will be added to them by and by. The world up here *would* be little, so little that I should stifle and die in it, in spite of even the school and you, if it were not for them." The eagerness to be understood quivered like a light in her deep eyes.

The face of the young wife softened with comprehension and a simple tenderness. "I know how much better and larger everything has seemed to me since I've had Timothy and the baby," she said.

The child stirred from his sleep, and Timothy laid him in his mother's arms.

The Rockies

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ABOUT the tapster Sun they lounge and doze
 Blowsy and huge, in jovial indolence!
 Grudging their gold unearned, they drink and jest,
 While at their feet the sad young plainland goes—
They ask not how she fares, and care not whence—
 Holding her suckling harvests to her breast.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a world that seems to grow poorer rather than richer in the article of novelty the point of view is the thing that apparently promises most to the lover of novelty. Any mind dealing with a theme or problem new to it, sheds the light of its own interest upon it, brings to its interpretation the lessons of individual experience, and blends with it some color of character peculiar to the student. The student shares himself with the subject which he appropriates, and no witness of the result can wholly separate the two. If the subject was attractive before it was studied, it has become more attractive in the process, and the result is enriched with the importance which any man's history must have for all other men. If the student is a man of uncommon history, if his opinions are imaginably the outcome of his environment as well as his inner consciousness; if he is a man of culture standing in an almost unexampled relation of fealty to a political condition hitherto untouched by culture, then he presents himself and his thesis with such an extraordinary claim upon the curiosity of the witness, as we think we are about to instance. There may be incidents of greater psychological allurements, or of more striking dramatic picturesqueness than that of a New York politician, of the strict Tammany tradition, coming forward at the moment of his party's triumph, with a scholarly treatise on *The Oligarchy of Venice* in his hand, but we cannot think of any that match it or surpass it. If one were tempted to consider the spectacle lightly, or with reference merely to its mystifying effect upon the rank and file of those who have recently made Mr. George B. McClellan Mayor of the greatest American city, one would find one's sufficient rebuke in the honest make and excellent manner of the book which contributes its specific touch to his very striking attitude at a signal moment of his political career.

It is probably in an ignorance of which we have not yet been able to ascertain the bounds, that we fail to recall

any study of the Venetian oligarchy besides Mr. McClellan's since the delightful James Howell wrote, in the middle of the seventeenth century, his "Survey of the Signorie of Venice, of Her admired policy, and method of Government, with a Cohortation to all Christian Princes to resent Her dangerous Condition at present," she being then in danger more than usually imminent of destruction by the Turk, to whose mercies Christendom was leaving her with more than usual indifference. The author's "cohortation" formed a constantly recurrent note of his discourse, such as Mr. McClellan, addressing the world more than a hundred years after Venice ceased to be, was not obliged to sound. He could therefore write of her from a much cooler mind than Howell was able to command; and there are also some differences of circumstance as well as of temperament in the two students of the subject which favor his more judicial view of the case. He had not, for instance, to address his appeal, as Howell had, to a Puritan Parliament which had imprisoned him for his royalist sympathies (Howell had mostly sympathies rather than principles) or to conjure his country by her community of maritime interests to have compassion on a sister sea-going commonwealth. Neither was there any urgent occasion, in the taste of his age, or the humor of his public, to preface his treatise with a sonnet on "Upon the Citty and Signorie of Venice." Once for all Howell had done that so effectually, that any reader who feels the need of such a sonnet may recur to it in his book, where he will learn that—

Could any State on Earth Immortall be,
Venice by her rare Government is She. . . .
Yet She retains her Virgin-waters pure,
Nor any Forren mixture can endure;
Though Syren-like on Shore and Sea, Her
Face
Enchants all those whom once She doth embrace;
Nor is ther any can Her bewty prize
But he who hath beheld Her with his Eyes.
These following Leaves display if well observd . . .

How for sound prudence She still bore the
Bell;
Whence may be drawn this high fetchd
parallel:
Venus and Venice are Great Queens in their
degree,
Venus is Queen of Love, Venice of Policie.

Mr. McClellan has been as little obliged to offer any old or new version of "the famous Hexastic which Sannazarius made upon the City of Venice, for which he receavd 100 Zecchins for every verse (amounting neer to 300*l* sterling) in lieu of reward by decree of the Senat," but this payment is so much beyond the highest modern magazine rates, that we cannot forbear reproducing the lines here, in Howell's English, omitting Sannazaro's Latin, as an example to publishers and an incentive to poets, if for no pertinence in the lines themselves,

When Neptun 'mong his billows Venice saw,
And to the Adrian Surges giving law,
He sayed, now Jove boast of thy Capitoll,
And Mars his Walls; This were for to extoll

Tiber above the Main: both Citties Face,
You'l say, Rome *men*, Venice the *Gods* did trace.

A writer of such constantly besetting fancy as Howell would naturally call his work "A Venice Looking-Glasse," in that "short Analysis of the whole Peece," with which he prefaces the "Proeme" at last introducing the subject of his Survey; and an anxious author appealing to the English public as well as Parliament could not well forbear a wish to "preposse the reder . . . that he would not have adventured upon this remote Outlandish subject had he not bin himself upon the place; had he not had practi-call conversation with the peeple of whom he writes. . . . And herin," he adds, "the Author desires to be distinguishd from those who venture to write of Forren affaires and Countreys by an implicit faith only, taking all things upon trust, having Themselfs never trodd any part of the Continent." It is by right, therefore, of an immediate and personal acquaintance with the matter that Howell is able to take the confident tone he takes at the beginning, when he does begin, and to assure his readers that "were it within the reach of humane brain to pre-

scribe Rules for fixing a Society and Succession of peeple under the same Species of Government as long as the World lasts, the Republic of Venice were the surest pattern on Earth both for direction and imitation. . . . It seems some propitious Star was predominant at Her Nativity, and that Nature brought Her forth with Her limms well knit, and apt to grow up to a strong constitution, which is the cause that She is so long liv'd, and hath continued above a thousand hot summers . . . still fresh and flourishing, without the least furrow of age in her forehead, or any visible symptom of decay, whereunto Civill Bodies as well as Naturall, by those distempers and accidents which attend Time, use to be subject."

From this point so firmly established, in his own mind at least, our author goes on, not without a great deal more preamble, to the study, or as he calls it, the survey, of the Venetian constitution and government, "wherin ther may be divers things, usefull for this Meridian," that is to say England, where a theocratic oligarchy fast tending to a military despotism had supplanted the monarchy, and where Howell addresses the Parliament as "the supreme authority of the nation." He considers the Venetian state politically, geographically, internationally, commercially, and historically, especially in the light of "Her imitation of old Rome in most things," and devotes half his book to her annals under "Her 98 Dukes, Doges, or Souverain Princes." All along the line of his discourse and narrative blossom delightful conceits of fancy, and quaint flowers of rhetoric, but it may be frankly owned that with a prevailing fidelity to fact he does not scrutinize his material very closely, or forbear to report an event merely because it happens to be fabulous.

He was one of the most agreeable travellers and liberal observers who ever enlarged the bounds of English sympathy, and the "Familiar Letters" by which he is chiefly known, and which he is said to have written from Spain, France, Italy, and Holland, while resting quietly within the walls of the Fleet prison, where "the supreme authority of the nation" had lodged him, are graceful and charming pieces of prose in a time when most prose

was neither graceful nor charming. But while we may allow him literary qualities finer than those of all but a very few English travellers, and own him an ingenious and interesting observer, we cannot accept his view of any alien "people" as philosophical. His survey of the Signory of Venice is thoroughly entertaining, but his conversation with those "gentlemen of Venice" with whom he so much loved to speak, in the intervals of looking up the glass industry at Murano, does not seem to have supplied him a perspective for a very luminous view of their actual political character; or if it did, he scarcely invites his reader to share its advantages with him. He takes note of the successive changes by which Venice became the strongest and closest aristocracy from the widest democracy, but not with such effect as to leave them strongly stamped upon the imagination or to render them significant. Perhaps no contemporary observer could have detected in the Venice which Howell surveyed in the seventeenth century the facts and reasons of her inevitable decay. He, at any rate, saw her flourishing in immortal youth, with a glorious perpetuity before her, though in the retrospect she can be seen to have entered long before on the course of disease and death, which was not to end for yet more than two hundred years. Yet it is to be said of him that he was not, with all his fond admiration of Venice, a sentimental adorer, and the peculiar Venetian myth, the superstition of a state all dramatic incident, darkling intrigue, and ruthless tyranny, had no root in him. The seeds of this were to be sown after the fall of Venice, and to find their nurture in the deposits of that flood of romanticism which swept over the European world at the beginning of the nineteenth century. As far as any complicity in that folly is concerned, Howell is as guiltless as Mr. McClellan, and for his time and place he is almost equally modern.

What Mr. McClellan has done, and done so well as to give his performance almost unique value, is to have given us a view of the Venetian oligarchy which is modern in this time and place, in the year 1904, and in the city of New York. He has conceived of Venice, as some one

was sure at last to conceive of Venice, as the most strictly businesslike state that ever existed, a state built upon commercial principles, rather than moral and political ideals, and destined to endure as long as the business conditions continued propitious. She was a business enterprise, and if she failed at last, she escaped for a thousand years the doom which awaits ninety-five per cent. of all business enterprises. She was the New York, she was the Chicago, she was the Dawson City of her day; and she was not the less so because history and fancy so richly clothe her in the picturesqueness of the past. But it does not follow that because she was so modern, our modernity should evolve in her direction. We are a part of the English evolution, and it appears that we have not yet completed the democratic solution from aristocratic origins, which Mr. McClellan makes us observe was reversed in the Venetian process evolving an aristocracy from democratic origins. Whatever end we are going on to, the end that she attained with an unexampled perfection was a commercial patriciate in which feudalism and populism were alike sacrificed. The highest nobles and the lowest plebeians were thrust aside together by the successful plutocrats who formed themselves into a new aristocracy and became the state. After several *coups d'état* had culminated in the closing of the Grand Council under the Doge Pietro Gradenigo, that ossification of Venice began which so long had the effect of strength, that three hundred years later it gave the lively Howell the impression of immortal youth.

Mr. McClellan, of course, is not the first to bring the fact to the reader's consciousness; it has been the common property of philosophical observers since the fall of Venice, but his sense of the Venetian oligarchy as "the machine" is a contribution to the philosophy of the subject which is fairly his own. His notion of the involution, rather than the evolution of a national life, is very interesting and suggesting, and it seems to be the one thing absolutely new in his study. Other things in it are more or less derivative from former surveys of the subject, but it had remained for him to formulate if not to originate this. It

is the central light of his philosophy; it penetrates to all points of his study, and on his part there is no apparent shrinking from the conclusions to which it shows the way. With every outward semblance of a nation, and a very powerful nation, Venice, after the closing of the Grand Council, or the limitation of the government to the powerful plutocrats who managed the matter, became simply a corporate enterprise, a trust, a monopoly, and was destined, like everything else that is unjust and selfish, to final defeat and ruin. The latest student of the condition is not deceived by any of the pretences of necessity which have imposed upon most of the earlier students. These may have had no friendlier feeling toward the oligarchy than he, but they have hardly recognized as he recognizes the fact that there was nothing in the situation of Venice, at the closing of the Grand Council, which compelled any patriotic spirit to acquiesce in that treacherous violation of the constitution. Outwardly Venice would have been as strong against her enemies under what survived of her ancient democratic forms as under the new authority of the usurpation, and Mr. McClellan clearly sees this. There was of course no inward weakness against which the oligarchy strengthened her. It has been generally supposed that the oligarchy preserved her from all sorts of domestic and foreign perils to which she would have succumbed but for its potent agency, but there is no proof of this in her history. The democracy made her great and glorious, and if she held her own under the oligarchy, it was with a finally failing grasp, which there is no reason and no evidence to suppose would have relaxed sooner under a popular government. She became a monopoly, a commercial enterprise, not so explicit or so barren of tradition as, for example, the East India Company, but with no more heart, and with no greater hold upon the real affections of her subjects. They were ready to die for the oligarchy, as they had been ready to die for the country of which the oligarchy had dispossessed them, but not so much because it was sweet, as because they found their account in it, or could not help themselves. San Marco was still synonymous with Venice, but San Marco had ceased

to be the father of a country, and had become the president of a syndicate.

Mr. McClellan glances rapidly over the events which, with all their apparent success, weakened Venice one after another. The ideal of the syndicate was expansion, expansion on the Italian mainland, where it acquired large territories, and expansion in the Levant where it forced its way to commercial primacy when it could not force its way to political power. But the blood and treasure of the Venetian people were spent in continual wars, now with the Pope and his allies, and now with the Porte and his minions. On both hands the syndicate had to face treachery as well as violence, but it was fully qualified to play the game. It could command all talents: it had the people's money to pay them; and it was not afraid: courage is the one unquestionable virtue of an aristocracy. It bought mercenaries to fight its battles, and it knew how to deal with their captains when these favored its foes. It salaried and supported such a fearless mind as Paolo Sarpi, in his conflict with the Pope, and when the Church pronounced its interdicts of the republic, the syndicate ignored or defied them. It was a potent and perfect machine, but after all it was a machine, as Mr. McClellan calls it, and as he characterizes it when he does not call it so, and was not a country, not a nation.

It would have been interesting to have our author push his notion of the oligarchic machine to its logical conclusion on the parallel with our own party machines which offers itself to the reader's fancy. In our history we have seen more than once how a machine has consumed the vitality of a great and generous party, and it has always been the latent fear of certain patriots that some party machine may become so powerful as to consume the vitality of the people. This is what the Venetian machine did in the Venetian case, and its fatal and ruinous success is its lesson and warning. The machine, as one of its greatest masters and managers expressed, is always there for what there is in it, but when it has got that, there is nothing left, not even the machine itself. Mr. McClellan's perception of this fact in the

experience of the Venetian oligarchy will add a lively hope to the expectations of civic reform which the spirit if not the letter of his municipal administration has already awakened. A philosopher who has so intimately acquainted himself with the evils of a machine on the national scale may not unjustly be supposed to have his misgivings of the final beneficence of a party machine.

But this is something apart from our real business, which is with his admirable book. This seems to us not only a careful legal scrutiny of the subject, but a very judicial inquiry. Like the author of *The Signorie of Venice* the author of *The Venetian Oligarchy* had evidently "not adventured upon this remote Outlandish subject had he not bin himself upon the place." The subject, indeed, is not so remote or so outlandish as it was in the time when Howell felt obliged to excuse it to his "reder," and Mr. McClellan has rendered it indefinitely less so. As we have already noted, he has taken the American view of it; and without losing the dignity of a scholarly inquirer, he has given us a familiar picture, a very personal sense of the Venetian patriciate acting as a syndicate. We do not know how much he intended to distinguish the oligarchy of Venice from the people of Venice in the reader's mind, but he has distinguished it we think, with a finality which will not allow him to be confused about it again. Hereafter, no reader of his will have any excuse for conceiving of the Venetian oligarchy as the Venetian commonwealth, and will hardly be able to justify himself in the belief that the oligarchy was a political necessity. It was no more a political necessity than the second empire in France, and it was no less a usurpation. If the English Parliament which Howell addresses as "the supreme authority of the nation" had succeeded in perpetuating itself as political England, instead of degenerating into the Rump Parliament, we should have had in English terms a fairly literal version of the Venetian oligarchy which eventuated from the closing of the Grand Council.

After that causeless and excuseless

coup d'état, the history of Venice, though a record of splendid achievements, ceases to have the highest human interest. It will always be from beginning to end a fascinating study, but it will from the middle of the fourteenth century, down to the end of the eighteenth, be without instruction for those who would learn the lessons of an unselfish patriotism. The greatest heroes and the greatest deeds of Venice were of the days and years before Pietro Gradenigo. After him there were, almost to the end, great politicians, great captains, great logicians, great artists (though there never was any great author in Venice), but her annals were without the charm of the personality which is the soul of history. Never, in the long life of a state which rose from the waters after the ravage of Attila, and sank before the fear of Napoleon, was there any such sublime moment as that in the life of Florence when Savonarola heard the dying confession of Lorenzo de' Medici, and bade him make restitution of her liberties to the republic. There is, indeed, a sort of businesslike dryness in the story of Venice, curiously compatible with its fascination as a study, but inseparable apparently from its nature, and perhaps inalienable from that of any people bent constantly upon their material aggrandizement. She had no ideals but her safety first and her prosperity afterwards; she was without real poetry in her aspirations, and after the first period of industry, when she was strengthening her foundations amidst the shifting islands of the lagoon, she was purely commercial, in principle as in practice, whether she made money out of the crusades, or constituted herself the bulwark of Christendom against the Turk, or fought the Pope with priest against priest, or mercenary against mercenary. What she might have been if the spirit of a generous patriotism could have prevailed in her evolution as a real commonwealth can now never be known, but it cannot be claimed that her involution as an oligarchy was not the logic of her prevailing motives and endeavors.

Editor's Study.

AMONG the impressive happenings which are called events and which "make conversation"—as the outlet for a fine excitement—and arouse tense expectation, perhaps none is so mentally piquant as the beginning of a new serial story by that particular novelist who at the time most readily commands the polite audience of the English-speaking world. Many of the readers of this Magazine remember the kind and depth of feeling awakened by the appearance in its pages of the opening chapters of Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, of Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip*, and of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*. Our audience awaiting such things now is much keener, more deeply cultivated, and a very much larger one in America, besides including the polite reading public of England, so that these exciting Magazine events have come to be of international importance.

Other events whose initiation invites public celebration—such as great exhibitions and the visits of princes—promise no surprising sequel in their continuance. The prince has arrived, and when we have once seen him such curiosity as we may have had is satisfied; we know pretty well all else that will happen in the festive proceeding—the parades and dinners and speeches. But a new novel by a great writer—what charms are hidden in the far reaches of this dark forest of romance? What forms of manhood and womanhood will flash upon our vision and dwell in our regard—so much more interesting than fabled nymphs or fairies because they are real and human! We search the tantalizing caption and try to divine all the possibilities intimated; we eagerly devour the first instalment, in which we are likely to be introduced to the heroine and hero; and since their future is, for the present, left to our dreams, we dream. A year of travel, wherever we might go, could unfold no such mystery: and here we have no Baedeker to forecast our course.

It is this element of mystery which gives a great serial novel its irresistible hold upon the reader—which, indeed,

makes serial publication possible. In a year it will be at every reader's command in book form. Why not wait? Some readers will, but not those who have felt the writer's power and charm.

In the Study, where the editor meets the readers of the Magazine on somewhat homely and familiar terms, he could not without affectation be silent about a thing of such moment as the beginning of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe." He is addressing an audience which has undoubtedly already read the first two chapters of this novel, and the air about him seems vibrant with celebrant enthusiasm, to which he cannot fail to respond. If he could have had the first word, could have heralded prelusively the note of the play before the curtain was lifted and the note already sounded, there would have been much that he could say, but now his readers are saying it for him, and his utterance must seem an echo. They have seen Lady Kitty enter, and they ask the editor if, though so different from Julie Le Breton, she is not just as appealing and even more suggestive of lively possibilities in the succeeding acts; and the young hero, in his as yet loosely fitting diplomatic habit, more open to the beauty and charm of the world than to ambition for the mastery of its affairs—"how youthful, how interesting!" And "how delightful that all the elements for a fascinating love-story are brought together in this first view!" The editor hears all this, and the expression of the readers' pleasure that, as in "Lady Rose's Daughter," they are to have glimpses of high social life in England, blended with reminiscences, at least, of tempting, fateful Paris, and, perchance, enchanting views of the author's beloved Italy, and he echoes their plaudits and their hopes.

The editor knows something more of the story than the readers do, but that, of course, he may not tell, and they would have it told only in the author's own way. He can only give them his confident assurance that their highest expectations will be fully met. As to the

art of the story—its atmosphere, its lofty tone, its fine delineation of character and of environment, social and natural, and its dramatic evolution—no assurance is necessary; and it is as confidently to be presumed that, however absorbing the emotional currents of the story may be, the individual passion will not delete or confuse but rather determine the lines of individual character and career, and that, as we see in these opening chapters, the reader will always seem to be in a large place, open to the inflowing currents of the world's life. This catholicity is the distinction of all the great novelists of our day, and it is peculiarly Mrs. Humphry Ward's.

The development of Mrs. Ward's art in fiction has been a steady progress from her first venture, growing into the catholicity which is now so distinctive a feature of it. Mental specialties have been dropped more and more through the operation of that instinct of pure art which insists upon vital harmony, attainable only by such detachment on the part of the artist as will let life utter itself after its own nature and in its own patterns, whether these patterns be native or conventional.

Mrs. Ward deals almost entirely with the conventional—that is, with human life in its structural harmony. She does not select for her characters the men and women nearest the soil or build up her drama from elemental passions, as George Eliot did and Thomas Hardy. We do not look to her for mother-wit or native humor, but for the traits of a refined and exquisitely modulated life—the traits of culture. She does not make for us suggestive sketches, but finished pictures. The intricate and complex patterns, such as distinguish the finest modern music from native and simple melodies, she has woven into her fiction, giving it alike distinction from the merely bold and striking narrative and from the more elaborate sketches and romances in which Nature holds her own as fully as in her mountain torrents and barren moors.

Therefore we designate as distinctively "polite" the audience which Mrs. Ward has won for herself. How extensive this polite world of readers is may be estimated from the large sales of *Lady*

Rose's Daughter, since it is impossible to suppose anybody prompted to the purchase of such a novel by the motives which usually make a market for those which are accounted great "popular successes." It would almost seem that culture itself had become popular, in the best sense of the term—the only sense in which Mrs. Ward's novels are popular.

It is not to be assumed that the polite world is, to this extent, captivated by merely intellectual qualities. As highly intellectual novels as Mrs. Ward's have had a very limited acceptance, because they lack the supreme charm of dramatic art. We naturally ask why the works of George Meredith, whom Mrs. Ward has called "the master" in this kind of fiction, have a so narrowly select appreciation. But we easily find an answer to this question. Meredith may have greater genius, but it is of that order which is superciliously aristocratic, not by intention so much as by caprice, and this caprice is not of the kind that captivates all classes of even the polite world. Not only is he too difficult, too arbitrarily exacting, but his detachment is too complete, so that he is more masterful than sympathetic in the shifting of his drama and in his habitual manner. He has the sense of the play, but it is the sense of his own play—of the comedy of life in his own detached mental view of it. We note something of the same fantastic mastery in other great novels written by men, whose readers would form a limited caste but for the selection of characters and themes which appeal to general sympathy, and the artistic treatment of which does not involve such cold and speculative detachment as to seem exclusive.

To account for Mrs. Ward's popularity—if we may guardedly use that term—we remember first of all that she is a woman, with womanly intuitions; and it follows that her heroines are real living women with deeply passionate hearts. Thus we are brought very close to nature, even in a highly developed humanity; the elemental note, however modulated, is distinctly heard. If in her novels wit and humor do not wear their native garb or excite chortling laughter, yet these qualities unobtrusively pervade all her work, enhancing its delicacy, sanity, and charm.

Thomas Hardy lacks nothing of the highest excellence of art because he deals with peasants and farmers and seeks woodland ways; and Mrs. Ward, though she has carried the novel to the highest plane of our refined modern social life, making for herself there a field peculiarly her own, discloses, in situations the most conventional, passions as old as humanity, creating a drama whose fine and ample investiture cannot disguise, however it may veil, its natural strength. These vibrant currents thrill a far larger audience than any she could have won merely through her finely developed art of expression and her close study of life.

To the student of literary aims and methods nothing can be more interesting than to follow closely and sympathetically a writer's career from its tentative beginnings to its firm and full maturity.

In some careers there is little growth manifestly apparent; the writers seem to be fully equipped from the start, with an already fixed but characteristic habit of style which is steadily maintained to the end. Still, almost always, both in matter and in manner, there is a noticeable change as the writer goes on. He profits by wider observation and a deeper experience of life; from time to time some new interest takes possession of him, a strong current swerving him from his earlier bearings; or his mood may be sensibly affected by success or disappointment in his literary ventures, or by the vicissitudes of life. Sometimes, indeed, a writer's work betrays so much of what is most intimate to him personally that we feel a delicacy in speaking of it, as if it were a breach of confidence even in the case of so open a secret. Oftener we are delightfully interested in these implicit disclosures, which are so human and so natural. How easily we detect the writer's love of the earth and of the free air, his sympathy with every living thing, or his spontaneous gayety and pride of life, or simply that he is a lover. On the other hand, what deep breathings there may be of solitude and sorrow!

It is very instructive to the literary student to follow the indications of simple growth in a writer, of steady advance to most excellent workmanship—as in the

case of an essayist like Hamilton Mabie or of a story-writer like Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman.

To read a good memoir of a great author, written with reference to the direct association of his life with his works, is the best help to one's effort in intelligently following a writer's career—such a memoir as Charles Whibley has written of Thackeray, or that of Charles Dudley Warner recently given us by Mrs. Fields. The readers of to-day are abundantly supplied with such memoirs.

There are great writers whose masterpieces are so detached from their lives that we do not much regret the absence of their biographies except for the satisfaction of our curiosity. A life of Shakespeare would throw no light upon his plays, nor one of Milton upon his epics. But the close relationship which in our day is developed between individual writers and a large contemporary audience, until it becomes a kind of culture in both, acting and reacting, gives a nearer interest than that of curiosity to the memoirs of favorite authors.

It is with such intimate friendliness of interest that our readers will open Mrs. Fields's memoir of Charles Dudley Warner, already mentioned, but which we cannot dismiss with a mere allusion, so closely was he for many years associated with this Magazine. A perusal of the brief volume sharpens the reader's appetite for the more minute details of the life of this delightful humorist which will sometime, it is hoped, be presented in an adequate biography; but we have in this charming sketch by a friendly hand all that is necessary for the illumination of his literary work and for the comprehension of his serious and lofty purpose, not only in literature, but in those absorbing labors which to such an extent, unhappily for his readers, diverted him from his earlier course of easy and graceful entertainment, in books like *My Summer in a Garden*, and essays like that "On being a Boy." The ease and grace and humor were maintained to the end, but we love to linger with Mrs. Fields over his travels abroad and the letters written by him to friends at home, while these charms freshly and frankly shone forth out of a life still unvexed by the problems of the world.

The Lord's Box

BY JAMES FORBES

TONY, looking back on the six years of his existence, could not remember any event so productive of delight as the coming of gran'muvvie. At first her advent had been bewildering. Tony didn't understand about her. Tony knew about fathers and mothers and Tony knew about God. He had vague ideas about grandfathers and grandmothers, because two "gran'pas" and one "gran'ma" were in heaven. He was going there some day, he told his mother—in the winter, when he could not play outdoors—"just to see what they were like," assuring her at the same time, "In course I'll come back."

But gran'muvvie was a new proposition. She certainly was not "gran'ma in the city," because *she* was "awful old—older than I can count, and I can count till fifty." Favver had said "gran'ma in the city" was old like Mrs. Brown next door. True, gran'muvvie had white hair and wore spees, but Mrs. Brown chased little boys and scolded, while gran'muvvie loved little boys—she told Tony so. Gran'muvvie laughed almost all the time when she didn't cough. It was such a beautiful cough. All the little boys wanted to hear it. Tony charged an apple or a lick of taffy for the privilege. His mother failed to understand the sudden invasion of boy. His grandmother thought them very polite to call upon her. Once it was very embarrassing. Tony had whetted the curiosity of Bertie Simmons. Consequently Bertie was overcharged. Tony demanded two apples and four licks of taffy. Gran'muvvie smiled and shook hands with Bertie. But she did not cough. She went on reading the newspaper. Bertie waited. Then he grew wrathful.

"Give me back my apple. She don't cough." Then gran'muvvie laughed and laughed and coughed until she cried. Tony

wished he had asked for five licks of taffy. For Bertie ruined trade. Muvvie heard.

Gran'muvvie was such fun. She went fishing and helped put on the worms. She never grew nervous when a fellow sat on a log and offered to hold him on.

Sometimes they had great luck. One day they caught a sunfish, a perch, and three minnows. Tony guessed, "It's 'coz it's Friday, fish-day." The excitement must have been too much for gran'muvvie. Anyway, she suggested going home. Tony gave



"She went on reading the newspaper"

gracious assent. Possibly his readiness to abandon the scene of his triumph was not disinterested. In common with all anglers he yearned to flaunt the catch of the season. With apparent guilelessness he chose the longer way home, explaining, "The other path ain't shady." They might meet Bertie Simmons. Anyway, there were the circus posters. Gran'muvvie had not displayed much interest in the coming of the circus. Maybe she would be as anxious to go as he was if she saw the pictures. Tony was killing

two birds with one stone. He hadn't reckoned without his host. Gran'muvvie ceased to regret the extra blocks—that, alas! had not proved shady. Privately, she confessed a weakness for circuses. Eagerly they hurried from one end of the fence to the other, then retraced their steps, bent on a minute inspection of the "anamals," he in the delight of reviewing his acquaintance with the wonders that first had dawned on him the previous day, forgetful of his piscatory glories. Tony broke the silence of the homeward journey. "Is the circus wicked?" Gran'muvvie thought it wasn't. He guessed it wasn't, either. "It was just like Noah's Ark, and Noah's Ark was in the Bible."

Tony was preoccupied during luncheon. His father and mother had not proved fallow ground for the dropping of grains of information about the circus and its glories. Even gran'muvvie seemed more interested in the church picnic. Picnics were all very well in their way, but—Didn't they feel all queer in their insides about the monkeys and the bears and the tigers and the elephants? He didn't care to eat—not even his pie. Grown-ups were funny. He was sore afraid they were indifferent. Favver ate two pieces, and said muvvie ought to bake some for the picnic. Then they were going? Tony sat bolt upright. He had heard favver say no later than last night that it was a "bore." He didn't know what "bore" was, but favver had looked awful tired. Why was he smiling now and saying it would be like when he was a boy? Tony understood. Gran'muvvie wanted to go. There certainly were advantages about be-

ing favver's ma. You never had to coax for anything. If gran'muvvie wanted to go to the circus! She must be filled with that desire.

The diplomat in embryo intuitively divined the first move in the game. She must be cajoled into a good humor, and advantage taken of the opportunity to present strong arguments in favor of the circus. While no politician—he knew the effects of a bribe. He must be "terrible nice" to her. But what form should this "terrible niceness" take? Something lovely to eat, of course! What kind of "sweeties" did she specially like? "Peppamints." He knew where one could buy six for a cent. But he didn't have a penny to his name. On Monday he had been introduced to a new brand of taffy which had appealed so to his saccharine passions that his weekly income was quickly spent. How could one squander three cents in three days! An advance from the family was impossible.

Tony carried his problem to the hammock. Saturday was pay-day—a whole day to wait. He was a man of action, and he wanted the matter decided—circus or no circus—before the day was over. Would it not be "terrible nice" when gran'muvvie awakened—she took little sleeps in the afternoon, same as he had done long ago before he went to kindergarten—to knock on the door and say: "It's on'y Tony. I'm come to 'muse you. Open your mouf and shut your eyes and I'll give you somefin' to make you wise." He could see her laughing real hard, and when she was through coughing he would climb into the bed and they would have a nice cozy chat.

Gran'muvvie should have all the sweeties. Well, he might take one. "Peppamints" were not much to his liking. They made you so thirsty, and then water made your mouth taste sort of hot and cold and queer. By and by there would be stories. "Once upon a time when Jack was about as old as a little boy I know—" Presently he would suggest a Sunday story. Noah's Ark would be the best selection, as it would then be but a step to the menagerie and the sawdust ring. A sigh, a tearful refusal of the *last* "peppamint," and—"I wisht I was Bertie Simmons. He's going to the circus"—the game was won. Tony's eyes grew dewy as he built his castles. He saw himself among the "anamals" and the clowns, peanuts in one hand, pop-corn in the other, filled to the brim with red lemonade.

Alas! since Wednesday he had faced the world a bankrupt.

An inspiration came to Tony and sent him hurrying to where the Lord's box stood. Reverently he lifted the little metal casket, heavy with self-sacrifice. He wasted no time in reflection on his former virtues, but, clasping the box in his hands, knelt to pray. He believed firmly in the efficacy of prayer, yet a momentary awe at the thing he had resolved to do laid hold upon him. How good the kind God had already been. Was he asking too much? Shamefacedly he



"He gave Mrs. Jones, who did not like little boys, two"

addressed his petition: "Please, God, lend me a penny." Now the box was well filled, and Tony in his excitement held it upside down. His hands were twitching under the strain of his anxiety. Is any one prepared to assert that this combination of circumstances alone caused a penny to slip out of the aperture in the lid and roll gently towards Tony? That is a matter between Tony and his God. As he arose his gratitude was fervently expressed: "Thank you, God. I'll give it back to you to-morrow night."

When bedtime came on Saturday night Tony toiled up the stairs, broken-hearted. His faith in humanity was shattered, for gran'muvvie's usual donation had not been forthcoming. What could he say to God? His obligation weighed heavily upon him, for he felt a debt of gratitude that could not be repaid simply by the return of the borrowed amount. The success of his plan had exceeded expectations and he knew that it was largely due to the peppermints. Joy at the impending visit to the circus had made him radiate good humor all day. That afternoon gran'muvvie had given a tea-party, to which she had bidden four friends of her girlhood. He was so happy that he had offered to kiss them—in fact, he gave Mrs. Jones, who did not like little boys, *two*. Towards evening Tony began to grow impatient. How could they drink so much tea! What a lot of talk! It made his head ache. At every sound of his mother's voice he started, expecting to hear, "Tony, it's time for little boys to go to bed." Anxiety set in with the lighting of the lamps. Gran'muvvie, all unconscious of the havoc she was working to his peace of mind, gossiped on, and in the delight of reminiscence forgot the largess to her beloved boy. Oh, horrible thought! Maybe gran'muvvie didn't have any more nickels! The suspicion became conviction. Bravely he battled with his tears, and although he looked upon the quartet as being in some inexplicable manner the authors of his misfortune, he included them in the good-night kiss.

How did he ever summon courage to falter through "Now I lay me"? Tony lay in his bed, thrilled by a sense of his unworthiness. "Oh God," he sobbed, "I'm terrible bad."



"Please lend me a penny"

I didn't mean to cheat. Honest, God, I didn't. Cross my heart. Oh dear God"—his voice sank to a whisper,—“do you think maybe I shook the box?” Insomnia gripped Tony. He lay alternately praying and sobbing long after the quiet of night had descended over the household. He could endure it no longer. Slipping out of bed, he ran towards his mother's room. Midway he was arrested by the light streaming from gran'muvvie's reading-lamp, beside which she sat with her Bible. Here was spiritual consolation on tap. In an instant he had precipitated himself on her lap. "Oh, gran'muvvie," he wailed, "I owe God a penny."

Eagerly Tony lifted the little metal casket and knelt to pray: "Here's your penny, God; I'm terrible much obliged—and please, God, won't you specially bless my bootiful gran'muvvie?"

And gran'muvvie felt as she gathered him up in her arms that Tony's prayer had been answered.

Not Exactly

THE class in German had been learning a little poem about Bismarck, and the teacher was taking occasion to tell them in German a few facts about him. She made the statement that he was called "Der Mann von Blut und Eisen" (the man of blood and iron).

They all knew what *Blut* was, but none of them knew what *Eisen* was.

So pointing to one of the iron ventilators in the wall, she said: "Das ist

Eisen. Now Bismarck was the man of blood and what?"

"Ventilators," shrieked a youngster.

Preferable

LITTLE MARGARET came to her mother one day, and asked, "Can I take my dollie to heaven with me when I die?"

"No, I think not," answered her mother.

"Very well, then, I will just run round to hell with her," said Margaret, in a tone which settled the matter once and for all.



The Brute

YOUNG WIFE. "*I told you you'd suffer for eating that storepipe.*"

HE. "*Oh! oh! 'Twasn't the pipe,—oh!—'twas the pie you made for dinner!*"

Bein' Sick

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

WHEN I am *really* sick abed
It isn't ever any fun.
I feel all achy in my head
An' hate to take my medisun.
Th' sheets get stickyish an' hot,
But I am not allowed to kick
'Em off, er read, er talk a lot
When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about
To come an' pat me on th' face
An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out,"
An' tiptoe all around th' place.
They go when I pretend to be
Asleep—I do it for a trick:
I don't *like* folks to pity me
When I am sick.

My mother's *diff'runt*—I don't care
If she sits by me once er twice
An' says, "Poor boy," an' smooths my hair;
She ain't just *tryin'* to be nice.
They bring warm squushy things to me
For meals, an' make me eat 'em quick.
I'm mis'ruble as I can be
When I am sick.

But when yer *really* sick abed
All th' fun is getting well.
Say! It's jolly, bein' fed,—
I c'n hardly ever tell
What tastes best. 'Most any food
Goes so fast I want t' lick
Th' plate. Stuff always tastes so good
When I've been sick.

I like it best when I can sit
All bundled in th' easy chair,
With all the windows raised a bit
To give the place a little air.
An' if a breeze comes now and then,
I tell y' what, it's pretty slick
Just t' *smell* outdoors again,
When I've been sick!

They put th' kittens on th' rug,
An' mother brings her sewin' in.
An' everythin's so nice an' snug
I sit an' look around an' grin.
An' then I get to countin' sheep,—
Or wond'r'in' why th' clock should tick
In *diff'runt* ways. I *like* t' sleep
When I've been sick.



Her View

OH, isn't he so very cute!
 Jes like a great big cat.
 I wonder would it be polite
 For me to tell him "Seat"?

I WISH it was next summer, 'coz
 I'll be lots taller, then,
 And I won't have to serooch 'way down
 To see him in his den. S.

The Adventures of Little Katy

BY CAROLYN WELLS

LITTLE KATY wandered where
She espied a Grizzly Bear;
Noticing his savage wrath,
Katy kicked him from her path.

Little Katy, darling child,
Met a Leopard, fierce and wild;
Ere the ugly creature sped off,
Little Katy bit his head off.

Katy, in her best blue cape,
Met a furious angry Ape;
But his rage received a check,—
Little Katy wrung his neck.

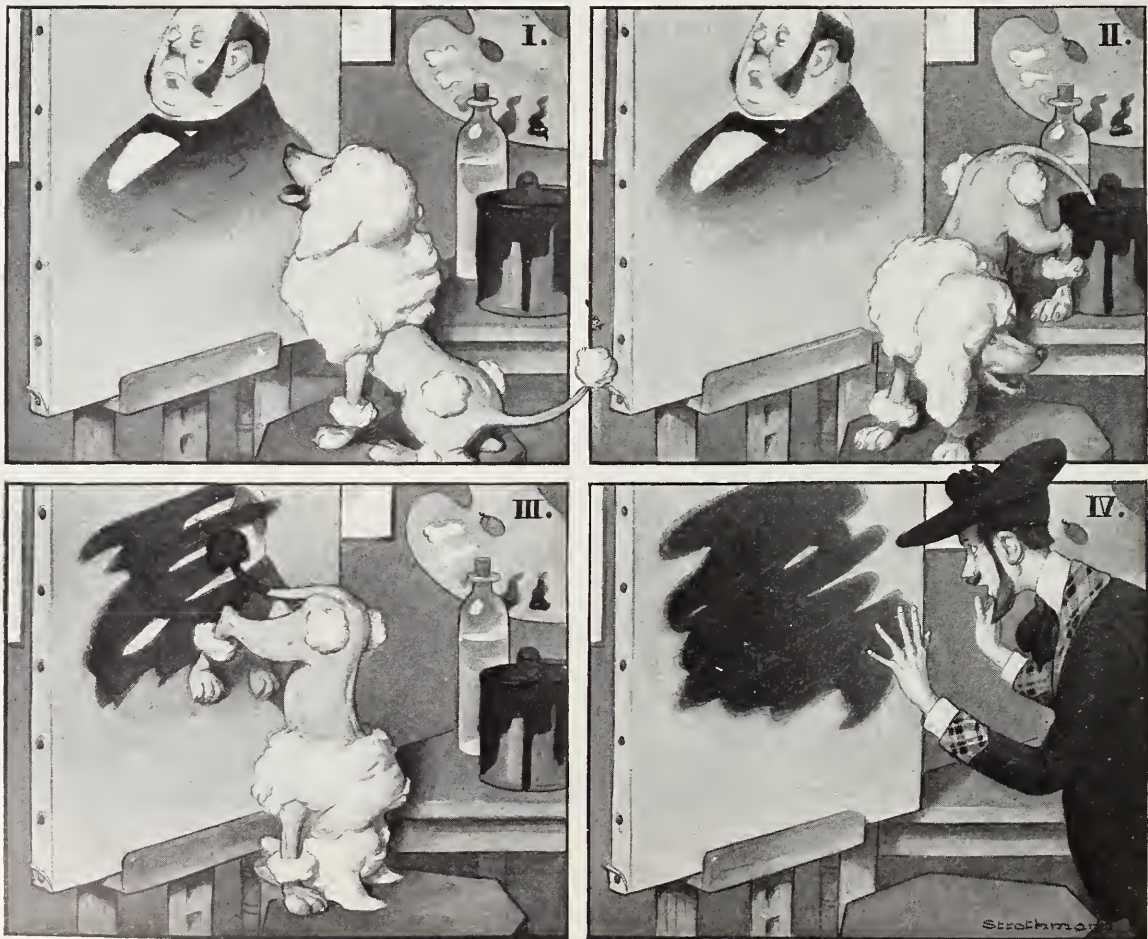
Little Katy met a Lion,—
From starvation he was dyin';
Though misfortune hadn't crushed him,
Katy stepped on him and squashed him.

Little Katy, near the Niger,
Met a big, bloodthirsty Tiger,
Tied a brick around his throat,
Went and drowned him in the moat.

Little Katy had a fuss
With a Hippopotamus;
Though the beast was somewhat weighty,
He was soon knocked out by Katy.

Little Katy flushed with ire
As a hungry Wolf came nigh her.
So impertinent was he,
Katy chased him up a tree.

Little Katy, once, by chance,
Met a drove of Elephants.
Katy, fearing they might crowd her,
Scattered 'round some Persian powder.



The Finishing Touches



The Poetical Frogs

*THESE frogs are quite poetical,
Though reared amidst the slime,
For when one croaks, the other jokes,
And thus completes the rhyme.*

The Dark

BY PAULINE F. J. BROWER

THEY laid him in his little bed,
The little tired child, and said,
"He will not wake again to-night,
Dear dreamy One, put out the light!"
And stealing softly down the stair
They left him sweetly sleeping there.

Nor ever looked behind to see
How from the shadows timidly
The little Child Dark gently crept
To play beside him as he slept,
And lift her pleading childish eyes
To him with wondering smile, and wise.

For they were playmates, he and she,
She told her heart, and happily

She crept beside his little bed
And laid her small, dark, wistful head
Upon the pillow where till day
His curls in bright confusion lay.

But waking suddenly in fear
He did not see her there, so near,
And only sobbed aloud in fright
Until they brought a little light,
A wavering taper bright and new
To steal away the night's dim hue.

But with wide, tearful childish eyes
All filled with wounded swift surprise
The little Dark had crept away
Out where the wandering shadows stray.



Feminine Amenities

"Yes, we entertain quite a lot. We feel, you know, that we owe a good deal to society."

"My dear, you shouldn't call common tradespeople society!"

Why She Was Afraid

DURING an exhibition of fireworks little Margaret seemed to be very nervous, particularly when a rocket was sent off. After one went up unusually high she began to cry, and when her mother asked what was the matter, she sobbed, "Oh, mamma! I'm so afraid they'll hurt the Lord." G. R.

An Amended Version

THE minister in a country district, on one of his rounds among his widely scattered flock, stopped at the house of the doting

mother of an only child. During the visit the mother said,

"Now, darling, let Mr. P—— hear how nicely you can say your Christmas hymn."

Nothing loath, darling bravely began:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And—and—and——"

Here memory failed, but quick wit came to the rescue, adding, in triumphant tone,

"And thought he'd show them round."



Illustration for "When the Turtle Turned Loose"

See page 196

"I'M—I'M RATHER TIRED, I THINK"

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Freedom of the Seas

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

IN maintaining the right of neutrals freely to navigate the ocean in pursuit of innocent commerce, the early statesmen of America, while sustaining a predominant national interest, gave their support to a cause from the eventual triumph of which the whole world was to derive an incalculable benefit. But it was not in time of war alone that commerce was exposed to attacks at sea. Although the exorbitant pretensions of the sixteenth century, by which the navigation even of the Atlantic and the Pacific was assumed to be susceptible of engrossment, had, before the end of the eighteenth, fallen into desuetude, much remained to be accomplished before the exhibition of an acknowledged national flag would assure to the peaceful mariner an unmolested passage. Ere this great end could be attained it was necessary that various exaggerated claims of dominion over adjacent seas should be denied and overcome, that the "right of search" should be resisted and abandoned, and that piracy should be extirpated.

In placing the danger from "water thieves" before the peril of "waters, winds, and rocks," Shylock described a condition of things that long survived his own times. At the close of the eighteenth century a merchantman built for long voyages still differed little in armament from a man-of-war. Whether it

rounded the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, it was exposed to the depredations of ferocious and well-armed marauders, and if it passed through the Straits of Gibraltar it was forced to encounter maritime blackmail in its most systematic and most authoritative form. On the African coast of the Mediterranean lay the Barbary powers—the empire of Morocco and the regencies of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers—which had for generations subsisted by depredations on commerce. In this way they had won the opprobrious title of "piratical states," but they wore it with a pampered and supercilious dignity. Even in the exchange of courtesies they exhibited a haughty parsimony, exacting from the foreign man-of-war the generous requital of a barrel of powder for every gun with which they returned its salute. They had every reason to know that their power was understood and dreaded. In their navies might be found the products of the ship-building skill of England, France, Spain, and Venice. In war civilized powers did not always disdain to make use of their aid. Their mode of life was diplomatically recognized, and to some extent connived at. It was regulated by a simple formula. While disdaining the part of common pirates, such as plundered vessels indiscriminately, they professed themselves at war with all who refused to pay them tribute; and they took good care to make

their friendship expensive. Peace with Algiers in 1786 was reported to have cost Spain upwards of three million dollars, while the annual presents of Great Britain to the four states were valued at nearly three hundred thousand.

At the outbreak of the Revolution it was estimated that one-sixth of the wheat and flour exported from the United States, and one-fourth of their dried and pickled fish, and a quantity of rice found their best market in the ports of the Mediterranean. In this commerce, which had grown up under the protection of the British flag, there were employed from eighty to a hundred ships, manned by twelve hundred seamen. Early in the war it was entirely abandoned, and its loss was severely felt. In the plan of a treaty furnished to Franklin and his colleagues the Continental Congress, accommodating its demands to its wishes, proposed that France should take the place of Great Britain as the protector of American vessels; but the king of France went no further than to agree to lend his good offices. During the Revolution the Mediterranean commerce therefore remained in abeyance; but on May 12, 1784, Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson were commissioned to treat with the Barbary powers, and on the 11th of the ensuing March they were authorized to send agents to those countries to negotiate. The government acted none too soon. Before an agent was appointed to Morocco an American vessel was captured by a cruiser of that state. The emperor, however, exhibited much mildness. On the friendly interposition of Spain he restored the vessel and cargo and released the crew; and in January, 1787, he concluded a liberal treaty, at a cost to the United States of less than ten thousand dollars.

The other powers proved to be less tractable, and especially troublesome was the Dey of Algiers, by whose activities the revival of American commerce with the Mediterranean was for a time effectually prevented. On July 25, 1785, the schooner *Maria* of Boston was captured off Cape St. Vincent by an Algerine cruiser, and five days later the ship *Dauphin* of Philadelphia was taken. The vessels and their cargoes were carried to Algiers, and all on board, embracing

twenty-one persons, were, according to custom, consigned to slavery till they should be ransomed. A new difficulty was thus created. When Congress issued its commission to Adams and his associates there were thousands of captives in Barbary; but as there were no Americans among them the question of ransom was not considered, and the whole expense of the negotiations was limited to eighty thousand dollars. For the liberation of the twenty-one Americans subsequently captured Algiers demanded two-thirds of that sum. For this emergency no provision had been made. When the new government under the Constitution was formed, Jefferson, as Secretary of State, declared the determination of the United States "to prefer war in all cases to tribute under any form," but a navy was wanting to make this declaration effective. By December, 1793, the number of American vessels captured by Algerine corsairs had risen to thirteen, and the number of captives to a hundred and nineteen. From Boston to Norfolk almost every seaport had furnished its victim. Nor was the Dey anxious to make peace with America. So successful had he been in bringing other governments to terms that he remained at war only with the United States and the Hanse Towns, and he began to grow apprehensive at the prospect of inactivity. "If," he exclaimed, "I were to make peace with everybody, what should I do with my corsairs? What should I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for the want of other prizes, not being able to live upon their miserable allowance." Reasoning thus, he was not disposed to compromise; but the government of the United States, urged on by the cry of the captives, whom it was then unable to rescue by force, accepted his conditions, and by the expenditure of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars obtained the release of its citizens and purchased a peace, which was signed on September 5, 1795. A treaty with Tripoli followed on November 4, 1796, and with Tunis in August, 1797.

The respite thus secured was of brief duration. The Dey of Algiers received, under his treaty with the United States, an annual payment of twelve thousand sequins (equivalent to nearly twenty-two thousand dollars) in naval stores; but



STEPHEN DECATUR

From the portrait by Thomas Sully, in the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

besides this stipulated tribute, there were customary payments that were rigorously counted as regalian rights. Among these were included a present of twenty thousand dollars on the sending out of a new consul, biennial presents to officers of government estimated at seventeen thousand dollars, and incidental and contingent presents of which no forecast could be made. Tribute was likewise paid to Tripoli and to Tunis; but the potentates of the regencies, though they pursued a common interest, were jealous of one another's prosperity in peace as well as in war, and were hard to content. Early in 1800 the Bashaw of Tripoli, Jusuf Caramanly, a bold usurper, who seems to have understood both the principles and

the cant of thrifty politics, complained to Mr. Cathcart, the American consul, that the presents of the United States to Algiers and Tunis were more liberal than those to himself; and he significantly added that compliments, although acceptable, were of little account, and that the heads of the Barbary states knew their friends by the value of the presents they received from them. Not long afterwards he intimated that he would like to have some American captives to teach him English, and that if the United States flag once came down, it would take a great deal of "grease" to raise it again. Finally, lest the seriousness of his grievances might not be appreciated, he addressed himself direct-

ly to the President, to whom he pointedly declared that any delay in complying with his demands would be prejudicial to American interests. No response came, and the Bashaw grew impatient. "In Tripoli, consul," said he to Cathcart, "we are all hungry, and if we are not provided for we soon get sick and peevish." Cathcart, seeing that the Bashaw spoke in metaphors, replied that when the chief physician prescribed the medicine he would not object to administering it, but that meanwhile he could promise nothing. "Take care," answered the Bashaw, "that the medicine does not come too late, and, if it comes in time, that it is strong enough." On

May 14, 1801, he caused the American flag-staff to be chopped down six feet from the ground in token of war. The answer of the United States had already been decided upon. Symptoms of unrest had appeared in Tunis and Algiers as well as in Tripoli; and a squadron was sent to the Mediterranean with orders, if any of

the Barbary powers should declare war or commit hostilities, to protect American commerce and chastise their insolence. The government had, as President Jefferson declared, determined "to owe to our own energies, and not to dishonorable condescensions, the protection of our right to navigate the ocean freely." For two years the contest with Tripoli dragged wearily along, but its vigorous prosecution with augmented forces, after the summer of 1803, brought it at length to a triumphant close. The midnight destruction by Decatur of the frigate *Philadelphia*, under the fire of the Bashaw's gunboats and batteries, the fierce and incessant bombardments by Preble

of the Tripolitan stronghold, the mysterious fate of the heroic Somers and his fire-ship, and the intrepid march of Eaton across the desert to the capture of Derne were incidents which taught the rulers of the Barbary coast that a new spirit must be reckoned with. On June 3, 1805, peace was agreed to by a representative of the Bashaw on board the frigate *Constitution*, and the next day a treaty was concluded on shore.

During the seven years that followed the second peace with Tripoli the relations of the United States with the Barbary powers were comparatively uneventful; but their tranquillity was now and

then disturbed by incidents which, although they did not produce a rupture, bespoke a sullen dissatisfaction with existing conditions. This feeling promptly flamed out when in 1812 the report was received of war between the United States and Great Britain. The Dey of Algiers, encouraged to believe that the maritime power of America would be annihilated, discovered that



GENERAL WILLIAM EATON

From a drawing, made from an old print, by D. McN. Stauffer

the United States had always fallen short in the payment of tribute, and expelled the American consul-general and all American citizens from his dominions. An American brig was captured by an Algerine corsair and the crew reduced to captivity, while an American passenger was taken out of a Spanish ship and held in bondage. Tripoli and Tunis allowed the prizes of an American privateer to be recaptured by the British in their ports. As the war with England had practically shut the Mediterranean against American vessels, measures of defence were deferred; but on February 23, 1815, five days after peace with Great Britain was proclaimed, Pres-



THE BATTLE OF TRIPOLI

From a painting in the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

ident Madison recommended a declaration of war against Algiers. The response of Congress was at once made, in an act, approved on the 3d of March, "for the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine cruisers." Two squadrons were ordered to the Mediterranean, under Bainbridge and Decatur. Decatur, arriving first on the scene, compelled the Dey on the 30th of June to agree to a treaty by which it was declared that no tribute, under any name or form whatsoever, should again be required from the United States. No other nation had ever obtained such terms. Tripoli and Tunis were also duly admonished; and the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar was relieved of its burdens and its terrors.

With the suppression of the Barbary exactions tolerated piracy disappeared; but the depredations of lawless freebooters in various parts of the world long continued to furnish occasion for naval and to some extent for diplomatic activity. As late as 1870 the naval forces of the United States were directed, upon the invitation of Prussia, to cooperate with those of the other powers for the suppression of piracy in Chinese waters. Such incidents, however, possess no special significance. No one undertakes to defend confessed lawlessness. Attempts to

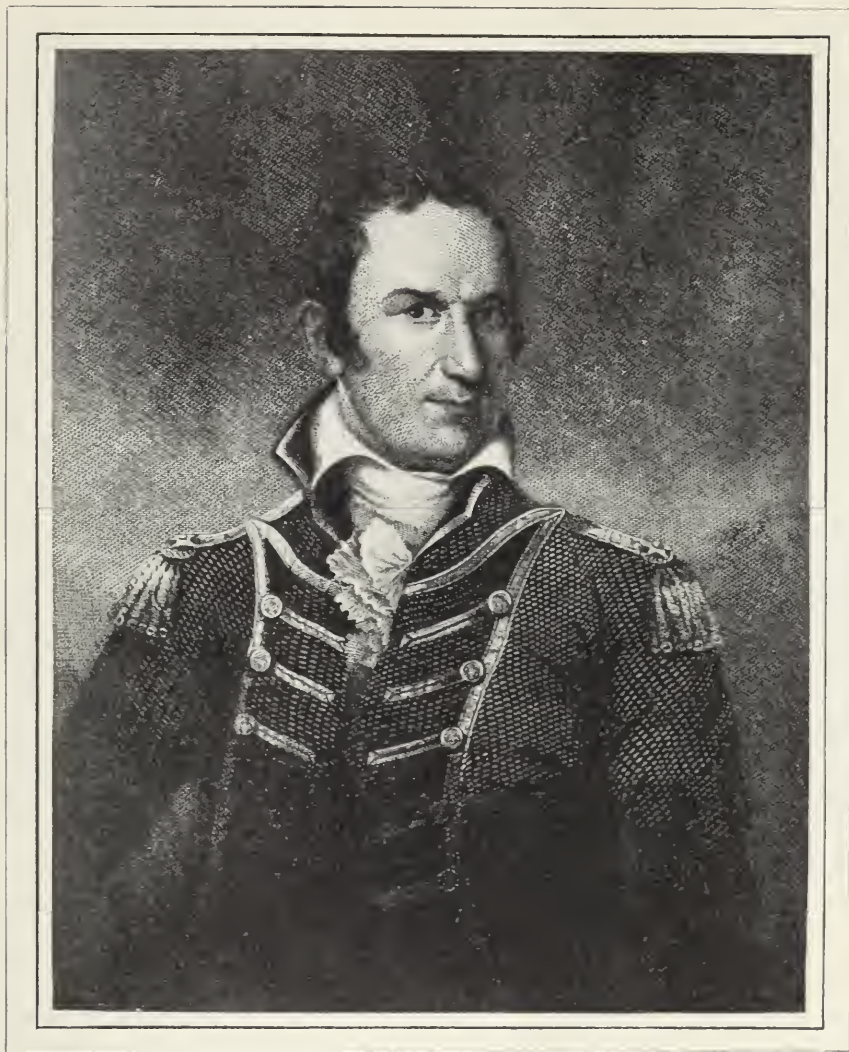
abridge the freedom of the seas assume a dangerous form and become important when they are made or sanctioned by governments on pleas of pretended right or interest. Within this category fell the claim long strenuously asserted that the cruisers of one nation might lawfully visit and search the merchant vessels of another nation on the high seas in peace as well as in war. To the people of the United States this claim was rendered especially hateful by the practice of impressment, with which it came to be peculiarly identified. From time immemorial the commanders of men-of-war had been in the habit, when searching neutral vessels for contraband or enemy's property, of taking out and pressing into service any seamen whom they conceived to be their fellow subjects. The practice was essentially irregular, arbitrary, and oppressive, but its most mischievous possibilities were yet to be developed in the conditions resulting from American independence. After Great Britain in 1793 became involved in the wars growing out of the French Revolution, the nature and extent of those possibilities were soon disclosed. Not only were the native sailors of England and America generally indistinguishable by the obvious test of language, but the crews of American vessels often contained a large proportion of men

of British birth, who, even when naturalized in the United States, were, under the doctrine of indelible allegiance then almost universally prevalent, still claimed by Great Britain as her subjects. Native Americans, if mistakenly impressed, ran the risk of being killed in action before an order could be obtained for their release; all others were firmly held to service. Nor was it a slight inconvenience that in this way American crews were sometimes so far depleted as to be unable to navigate their ships. The United States, while freely admitting the belligerent right of search, denied that it might be employed for any but the acknowledged purposes of enforcing blockades, seizing prize goods, and perhaps capturing officers and soldiers in the actual service of the enemy. "The simplest rule," declared Jefferson, when Secretary of State, "will be that the vessel being American shall be evidence that the seamen on board are such." Efforts were repeatedly made by the United States to adjust the controversy, but in vain. President Madison gave it the chief place in his message of June 1, 1812, recommending war against Great Britain; but in the treaty of peace concluded at Ghent, December 24, 1814, it was not mentioned. Nearly thirty years later, Webster, when Secretary of State, recurring to Jefferson's rule, declared, "In every regularly documented American merchant vessel the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them." These words were addressed to Lord Ashburton on August 8, 1842. The principle of protection and immunity which they announced was asserted in even broader terms, and was thus impliedly accepted, by the British government in 1861. On November 8 in that year the British mail-steamer *Trent*, while on a voyage from Havana to St. Thomas, was overhauled by the American man-of-war *San Jacinto*, Captain Wilkes, and was compelled to surrender the Confederate commissioners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, Messrs. McFarland and Eustis, all of whom were on their way to England. The sole reason given by Earl Russell for demanding their release was that "certain individuals" had "been forcibly taken from on board a British

vessel, the ship of a neutral power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag and a violation of international law." No wonder that Mr. Seward, in assuring Lord Lyons that the demand would be granted, congratulated himself on defending and maintaining "an old, honored, and cherished American cause."

The controversy as to impressment involved no question as to search on the high seas in time of peace. Such a right had been asserted by Spain and other powers for the purpose of enforcing their colonial restrictions. The United States refused to admit it, and conceded a right of search in time of peace only in respect of pirates, who, as enemies of the human race, were held to be outside the pale of national protection. Beyond this the government refused to go. As the war-right of search had been perverted to the purpose of impressment, so it was apprehended that the peace-right, if any were admitted to exist, might be perverted to the same purpose or to purposes equally odious.

To this position the United States tenaciously adhered, even when strongly solicited to depart from it by the promptings of philanthropy. The movement so energetically led by Great Britain during the first half of the nineteenth century for the suppression of the African slave-trade found in all civilized lands strong support in public opinion. To its success, however, the voluntary cooperation of nations was discovered to be indispensable. Soon after the close of the Napoleonic wars, Lord Stowell, the greatest judge that ever sat in the English Court of Admiralty, declared, in the case of a French vessel which had been seized by a British cruiser on a charge of engaging in the slave-trade, that no nation could exercise a right of visitation and search upon the common and unappropriated part of the ocean except from belligerent claim. The vessel was discharged. As if to anticipate such an obstacle, the British government had already entered into treaties with Denmark, Portugal, and Spain, by which a qualified right of search was conceded; and it sought to make the measure universal. So steadfastly was the object pursued that by 1850



EDWARD PREBLE, U.S.N.

From an engraving by Kelly of the portrait in Faneuil Hall, Boston

the number of such treaties in force between Great Britain and other powers was twenty-four. Among the assenting governments, however, the two most important powers were not found—the United States and France. When the proposal was submitted to the United States, the government at once repulsed it. No man condemned the slave-trade more strongly than did John Quincy Adams; on the other hand, no one more profoundly appreciated the fundamental principles of American policy and the importance of maintaining them. In 1818, when Secretary of State, he declared that the admission of the right of search in time of peace, under any circumstances whatever, would meet with universal repugnance in the United States. He steadily resisted in Monroe's cabinet, even in opposition to the yielding inclinations of Calhoun and other members from slave States, any abate-

ment of this position. The subject was, however, taken up in Congress, and by an act of May 15, 1820, the slave-trade was branded as piracy. This act seemed to constitute the first step on the part of the United States toward the assimilation of the traffic, by the consent of the civilized world, to piracy by law of nations, thus bringing it within the operation of the only acknowledged right of search in time of peace; and by a resolution of the House of Representatives, passed on February 28, 1823, by a vote of 131 to 9, the President was requested to open negotiations to that end. Instructions in conformity with this resolution were given to the diplomatic representatives of the United States; and on March 13, 1824, a convention was signed at London which conceded a reciprocal right of search on the coasts of Africa, America, and the West Indies. The Senate of the United States, however,

on May 21, 1824, by a vote of 36 to 2, struck out the word "America," and, the British government declining to accept the amendment, the treaty failed. On December 10, 1824, the Senate rejected a similar convention with Colombia, although it did not apply to the American coasts. Negotiations on the subject were therefore discontinued, and the decision not to concede even a qualified right of search was adhered to.

The government of the United States was not insensible to the crying evils of the traffic in slaves. In the treaty of Ghent it had concurred in reprobating the traffic as "irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice," and had pledged its best endeavors to accomplish its entire abolition. But while always acknowledging, as it did in the Webster-Ashburton treaty, the duty to employ its naval forces for the redemption of that pledge, it insisted that American vessels on the high seas should be liable to search only by American cruisers; and it conceded a reciprocal exemption to the vessels of other nations. In 1858 this principle was at length formally accepted by the British government; and in the same year the Senate of the United States unanimously reaffirmed it. Since that time the United States has in three instances consented to a qualified departure from its observance: in the treaties with Great Britain, concluded April 7, 1862, and February 17, 1863, during the civil war, admitting a reciprocal search for slavers within two hundred miles from the African coast southward of the thirty-second parallel of north latitude, and within thirty leagues of the islands of Cuba, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, and Madagascar; in the general act of Brussels of July 2, 1890, permitting, for the purpose of repressing the slave-trade, a mutual search within a defined zone on the eastern coast of Africa of vessels of less than five hundred tons burden; and in the agreements for the protection of the fur-seals in Bering Sea. By the abolition of slavery in the Spanish Antilles the most doubtful concession made in the treaties with Great Britain soon ceased practically to cause anxiety; nor was the integrity of the general principle impaired by the exceptional and temporary relaxation of its

observance by mutual agreement. It may indeed be said that the making of such agreements by the United States was rendered possible by the previous unqualified acceptance of the principle of the freedom of the seas by Great Britain and other maritime powers.

The disposition of the United States to maintain its general and time-honored rule was signally exemplified in the case of the steamer *Virginus*. On October 31, 1873, the *Virginus*, while sailing under an American register and flying the American flag, was chased and seized on the high seas off the coast of Cuba by the Spanish man-of-war *Tornado*. The captive vessel was taken to Santiago de Cuba, where, after a summary trial by court martial, ostensibly on a charge of piracy, fifty-three of her officers, crew, and passengers, embracing Americans, British subjects, and Cubans, were condemned and shot. The rest were held as prisoners. No foundation was shown for the charge of piracy beyond the fact that the vessel was employed by Cuban insurgents in conveying arms, ammunition, and men to Cuba—an employment which obviously did not constitute piracy by law of nations. The government of the United States therefore demanded the restoration of the vessel, the surrender of the captives, a salute to the American flag, and the condign punishment of the Spanish officials. On proof that the register of the *Virginus* was fraudulent and that she had no right to American colors, the salute to the flag was afterwards dispensed with; but the vessel and the survivors of her passengers and crew were duly delivered up; and an indemnity was eventually obtained by the United States for the relief of the sufferers and of the families of those who were put to death, with the exception of the British subjects, for whom compensation was obtained from Spain by their own government. It is often stated that the United States in this case maintained that the *Virginus* was exempt from search merely because she bore the American flag, even though her papers were false and she had no right to fly it. This supposition is contradicted by the fact that the salute to the flag was dispensed with. The demands of the United States in their last analysis rested chief-

ly upon the ground that the vessel was unlawfully seized on a spurious charge of piracy, and that the proceedings at Santiago de Cuba were conducted in flagrant disregard of law and of the treaties between the two countries. In March, 1895, the American steamer *Alliança*, bound from Colon to New York, was fired on by a Spanish gunboat off the coast of Cuba outside the three-mile limit. The Spanish government promptly disavowed the act and expressed regret, and, by way of assurance that such an event would not again occur, relieved the offending officer of his command. Incidents such as these served to show that the principle of the freedom of the seas has lost neither its vitality nor its importance. It may indeed be said that the exemption of vessels from visitation and search on the high seas in time of peace is a principle which rather grows than diminishes in the estimation of mankind; for in the light of history its establishment is seen to mark the progress of commerce from a semibarbarous condition, in which it was exposed to constant violence, to its present state of freedom and security. Nor is there any page in American diplomacy more glorious than that on which the successful advocacy of this great principle is recorded.

As the freedom of the open seas advanced, inordinate claims of dominion over adjacent waters naturally shrank and dwindled away. By the treaty of peace with the United States of 1782-3 Great Britain limited her exclusive claims to the fisheries on the northeastern coasts of America to three marine miles from the "coasts, creeks, bays, and harbors"; and this limitation was retained in the convention of 1818. When the Emperor of Russia, by his ukase of Septem-



WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE
From a painting by Gilbert Stuart

ber 27, 1821, assumed to prohibit navigation and fishing within a hundred Italian miles of the northwest coast of America, both Great Britain and the United States protested, and the claim was abandoned. It is generally supposed, and the supposition apparently is shared by the Supreme Court, that Mr. Blaine, in his correspondence concerning the fur-seals, claimed that the United States had derived from Russia exclusive dominion over Bering Sea. It is, however, a fact that in a note to Sir Julian Pauncefote, December 17, 1890, Mr. Blaine said, "The government has never claimed it and never desired it; it expressly disavows it." Whether this sweeping denial is or is not entirely justified by the record is a question that need not be here considered. By the treaty of February 29, 1892, and the award rendered thereunder, all exceptional jurisdictional claims with regard to Bering Sea disappeared, and the protection of the fur-seals has since rested exclusively on the basis,

originally proposed by Mr. Bayard in 1887, of international cooperation.

While maintaining the freedom of the seas, the United States has also contended for the free navigation of the natural channels by which they are connected.



LORD STOWELL

Judge of the Admiralty Court. From a print published in 1827

On this principle it led in the movement that brought about the abolition in 1857 of the dues levied by Denmark on vessels and cargoes passing through the sound and belts which form a passage from the North Sea into the Baltic. These dues, which were justified by the Danish government on the ground of immemorial usage, sanctioned by a long succession of treaties, and of the benefit conferred on commerce by the policing and lighting of the waters, bore heavily on commerce, and the United States, after repeatedly remonstrating, at length gave notice that it would no longer submit to them. This action led to the calling of a conference in Europe. The United States declined to take part in it, but afterwards cooperated, by a treaty with Denmark, in giving effect to the plan under which the

dues were capitalized and removed. An artificial channel necessarily involves special consideration; but, reasoning by analogy, Mr. Clay, as Secretary of State, declared that if a canal to unite the Pacific and Atlantic oceans should ever be constructed, "the benefits of it ought not to be exclusively appropriated to any one nation, but should be extended to all parts of the globe upon the payment of a just compensation or reasonable tolls." This principle was approved by the Senate in 1835, and by the House of Representatives in 1839, and was incorporated in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in 1850. It is now embodied in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty for the neutralization of the interoceanic canal.

It is not doubted that rivers such as the Hudson and the Mississippi, which are navigable only within the territory of one country, are subject to that country's exclusive control. But with regard to rivers which are navigable within two or more countries the

principle of free navigation, consecrated in the acts of the Congress of Vienna, has been consistently advocated by the United States, and has been embodied in various forms in several of its treaties. When the British government sought to deny to the inhabitants of the United States the commercial use of the river St. Lawrence, Henry Clay, as Secretary of State, appealed to the regulations of the Congress of Vienna, which should, he declared, "be regarded only as the spontaneous homage of man to the superior wisdom of the permanent Lawgiver of the Universe, by delivering His great works from the artificial shackles and selfish contrivances to which they have been arbitrarily and unjustly subjected." The free navigation of the St. Lawrence

was secured temporarily by the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and in perpetuity by the treaty of Washington of 1871, which also declared the rivers Yukon, Porcupine, and Stikine to be "forever free and open for purposes of commerce" to the citizens of both countries. For many years the government of the United States actively endeavored to secure the free navigation of the Amazon, which was at length voluntarily conceded by the Emperor of Brazil to all nations in 1866. By a treaty between the United States and Bolivia of 1858 the Amazon and La Plata, with their tributaries, were declared to be, "in accordance with fixed principles of international law, . . . channels open by nature for the commerce of all nations." In 1852, General Urquiza, provisional director of the Argentine Confederation, decreed that the navigation of the rivers Paraná and Uruguay should be open to the vessels of all nations. In the next year the United States, acting concurrently with France and Great Britain, secured the confirmation of this privilege by treaty. The state of Buenos Ayres, which had sought to control the commercial possibilities which the rivers afforded, protested against the treaties and withdrew from the Confederation; but the treaty powers decided to bestow the moral weight and influence of diplomatic relations upon the government which had been prompt to recognize the liberal commercial principles of the age, and the policy of free navigation prevailed.

From Paraguay, which had sought to lead the life of a hermit state, a similar concession was obtained under peculiar circumstances. In 1853 the government of the United States sent out the *Water Witch*, under Lieutenant Thomas J. Page, to survey the tributaries of the river Plate and report on the commercial condition of the countries bordering on their waters. Permission was obtained from the government of Brazil to explore all the waters of the Paraguay that were under Brazilian jurisdiction, and from the provisional director of the Argentine Confederation to explore all the rivers within the jurisdiction of his government. The surveys had been in progress about a year and a half, when, on January 31, 1855, Lieutenant Page started from Corrientes with a small steamer and two

boats to ascend the river Salado, leaving Lieutenant William N. Jeffers in charge of the *Water Witch*, with instructions to ascend the Paraná as far as her draught would allow. Lieutenant Jeffers sailed from Corrientes on the 1st of February, and had proceeded only a few miles above the point where the Paraná forms the common boundary between Paraguay and the Argentine province of Corrientes, when he ran aground near the Paraguayan fort of Itapiru. An hour later the *Water Witch* was hauled off and anchored; but while the crew were at dinner it was observed that the Paraguayans were getting their guns ready. Lieutenant Jeffers had the *Water Witch* cleared for action and gave directions to proceed up the river at all hazards.

While he was weighing anchor a Paraguayan canoe came alongside and a man on board handed him a paper in Spanish. This paper Jeffers declined to receive, since he did not understand the language in which it was printed, and as soon as the anchor was raised he stood up the river, the crew at quarters. The pilot informed him that the only practicable channel lay close to the fort, on the Paraguayan side of the river, and this he directed the pilot to take. When within three hundred yards of the fort he was hailed, presumably in Spanish, by a person who was said to be the Paraguayan admiral, but not understanding the import of the hail, he did not regard it. Two blank cartridges were then fired by the fort, and these were followed by a shot which carried away the wheel of the *Water Witch*, cut the ropes, and mortally wounded the helmsman. Lieutenant Jeffers directed a general fire in return, and the action continued for some minutes.

In 1858 the government of the United States sent an expedition to Paraguay to obtain reparation for this and other incidents. The American minister, who accompanied the fleet, obtained "ample apologies," as well as an indemnity of \$10,000 for the family of the seaman who was killed; and on February 4, 1859, a treaty of amity and commerce was concluded at Asuncion, by which Paraguay conceded "to the merchant flag of the citizens of the United States" the free navigation of the rivers Paraguay and Paraná, so far as they lay within her dominions.

St. Stephen's Eve

BY WARWICK DEEPING

THE sky was a bowl of dusky azure, when Alain the page skipped over the stertorous carcass of Croquart the porter, unlatched the postern in the great gate, and crept across the trestle bridge that spanned the moat. For two nights and a day snow had fallen, spreading a cloak of glittering samite over moor and meadow, ribbing the woods with silver, deepening a winter silence over the world. Now, at St. Stephen's eve, the gray pinions of the snow-clouds had fled. A full moon had reared her silver buckler in the sky, pouring mysterious glory upon the ivory hills. The broad moat, dappled with moonbeams, stretched dim yet brilliant under the lad's feet. Above, the towers of Terabil, with their machicolated shadows, cut the dusky splendor of the sky.

It was St. Stephen's eve, and witchery breathed in the frosty silence of the hour. Alain, dimpling the snow, tucked his fustian cloak over his girdle and turned southwards, with his pert nose sniffing the air, his black eyes glistening in the moonlight. Not far distant the gaunt giants of the forest lifted up their grotesque branches to the sky. A wild arabesque, solemn and mysterious, the woods scrolled the white plain of the snow and the steel-visaged night.

It was St. Stephen's eve, the one eve in the year when Fulk of the Forest, mythical woodsman, was said to cleave the trunk of the Old Oak and come forth to hunt with ten couples of red-eyed hounds. So ran the legend on the lips of the country beldames—a legend that had ruled the ingle-nooks for centuries. On St. Stephen's eve Fulk's horn made the dim woods shudder; the baying of his ghostly pack echoed through the black bowels of the forest. And Alain, sturdy lad, with his poll packed with old wives' tales, had crept out that night from Terabil to see Black Fulk come forth.

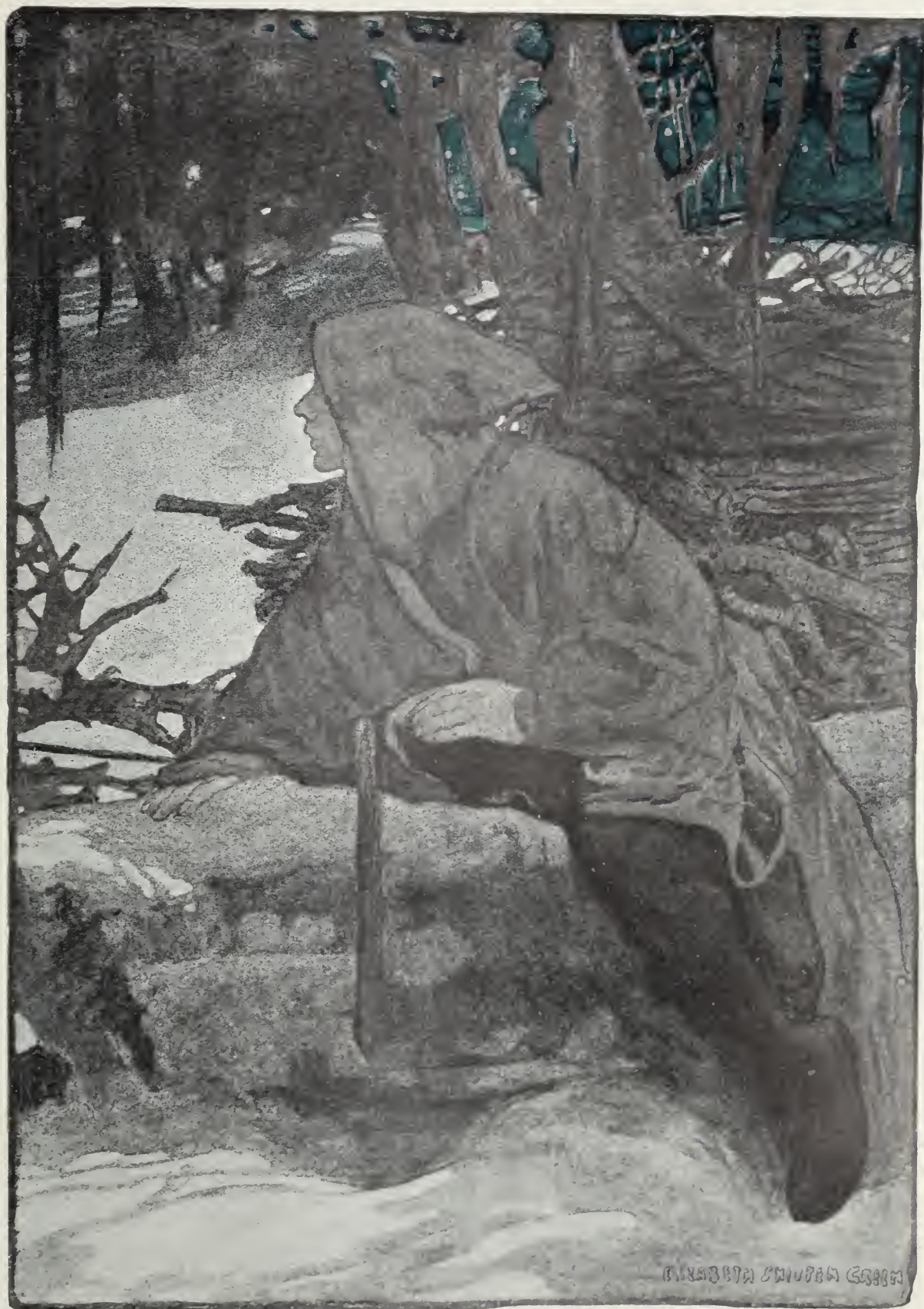
He held on across the waste of snow,

glancing up now and again from the dark barriers of the woods to the moon swimming calmly overhead. He was hugging his boyish errantry under his cloak with a species of ecstatic fear, shivering one moment till his teeth chattered, warm the next with his scamper over the snow. It was not long before he touched the trees, gaunt and solitary sentinels appealing the moon with their multitudinous hands. Their trunks crowded the distance, making strange gloom over the brilliant carpet of winter.

Alain plunged in, knowing the place well, and able to abide by the path despite the snow. Anon, as the black trunks thickened and the feltwork of boughs grew denser overhead, he came towards a broad clearing, white in the light of the moon. In the centre of the place stood a gigantic oak, gnarled, grim, and terrible, a patriarch rent by the sword of centuries, primeval and hoary in its sullen solitude. The stars seemed to hang above its branches like a magic crown.

Alain, big-eyed, alert as a weasel, huddled down behind a pile of fagots on the outskirts of the clearing. An oak log served him as a seat. He turned the hood of his cloak over his head, and sat and stared at the tree. A hundred fantastic fancies danced and flickered in his brain. His ears tingled with the frosty air; his breath rose above him like vapor.

The forest stood soundless and calm under the moon. The silence was supernatural in its utter emptiness. Not a wind stirred; not a cloud moved athwart the sky; the very earth seemed dead, a frozen planet, sunless and without life. The lad crouching by the fagots huddled his cloak about him, and still stared at the tree. The night air was freezing his courage; the sinister significance of the place began to bulk more vividly in his imagination. His eyes darted swift, restless glances into the surrounding



ALAIN CROUCHING OUT

ALAIN CREPT OUT TO SEE BLACK FULK COME FORTH

gloom. Fear seemed to create sounds from the void of silence. He remembered with a twinge of hunger the red warmth of the guard-room fire, the fumes of roast meat and ale, even drunken Croquart, sleeping behind the half-shut door. Black Fulk of the Forest with his lurid hounds, viewed erstwhile with a mischievous glee, began to bulk with a more terrific realism that was not comforting. Alain stared at the great tree with the fascination of a gradual fear. He could hear his heart cantering, his breath whistling between his teeth. Each moment he expected to behold the black trunk open with a glare of flame and a sound as of thunder, to see the eyes of the hell-hounds burning like live coals over the snow.

Magic or no magic, some sound came to him from the forest, setting his ears tingling, his mouth agape. It was a queer metallic sound, thin and eerie in the vast void of the night. He crouched low behind the fagots like a frightened rabbit, listening, and staring into the gloomy vistas of the woods. A noise as of muffled hoofs waxed gradual in the distance—a sinister under-chant like the galloping of a pack of wolves, save that there was no tonguing, no howling under the moon. Now and again there came a clear, half-musical note as of steel smiting steel.

The boy's heels were itching for flight, and he grew cold with a most brisk and holy terror. None the less there was some comfort in the fagot screen, and he clung to it with a flicker of latent courage. As he crouched, gazing into the wood, the darkness ahead of him under the trees seemed to grow alive with fitful light, transient flashes as of armor moving under the moon. Shadows, huge and ominous, drew out of the black tunnels of the trees. Alain, stiff with wonder, saw armed men pour from the forest and gather round Fulk's Oak.

They gathered round in a great circle, their horses trampling the snow, their harness shining brilliant in the moonlight. A steaming vapor ascended from them into the frosty air. They were spectral enough, in all truth, and yet too real to cheat the boy's fancy. Their utter silence astonished him. Whence came they, and for what end? Fifty

spears gathered round the Fairy Oak on St. Stephen's eve at midnight. A strange company, wizard and ghostly, wandering through the woods over the silent snow.

He heard a gruff voice break the quiet. A knight on a black horse, standing under the great oak, was speaking. He seemed to be giving orders in an undertone. Alain, with his eyes fixed on the figure, saw a pennon stream out black against the sky. It was trebly dentate at the "fly," and pierced in the centre by a hollow star. The lad by the fagots caught a sudden quick breath, doubled his knees under him, like a bird crouching for flight.

The pennon of Guiscard of Avray!

The whole scene grew eloquent in the twinkling of a snowflake. The riders of the Red Valley massed about the Fairy Oak one mile from Terabil! The knowledge of a century's bloody feuds streamed athwart the lad's mind. A silent march over the snow, a night attack, Sire Bertrand absent at court, his young wife housed in Terabil, behind the useless swords of a drunken garrison. The postern in the great gate open. Alain saw all this in a flash of fear. He had crept forth to catch Fulk of the Forest at his midnight hunt; he had seen the raiders of Avray gather about the great oak for the surprise and sacking of Terabil in the Mere.

Superstition evaporated on the instant. The lad was all warm flesh and eager sinew; his heart quickened, but grew steady; he tucked his cloak up under his girdle, slipped from his hiding-place, and ran.

Never a glance back did he give as he skimmed silently over the snow. The branches of the trees flew back above his head; the keen air whistled in his ears. Even as he ran he could catch the muffled tramp of horses at the trot. The sound stirred him like a trumpet-cry. Panting, wide-mouthed, he reached the open, and scurried on over the snow.

Terabil, with its silver girdle of water, lay before him in the moonlight; he could see the towers black and saturnine under the sky. The white plain seemed to heave endless under his feet. Once he stumbled over a knot of heather, fell, picked himself up, and ran the harder. He was half-way to the water, when he



A STRANGE COMPANY, WIZARD AND GHOSTLY, WANDERING OVER THE SNOW



THE LADY MAUDE IN CASTLE TERABIL

heard a shout rise from the woods—a keen, angry cry, like the tonguing of a hound that has seen the quarry.

Alain reached the bridge, turned for a moment and stared back towards the forest. A dark mass was moving over the snow, grim and serrate, silvered with steel. They of Avray made little sound as they came galloping over the winter-cushioned grass. He footed it fast across the bridge, bent down at the last span and tugged at the boards. The bolts were home, and he could not stir the limbers. He fumbled at the fastenings, found them frozen to his stiff fingers. With a little gulp of despair, he sprang in through the open yawn of the gate, swung it to with a crash, hitched up the chain, and rammed home the bolts.

By the door he stumbled over the carcass of Croquart the porter. He bent down and pulled his beard, screamed into his ear. The man was drunk, torpid as a stone; he only muttered in his sleep inarticulate oaths, and turned his hairy muzzle to the wall.

Alain sprang into the guard-room, shouting as he ran. The fire had burned low under the great chimney, and a single cresset smoked and spluttered on the wall. Two men were dozing on a settle before the red embers of the fire. A score more were sprawling about the table or snoring on the rushes, drunk on this wassail night, helpless as hogs-heads. Alain cursed them in a whimpering treble, and shook the men sleeping on the settle by the shoulders. They started up, fiery-faced and voluble. One of them was Hanotin the sergeant—a man with a beard like a black bear's hide, burly as Og of Bashan, strong as an oak. Alain squealed in his face, out of breath, beside himself:

"Arm! arm! Guiscard is at the gate!"

Hanotin stared like a sleepy ogre.

"Quick, you scullions! Fifty spears from Avray are pricking over the snow. I caught them in the forest by Fulk's Oak. They are crossing the bridge. Quick, I say!"

Black Hanotin swore, kicked sundry of his comrades, swore again. There were but two fit men and a boy to hold Terabil. The giant blundered to the arm-rack, slipped on steel cap and hauberk, took an axe from the wall, and went out with

his comrade to the gate. Alain saw them squinting through the grill as he made for the court and the state quarters.

Even as Alain crossed the court he heard the thunder of steel upon the gate. The sound echoed through the castle in the hush of the night, mingled with the hoarse clamor of many voices. The lad plunged up a stairway and came into a long gallery, lighted by mullioned windows towards the court. Moonlight streamed in, calling dim colors into the scutcheons on the glass. He passed along the gallery, and beat with his fist upon a door at the end thereof.

Anon the latch slipped, the door opened a very little, giving view of a woman, whose white face peered from a fleece of dishevelled hair. She had a cloak cast over her shoulders as though she had but that moment risen from her bed.

"Dame Jake!" cried the boy.

The thunder against the gate echoed through the night-darkened place. The woman heard it, came out into the gallery, shivering, and staring into Alain's eyes.

"What is it,—tell me?"

"Guiscard and his men are breaking in. The guards are drunk, save Hanotin and the Gascon. They of Avray will take the castle. The Lady Maude, what of her?"

The woman tossed her hair from her shoulders with a gesture of despair. Her mouth showed a circle of jet in the half-gloom; her eyes dilated. She stood holding her throat, listening like one dazed to the din beneath. Alain, rigid and white of face, was staring at the distorted visage of the moon, his jaw thrust forward, his fingers twisting the buttons of his tunic.

"I have it," he said.

"What?"

"Take me in quickly—"

"Where?"

"We must hide Sire Bertrand's wife. See, my hair is long; I will put on woman's gear and play the lady. Quick; it is the last hope."

The woman gripped his shoulder, kissed him suddenly on the lips. They passed in together, bolting the door after them. Groping in the dark through an anteroom, overturning an embroidery-frame, they came into an inner chamber,

where a single taper burned—the bed-chamber of Sire Bertrand's young wife.

There was a great bed in one corner, carven richly, and garnished with gold and painted escutcheons. Its pillars were gilt-work, its tester purple silk. On the bed was seated a young girl, with jet-black hair falling about her face, streaking her white night-gear even to her knees. Her eyes were dark, wonderful to look upon, yet full of fear. She had thrust her little feet into a pair of embroidered slippers. Her face was pale as apple-blossom, and she shivered like an aspen as she sat.

Alain knelt to her and touched her hand. Her tirewoman took a cloak of blue and spread it over her lady's shoulders. Together, in hurried words, they told her of her peril and their plan for baffling it that night. The girl heard them with a torpid stare of fear. Even as they spoke to her a din of steel shivered through the silence. Guiscard and his men had broken in, and had come hand to hand with Hanotin and the Gascon at the gate.

In the bedchamber there was a great cupboard, full of samites, robes of silk, fine linen, and rich girdles. A stout latch closed the door. Dame Jake, taking her lady by the shoulders, thrust her in straightway, smothered her behind the clothes, and latched the door. Turning, she flung night-gear and a cloak at Alain's feet, and going out, stood listening in the outer chamber.

The clash of steel had ceased at the gate. In its stead came the tramp of mailed feet in the court, a babel of hoarse voices resounding from wall to wall. A cresset waved across the gloom, casting a weird light on armor and on casement. Sinister sounds arose from the guard-room—a grim, whimpering cry, for the Avray men were putting the drunkards to the sword.

Soon stairway and gallery resounded to the clangor of Guiscard's soldiery. Blows were dealt against the door. One burly ruffian, setting his shoulders to the panelling, burst the bolts like willow withes; the whole rout streamed in.

On the bed sat Alain, with his black

curls upon his shoulders, his boy's figure wrapped in a green mantle, closely bound by a girdle of silver. Dame Jake, with her head hid in the mock lady's bosom, knelt on the floor, clasping Alain's knees. The single taper cast a thin radiance over the scene, showing the mailed men crowding the threshold, the crouching woman, the stiff, white-faced figure on the bed.

Guiscard, black of beard and black of eye, came into the room with sword sheathed, a foppish smirk upon his face.

"Madame, your pardon for a Christmas greeting. The night is fair, though frosty. I must bid you make ready to ride with us to Avray."

"Ah!"

"Sire Bertrand will be our debtor."

"For vengeance, the saints see to it."

They took the woman Jake, two of them together, dragged her aside, and cast her headlong into a corner. Alain, whimpering and covering his eyes with his sleeve, was seized by Guiscard and carried bodily from the room. He made brave outcry enough, while Dame Jake's screams followed him down the gallery.

Guiscard of Avray bore his burden into the court, smiling into his black beard, and licking his long, red lips. By the gate, Alain had a grim vision of black Hanotin, lying dead against the wall, with his skull cleft, his axe splintered in his hand. Over the Mere they passed, the moonlight pointing their shadows in the water. Guiscard's men trailed after him, hot and lusty, their breath steaming to the heavens, their armor twinkling in the gloom.

So they took horse again and cantered away over the snow, singing a rough was-sail song to match the clangor of their arms. The woods received them, and the mild moon stared down on the snow, scarred and trampled under the boughs.

By dawn that morning, Dame Jake and her lady had taken horse and fled for Domvrault over the moors. By evening, when the torches were red in the west, they were safely housed within honest walls. But Alain lay dead in the castle ditch at Avray, with a poniard wound over his heart.

The Beginnings of Science

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, LL.D.

A LITTLE attention will show that science, as the word is commonly used, implies these things: first, the gathering of knowledge through observation; second, the classification of such knowledge, and through this classification the deduction of general ideas or principles. In the familiar words of Herbert Spencer, science is organized knowledge. Now it is patent enough, at first glance, that the veriest savage must have been an observer of the phenomena of nature. But it may not be so obvious that he must also have been a classifier of his observations—an organizer of knowledge. Yet the more we consider the case, the more clear it will become that the two methods are too closely linked together to be dissevered. To observe outside phenomena is not more inherent in the nature of the mind than to draw inferences from these phenomena.

A deer passing through the forest scents the ground and detects a certain odor. A sequence of ideas is generated in the mind of the deer. Nothing in the deer's experience can produce that odor but a wolf; therefore the scientific inference is that a wolf has passed that way. But it is a part of the deer's scientific knowledge, based on a previous knowledge, individual and racial, that wolves are dangerous beasts; and so, combining direct observation in the present with the application of a general principle based on past experience, the deer reaches the very logical conclusion that it may wisely turn about and run in another direction.

All this implies essentially a comprehension and use of scientific principles, and anomalous as it seems to speak of a deer as possessing scientific knowledge, yet there is really no absurdity in the statement. The deer does possess scientific knowledge—knowledge differing in degree only, not in kind, from the knowledge of a Newton. Nor is the animal, within the range of its intelligence, less

logical, less scientific in the application of that knowledge, than is the man. The animal that could not make accurate, scientific observations of its surroundings, and deduce accurate, scientific conclusions from them, would soon pay the penalty of its lack of logic.

What is true of man's predecessors in the animal scale is, of course, true in a wider and fuller sense of man himself at the very lowest stage of his development. Ages before the time which the limitations of our knowledge force us to speak of as the dawn of history, man had reached a high stage of development. As a social being he had developed all the elements of a primitive civilization. If, for convenience of classification, we speak of his state as savage or barbaric, we use terms which, after all, are relative, and which do not shut off our primitive ancestors from a tolerably close association with our own ideals.

We know that, even in the Stone Age, man had learned how to domesticate animals and make them useful to him, and also to cultivate the soil. Later on, doubtless by slow and painful stages, he attained those wonderful elements of knowledge that enabled him to smelt metals and to produce implements of bronze, and then of iron. Even in the Stone Age he was a mechanic of marvellous skill, as any one of to-day may satisfy himself by attempting to duplicate such an implement as a chipped arrow-head. And a barbarian who could fashion an axe or a knife of bronze had certainly gone far in his knowledge of scientific principles and their practical application. The practical application was doubtless the only thought that our primitive ancestor had in mind; quite probably the question of principles involved troubled him not at all. Yet, in spite of himself, he knew certain rudimentary principles of science, even though he did not formulate them.

Thus primitive man must, from a very early period, have observed that the sun gives light and heat. It required but a slight extension of this observation to note that the changing phases of the seasons are associated with the seeming approach and recession of the sun. This observation, however, could not have been made until man had migrated from the tropical regions, and had reached a stage of mechanical development enabling him to live in subtropical or temperate zones. Even then it is conceivable that a long period must have elapsed before a direct causal relation was felt to exist between the shifting of the sun and the shifting of the seasons; because, as every one knows, the period of greatest heat in summer and greatest cold in winter usually comes some weeks after the time of the solstice. Yet the fact that these extremes of temperature are associated in some way with the change in the sun's place in the heavens must in time have impressed itself upon even a rudimentary intelligence.

That the sun, moon, and stars move across the heavens must obviously have been among the earliest scientific observations. It required a relatively high development of the observing faculties, yet a development which man must have attained ages before the historical period, to note that the moon has a secondary motion which leads it to shift its relative position as regards the stars; that the stars themselves, on the other hand, keep a fixed relation as regards one another, with the notable exception of two or three of the most brilliant members of the galaxy, the latter being the bodies which came to be known finally as planets, or wandering stars. The wandering propensities of such brilliant bodies as Jupiter and Venus cannot well have escaped detection. We may safely assume, however, that these anomalous motions of the moon and planets found no explanation that could be called scientific until a relatively late period.

Turning from the heavens to the earth, and ignoring such primitive observations as that of the distinction between land and water, we may note that there was one great scientific law which must have forced itself upon the attention of primitive man. This is the law of universal terrestrial gravitation. The word gravi-

tation suggests the name of Newton, and it may excite surprise to hear a knowledge of gravitation ascribed to men who preceded that philosopher by, say, twenty-five or fifty thousand years. Yet the slightest consideration of the facts will make it clear that the great central law that all heavy bodies fall directly toward the earth cannot have escaped the attention of the most primitive intelligence.

It further helps to connect us in sympathy with our primeval ancestor if we recall that in the attempt to explain this fact of terrestrial gravitation Newton made no advance, and we of to-day are scarcely more enlightened than the man of the Stone Age. Like the man of the Stone Age, we know that an arrow shot into the sky falls back to the earth. We can calculate, as he could not do, the arc it will describe and the exact speed of its fall; but as to why it returns to earth at all, the greatest philosopher of to-day is almost as much in the dark as was the first primitive bowman that ever made the experiment.

Other physical facts, going to make up an elementary science of mechanics, that were demonstratively known to prehistoric man, are such as these: The rigidity of solids and the mobility of liquids; the fact that changes of temperature transform solids to liquids and *vice versa*; that heat, for example, melts copper and even iron, and that cold congeals water; and the fact that friction, as illustrated in the rubbing together of two sticks, may produce heat enough to cause a fire. The rationale of this last experiment did not receive an explanation until about the beginning of the nineteenth century of our own era. But the experimental fact was so well known to prehistoric man that he employed this method, as various savage tribes employ it to this day, for the altogether practical purpose of making a fire; just as he employed his practical knowledge of the mutability of solids and liquids in smelting ores, in alloying copper with tin to make bronze, and in casting this alloy in moulds to make various implements and weapons. Here, then, were the germs of an elementary science of physics.

In the field of what we now speak of as biological knowledge primitive man had obviously the widest opportunity for

practical observation. We can hardly doubt that man attained at an early day to that conception of identity and of difference which Plato places at the head of his metaphysical system. We shall urge presently that it is precisely such general ideas as these that were man's earliest inductions from observation, and hence that came to seem the universal and "innate" ideas of his mentality.

It is quite inconceivable, for example, that even the most rudimentary intelligence that could be called human could fail to discriminate between living things and such inanimate structures as the rocks of the earth. The most primitive intelligence, then, must have made a tacit classification of the natural objects about it into the grand divisions of animate and inanimate nature. A step beyond this—a step, however, that may have required centuries or millenniums in the taking—must have carried man to a plane of intelligence from which a primitive Aristotle or Linnæus was enabled to note differences and resemblances connoting such groups of things as fishes, birds, and furry beasts. This conception, to be sure, is an abstraction of a relatively high order. We know that there are savage races to-day whose language contains no word for such an abstraction as bird or tree. We are bound to believe, then, that there were long ages of human progress during which the highest man had attained no such stage of abstraction; but, on the other hand, it is equally little in question that this degree of mental development had been attained long before the opening of our historical period. The primeval man, then, whose scientific knowledge we are attempting to predicate, had become, through his conception of fishes, birds, and hairy animals as separate classes, a scientific zoologist of relatively high attainments.

In the practical field of medical knowledge a certain stage of development must have been reached at a very early day. Even animals pick and choose among the vegetables about them, and at times seek out certain herbs quite different from their ordinary food, practising a sort of instinctive therapeutics. The cat's fondness for catnip is a case in point. The most primitive man, then, must have inherited a racial or instinctive knowledge

of the medicinal effects of certain herbs; in particular he must have had such elementary knowledge of toxicology as would enable him to avoid eating certain poisonous berries. Coupled with his knowledge of things dangerous to the human system there must have grown up at a very early day a belief in the remedial character of various vegetables as agents to combat disease. Here, of course, was a rudimentary therapeutics; the crude principle of an empirical art of medicine.

It must be recalled, however, that primitive medicine was not a matter of drugs so much as a matter of incantations. Therapeutics belonged at first rather to the domain of religion than to that of science. For disease was not, in all probability, thought of at first as a "natural" phenomenon, but always as a result of the occult influence of an enemy. A study of this question leads us to some very curious inferences. The more we look into the matter, the more the thought forces itself home to us that the idea of natural death, as we now conceive it, came to primitive man as a relatively late scientific induction. This thought seems almost startling, so axiomatic has the conception "man is mortal" come to appear. Yet a study of the ideas of existing savages, combined with our knowledge of the point of view from which historical peoples regard disease, makes it more than probable that the primitive conception of human life did not include the idea of necessary death. We are told that the Australian savage who falls from a tree and breaks his neck is not regarded as having met a natural death, but as having been the victim of the magical practices of the "medicine-man" of some neighboring tribe. Similarly, we find that the Egyptian and the Babylonian of the early historical period conceived illness as being almost inevitably the result of the machinations of an enemy. One need but recall the superstitious observances of the Middle Ages and the yet more recent belief in witchcraft to realize how generally disease has been personified as a malicious agent invoked by an unfriendly mind. Indeed, the phraseology of our present-day speech is still reminiscent of this; as when, for example, we speak of an "attack" of fever and the like.

When, following out this idea, we picture to ourselves the conditions under which primitive man lived, it will be evident at once how relatively infrequent must have been his observations of what we usually term natural death. His world was a world of strife; he lived by the chase; he saw animals kill one another; he witnessed the death of his own fellows at the hands of enemies. Naturally enough, then, when a member of his family was "struck down" by invisible agents, he ascribed this death also to violence, even though the offensive agent was concealed.

Without further elaborating the argument, it seems a justifiable inference that the first conception primitive man would have of his own life would not include the thought of natural death, but would, conversely, connote the vague conception of endless life. Our own ancestors, a few generations removed, had not rid themselves of this conception, as the perpetual quest of the spring of eternal youth amply testifies.

If, then, we are justified in supposing that the conception of eternal life for the human body is a more primitive idea than the conception of natural death, we may equally assume that the idea of the immortality of the spirit would be the most natural of conceptions. The immortal spirit, indeed, would be but a correlative of the immortal body, and the idea which found prevalence among the Egyptians that the soul persists only as long as the body is intact—the idea upon which the practice of mummifying the dead depended—finds a ready explanation. But this phase of the subject carries us somewhat afield. For our present purpose it suffices to have pointed out that the conception of man's mortality—a conception which is usually thought of as being the most "natural" and "innate"—was in all probability a relatively late scientific induction of our primitive ancestors.

Turning from the consideration of the body to its mental complement, we are forced to admit that here also our primitive man must have made certain elementary observations that underlie such sciences as psychology, mathematics, and political economy. The elementary emotions associated with hunger and with

satiety, with love and with hatred, must have forced themselves upon the earliest intelligence that reached the plane of conscious self-observation. The capacity to count, at least to the number four or five, is within the range of even animal intelligence. Certain savages have gone scarcely farther than this; but our primeval ancestor, who was forging on toward civilization, had learned to count his fingers and toes and to number objects about him by fives and tens in consequence, before he passed beyond the plane of numerous existing barbarians. How much beyond this he had gone we need not attempt to inquire; but the relatively high development of mathematics in the early historical period suggests that primeval man had attained a not inconsiderable knowledge of numbers. The humdrum vocation of looking after a numerous progeny must have taught the mother the rudiments of addition and subtraction; and the elements of multiplication and division are implied in the capacity to carry on even the rudest form of barter, such as the various tribes must have practised from an early day.

As to political ideas, even the crudest tribal life was based on certain conceptions of ownership, at least of tribal ownership, and the application of the principle of likeness and difference to which we have already referred. Each tribe, of course, differed in some regard from other tribes, and the recognition of these differences implied in itself a political classification. A certain tribe took possession of a particular hunting-ground, which became for the time being its home, and over which it came to exercise certain rights. An invasion of this territory by another tribe might lead to war, and the banding together of the members of the tribe to repel the invader implied both a recognition of communal unity and a species of prejudice in favor of that community, that constituted a primitive patriotism. But this unity of action in opposing another tribe would not prevent a certain rivalry of interest between the members of the same tribe, which would show itself more and more prominently as the tribe increased in size. The association of several persons implies always the ascendancy of some and the subordination of others. Leadership and

subordination are necessary correlatives of difference of physical and mental endowment; and rivalry between leaders would soon result in the formation of primitive political parties. With the ultimate success and ascendancy of one leader, who secures either absolute power or power modified in accordance with the advice of subordinate leaders, we have the germs of an elaborate political system—an embryo science of government.

Meanwhile the very existence of such a community implies the recognition on the part of its members of certain individual rights, the recognition of which is essential to communal harmony. The right of individual ownership of the various articles and implements of everyday life must be recognized, or all harmony would be at an end. Certain rules of justice—primitive laws—must, by common consent, give protection to the weakest members of the community. Here are the rudiments of a system of ethics. It may seem anomalous to speak of this primitive morality, this early recognition of the principles of right and wrong, as having any relation to science. Yet, rightly considered, there is no incongruity in such a citation. There cannot well be a doubt that the adoption of those broad principles of right and wrong which underlie the entire structure of modern civilization was due to a scientific induction, based on observation and experience, which taught that the principles involved were essential to communal progress. He who has scanned the pageant of history knows how often these principles seem to be absent in the intercourse of men and nations. Yet the ideal is always there as a standard by which all deeds are judged.

It would appear, then, that the entire superstructure of later science had its foundation in the knowledge and practice of prehistoric man. The civilization of the historical period could not have advanced as it has had there not been countless generations of culture back of it. The new principles of science could not have been evolved had there not been great basal principles which ages of unconscious experiment had impressed upon the mind of our race. Due meed of praise must be given, then, to our primitive ancestor for his scientific accom-

plishments; but justice demands that we should look a little farther and consider the reverse side of the picture. The highly scientific desire and propensity to find explanations for the phenomena of nature lies at the foundation of all knowledge. Without such desire no progress could be made; and yet, just as most other good things can be overdone, this scientific propensity may be carried to a disastrous excess.

Primeval man did not escape this danger. He observed, he reasoned, he found explanations; but he did not always discriminate as to the logicity of his reasonings. He failed to recognize the limitations of his knowledge. The observed uniformity in the sequence of certain events impressed on his mind the idea of cause and effect. Proximate causes known, he sought remoter causes; childlike, his inquiring mind was always asking, Why? and, childlike, he demanded an explicit answer. If the forces of nature seemed to combat him, if wind and rain opposed his progress and thunder and lightning seemed to menace his existence, he was led irrevocably to think of those human foes who warred with him, and to see, back of the warfare of the elements, an inscrutable malevolent intelligence which took this method to express its displeasure.

Modern science can explain the lightning, as it can explain a great number of the mysteries which the primeval intelligence could not penetrate. But the primordial man could not wait for the revelations of scientific investigation; he must vault at once to a final solution of all scientific problems. He found his solution by peopling the world with invisible forces, anthropomorphic in their conception, like himself in their thought and action, differing only in the limitations of their powers. His own dream-existence gave him seeming proof of the existence of an *alter ego*—a spiritual portion of himself that could dis sever itself from his body and wander at will; his scientific inductions seemed to tell him of a world of invisible beings, capable of influencing him for good or ill. From the scientific exercise of his faculties he evolved the all-encompassing generalizations of invisible and all-powerful causes back of the phenomena of

nature. These generalizations, early developed, and seemingly supported by the observations of countless generations, came to be among the most firmly established scientific inductions of our primeval ancestor. They obtained a hold upon the mentality of our race that led subsequent generation to think and speak of them as "innate" ideas.

The observations upon which they were based are now for the most part susceptible of other interpretations; but the old interpretations have precedent and prej-

udice back of them, and they represent ideas more difficult than almost any others to eradicate. Always superstitions based upon unwarranted early scientific deductions have been the most implacable foes to the progress of science. These are still as firmly fixed in the minds of a large majority of our race as they were in the mind of our prehistoric ancestor. The fact of this heritage must not be forgotten in estimating the debt of gratitude which historic man owes to his primitive forebears.

The Highway

BY CHARLTON M. LEWIS

I SAW a wide, sun-beaten street
 Wherethrough a throng, with hurrying feet
 But downcast and unlustrous eyes,
 Swept by—in search of Paradise.
 The street stretched on, a long straight line,
 To the horizon's far confine,
 Undeviating, shadeless, bare;
 And the poor souls that plodded there
 Were blind with sun and choked with dust,
 Yet toiled on in the joyless trust
 That somehow, somewhere, far or near,
 The haven they longed for must appear.

And all along this barren way
 Were walls to guard the lands that lay
 Green-wooded, cool, on either side.
 "Ah, lift your eyes and look," I cried;
 "Behold, where close beside you lies
 The flowery vale of Paradise!
 One step, one leap, and you are free
 To wander through the shadowy lea,
 Or lie outstretched on Nature's breast
 And slake your troubled souls with rest."

But words were vain, for few among
 The thousands in that hurrying throng
 Stayed even to answer; and those few
 Said: "Nay, we do as others do!
 We follow on, we may not stay;
 We dare not leave the world's highway!
 Go pipe your song, and dream your dream,
 And feed your soul on things that seem;
 But be our haven near or far,
 We place our trust in things that are."

When the Turtle Turned Loose

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE calm confidence in her position that enables a woman to visit her husband's place of business without self-consciousness, and to enter his private office unannounced, is not acquired in two months. Hence Ellery Jordan experienced a new sensation, at once delicious and perplexing, when, with no previous warning, his office door was flung open by an impetuous hand and he looked up to find his wife upon the threshold.

"Hello!" was his involuntary exclamation.

Before he could get to his feet she had flashed across the room and laid a quick hand upon his arm, apparently oblivious of the stenographer who sat, with open note-book, at his left.

"Who is Lancaster Welles?" she demanded.

He perceived her excitement, but still enmeshed by the novel and delightful realization of all that such an unexpected and unannounced entrance meant, he densely gave back question for question:

"Why?"

"Tell me! *Who* is Lancaster Welles?"

Wonder began to sharpen Jordan's mental faculties at the expense of his tenderer emotions.

"Chicago man. New manager for the Boltwoods. Why?"

"For the Boltwoods! The Chicago Boltwoods, whom Mr. Bowers hates so?" As she spoke, she gripped the edge of the desk with nervous fingers.

"Yes. Why?"

"Ellery Jordan, I've done the most awful thing! I've asked them to dinner!"

"Why—how—what on earth do you mean? You don't know them!"

"I didn't—but I do! And I did!"

Incoherence threatened to end in tears, and Jordan swung sharply about in his swivel-chair, where amazement had still held him.

"That will do, Miss Calder. I'll send

for you again," he said. The stenographer picked up a handful of pencils and left the room, discreetly closing the door after her, as Ellery, glancing at his assistant's desk, pushed a chair toward his wife. "Sherman's out, and we're not likely to be interrupted. Now, dear, what is all this? I don't understand. You poor girl! You're shaking! Sit down." But Mrs. Jordan was too excited to heed the invitation. She stood, desperately facing him, ignoring his outstretched hand.

"Ellery Jordan," she repeated, "I've done the most awful thing! I've asked them to dinner!"

"Well, worse things might happen." A wisdom beyond his experience taught him that patience would be a virtue in these circumstances.

"But you don't understand!"

"No," cheerfully, "I don't in the least understand; but, anyhow, if you did it, it's all right. Now suppose we sit down and talk it over—eh? What's happened?"

"The impossible!" Mrs. Jordan's tone suggested that the memory of all previous human calamity must dissipate like vapor when confronted by this palpable presence of living Tragedy.

"Good! It frequently does," exclaimed her husband, determined to preserve the family balance, "and it's always interesting. Go on—but first sit down."

"Oh, I can't!" She wandered to a window and looked out, while he, swinging one foot from a corner of his desk, regarded her curiously.

"Well?" he suggested.

"I'll have to begin at the beginning, or you'll never understand,—and it's all so silly—and so impossible! You see, I was going down to get that set of plates we talked about last night,"—he nodded,—"when just as I got to Twenty-third Street, who should overtake me but your aunt Julia! She had been in a shop somewhere along Broadway, and when she saw me pass she proceeded to race

after me. Of course she wanted to know where I was going and what I was going to get, and—well, you know Aunt Julia!" She turned toward him with a pretty gesture of impotence, and he smiled, nodding appreciatively. "Of course Aunt Julia is—Aunt Julia, and all that, but she wouldn't understand why I should want an extra set of plates, just because the Bowerses were coming to dinner, after we'd had all that lovely china given to us when we were married. You know, Ellery,"—her tone pleaded for comprehension,—“to Aunt Julia a plate is a plate, and she wouldn't see why—”

"Of course. That's all right. I understand."

"Well,—those I wanted *were* rather expensive, and I knew she'd ask why I wanted them, and what I paid for them, and if I thought a young man on a salary, and if a dozen more things, and then she'd go and talk it over with the rest of the family, and—Ellery, I just couldn't stand it! Besides, I was in a hurry. I wanted to get home—I never should have come down this morning if it hadn't been for those wretched plates! But I didn't want to be rude, you know, nor to hurt her feelings, nor anything like that, so I just thought of a—well, of a sort of *ruse*, you know."

"I see," mischievously commented Ellery; "you lacerated your conscience rather than scratch her sensibilities."

"Well, I tried to,—but I hadn't counted on Aunt Julia! You see, we were just at the entrance of the Silverbrand Hotel when she overtook me, and it seemed so easy! So when she asked where I was going, I said I was going shopping, but first I was going to see a friend who was staying at the Silverbrand—thinking, of course, that I could simply walk through the hotel—in at Fifth Avenue and out at the side street, you know. She'd never be the wiser, and it would save a lot of wear and tear on my nervous system."

Jordan smiled broadly and shook his head. "You don't know Aunt Julia!" he chuckled.

"Oh yes, I do—now! She said she'd go in with me, and if my friend wasn't there we'd go shopping together."

"Every time!" murmured Aunt Julia's nephew.

"Well, there I was!"

"Hoist by your own petard," he suggested.

"Precisely! Of course after that there was nothing to do but walk in there and send up my card to somebody—anybody,—and when word came back that the lady was not staying at the hotel, express polite surprise and walk out again."

"*With* Aunt Julia!" That Jordan was enjoying the recital was obvious.

"With Aunt Julia. Then, also of course, we weren't inside the door before she asked my friend's name. Well, naturally my friend had to have a name, and on the spur of the moment I said Mrs. Lancaster Welles. I don't know why I said that!" she cried, turning toward him with expressively wide-stretched arms. "It was just fate! I didn't know there *was* a Mrs. Lancaster Welles! I wondered at the time why that particular name occurred to me. I suppose now that I must have heard you mention it sometime and that it stuck in my wretched memory, minus any connection. Anyway, that's what I said, and I called a boy and sent my card to Mrs. Lancaster Welles."

"And when word came back that she was not in the hotel, you left an invitation to dinner, to be given to her when she should arrive, just by way of nailing Aunt Julia's conviction, and now you're doing penance for the taradiddle," supplied Jordan, who was somewhat familiar with the intricacies of his wife's conscience.

"Oh, my land! If I only had! Ellery,"—again Tragedy loomed,—“that boy came back and said that Mrs. Welles would see me in her room!"

"Great Cæsar!" Jordan straightened up and stared at her. "You don't mean to say she was there?"

"She was there! Naturally, I couldn't run away then."

Her husband gave way to peals of mirth.

"You had to live up to Aunt Julia's expectations, not to mention the boy's—and Mrs. Welles's!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! Louise, why don't you laugh? Can't you see how funny it is?"

"Wait!"—ominously. "Just wait!"

"Don't tell me Aunt Julia went with you!"



"I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A MRS. LANCASTER WELLES!"

"No; Aunt Julia, mercifully, departed, and I went alone to face Mrs. Welles."

"To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall,"

chuckled Jordan.

"Don't, Ellery! It isn't funny." He made an obedient but ineffectual effort to control his laughter, which still broke forth occasionally. "In the elevator I decided that when I saw her I'd look surprised and say: 'Oh! Oh, I beg your pardon! This isn't the Mrs. Welles I know!' You know; that sort of thing—and pretend that I had an old schoolmate who was also Mrs. Lancaster Welles, and lived in Borneo or Van Diemen's Land, or somewhere."

"That time you didn't count on Alicia Welles."

"No, I didn't!"

"Look out for women, Louise. They're always *x* in the problem, and you never know what they'll amount to until it's finished."

"Ellery, she didn't give me a chance to say a word!"

"Of course she didn't! That's Alicia Welles all over!"

"She fairly fell on my neck and said that one of the pleasures to which they had looked forward in New York was meeting Ellery Jordan's bride. *Then* I knew that they must know you, and I was in for it in earnest!"

"I'll bet you carried it off so she never knew the difference!"

"I'm afraid I did. I wish I hadn't. I wish I'd told her plainly just how and why I went there."

"Why? The rest looks simple enough."

"Ellery, I asked them to dinner—to-night!"

"To-night!" As he lifted himself slowly to his feet, staring at her, consternation wiped the lines of laughter, one by one, from his face. "*To-night!* Why, Louise, to-night the Bowers—"

"I know it," she broke in desperately, "but I didn't know who the Welleses were. All the time I sat there I racked my brain trying to think, and I haven't the least idea what we said or how it happened. She talked and talked, and I suppose I answered, and somehow I must have mentioned Mr. Bowers's name, for she said Mr. Welles had never met Mr.

Bowers, and was very anxious to do so. By this time I was ready to clutch at any expedient, and I remembered that Mr. Bowers admires a pretty woman; I knew you had planned this dinner especially to please him and to make him very good-natured,—and she *is* charming, Ellery,—and—and I couldn't seem to see any other way out,—I was all mixed up and confused,—so—I asked them to dine with us to-night, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bowers."

"My Lord!" ejaculated her husband. "You might better have asked the old original serpent! He'd make less trouble. This settles my schemes!" His hands mechanically sought that mysterious comfort that lies ever in the depths of trousers pockets, the while he dejectedly kicked at a piece of crumpled paper on the floor.

Louise regarded him mournfully. "I'm so sorry, dear! It was stupid, but I didn't know, and—I had to do something. Anyway, I thought I had to."

The trembling voice and piteous, tear-wet eyes smote him into loving mendacity. Even if she had unwittingly undermined the walls of a castle he had laboriously builded, and must suffer with him the consequences of its threatened downfall, the poignancies of self-reproach need not be added to her regret. Bending over her, he took her hands in a close clasp, and murmured: "Of course you didn't know, dear! There's no reason why you should," and warmly kissed her. For a moment she clung to him, hiding her face against his coat. Then, comforted but not deceived, she whispered:

"You're such a love! We'll make it come out right somehow," and mopping her eyes, prepared again to face the situation. "Now tell me how bad it is. Just what have I done? I suppose you've told me all about it before, but somehow it didn't seem so real, and I'm afraid I got the names all jumbled up. And I *don't* see why Mr. Bowers should take such violent exception to Mr. Welles. He never met him."

"No; but Welles is practically George H. Boltwood and Company now, since Boltwood's death."

"And just because Mr. Bowers quarrelled with Mr. Boltwood when they were partners, is he going to hate for evermore

everybody who ever worked for him, even after he's dead?"

"Well, that's Bowers, you know. He's like the turtle: when he once takes hold he 'never turns loose 'til it thunders,'—and Bowers is deaf to thunder. In the first place, he never forgave Boltwood for whatever it was they quarrelled about—"

"What was it?"

"Nobody has ever told. Probably something personal. They were lifelong friends, you know. And then Boltwood added gall to the vinegar when he went straight to Chicago, as soon as ever the partnership business here was settled, and organized a competitive company. Old Boltwood was a fighter, too. By George! what a combination those two men would have made if they hadn't quarrelled! As it was, they fought, tooth and toe-nail, for ten years."

"But where does Mr. Welles come in?"

"He didn't come in much until Mr. Boltwood's death. I guess the old man depended upon him more or less for several years, though he's not been with them very long—not as long as I have with Mr. Bowers, by the way. Boltwood was a good deal like Bowers in one respect: as long as he lived he was the whole thing. So nobody heard much about Welles until the head of the firm died, a few months ago, when it was found that he had arranged to have Welles made manager of the business. It was a big step for him."

"Well, I think it's perfectly shameful!" Indignation snapped in Mrs. Jordan's eyes. "Why don't you go and work for the Boltwoods, too? Here is Mr. Welles, manager after just a little while, and here you are, not even a member of the firm, after slaving all your life for that evil-tempered old man. Ellery, I wouldn't endure it. Just see what other men do for their old employees!"

"Yes, Boltwood died," dryly responded her husband.

"Oh, well,—of course,—I didn't mean that exactly, but Mr. Bowers ought to do something for you. Would Mr. Welles give you a position if you asked him?"

"He might. Welles and I are old friends, but I don't want—"

"Oh, Ellery, listen! Why don't you get Mr. Welles to make you an offer, and then

tell Mr. Bowers that unless he lets you have an interest in the firm you'll go to the Boltwoods?"

"He'd tell me to go and be eternally condemned! Why, Louise, when Welles took the management of that business he found that the Bowers company held certain patents that were very important to the Boltwood people. We don't use them, and they need them badly. He wrote a very civil letter to Bowers, asking for a conference on those and some other matters. Bowers refused to read the letter and refused to answer it, and when King and Jeffry and other members of the firm insisted that some reply must be made, all he would permit was a curt statement, in the third person, that the Bowers Manufacturing Company refused to consider, now or at any future time, any proposition made by George H. Boltwood and Company."

"Old tyrant! I don't care if it does make him cross; I'm glad the Welleses are coming to dinner to-night! It'll do him good to be put where he'll *have* to be civil to some of the Boltwood connection. He would, wouldn't he, at our table?"

"Oh yes, I think so—if he couldn't get away. One of his redeeming traits is that whatever he may do or say among men, he is very courteous to women. That wouldn't prevent his firing me bright and early the next morning, however."

"Who cares?" Mrs. Jordan tossed her head in reckless defiance. "Mr. Welles would snap you up and be glad of the chance. Oh!" The reclouding of her husband's face brought a responsive shadow into hers, and a correspondingly swift change of mood ensued. "I forgot, dear! This dinner was to be the beginning of your campaign for a partnership, wasn't it?"

"Oh, well, never mind." Jordan's tone was weary. "That's all off now. Did you get your plates?"

"I *will* mind! Even if Mr. Bowers is an unappreciative old pachyderm, if you want a partnership with him you ought to have it. I've mixed things all up, but there must be some way out. Let's think."

Evidently inspiration did not wait upon reflection, for after a moment she broke

forth again, petulantly: "I don't see why I couldn't have asked for Mrs. Peter Brown, or Mrs. Reginald Vere de Vere!" Another pause. "Why on earth do they go to the Silverbrand, anyway? Talk about the total depravity of inanimate things!"

Moodily pacing to and fro, contemplating the miscarriage of his hopes, Jordan had almost lost consciousness of his wife's presence, when a timid voice broke the gloomy silence:

"Ellery."

He halted, looking at her without expectation.

"I—I'm afraid I don't know what it was you meant to do to-night. I know" hastily—"you told me, but I don't understand business very well, and it didn't occur to me that it was anything I'd ever have a hand in. But I'm not really stupid, and if you'll tell me again—Please, dear!"

"It doesn't make any difference—"

"But I want to know! I'm your wife, dear, and I do want to understand!"

"Very well. It's about the patents Welles wants for the Boltwoods. We don't need them; they do. They have some we do need." He did not intend that his explanation should lack cordiality, but at that moment he could have narrated the story of Israel's captivity with equal enthusiasm, and every perfunctory word fell on her ear like a reproach. "As long as Boltwood was alive, Bowers would have starved rather than buy directly of him, but he did try at one time to obtain possession of them indirectly. Boltwood then hoped to use them himself, and wouldn't sell. Welles sees that our patents are more valuable to them than those they hold will ever be. Because he's my friend, I could make a better deal with him than any one else in our concern. My scheme was to get Mr. Bowers here to dinner, and when he got to feeling good and amiable over the cigars, to tell him that I could get the Boltwood patents. I happen to know that our possession of them would straighten out some difficulties in the mechanical department which threaten to be mighty troublesome and expensive."

"And then you thought he'd offer you the partnership?"

"No; Bowers isn't giving away part-

nerships. My purpose was to acquire the Boltwood patents myself from Welles, and then to offer them to Mr. Bowers in payment—or part payment—for my stock and for the patents Welles wants, which are absolutely useless to us."

"Oh, I see. How silly, if he needs the patents, to let a personal quarrel with a man who's dead— Mr. Bowers's temper must have cost him something before now."

"Thousands."

"Then I suppose it's no use hoping—" The half-formed thought behind the words gave place to one of sturdier growth, and the sentence remained incomplete. Presently she spoke again, her eyelids slightly contracted over unseeing eyes, her perceptions focussed inward. "His name's too long. What does she call him?"

"Who?" Jordan's mind was still pursuing the path of his frustrated hopes.

"Mrs. Welles."

"Oh, she probably calls him Cass. Most people do."

She caught her breath and stood for an instant poising on tiptoe, aglow with inspiration.

"Ellery! I—I believe it's possible! Did Mr. Bowers ever see Lancaster Welles?"

"Not that I know of."

"Nor Mrs. Welles?"

"Guess not."

"Then—don't you see?—we must simply keep the conversation in such channels that he won't find us out. Welles is not an uncommon name, and Lancaster Welles is the last man Mr. Bowers would expect to meet at our table. Do you suppose—no," swiftly deciding,—“it wouldn't do to tell the Welleses. We can't let them know that the invitation was a mistake, or that their presence is in any way embarrassing. I thought once of sending word that I was ill and couldn't receive them, but—that wouldn't do. In the first place, I hate to lie, and in the second, they'd see through it. We must simply let them all come, keep the conversation in our own hands, and dodge personalities."

Her husband regarded her speculatively. "It will be a bit like playing with dynamite; but, by George! Louise," his glance kindled, "I believe you can

do it, if anybody can! Anyhow, it's worth trying. It may prevent instant annihilation."

"Goody! I'll run now and spend the rest of the day vibrating between the kitchen and the library. Cocktails and Panama, oysters and Russia, consommé and Japan, fish and the latest novel, entrées and recent art, politics with the roast, fads, fancies, philosophies! Brush up, brush up, Ellery! You'll need 'em all and more, for to-night we converse!" Flushing, dimpling, excited, she whirled through the office and ended in his arms. "Kiss me, you blessed boy, and don't worry! We'll pull through somehow. Good-by."

Radiant with triumph, sparkling with excitement in which there was still the consciousness of danger, Mrs. Jordan flashed an occasional comprehensive glance across the table at her husband. Between them lay the circle of embroidered damask and a bridal array of dining appurtenances. From the daffodil-shaded candelabra lines of lambent light stretched across the cloth, yellow glints played among glasses, and the very sunbeams of Marne danced in the wine. Tempered rays mellowed the resolute lines of James Bowers's face, and fell softly upon the features of his gentle, stately wife, whose white hair rose above her gray draperies like the crest of a noble wave. Mrs. Welles was Aurora, smiling from a haze of amethyst, and the folds of Louise's white gown gave back a faint glow where the light caught them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Welles had proved to be ideal dinner guests, of quick wit and wide interests, and the talk had ranged from Tammany Hall to the bronze god in a certain Japanese temple.

There had been moments of suspense, as when Mr. Bowers, who seemed to have yielded the tribute of complete response to the subtle influences surrounding him, had turned to his hostess, asking in an undertone: "Who is this young Welles? He appears a brilliant chap. What's his business?"

"Citizen of the world and heir of the ages," she had replied, lightly laughing. "He seems to have canvassed the earth, and I suspect him of having designs on Mars, the planet of war," she

added, glancing audaciously at her husband's employer.

"Are you discussing Mars?" Welles, at her left, had caught the last word. "Have you seen the article in the current *Æon*?" The talk swept easily on to theories of interplanetary communication, and Mrs. Jordan's heart resumed a fairly regular rhythm.

In natural sequence followed a discussion of aerial navigation and its possibilities, including the achievements and hopes of M. Santos-Dumont; and here again Welles showed an intimate knowledge of detail and a breadth of comprehension that led Mr. Bowers to whisper to Louise further comment and question concerning the stranger within her gates. An allusion to the characteristics common to most inventors reminded Mr. Bowers of an erratic genius with whom he had had dealings, and thus, for the first time, the conversation touched upon the business in which all three of the men present were interested. The ball swung lightly, but at the point of contact it interrupted the breath of at least two of the party.

"The most indefatigable inventor I ever met," began Mr. Bowers, "was a man in my own line. I don't know how familiar you are with the possibilities of electrical apparatus, Mr. Welles?" He paused for the reply.

To the younger guest the question seemed a bit of quizzical humor, indicative of the increasing complacency of one whose good-will he desired, and he replied in kind, smiling dryly:

"I once took a course in electrical engineering—by correspondence."

"Then you are probably in a position to appreciate the sublime audacity of my man Melvin's proposition. One step farther would have carried him over into the bottomless abyss of insolence, but he stopped on the brink, and, by Jupiter! his pluck was his salvation. I pulled him back, and he's working for me yet."

Louise endured the subsequent narrative, after one sharp glance at her husband, with the immutable smile of a lay figure, while her mind crouched, ready to spring the instant opportunity should offer. At the same time she wondered whether she dared suggest that the men should accompany the ladies to the draw-

ing-room. Mr. Bowers, she knew, regarded a dinner simply as a more or less elaborate and delightful prelude to the cigars, but Ellery was ill at ease, and she felt that if left alone with the other men his success as an insulator would not be complete.

The end of the story was greeted with laughter, through which Welles's voice was heard asking,

"Is he the originator of the Melvin Commutator?"

Mr. Bowers's brows met over a flashing glance, and the mellow social cadence of his voice was reduced to the level tone of the counting-room. "You seem remarkably familiar with electrical devices, sir," he said. "I hold the patents of the Melvin Commutator, but it has never been put upon the market."

"By the way, Welles," hastily broke in the host, "I saw in the paper the other day that one John Stilwell had taken out a patent on something or other. I wonder if that's the Stilwell we know?"

As the Chicagoan turned to reply, Louise knew that Mr. Bowers bent upon her a suspicious glance. The time for concealment was obviously past. Tell-tale claws had pierced the silken pouch in which she had hidden them, and she perceived that the cat would out, and quickly, too. Better to untie the string herself than to have the bag torn open.

"Welles?" Mr. Bowers's tone was low but tense. "What Welles?"

"Lancaster Welles, of Chicago, manager for George H. Boltwood and Company." The angle of Mrs. Jordan's chin bespoke a lively skirmish for the attacking party; her color was brilliant, and she looked directly into the blazing eyes of her elderly guest. She had forced the initiative upon him; a truce was possible, but if he insisted upon action, he should have it. At the moment he seemed not to perceive the apparent deliberation of the challenge. Quick temper impelled him to speech, although his utterance was impressively slow.

"I must believe this deliberate?"

"Certainly." Her mind quivered under the strain. Evidently hope for the future was futile; all her endeavor must be to prevent an immediate scene, and as far as possible to save her husband from the wrath to come by placing the respon-

sibility for this disastrous dinner where it belonged—on her own shoulders—without compromising the position of her other guests. She plunged into the inversions and transpositions required to reconcile her position to the situation, with little anticipation of the point to which that devious path would ultimately lead her. Two things alone were clear: Ellery must be absolved of the initial intention, and Welles's welcome must not be discounted. "Certainly," she repeated, gaining time. "The plan to invite Mr. and Mrs. Welles to meet you, however, was entirely mine. Even my husband knew nothing about it until my arrangements were all made. I am entirely aware that I have done a daring thing, but when it became necessary for us to consider the possibility of Mr. Jordan's leaving your company and accepting a position with the Boltwood people, I did feel very strongly, Mr. Bowers, that you should be given an opportunity to meet Mr. Welles and to decide whether or not you would consider certain proposals which would make such a change unnecessary." She paused, appalled at the sheer bravado of her defence, but as he simply stared at her in silence, the necessities of the situation swept her on. "Mr. Welles, as you have said, is a brilliant man, and we feel that he will achieve large success in business, and that an alliance with him cannot fail to be profitable. If the fact that he was once employed by George Boltwood—"

"Madam! You are venturing very near that ground where angels fear to tread." His voice shook. "George Boltwood was—"

"Was once your dearest friend, and is now dead," she swiftly supplied, in terror lest the conversation directed toward the other side of the table should languish. "And it is inconceivable to suppose that you will permit a feeling which has deprived you for years of the companionship of the only close friend you ever had, and that has, through that bitterness, prevented the proper development of your business along certain lines—" Her auditor gasped slightly, and she leaned toward him, flushed, bright-eyed, desperately trying to shock him into a quiescence that should outlast his stay under her roof. "Mr. Bowers, it is inconceiv-

able to me that a man like you should permit such a feeling to continue to influence him, not only to mental disquiet, but to the lasting detriment of his business interests."

Mrs. Welles, who had been talking across the table to Mrs. Bowers, turned toward her hostess with a question, and Louise, inwardly quaking, but with indomitable front, met the inquiry with gay quips.

Twisting a wine-glass in his fingers, Mr. Bowers long sat speechless, watching Mrs. Jordan through narrowed eyes.

"And if I do?" he asked, enigmatically, when at length opportunity offered.

"If you do?" The strain was beginning to tell on her, and her mind fumbled for the connection.

"Yes." His lips twisted in a wry smile. "If I, who alone, of all living men, know the causes leading to that separation of which you have spoken, continue to conduct my own business in my own way, regardless of the visits of angels—and the visitation of fools—"

"Why, then"—driven into a corner, but denying defeat, she glanced around the table, preparing for flight—"then—Ellery will have but one course open to him—to resign his position with you and to accept one more promising under Mr. Welles."

She pushed back her chair and the ladies arose. Mr. Bowers held the door open for them, and as she passed him, Louise was aware that he still regarded her through half-closed eyes. She felt that the keen gaze penetrated her very soul, and that he read there her whole shallow artifice.

It was an hour or more before the men joined them—an hour in which Mrs. Jordan vainly strained her ears in an effort to catch the sound of voices in the dining-room below, while the subconsciousness developed by much social experience supplied her lips with a torrent of glib speech. When the door finally swung open, she instantly perceived that the younger men were somewhat flushed, and were manifestly making an effort to control strong excitement. Ellery laughed too often—an unfailing indication, she well knew, that his spirits were forced. Mr. Bowers stopped a moment to speak to his wife, and then

they came together to where the hostess stood.

"Mrs. Jordan, we bid you good night," said the old man, with stately formality. "We lingered too long in the dining-room, and Mrs. Bowers and I promised to stop at our nephew's on the way home." In his voice was neither resentment nor cordiality, and his face was like a mask. He passed on around the little circle, following his wife, and a moment later Ellery accompanied them to the elevator. In the reaction following climax, when the door had actually closed upon them, Louise was conscious of an impulse to tears, but the obligations of the hostess still lay heavy upon her, and taking up a book at random, she was in the midst of a voluble description of its author, when her husband reentered the drawing-room, and paused, alertly glancing from one to another.

"Well!" he exclaimed.

The cord of Mrs. Jordan's self-control parted, and she turned toward him, crying: "Oh, what did he say? I can't wait! What happened?"

Bewilderment overtook Mrs. Welles, but no one observed her. The men were wringing each other's hands, punctuating their broken laughter with inarticulate ejaculations.

"By George! what do you suppose struck him, Welles? You must be a wizard!"

"Why? Wasn't it all put up?" Welles's face evinced his surprise.

"Put up! Oh, Lord! Why, man alive—"

"Ellery!" Louise grasped his coat lapels and shook them. "Ellery, if you don't tell me! What happened?"

"Everything! We exchange patents, so Welles is happy; I'm a member of the firm; and maybe—just maybe—we consolidate."

"Oh! *O-oh, Ellery!*"

"Why, Louise! Dear girl, don't cry about it! *Louise!*"

"Oh, never mind! I—it doesn't matter! I'm—I'm rather tired, I think."

"Well, I should think you might be, after all this! But what do you suppose struck him?"

A little laugh gurgled up through the sobs.

"You know you said he was a turtle, and I guess—I guess it thundered some."

The Spirit of the West

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, L.H.D.

. . . . now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand
blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness.

WHY do the mockers call it the "Woolly West"? This is a question that must go unanswered, for no answer is to be found in any mind. A woolly man is not unknown in any of the haunts of men, and some professors have met him in the class-room.

"Explain the pessimism of Ecclesiastes," said the professor of a not far-distant university.

"I do not understand the question," answered the football giant.

"What is the difficulty?"

"I don't know what the question means."

"You know what Ecclesiastes means?"

"Oh yes," said the captain of elevens; "it is a book in the Bible."

"Then it must be pessimism that troubles you," suggested the amazed (he was young) professor.

"That's it; that's it," bubbled the catapult.

"Why, you must know that; you cannot be ignorant of that. You know the words pessimism and optimism, do you not? Pessimism and optimism, optimism and pessimism; you certainly know what they mean?"

"Oh yes," replied he of the well-greaved shins; "I know what they mean, but I can't tell them apart."

Now here was intellectual wool; but you will not find its like in the far-reaching West,—or if you do, its victim will be on his way back East with pessimistic views of the possibilities of the new country. The prevailing element of the intellectual atmosphere of the West is ozone.

It is in this far region that we find the adventurous colonists of the country. Individual and social traits in

this land of at least outward equality are atmospheric and geographical. They may be realizations of our Western visions, accentuations of proclivities not wholly unfamiliar to us, but with us they are not traits, as they are in the West. Perhaps attention has been arrested by an apparent misuse of the word Western, but it was deliberate, for we of the Atlantic fringe especially are of the Western habit of nearest Europe, while they of the plains and mountains are, to some extent, our Orientals. When we go among them we visit our dreamers of dreams, differing, from the nature of their blood, from the star-gazers of the real East because the best among them dream things that they can do.

When we turn our backs upon the "twin cities" or upon Duluth, we leave the meeting of the sections. Emigration within our boundaries, as they say in the newer part of the country, has moved by jumps. First went the New-Englander and the western New-Yorker into that Northwestern territory which is ours—and this cannot be too frequently emphasized—by the gracious desire of Lord Shelburne to do his best for reconciliation with the conquering colonies, and against the strong opposition of Vergennes. This is well to think of when we are erecting statues to our allies in war: but for our English friends in peace, we would now be contemplating the possibility of the adoption of Chamberlain's hostile tariff policy by the people dwelling on what would have been, if France had prevailed, Canadian lands, but which now constitute the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. These broad, rich States were settled from the farthest East, and are the better for it, as the East is better for the projection of its stock into the middle of the land. When the time came, the movement westward made a new leap, and this time the children of the Middle

West took the step forward. It is interesting, however, that in the midway of our national life, when the seething of adventure was in the young blood of the East, the youth of New England and of its neighbors sailed round the Horn, or toiled in prairie-schooners over the mountains, to the gold-fields of the Pacific, so that these and their descendants coming inward toward the Rocky Mountains met on the slopes the sons of their New England kin settled on the plains and ranges which had been skipped by the eager hunters for the gold of California.

Nowhere better than in Duluth is illustrated this meeting of the sections. In one end of the town, which, years ago, began the race so joyously, fell heavily, gathered itself up and went forward so bravely and so successfully,—in one end of this young community are the houses and shops of the East, the temples to the so-called Anne, the shop-windows shining with the colonial mahogany of Grand Rapids, Michigan, or behind which are displayed the most recent additions to the joys and comforts of life; where also, as in the older parts of the country, you may find the most talked-about novel of the minute, "just in" or "just out." In the other end of the same town are the beginnings of settlements. The first part being grandiloquized as "residential," after the manner prevailing in Woollet and elsewhere, it may be appropriate to describe the second part as extemporential. Many of the houses in this part are home-made, constructed out of flotsam and jetsam, while the aspect of the spot as a whole is that of new countries generally, suggestive of such haste to get to work that there has been no time for building homes, the earnest "developers of the country" being content with shelters.

There are other indications of the mixing, for meeting thus always comes in the end to mixing; this, however, is the indication afforded by the look of the town. These two parts constitute its features. The dividing-line is very distinct, but the seed of culture is germinating in the shop-windows. Here we catch, among the people who are laying out the territory of the great Northwest, a glimpse of a social phenomenon that

is sure to grow on us as we wander farther on toward Asia. The leaders and lieutenants of industry in the smaller towns have not only great conceptions of enterprise and Oriental dreams of future magnificence, but they are possessed of a larger metropolitan manner than one can find in like settlements—like in size—of the more thickly settled, the more finished parts of the country. Indeed, it is just because the smaller town in the East is rounded out and complete, as it were, and has got through with the disfiguring process of growth, that people there begin to fit their minds and habits to their simple environments. It is the impatient custom to call these people of the rural town of the elder land human vegetables, perhaps because it is pleasant to resort to them after a too rich dish of the red blood of the money-market or of the ranches. At any rate, throughout this Northwest country we find the city man in evidence, usually managing the bank, "making the advances," and, in a large, general way, keeping up the connection of farms and mines, of railroads and of "bunches" of cattle, with the investors of capital. Usually he is the kind of man whom we expect to see back in New York, and as a permanence, in the near future—the kind of man who will suddenly appear as the owner of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, having plunged into the society which is stretching out its hands in welcome to all the millions that are willing to come its way.

It seems to be much easier to a man at, say, Butte to grab a "grip" and to board a train for Chicago or New York than would be even the contemplation of such a journey to a man at Keokuk, or at Dayton, or even at Elmira. If the Butte man wants a million dollars for an enterprise, he takes a train for the most likely lending centre. He carries his dreams with him as security; usually the dreams take, and often they materialize. Let it not be understood that dreams as security are always to be classified with the visions of Colonel Sellers. These dreams make our West our Orient, and investment in them has enormously increased the wealth of the whole country. Besides, there is calculation behind many of them, a considerable experience to add substance to them;

moreover, there are the character and credit which have been gained by the dreamers whose dreams have come true. If the man from Keokuk or Royalton wants to borrow \$100,000, his desire alone is quite likely to give him pause, and he is noticed by his neighbors for many days at a time figuring on the backs of envelopes. Then he does a deal of letter-writing, some cautious telegraph-sending, breaking out at last with a telephone message. When he goes to the bank for the loan, he takes good, substantial securities with him, printed on bond-paper, and on his return he very likely tries to make on his borrowed capital one or two per cent. in excess of the rate which he must pay, while the Far-Western brother is hoping for something more than a paltry doubling of his borrowed capital.

The air is full of the stimulus and the mystery of chance. It cannot be escaped. One is not inclined to fly from it, because the prizes are too many and too rich. Along the side of the dusty road between St. Paul and Minneapolis is the wagon of the fortune-teller—the selfsame gypsy who used to add to the mystery of our childhood's Eastern woods, but now he is near cities; and in the railroad yard in Duluth we find the rich blue private car with its silvered letters announcing that it is the palmist's car, and that the palmist will tell his visitor where to strike for fortune, "between the hours of 10 A.M. and 3 P.M." Still, these plungers into the dark mysterious things, these snappers-up of every offered opportunity for wealth, are but the restless and often the unsuccessful. The dreams that go back East as security are not likely to be as unsubstantial as the fortune-teller's prediction. They are the visions of men who know what is—who have imaginations which not only tell them what they may expect, but they also convince the man back in the Atlantic seaport who wishes his idle dollars to be doing something.

There is nothing more interesting in the world of modern effort than the solid achievements of the men who are building up the West, and who are really making the empire west of the Mississippi. We have heard of the "pioneers who go out into the wilderness, and whose brawny arms have transformed dark forests into

sunny and smiling farms." Poetry has been written about these pioneers, imaginative pictures have been painted of them, speeches have been made to them, and votes have been coaxed from them; but the pioneer of our time is not the pioneer of the seventeenth century who sought religious and civil liberty on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. There is a vast difference between a migration and a raid. There is a distinction, which is to be observed, between the man who moves with his family to a new home and the man who goes out alone in the excitement of a new discovery of gold or silver to get his share and to bring it back, or the man and the woman who go out with the hunters after gold to hunt them in turn for whatever gold they may find. The day of the "pioneer" has gone by in most of the Far-Western country, although some of his habits remain.

The men who do the American country good are the same kind in the Far West and in the Middle West. In the Middle West the pioneers were the seekers after new homes, but in the farther country most of the Americans who first travelled out were not of the settling or of the settled class. They who went to build homes stopped on the plains of Dakota, and many of them were foreigners. They who went to the mines carried in their company the attendant vices. They who went to herd cattle had the stir of adventure, often of thriftlessness, in their blood. The vices went with them also, for they fasten on the nomadic, and the vicious pitched their tents for faro and bad whiskey and other temptations where they might be within easy reach. As the railroads moved their tracks out, the dens faced the railroad track; and once, out of the car window, at a place which hoped to thrive in a sage-brush country, I saw, at the side of the train, on the board walk which ran between the station and the saloon, a faro-table which was presided over by a lady with golden curls, red cheeks, and a pink Mother Hubbard. These things have changed in older and better days, and though a red shade now and then flutters in the wind of the main street, the second lot of Americans have been received, and these are the real builders of the empire. These decent Americans do not care to dwell and to

bring up their children in the midst of an immorality which is so prevailing as to make the social atmosphere of the community, and therefore the tough and his companions are moved off quickly by a vigilance committee, or else they slink back into slums, thereby increasing the slumminess. The process of human betterment has not been entirely completed. Time is required to bring about all that civilization demands, without counting the luxuries which it may bestow in return. Not long ago an indignant railroad president, moved to wrath by the obstreperous viciousness of a town that is a division headquarters, sent word to it that unless it mended its morals he would take his shops away from it—which in reality meant that he would move away most of the population.

It is impossible, apparently, that there shall be a frontier, or anything like it, without the youth who have wildness in the blood. It is the fashion to call the life of the ranches and of the mining towns free and unconventional. The idea that is hoped to be conveyed by this over-taxed word unconventionality is, as the mundane says, fetching, for it means relief from restraining artificialities; but experience teaches us that there is no decent community without its conventions, only these conventions differ in different places. There are, indeed, artificial restraints which are irksome, and apparently arbitrary and meaningless, but it is a great deal better, for the community and for the individual, that they be observed. Unrestrained freedom is bad all round, and socially bad, whether it is that of the beer-cellar in Bohemia or of a dance-hall in the Far West. The young man who seeks in the Northwest liberty from all the sedate checks of civilized public opinion, including those which deserve the disdain of the intellectual, has before him varied opportunities. How he is to come out is the problem of his own nature. He may become a cattle-thief or a steady "puncher"; he may take to liquor and gambling or he may become a "leading citizen"; he may become a politician or a maker of politicians; he may graduate as a typical cowboy nuisance, wear queer clothes, shoot off pistols and strange oaths to frighten tenderfeet, or he may become

a real ranchman—a "builder-up of empire," to use one of our newest phrases,—with a strong hankering after churches, schools, broadcloth, and other conventions from which in his youth he fled. The tendency of good Americans and of good American communities is in this direction; it is toward respectability, which means the ability to inspire respect in others by respecting one's self. It is the Americans, the sons of Americans, who impress themselves upon the far-out lands, as the same people have put their stamp upon the institutions of the Middle West. The foreigners who come to anything in the one as in the other part of the country reach their climacteric of citizenship by becoming Americanized.

Politics is perhaps queer, to say the least, in the newer parts of the country; but while, by reason of the hammer of the reformers, who love their country with a much stronger and more unselfish passion than do the self-dubbed optimists, the public is making up its mind to improve politics, still we cannot say that political vagaries, in municipal affairs, for example, are peculiar to the Far West. We continue to possess our "halls" and our "organizations" in the fringe along the Atlantic, even if it is true that in some respects, where there has been exposure and where penalties have been suffered, politics is a less flagrant vice than it used to be. Perhaps it may be said that the East is gradually waking up to the fact that party politics may afford virtuous occupation and be beneficial to the state, while a perceptible part of the men of the Northwest, or the Far West, are still regarding government, with its resources and its powers, as a quarry—and this virtuously, it may be. A quarry it is in sooth, to all parts of the country. There are three ways of looking at politics in our dear victimized land. In the East the tendency of the class is to take an office for "the money in it," although there are some men, who have arrived or who have inherited, who like to do the work of real statesmanship, or of something nearly akin to it. There are also those most dangerous enemies of the public weal, mere opportunists. It is true that all, or nearly all, democratic progress is made through compromises, but there are compromises for

the advancement of the good cause, and there are compromises looking toward securing a reelection at the cost of the good cause; the latter are made by the mere opportunists. In the Middle West, men who have made firm their place in the community and who want greater advancement in the esteem of their fellows, having played the game of business to a successful end, strive for the honors of public office, spurred by their lifelong desire to win. It is true that the spirit of winning is essentially an American spirit, and that its excesses blemish other activities than those of intercollegiate athletics; but in endeavoring to draw between the sections a distinction as to motives for the avocation of politics one cannot intend a sharp distinction, but can only hope to catch the prevailing instinct. In the Middle West there seems to be a trifle more of the personal element in the political rage; the man who is at its head is the party. In the East it is likely to be the man who is the most adroit captain of the machine who is at the head; in the Far West the leader is usually the man who can get the most out of the nation for the good of his neighbors, or of his own town, or of his State, or of his section. These, more or less, are sectional idiosyncrasies.

Out in the Far West men go into political life for the advantage of their own community. They live in that part of the country which, more than any other, is possessed of the colonial spirit; they are the children of the nation—and the favored children. When the adventurous, good and bad, had filled the land behind them with the glory of the great territory beyond the Mississippi, then the real builders went out, and with these came real exploitation and real business. For twenty years the great Northwest has been growing in such a way that its endeavors, covering this brief distance in the pathway of the nation, have added so many new States to the Union that in a few years more the dominant power in the Senate will be that of the States west of the centre of population. This is a prosaic fact, but full of significance to the States whose capital is seeking pecuniary progeny on these plains and under these mountains. The vision of

these people is very far; their dreams have the right to soar higher than the dreams of other people; their own achievements, discoveries, "strikes," justify their belief that under the soil and in the soil is wealth the like of which no land has yet produced. They tell the nation that the welfare of the whole country depends upon their welfare, and that it is the duty of the nation to pour its money into railroads, into irrigation, into a thousand and one works which will aid their commerce. The commercial spirit is set on fire by the bigness of the plains and of their seeming opportunities. It appears to the makers of this empire as though it "would pay" the whole world to turn its saved-up millions into canals for the conveyance of fruitful streams from the mountains to the brown, waste places on which rain rarely falls. Trade and commerce and "output" become rhythmic, melodious, harmonious, sounding in great and inspiring measures. Alfalfa's three annual crops grow to the sound of six-footed verses, and the stream from the irrigation ditch babbles a golden tune to the fruit-trees that stagger under their rich and luscious burdens, growing out of land which but for those nourishing streams would still be blown sand held together by the roots of sage-brush.

What could not the great government do if its people in the East would but tax themselves more heavily for this land of miracle and prodigy! The individual, however, has worked these wonders. The railroad that has justified its building with profits from the beginning of its existence is the railroad which has never received a dollar of given money or an acre of public land from the government. Other railroads have become income-breeders since they ceased to regard the beneficence of the great father at Washington as sufficient for their day and generation. "It is too big for private citizens and for private enterprise," is the cry of the thoughtless, and the consequent adoption of enterprise by the paternal government has invariably brought injury to the enterprise itself.

The politics of the Northwest is for the Northwest, because the people out there believe in their land, and the politicians are of the people as well as the servants of the people; but the North-

west itself is, as it stands—to use the vernacular—the work of the earnest, eager, sound reasoning, sane American citizen. To none other, not even to his government, is the glory due. He has made it, and the fact that the government anticipated him in the matter of fostering a railroad may be a pure accident. His life-giving enterprise found the capabilities of the land, and its development, its fruitage, is his and his alone. Its great railroads tell the tale as they run their courses. They leave the waters of the Mississippi and the lands whose crumbling iron ore helps to make us the richest country in the world. What wonder is it that the palmist in the blue and silver car reads the hands, and the gypsy tells fortunes midway between the twin cities, to the wondering and helpless multitude who dwell near the most magical of nature's storehouses, where the forest is cut into millions of dollars only to leave behind a far greater number of millions under the tangled roots of its stumps! Leaving this abode of wealth behind it, the road runs through the wheat-lands of the Red River, the cattle plains, the copper and silver, the varied agriculture west of the mountains, on to the great timber of Puget Sound. And in running thus through these varied gifts of nature, the railroads have nourished industry, have stimulated the arts of production, have taught the unready and have aided the ready, in obedience to the great and universal law that one who would serve profitably to himself must serve profitably to others.

In twenty years, since Mr. Villard's company of distinguished guests crossed the continent to see and participate in the completion of the first of the great northern roads, well-built towns have succeeded the wooden shelters of the first day, while the face of nature itself has been changed. The once brown plains, whose many unfenced acres were seized perhaps in obedience to the law of seeming necessity—for necessity is oftenest seeming,—but contrary to the law of legislatures, are greening under the influence of irrigation, and the husbandman once more, as in all times past, is moving on the herdsman and is driving the cattle into smaller and richer fields, to the betterment of all. All this that we see,

the growing splendor of the land, is the work of the individual man, either alone or in voluntary association with others. Together men have led the mountain streams to the arid sage-brush plains, and alone man has made green and fruitful squares from forbidding bits of territory. These green oases in the Great American Desert are the fine achievements of the Western men who are, let us remember, Eastern men and sons or grandsons of Eastern men, working with their own and with the capital of other Eastern men who have faith in them and in their land,—all these achievements are tributes to the individual and a great sustainer of the old-fashioned faith in individualism.

It ought not to be possible to look upon the wonderful gains of this wonderful region without the reflection that the individual has ventured millions and succeeded, where government has granted thousands and partly failed. This is not the place for the discussion of the fundamental difference between those who want the government to try to do more than they have done and those who think that the private citizen will continue to do better and more wisely than the political power can ever do, but there is room for such discussion, which, however, as in almost all human problems, will doubtless be settled in the end by hard experience; but this is now the truth, that, whatever may be done in the time to come, men unaided by government, or despite the efforts of government to aid, have created a rich empire out of lands once ridiculed as the "Banana Tract," and that men uncherished by the politicians who manage the government have built a pathway from the manufactories of the East, the corn and wheat prairies of the Middle West, the cotton-plantations of the South, across the plains to the Pacific coast, gold and timber bearing, and that, farther still, the pathway is going on across the Pacific, so that this marvellous Western empire of ours is looking onward with wise prescience into mysterious and still undeveloped Asia.

Can government, with its little war-fleets and its pampering laws, which, like all pampering, weakens character, expect to do as much for the welfare of the world of men as the men of the world have done for themselves

and their fellows—the men whose fleets of peaceful commerce far outnumber destructive and protective squadrons; the men whose wealth is greater, whose intelligence is keener and is better instructed, and whose wisdom in these affairs is larger than the wisdom which government has manifested in the management of its own?

Very little of what the Far West has grown to be is due to Congress, or to Presidents, or to the various departments of government which are charged with the administration of public business peculiarly interesting to that big and reaching part of the land. The government has, indeed, accomplished something through its scientific men of the Geological Survey; it has, however, wasted its public lands, although some of them have gone cheaply to worthy citizens whose enterprise has stirred the pulses of life in seemingly dead lands, and who have thereby added to the country's wealth. The government has been preyed upon by the seekers of fortunes, and much of its land has been stolen. It has set a bad example to those pioneers who should be thrifty but who hope only to be lucky. It has not conducted its affairs in a businesslike manner, but has invited people to cozen it. Politics has been mixed up with the land business and with the cattle business. This, however, is to say as slightly as possible the word which must be said by one writing of the Far West. Bad men and women always go in the early trains to a new country; but when the country is worth while, the men of character and of achievement go after them and send the others to their holes. This is what is happening in the West. The good and conservative citizen who acts with wisdom as well as with energy is on the plains and in the mountains and forests. He has developed the riches of the empire and he has improved its character; but it should always be borne in mind that the empire looks watchfully to Washington as to its parent. The nation built these States, while in the East the States built the nation; therefore much of the paternalistic sentiment entertained by men who have nevertheless worked wonders without aid, and who will work all the greater wonders in the future

if they are left to their own wisdom and their own courage. Besides, paternal aid is invariably accompanied by paternal restraint.

This great West has its difficulties, as have other sections. Cities grow so rapidly that they are compelled, for their grown-up necessities, to run in debt so largely that their interest charges consume their income, and streets must go for more years than they ought unwatered and unpaved. Moreover, the good men are so busy attending to the great affairs which increase the wealth of the nation and of the community, as well as reward the adventurous with fortunes, that they have no time for public improvements or for local politics. Therefore we have the dusty streets and the rude sidewalks; therefore we have the distinguished and eccentric criminals. Still, these small evils adjust themselves in the end. The troubles are what one sees on the surface of life, but when one rubs the dust of the unpaved streets out of one's eyes, and looks about him at the dwellings in which men and women live, and when one enters there, the virtue and force of the individual's effort and of his character are evident once more, as they have been in the work which he has accomplished in the material world. Collectively, the people of Seattle, for example, may leave their streets unpaved and unwatered, but individually they build beautiful houses, fill them with domestic and social delights, force green lawns with abundant water, and plant along the borders of the street the planes, the elms, the maples, and the red-berried mountain-ash. These leaders of great hosts of activity in business, in industry, in mining, in transportation, in the thousand walks out-of-doors, may not yet have had time to study and to act upon municipal and police problems, but they have had time not only carefully and surely to work out the gigantic problems of their imaginations, but to make a within-doors most attractive and most stimulating. In time this American individual who has built the empire and has made himself a home will be comprehended in his just proportions.

There is no wool in the Western mind, and there is no decadence in the Western conscience.

The Yearly Tribute

BY ROSINA HÜBLEY EMMET

“FOR science is a cruel mistress. She exacts a yearly tribute of flesh and blood like the dragons of ancient pagan mythology.”

The eminent scientist paused momentarily here and viewed the earnest young faces before him. In this poetic figure of speech he saw fit to present to them the hardships of the life they had chosen to embark upon. It was a hot June morning, and the heavy scent of syringa came in through the high uncurtained windows of the lecture-hall. All the students stared with reverence at this distinguished stranger, who had come a long distance to speak to the graduating class; and one of its members sighed deeply and turned his eyes to the window, and watched some maple leaves moving languidly against the blue sky. The lecturer heard his sigh, saw him fall into abstraction, realized the peculiar character of his face; and marked him as a man who would serve to the end, possibly becoming one of the victims of that cruel mistress.

Pilchard and Swan had stopped to rest in the middle of the plaza. The black Mexican night was falling and a few stars blossomed in the sky, but there was no abatement in the heat which had held since sunrise; rather, indeed, the thickness of the atmosphere seemed intensified. The two Americans, who had spent a whole year in Mexico and become accustomed to the climate, attempted to make themselves comfortable. Pilchard sank to a dilapidated bench and lighted a cigarette; and Swan, not having even sufficient spirit to smoke, stretched himself bodily on the flat stones which paved the plaza, and placed his old hat upon his upturned face.

Both young men seemed depressed, and without speaking they listened to the moaning of the ocean which heaved and glistened in the distance; and when Pil-

chard finally said, “So poor Murphy is gone too,” and Swan responded, “His troubles are over, poor fellow,” it showed how completely they had been absorbed in the same thought.

“And Mulligan last week,” Pilchard continued, “and all the others who went before, and Peele taken sick this afternoon. Swan, we’re the only white men left.”

“And we’ve only got ten days left.”

“Oh, I guess we can do it, so long as we’re out of the swamp.”

“So long as the swamp isn’t in us.”

They were alluding to the railroad they had come to Mexico to build. The time-limit given in the contract would expire in ten days, and it would be a race to get the tracks through the town and down to the new docks in that time. Swan, whenever he thought of it, became restless, and now he sat up with a jerk, and his old hat slipped off his face. Even in that dim light Swan’s ugliness was apparent. He measured over six feet and was loose-jointed and ungainly; he had big flat feet, and big bony, capable hands; and his features, which were big and bony too, seemed in proportion to nothing but his general ungainliness. Swan was an inventive Yankee with no background and no tradition. He could not even claim the proverbial Connecticut farm. His people had been dreary commercials in a middle-sized New Hampshire town, and he had worked his way through college to fit himself for a scientific career. His memory of his deceased parents was so colorless that it seemed to Swan as if they had never existed, and his contacts had been so dull, his outlook so dreary, that he had almost no conception of beauty. His plain college room, where, by the hour, he had worked out mathematical problems, and a grimy engine-room (which was the next stage of his advancement), where he had stood in a greasy black shirt, surrounded by

an unceasing whirl of machinery, and bossed a gang of men—these had been the things which had substituted for him romance and passion and life; and finally, when Pilchard, a college friend, had persuaded him to come down to Mexico and build a railroad, he had taken off his greasy black shirt and gone, principally because this was such a big undertaking, and it would undoubtedly in the end lead to something very much bigger.

The company which was causing the railroad to be built had established large exporting-houses in San Francisco, which sent down certain articles of merchandise to Mexico, and the railroad was designed to transport this freight from one of the southwestern seaport towns to the city of Mexico. The undertaking included the erection of docks with swinging elevators to lift the freight from the vessels and deposit it in the cars, and as the pay was very large and Pilchard was an adventurous soul, he undertook the job when it was offered to him, and going to the manager's office, impressed him with his boldness and ability, and signed his name to the contracts without reading them through; then gayly, and feeling no uneasiness, he buttoned his coat over the neatly folded paper and went to see Swan.

Swan, in a greasy black shirt, was in the engine-room, hard at work, and he was just about to reprimand one of the men when Pilchard came in. Although it was early in May, a spell of precocious heat had taken New York by the throat, and what with the whirl of rapidly turning wheels, and the smell of hot machine-oil and perspiring men, there was something filthy and degraded about the atmosphere. Swan suddenly realized this, although it was the only atmosphere he knew anything about. Glancing upward, he saw a little patch of blue sky through the top of one of the grimy windows . . . a white cloud sailed past . . . and then another . . . something akin to longing well-ed in his heart, something like a wave of despair and hope, a desire to lift himself into a higher and less degraded world. . . . He looked toward the door and saw Pilchard, and crossing the room, he greeted him warmly and read the contract Pilchard pulled from his pocket.

"That's a queer business," said Swan, when he had finished.

"How so?"

"Man alive, haven't you read what you've signed your name to?"

"Certainly I've read it."

"And you think you can put the job through in a year?"

"Why not?" asked Pilchard, with his "cock-sure" smile.

Swan, like every one else, was taken in by this smile, and to convince himself he read the contract again, out loud this time, and in a thoughtful way. Pilchard listened.

The contract guaranteed that a railroad covering two hundred and fifty miles, between the city of Mexico and the little seaport of Zacatula, on the Pacific Ocean, would be built and completed in one year's time, work starting on the 25th of June. Docks and freight-elevators were included in the work, and if the tracks were not in fit condition for the trains to run by the date specified, every penny of the very large pay would be forfeited by the builders. A strange contract, indeed! Pilchard, however, as he heard it read, betrayed by no sign that he was as much surprised as Swan.

"Well," said Swan, looking up and meeting that "cock-sure" smile, "you think you can do it in a year?"

"I'm certain I can."

"Of course," Swan continued, not yet convinced, "it's the worst country on earth; full of swamp and yellow fever."

"I'll run in a gang of Mexican Indians to lay the ties. They can stand their own climate."

"But you'll have to take down some white men, too, good fellows who know the business. You can't be the only man to do the bossing. It 'd kill you."

All this time Pilchard was closely watching Swan, and almost unconsciously something had been growing in his mind. Swan had an ugly, resolute face, and endurance seemed to be expressed in every line of his body. Behind him the engine roared, and spit steam, and ground out the produce of a great city factory; his face and hands were grimy and covered with grease, and the black cinders around his deep-set eyes gave him a terrible, deathly look. Pilchard saw instantly that he must have Swan to do the work. He must take him down to Mexico or else the railroad would never be built. Swan

would come, too, because there was a look of tragic fatigue in his deep-set eyes, an expression of sick nausea in the lines about his mouth, that showed how gladly he would change, how completely he had come to the end of his hopes here; so Pilchard suggested with a careless smile that they go down to Mexico together. "Of course," he said, "I don't say that it mightn't be better for me to do it alone—two heads to a job, you know, isn't always a good arrangement; but you've got a pretty mean berth here. It 'll take years for you to get a rise, and you're wasting your youth and health shut up with this filthy gang of men. This job of mine would push you right along, and you'll get others like it. Better come."

Swan reflected. His work was the only thing on earth that he cared for, and to progress in his work, to keep putting through more and more difficult jobs, was what he had always aimed to do. But had he a right to take advantage of Pilchard's generosity? He glanced around the room, conscious of the incessant chattering of the different parts of the engine, which he must keep going in order to turn out the produce of a great city factory. He was no more here than one of the many parts of that engine, and if some day he should be absorbed into the midst of those whirring wheels and ground up like corn, who would ever be the wiser?

So he went.

"Had a letter from the company to-day," Pilchard observed, suddenly.

"That so?"

"They're going to send a fellow down from Frisco on the steamer that touches on the 25th. Everything plays into their hands. Steamer reaches here the day the contract expires."

"Well, that's all right."

"They request that I meet the fellow and show him around."

"That's easy, too."

Pilchard breathed smoke through his nose in his self-possessed way, and said nothing more, until Swan suddenly broke out:

"Well, I for one won't be sorry to get out of this hole. I'll get the job done, of course, but we've just had a terrible setback. I think Peele's dying."

"Lord!"

"I came away from him only half an hour ago. He may last through the night, but I doubt it. Anyhow, if he lives or dies, we're devilish pressed for time. I'm beginning to think we'll have to work at night, too."

"At night?"

"There's a full moon. Here she comes now." Swan looked at the full moon, which, as the darkness increased, grew in radiance.

Pilchard breathed more smoke through his nose, then said with a sigh: "That's hard luck, Swan. I'm sorry."

"Hey?"

"And yet it's a lucky thing that you're as strong as you are. It's a lucky thing you haven't got the responsibilities at home that I have."

"I don't see what you mean."

"Why, you know I'm engaged! I'm as good as married. That poor girl's got everything ready for the wedding. You met her that day last year you came up to Maine before we left New York."

"Yes, I met her."

"And you remember how much she thought of me?" Pilchard spoke slowly. It was impossible to tell why he did so. Was it because he did not care to discuss the woman he loved with an outsider like Swan, or was it because he was going on tiptoe, because he wondered what he must say next, because he was waiting, hoping that something unexpected would develop?

Swan, however, dropped the question of Pilchard's marriage.

"You mean, I suppose, that you won't work at night."

"I can't. I'm not well enough."

Swan grunted and sighed and stretched all his limbs, shaking his great shoulders as if he were trying to shake out the ague. Then he cleared his throat again and turned to Pilchard.

"See here, Pilchard, it's time we came to some understanding."

"Understanding?" Pilchard queried in a surprised voice.

"Yes, about this job. About the pay—m—not so much the pay as the credit. This job ought to give a man a name. It's been a big piece of engineering and devilish hard work to put it through. I've planned the whole thing and watched



THEY HAD TALKED OF PILCHARD AND HIS ENTERPRISE

every stroke of what's been done, and I deserve at least half the credit, if not all."

Swan spoke in a brutal, masterful way. Perhaps he realized as he did so how completely the acknowledgment of his services depended on Pilchard's generosity. Pilchard alone had signed the contract, and Swan's existence was no more to the company than the existence of the other workmen. Moreover, the eleven mechanics they had brought down had all been carried off by fever, and there was no one else who, in case of necessity, could testify to the splendid work Swan had done, practically alone. All this was in Pilchard's mind as well as Swan's, and all this suddenly showed

Pilchard how completely Swan was in his power. He must play a careful game.

"Why, what the devil do you mean?" he asked, speaking rather angrily.

"What do I mean? I mean that this is all too unbusinesslike. It's too vague. I'm risking my life to put this business through, and I want to get what I deserve. It's the biggest thing I've ever done, and I won't do it for nothing."

"For nothing? Man alive, you're almost accusing me of dishonesty! I told you when we started out that I'd give you half the pay. If I'd ever supposed you didn't trust my word I'd have had it drawn up on paper. And as for the credit, you deserve it all, and you'll get it all . . . and that's all."

Pilchard ended with a self-conscious laugh, and got up to go indoors and take a few drinks before he went to bed. He stood for a moment, uncertainly, before Swan, wondering with a strange distrust, which lately had been growing upon him, what Swan really thought. Swan was so silent and reserved, and he worked with such unflinching constancy, that Pilchard often felt as if he too must be developing some plan. It was fortunate, he told himself, that there were only ten days more. His nerves could not have held out much longer; but after he had filled himself with several drinks and was sitting in gauzy pajamas beside an open window, things began to look brighter. Ten days might develop unheard-of things. To work all night on the borders of a swamp in this rainy season, which is almost certain death for a white man—Pilchard closed his eyes and peacefully slept. . . .

Swan, meanwhile, continued to sit on the bench, and throwing back his head, looked at the sky. A full moon swung above him, huge and tropical and red, seeming to garnish the black depths that lay behind it and that great black mouth that opened immeasurably into the west. All his actual surroundings faded away, and, as is often the case with men at these moments, he thought of a woman that he had seen once and had never forgotten.

That cool summer day just a year ago that he had spent on the coast of Maine, whither he had gone to see Pilchard about some final arrangements for their journey to Mexico—Pilchard had introduced him to the girl he was going to marry, and it had somehow happened that he and she had taken a short walk together along a cliff where some pines were growing, and which looked forlornly enough across the solitary ocean. Nothing but the most commonplace words had passed between them; they had talked of Pilchard and his enterprise, and had stopped to look at the view, and had gazed out over the rolling waves. He had scarcely dared look at his companion, but once he had helped her over some rocks, and he remembered that her foot had slipped, and for an instant her body had swayed against his. He remembered, too, that she had pale cheeks and dreamy

eyes, and a slim hand laden with rings that held back her skirts. This slight experience had made a changed man of him. New senses existed for him, new hopes for the future that turned him dizzy, a splendid and deeper insight into life. The sordid realities of his life no longer claimed all his thoughts; they were beautified by rare and exquisite dreams, and by repetitions of that strange welling of hope and despair which had come to him in the grimy engine-room. After all, there were things in the world other than engines and boilers and steel tracks; there were plenty of uses for him besides calculating and experimenting and bossing a lot of filthy men. He, too, could serve and wait and hope and . . . die!

Swan spent the remainder of that night with Peele, and as the sick man was still alive at sunrise, and Swan was obliged to oversee the men, he swallowed some coffee and went off, leaving Pilchard in charge. About noon Pilchard came out to him with a white face.

"What's the matter?" Swan asked, full of apprehension.

"Peele died before you'd been gone an hour."

"We must see to having him buried at once."

"He's underground already."

"Where we'll all be if we stay much longer."

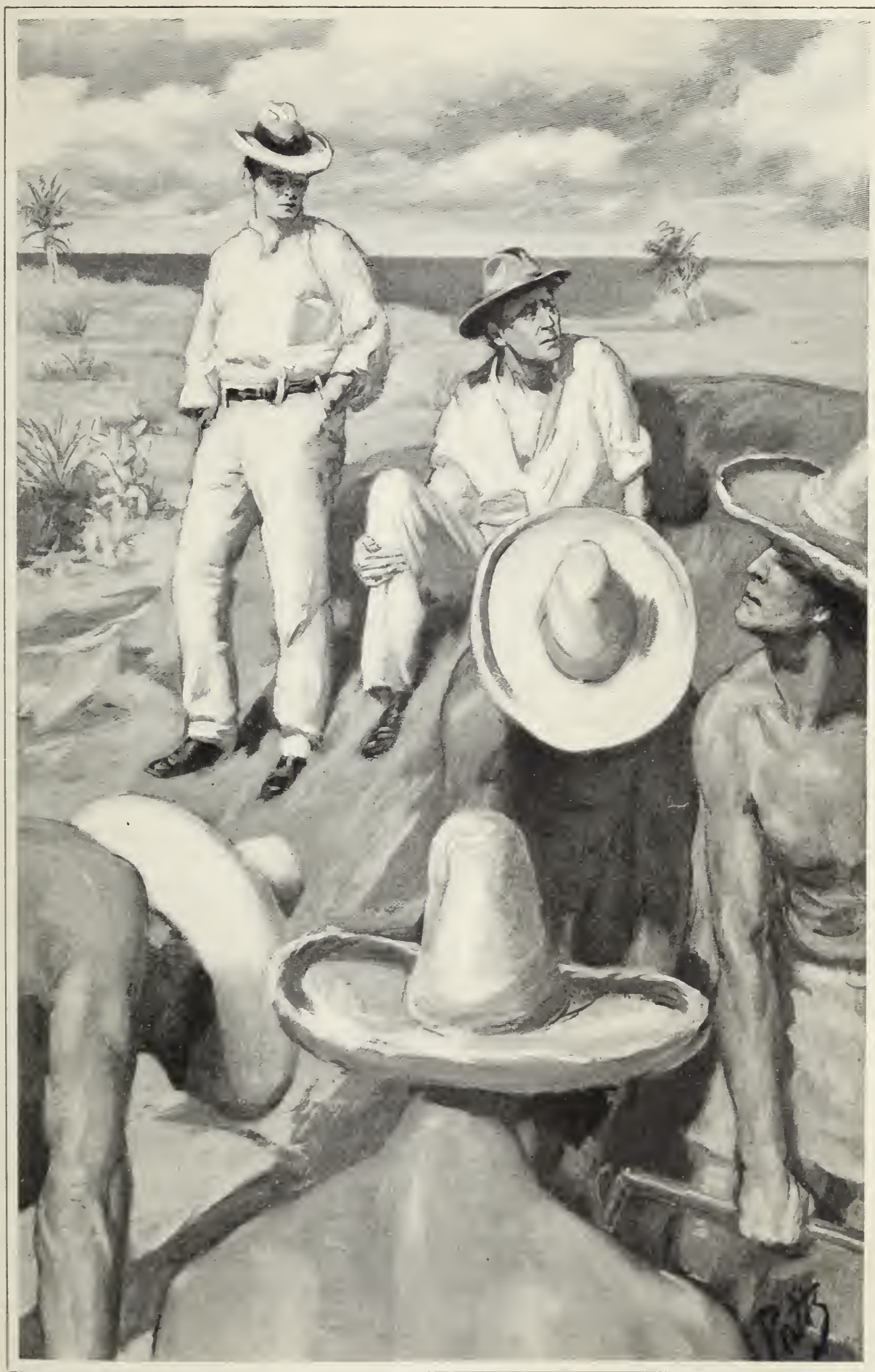
"Where I feel as if I ought to be," Pilchard groaned.

"What d'ye mean?"

"I mean that I'm about ready to give up. If it wasn't for you I would give up. I'm as weak as water. I just saw Peele die, and that finished me. Ugh! It was awful!"

And Pilchard, who certainly was pale, drew a flask from his pocket and took a long drink. He seemed to drink to his own weakness. He seemed to glory in the fact that he had given up, and that he knew Swan never would.

Swan realized this and looked wearily across the swamp they had just covered. It was all his work. A narrow mound of solid earth ran back as far as eye could reach, and on it two shining steel rails glittered in the blazing sun. On either side lay wet, poisonous ground covered with deadly growths and exuding fearful odors



"I'LL DO IT!" HE EXCLAIMED

and devitalizing forces which even the heat could not dissipate. In that noon-day light which burned and burned and made no impression on the moisture, Swan's face was wilted like a white flower which is dead and turning yellow. His eyes, too, were like things once living and now dead. The muscles around his mouth twitched like electric wire.

"It isn't possible for me to finish it alone," he told himself. He knew that he could finish the job by working both night and day, but could he stand the strain? Had he, after all, a stronger physique than any other white man had ever had before? He leaned far back as if he were trying to fold himself up, and then bent forward in the same manner, trying, with a desperation like death, to relieve the weakness that was numbing his limbs. He suddenly felt dizzy as he looked at the hot distance where some big leaves were waving—dizzy as he knew that he must fail.

"By God!" he exclaimed, striking the pile of dirt. "By God! I'll do it!"

Pilchard put on his hat and smiled. He had been waiting for this. "If you say you will, I bet you will!" he told Swan. "That's why you'll always come out ahead." As he said this he looked intently at Swan, who was still sitting on the pile of dirt. He noticed for the first time the peculiar look in his eyes and the trembling of his whole body.

Swan sat silent. He saw the dark perspiring bodies of the Indians who were laying ties, and his lifelong ambition to be a great engineer suddenly presented itself to him in the old strong unemotional way.

"For science is a cruel mistress. She exacts her yearly tribute of flesh and blood like the dragons of ancient pagan mythology."

This had been said by an eminent scientist who had addressed his graduating class. Swan had heard it then and remembered it now. He clearly remembered that hot June morning ten years ago. Some young maple leaves had made a lovely pattern on the blue northern sky outside the uncurtained windows of the lecture-hall. He remembered that he had looked through the window and vowed that he would never give up.

He organized two bands of men, one to

work by moonlight and one by sunlight; but it was necessary for him to overlook them both, day and night, so it happened that there were just two hours in the twenty-four when he could find any rest. This was when the daily tropical storm broke, late in the afternoon, and all the workmen scampered for shelter. Swan crawled into a shanty the men had put up to hold their tools, and wrapping himself in a blanket, slept until the storm was over. That is to say, for three or four times he slept, but gradually he found it impossible to get any rest, and nobody knew the agonies he endured fighting off the fever, which he felt had marked him for its own. He never looked forward longer than twelve hours, thinking always that the next day would decide his fate, and the next day never did. "If I can keep it off till to-morrow, I guess it won't come back," he repeated, mechanically, standing in the moonlight and dosing himself and bossing the men. But in the morning there was never any abatement in those deadly symptoms which told him that the period of incubation would soon be over; and it almost seemed to him as if his cruel mistress was saving him in some miraculous way to complete her work, for it was not until the evening of the ninth day, when the railroad was finished and the last man paid off, that his temperature rose to fever-heat, his pulse quickened, and his tongue became congested, and this demon of the tropical swamp claimed him for its own.

Early on the morning of the 25th, a Pacific mail-steamer touched at the little port of Zacatula, and a man was put off who came down from San Francisco to do business for the company in the event of the railroad not being completed. He was greatly astonished when Pilchard showed him that the last day's work had been done.

"Then," said the agent, mopping his perspiring bald head, "we may say that you've carried out the contract to the letter, to the very minute. You say you only paid off the men last night?"

"Yes," answered Pilchard, with his engaging smile, and casting a possessive glance down the front of his white trousers. "And it was an awful rush to get the job done." But in spite of Pil-

chard's sleek figure and social smile, he looked pale that morning. The hot sunlight that bathed the end of the dock met no responsive glow in his cheeks.

The agent hung his handkerchief over the top of a post to dry it, and looked more closely at his companion. "Anything the matter?" he asked, kindly. "You certainly haven't lost anything on the job?"

"No—no." Pilchard brought out that ever-ready smile that was so delightful. "But it's about time to go home. This is a terrible climate. We've lost every white man that came down, eleven all told, except myself and—and—one other, who's dying over in that shed now. Maybe—maybe—he's dead—" Pilchard jerked with his thumb towards a shanty just where the docks joined the land. . . .

In this rude shanty, knocked together by the workmen to hold their tools, on a heap of sacks and blankets, Swan lay as he had dropped the night before. Pilchard had found him there, and the full moon coming in at the wide opening had revealed a fearful sight—Swan in the throes of terrific fever, his face scarlet, his eyes ferrety and congested, and his swollen tongue lolling between his lips. When he saw Pilchard he asked in a strange voice for water. Pilchard brought him some and felt his forehead. It seemed on fire.

"Pilchard," began Swan, in a deliberate voice, as if he were trying to fight off the delirium, "the swamp got into me, after all. I've taken the fever."

Pilchard, appalled by the terrible sight before him, and the things it suggested, which he could not help but see, leaned against the rude wall, and for once his self-possession deserted him. "Swan," he faltered, "Swan—for God's sake—"

"Hush," Swan interposed, in that same deliberate voice. "Don't lose your head. I'm keeping mine. Am I talking sense?"

"Yes, yes, Swan. Perfectly correctly."

"Then I'll tell you what to do." Swan spoke more and more slowly as the fire mounted to his brain and besieged it. "There's every symptom of fever. You can't deny that."

"Symptoms, Swan? I don't see any. You're worn out, poor fellow. That's all."

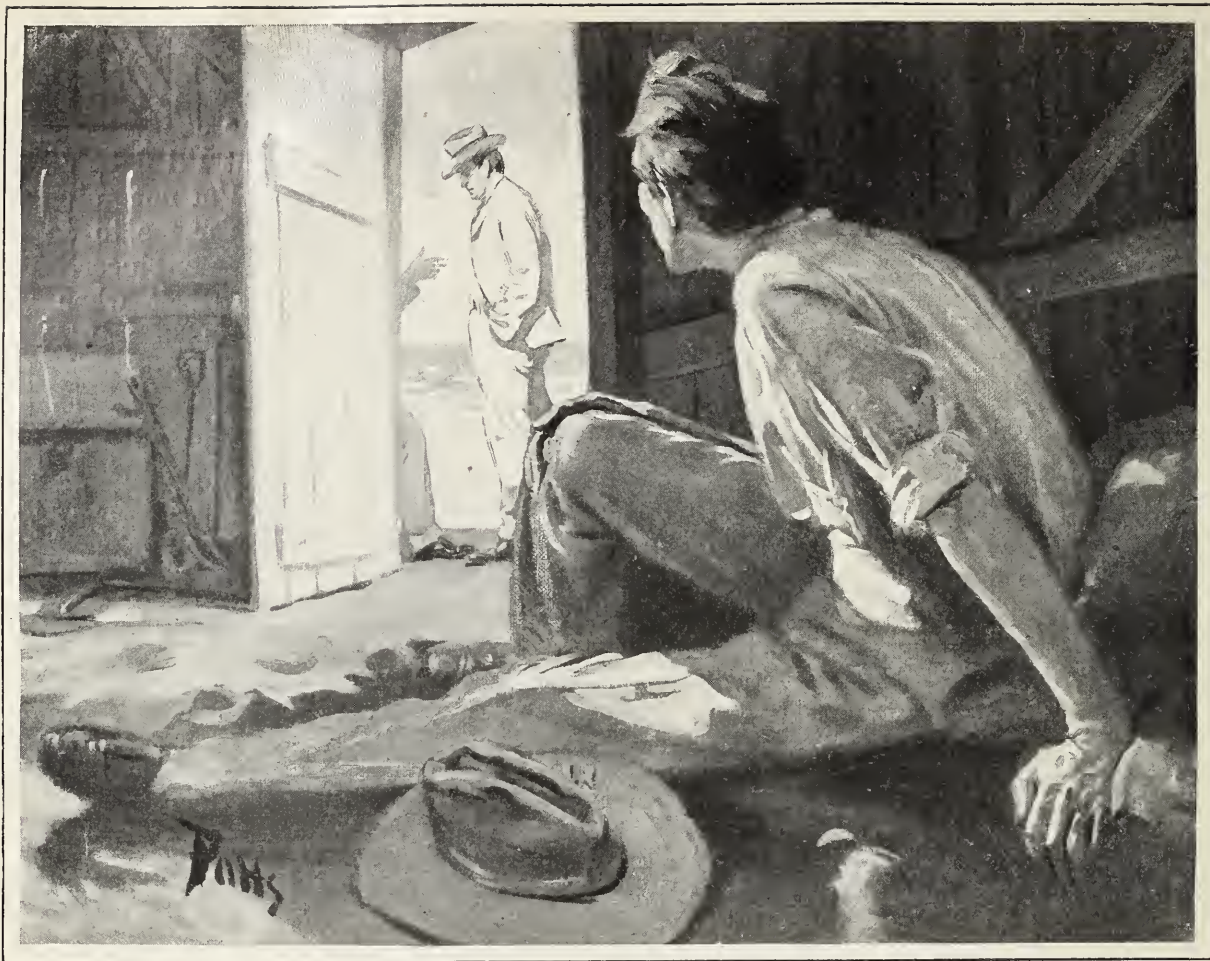
"Then what's this?" Swan opened his mouth and showed his scarlet tongue. "And this?" He tore open the breast of his shirt and showed the congested condition of his skin. "But I'll fight death as I fought the fever! I'm not going to die. There's too much for me to do in the world! I'll be a great engineer. I'll make her proud. I vowed it when we looked out over the waves and I wanted to take her in my arms. See here!" and suddenly seizing a pickaxe from the ground beside him, he swung it around his head and sent it whizzing past Pilchard's ear, out through the opening of the shanty. "I've got my muscle and I've got my brain and I'll keep my life. I deserve to live. I deserve it as payment for putting the job through. I'll keep my wife here, too, here in the engine-room, with the pines behind us, and I can look after the men then. Who's that leaning against the wall? Pilchard? Poor fool! Why did you boast you were the only man who had ever loved a woman?"

"Me boast! Heaven forbid," faltered Pilchard.

"Then," shouted Swan, suddenly sitting up and striking out with both arms, "take these things away. All these little black things that are pouring over me. It's a regular shower. It must be a whole city. No! No! They're sparks! They're fire! They burn! They burn! Take the wheels away from me! They're grinding me like corn—oh, Lord! it's heavy, it's heavy! There, there! It crushes me! Now, now it's over. This is—death—" And he sank back, oppressed by a sudden and overwhelming load of oblivion.

Swan grew worse toward morning, and though the disease had only attacked him at sunset the night before, so rapid and terrible were its onslaughts that by the time the sun rose a complete physical collapse had occurred. His pulse had fallen below normal, and his skin assumed a strange yellow hue, the color of a lemon, and in these signs and the constant hiccough which convulsed the death-stricken frame Pilchard guessed properly what the termination must be. The end would come easily. Swan had ceased to suffer.

When light crept gray and silent into the shanty, Pilchard stood and looked at Swan's prostrate form. No sound



A HORRIBLE SENSATION CAME OVER THE SICK MAN

came to them but the gentle lapping of the waves. Sober as a dove Day hovered in the sky, and that solemn change which is Death was somewhere near, hiding and waiting; and Pilchard and Death and the breaking Day were for one second alone. And Pilchard was overwhelmed with terror. Some spectre had seized him, and he could not shake it off. He looked once more at the dying man, at his closed eyes and his still body, momentarily convulsed by the final signs of life, like a great piece of machinery when the steam power is gradually running down. Then he turned and broke away, to take a bath and to take a drink and then go to meet the steamer from San Francisco. . . .

"Eleven? You don't say. Fever, I suppose?"

"Yes. We tackled three swamps on our way down from Mexico."

"That so? Well, it's worth some sacrifice. It's a good job. I wouldn't 'a' undertaken it myself."

"I wouldn't do it again."

They walked down the dock. . . .

Swan opened his eyes and looked through the wide opening of the shanty out to where the blazing sun struck the hot water of the little harbor. He hardly remembered where he was. Oh yes! He must get up and go down-town. In a minute, when he was fully awake. And he closed his eyes again and heard the accustomed whir of machinery, and knew that he was in the engine-room. One of the workmen needed to be spoken to; he was the filthiest of the lot, and Swan was the only man who could control him. Suddenly Swan opened his eyes again and saw that this same workman had entered the shanty and was standing beside him. He instantly recognized the man's greasy black shirt and depraved city face.

"For science is a cruel mistress," the man said. "She exacts her yearly tribute of flesh and blood."

But, singularly enough, these words meant something entirely different. Swan

looked curiously at the workman and saw that he too was really somebody else. The man smiled and, leaning over, gently raised him up, and for the first time in his life Swan felt himself encircled by a woman's arms, and he tasted a strange, delicious joy awakening deep within him that knowledge of reciprocal love which slumbers in the heart of every man.

"And you did it all for me," she said.

"Did what?" he asked her.

"Built the road?"

"Yes," he whispered, closing his eyes again, filled with this new strange joy.

"And now we'll go home together to the North, where the maple leaves make a lovely pattern against the blue sky."

He knew nothing for a minute, and then she spoke again:

"Well, it's a good job. I'll see that you get pushed along. The company 'll have plenty more work; big pay, too. This business has made your name. You're a wonderful fellow! You say you worked night as well as day?"

"For eight days, yes."

It was Pilchard's voice. He was talking to another man. They were leaning heavily against the rough wall of Swan's shanty. A horrible sensation came over the sick man, that sensation experienced by men who emerge from some unnatural mental condition, who are recalled by one sentence, often by one word, which acts like a key and opens again to their terrified vision the horrible realities of actual life. Swan raised his arms to bring that woman's face close to his, but he could not find it. He opened his eyes, and tears of weakness watered his cheeks. He was alone in the hovel knocked together by the men to hold their tools, and the work for which he had given his life was being claimed outside by another man. . . .

The agent leaned against the side of

the shanty, gazing reflectively at his steamer, which was anchored half a mile from shore. "I'm going clear round to New York. You'd better get aboard and come with me," he proposed to Pilchard, to whom he had taken a fancy. "Good Lord!" he suddenly shouted, leaping forward. "Is this the shed where you said a workman was dying of fever? Let's get out quick or we'll take the infection."

But Pilchard, pale as death, put up a warning hand. "Yes, let's clear out—let's get to sea before I go crazy! But—but—don't speak so loud. *He may hear!*"

He had heard every word. His faculties, numb with death, sprang instantly into life. He leaped to his feet and left the shanty, momentarily endowed with his full strength, and facing the two men, spoke three times: "My work! My work! My work!" His eyes were on Pilchard all the time, and that look pierced like a sword; it penetrated to the very foundations of his being. . . .

Pilchard caught the body as it fell and lowered it to the ground, and then looked at the agent with a scared face to see how much he knew. The agent had leaped still farther away, and now was crouching, livid with fear, before this man whose last words had been words of delirium. No, he knew nothing. Pilchard alone knew the extent of his own deceit, which dead lips could never disclose. He alone knew of that half-formed idea he had not dared to mature, which had come to him a year ago when he looked at Swan's resolute face in the engine-room; and he alone in all the world could ever know of the terror which had possessed him at daybreak in the shanty when he had turned in a panic and run away—from what? . . .



The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER III

ON the Saturday following the evening at Madame d'Estrées', William Ashe found himself in a Midland train on his way to the Cambridge-shire house of Lady Grosville. While the April country slipped past him—like some blanched face, to which life and color are returning—Ashe divided his time between an idle skimming of the Saturday papers and a no less idle dreaming of Kitty Bristol. He had seen her twice since his first introduction to her. Once on the terrace of the House of Commons, where he had strolled up and down with her for a most amusing and stimulating hour, while her mother entertained a group of elderly politicians. And the following day she had come alone—her own choice—to take tea with Lady Tranmore, on that lady's invitation, as prompted by her son. Ashe himself had arrived towards the end of the visit, and had found a Lady Kitty in the height of the fashion, stiff, mannered, and flushed to a deep red by her own consciousness that she could not possibly be making a good impression. At sight of him she relaxed, and talked a great deal, but not wisely; and when she was gone, Ashe could get very little opinion of any kind from his mother, who had, however, expressed a wish that she should come and visit them in the country.

Since then he frankly confessed to himself that in the intervals of his new official and administrative work he had been a good deal haunted by memories of this strange child, her eyes, her grace,—even in her fits of proud shyness,—and the way in which, as he had put her into her cab after the visit to Lady Tranmore, her tiny hand had lingered in his, a mute astonishing appeal. Haunted, too, by what he heard of her fortunes and surroundings. What was the real truth of Madame d'Estrées' situation? During the week some odd rumors had reached Ashe

of financial embarrassment in that quarter, of debts risen to mountainous height, of crisis and possible disappearance. Then these rumors were met by others, to the effect that Colonel Warington, the old friend and support of the D'Estrées' household, had come to the rescue, that the crisis had been averted, and that the three weekly evenings, so well known and so well attended, would go on—and with this latter fact there mingled, as Ashe was well aware, not the slightest breath of scandal, in a case where, so to speak, all was scandal.

And meanwhile what new and dolorous truths had Lady Kitty been learning, as to her mother's story and her mother's position? By Jove, it *was* hard upon the girl! Darrell was right. Why not leave her to her French friends and relations?—or relinquish her to Lady Grosville? Madame d'Estrées had seen little or nothing of her for years. She could not, therefore, be necessary to her mother's happiness, and there was a real cruelty in thus claiming her, at the very moment of her entrance into society, where Madame d'Estrées could only stand in her way. For although many a man whom the girl might profitably marry was to be found among the mother's guests, the influences of Madame d'Estrées' "evenings" were certainly not matrimonial. Still, the unforeseen was surely the probable in Lady Kitty's case. What sort of a man ought she to marry?—what sort of man could safely take the risks of marrying her?—with that mother in the background?

He descended at the wayside station prescribed to him, and looked round him for fellow guests, much as the card-player examines his hand. Mary Lyster, a cabinet minister—filling an ornamental office and handed on from ministry to ministry as a kind of necessary appendage, the public never knew why,—the minister's second wife, an attaché

from the Austrian embassy, two members of Parliament, and a well-known journalist,—Ashe said to himself, flippantly, that so far the trumps were not many. But he was always reasonably glad to see Mary, and he went up to her, cared for her bag, and made her put on her cloak, with cousinly civility. In the omnibus on the way to the house, he and Mary gossiped in a corner, while the cabinet minister and the editor went to sleep, and the two members of Parliament practised some courageous French on the Austrian attaché.

"Is it to be a large party?" he asked of his companion.

"Oh! they always fill the house. A good many came down yesterday."

"Well, I'm not curious," said Ashe, "except as to one person."

"Who?"

"Lady Kitty Bristol."

Mary Lyster smiled.

"Yes, poor child, I heard from the Grosville girls that she was to be here."

"Why 'poor child'?"

"I don't know. Quite the wrong expression, I admit. It should be 'poor hostess.'"

"Oh!—the Grosvilles complain?"

"No. They're only on tenter-hooks. They never know what she will do next."

"How good for the Grosvilles!"

"You think society is the better for shocks?"

"Lady Grosville can do with them, anyway. What a masterful woman! But I'll back Lady Kitty."

"I haven't seen her yet," said Mary. "I hear she is a very odd-looking little thing."

"Extremely pretty," said Ashe.

"Really?" Mary lifted incredulous eyebrows. "Well, now I shall know what you admire."

"Oh, my tastes are horribly catholic, —I admire so many people," said Ashe, with a glance at the well-dressed elegance beside him. Mary colored a little, unseen; and the rattle of the carriage as it entered the covered porch of Grosville Park cut short their conversation.

"Well, I'm glad you got in," said Lady Grosville, in her full, loud voice, "because we are connections. But of course I regard the loss of a seat to our side just now as a great disaster."

"Very grasping, on your part!" said Ashe. "You've had it all your own way lately. Think of Portsmouth!"

Lady Grosville, however, as she met his bantering look, did not find herself at all inclined to think of Portsmouth. She was much more inclined to think of William Ashe. What a good-looking fellow he had grown! She heaved an inward sigh, of mingled envy and appreciation,—directed towards Lady Tranmore.

Poor Susan, indeed, had suffered terribly in the death of her eldest son. But the handsomer and abler of the two brothers still remained to her, and the estate was safe. Lady Grosville thought of her own three daughters, plain and almost dowerless; and of that conceited young man, the heir, whom she could hardly persuade her husband to invite, once a year, for appearance's sake.

"Why are we so early?" said Ashe, looking at his watch. "I thought I should be disgracefully late."

For he and Lady Grosville had the library to themselves. It was a fine book-walled room, with giallo antico columns and Adam decoration; and in its richly colored lamp-lit space the seated figure, stiffly erect, of Lady Grosville,—her profile said by some to be like a horse and by others to resemble Savonarola,—the cap of old Venice point that crowned her grizzled hair, her black velvet dress, and the long-fingered, ugly, yet distinguished hands which lay upon her lap, told significantly: especially when contrasted with the negligent ease and fresh-colored youth of her companion.

Grosville Park was rich in second-rate antiques; and there was a Greco-Roman head above the bookcase with which Ashe had been often compared. As he stood now leaning against the fireplace, the close-piled curls and the eyes—somewhat "à fleur de tête"—of the bust were undoubtedly repeated with some closeness in the living man. Those whom he had offended by some social carelessness or other said of him, when they wished to run him down, that he was "floridly" handsome; and there was some truth in it.

"Didn't you get the message about dinner?" said Lady Grosville. Then, as he shook his head: "Very remiss of Parkin. I always tell him he loses his head

directly the party goes into double figures. We had to put off dinner a quarter of an hour, because of Kitty Bristol, who missed her train at St. Pancras, and only arrived half an hour ago. By the way, I suppose you have already seen her—at that woman's?"

"I met her last Tuesday at Madame d'Estrées," said Ashe, apparently preoccupied with something wrong in the set of his white waistcoat.

"What do you think of her?"

"A charming young lady," said Ashe, smiling. "What else should I think?"

"A lamb thrown to the wolves," said Lady Grosville, grimly. "How that woman *could* do such a thing!"

"I saw nothing lamblike about Lady Kitty," said Ashe. "And do you include me among the wolves?"

Lady Grosville hesitated a moment, then stuck to her colors.

"You shouldn't go to such a house," she said, boldly. "I suppose I may say that without offence, William, as I've known you from a boy."

"Say anything you like, my dear Lady Grosville! So you—believe evil things—of Madame d'Estrées?"

His tone was light, but his eyes sought the distant door, as though invoking some fellow guest to appear and protect him.

Lady Grosville did not answer. Ashe's look returned to her, and he was startled by the expression of her face. He had always known and unwillingly admired her for a fine Old Testament Christian, —one from whom the language of the imprecatory psalms with regard to her enemies, personal and political, might have flowed more naturally than from any other person he knew, of the same class and breeding. But this loathing, this passion of contempt, this heat of memory!—these were new indeed, and the fire of them transfigured the old gray face.

"I have known a fair number of bad people," said Lady Grosville in a low voice, "and a good many wicked women. But for meanness and vileness combined, the things I know of the woman who was Blackwater's wife have no equal in my experience!"

There was a moment's pause. Then Ashe said, in a voice as serious as her own:

"I am sorry to hear you say that,—partly because I like Madame d'Estrées, and partly—because—I was particularly attracted by Lady Kitty."

Lady Grosville looked up sharply. "Don't marry her, William!—don't marry her! She comes of a bad stock."

Ashe recovered his gayety.

"She is your own niece. Mightn't a man dare?—on that guarantee?"

"Not at all," said Lady Grosville, unappeased. "I was a hop out of kin. Besides—a Methodist governess saved me; she converted me, at eighteen, and I owe her everything. But my brothers!—and all the rest of us!" She threw up her eyes and hands. "What's the good of being mealy-mouthed about it? All the world knows it. A good many of us were mad,—and I sometimes think I see more than eccentricity in Kitty."

"Who was Madame d'Estrées?" said Ashe. Why should he wince so at the girl's name?—in that hard mouth!

Lady Grosville smiled.

"Well, I can tell you a good deal about that," she said. "Ah!—another time!"

For the door opened, and in came a group of guests, with a gush of talk and a rustling of silks and satins.

Everybody was gathered; dinner had been announced; and the white-haired and gouty Lord Grosville was in a state of seething impatience that not even the mild-voiced Dean of the neighboring cathedral, engaged in complimenting him on his speech at the Diocesan Conference, could restrain.

"Adelina, need we wait any longer?" said the master of the house, turning an angry eye upon his wife.

"Certainly not; she has had ample time," said Lady Grosville, and rang the bell beside her.

Suddenly there was a whirlwind of noise in the hall—the angry barking of a small dog, the sound of a girl's voice laughing and scolding, the swish of silk skirts. A scandalized butler, obeying Lady Grosville's summons, threw the door open; and in burst Lady Kitty.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" said the newcomer in a tone of despair. "But I couldn't leave him up-stairs, Aunt Lina! He'd eaten one of my shoes, and begun upon the other. And Julie's afraid of



A SLIM GIRL IN WHITE AT THE FAR END OF THE LARGE ROOM

him. He bit her last week. *May* he sit on my knee? I know I can keep him quiet!"

Every conversation in the library stopped. Twenty amazed persons turned to look. They beheld a slim girl in white at the far end of the large room struggling with a gray terrier puppy which she held under her arm, and turning appealing eyes towards Lady Grosville. The dog, half frightened, half fierce, was barking furiously. Lady Kitty's voice could hardly be heard through the din, and she was crimson with the effort to control her charge. Her lips laughed; her eyes implored. And to add to the effect of the apparition, a marked strangeness of dress was at once perceived by all the English eyes turned upon her. Lady Kitty was robed in the extreme of French fashion, which at that moment was a fashion of flounces; she was extremely *décolletée*; and her fair abundant hair, carried to a great height and arranged with a certain calculated wildness around her small face, was surmounted by a large scarlet butterfly which shone defiantly against the dark background of books.

"Kitty!" said Lady Grosville, advancing indignantly, "what a dreadful noise! Pray give the dog to Parkin at once."

Lady Kitty only held the struggling animal tighter.

"Please, Aunt Lina!—I'm afraid he'll bite! But he'll be quite good with me."

"Why *did* you bring him, Kitty? We can't have such a creature at dinner!" said Lady Grosville, angrily.

Lord Grosville advanced behind his wife.

"How do you do, Kitty? Hadn't you better put down the dog, and come and be introduced to Mr. Rankine, who is to take you in to dinner?"

Lady Kitty shook her fair head, but advanced, still clinging to the dog, gave a smile and a nod to Ashe, and a bow to the young Tory member presented to her.

"You don't mind him?" she said, a flash of laughter in her dark eyes. "We'll manage him between us, won't we?"

The young man, dazzled by her prettiness and her strangeness, murmured a hopeful assent. Lord Grosville, with the air of a man determined on dinner

though the skies fall, offered his arm to Lady Edith Manley, the wife of the cabinet minister, and made for the dining-room. The stream of guests followed; when suddenly the puppy, perceiving on the floor a ball of wool which had rolled out of Lady Grosville's work-table, escaped in an ecstasy of mischief from his mistress's arm and flew upon the ball. Kitty rushed after him. The wool first unrolled, then caught; the table overturned, and all its contents were flung pell-mell in the path of Lady Grosville, who, on the arm of the amused and astonished minister, was waiting in restrained fury till her guests should pass.

"I shall never get over this," said Lady Kitty, as she leaned back in her chair, still panting, and quite incapable of eating any of the foods that were being offered to her in quick succession.

"I don't know that you deserve to," said Ashe, turning a face upon her which was as grave as he could make it. The attention of every one else round the room was also, in truth, occupied with his companion. There was, indeed, a general buzz of conversation and a general pretence that Lady Kitty's proceedings might now be ignored. But in reality every guest, male or female, kept a stealthy watch on the red butterfly and the sparkling face beneath it; and Ashe was well aware of it.

"I vow it was not my fault," said Kitty, with dignity. "I was not allowed to have the dog I should have had. You'd never have found a dog of St. Hubert condescending to bedroom slippers! But as I had to have a dog, and Colonel Warrington gave me this one three days ago—and he has already ruined half Maman's things,—and no one could manage him but me, I just had to bring him, and trust to Providence."

"I have been here a good many times," said Ashe, "and I never yet saw a dog in the sanctuary. Do you know that Pitt once wrote a speech in the library?"

"Did he? I'm sure it never made such a stir as Ponto did." Kitty's face suddenly broke into laughter, and she hid it a moment in her hands.

"You brazen it out," said Ashe, "but how are you going to appease Lady Grosville?"

Kitty ceased to laugh. She drew herself up, and looked seriously, observantly at her aunt.

"I don't know. But I must do it somehow. I don't want any more worries."

So changed was her tone and aspect that Ashe turned a friendly examining look upon her.

"Have you been worried?" he said, in a lower voice.

She shrugged her shoulders, and made no reply. But presently she impatiently reclaimed his attention, snatching him from the lady he had taken in to dinner, with no scruple at all.

"Will you come a walk with me to-morrow morning?"

"Proud," said Ashe. "What time?"

"As soon as we can get rid of these people," she said, her eye running round the table. Then as it paused and lingered on the face of Mary Lyster opposite, she abruptly asked him who that lady might be.

Ashe informed her.

"Your cousin?" she said, looking at him with a slight frown. "I don't—well, I don't think I shall like her."

"That's a great pity," said Ashe.

"For me?" she said, distrustfully.

"For both, of course! My mother's very fond of Miss Lyster. She's often with us."

"Oh!" said Kitty, and looked again at the face opposite. Then he heard her say, behind her fan, half to herself and half to him:

"She does not interest me in the least! She has no ideas! I'm sure she has no ideas. Has she?"

She turned abruptly to Ashe.

"Every one calls her very clever."

Kitty looked contempt.

"That's nothing to do with it. It's not the clever people who have ideas."

Ashe bantered her a little on the meaning of her words, till he presently found that she was too young and unpractised to be able to take his thrusts and return them, with equanimity. She could make a daring sally or reply, but it was still the raw material of conversation; it wanted ease and polish. And she was evidently conscious of it herself, for presently her cheek flushed and her manner wavered.

"I suppose you—everybody thinks

her very agreeable?" she said, sharply, her eyes returning to Miss Lyster.

"She is a most excellent gossip," said Ashe. "I always go to her for the news."

Kitty glanced again.

"I can see that already she detests me."

"In half an hour?"

The girl nodded.

"She has looked at me twice—about. But she has made up her mind—and she never changes." Then with an abrupt alteration of note she looked round the room. "I suppose your English dining-rooms are all like this? One might be sitting in a hearse. And the pictures—no! *Quelles horreurs!*"

She raised her shoulders again impetuously, frowning at a huge full-length opposite, of Lord Grosville as M. F. H.,—a masterpiece, indeed, of early Victorian vulgarity.

Then suddenly, hastily, with that flashing softness which so often transformed her expression, she turned towards him, trying to make amends.

"But the library, that was *bien*—ah! *tr-rès, tr-rès bien!*"

Her r's rolled a little as she spoke, with a charming effect, and she looked at him radiantly, as though to strike and to make amends were equally her prerogative, and she asked no man's leave.

"You've not yet seen what there is to see here," said Ashe, smiling. "Look behind you."

The girl turned her slim neck, and exclaimed. For behind Ashe's chair was the treasure of the house. It was a "Dance of Children," by one of the most famous of the eighteenth-century masters. From the dark wall it shone out with a flowerlike brilliance, a vision of color and of grace. The children danced through a golden air, their bodies swaying to one of those "unheard melodies" of art, sweeter than all mortal tunes, their delicate faces alive with joy. The sky and grass and trees seemed to caress them; a soft sunlight clothed them; and flowers brushed their feet.

Kitty turned back again, and was silent. Was it Ashe's fancy, or had she grown pale?

"Did you like it?" he asked her.

She turned to him, and for the second time in their acquaintance he saw her eyes floating in tears.

"It is too beautiful!" she said, with an effort—almost an angry effort. "I don't want to see it again."

"I thought it would give you pleasure," said Ashe, gently, suddenly conscious of a hope that she was not aware of the slight look of amusement with which Mary Lyster was contemplating them both.

"So it did," said Kitty, furtively applying her lace handkerchief to her tears, "but"—her voice dropped—"when one's unhappy, very unhappy, things like that—things like *heaven*—hurt! Oh! what a fool I am!" And she sat straightly up, looking round her.

There was a pause; then Ashe said, in another voice:

"Look here; you know, this won't do. I thought we were to be cousins."

"Well?" said Kitty, indifferently, not looking at him.

"And I understood that I was to be taken into respectable cousinly counsel."

"Well?" said Kitty again, crumbling her bread; "I can't do it here, can I?"

Ashe laughed.

"Well, anyhow, we're going to sample the garden to-morrow morning, aren't we?"

"I suppose so," said Kitty. Then after a moment she looked at her right-hand neighbor, the young politician, to whom as yet she had scarcely vouchsafed a word.

"What's his name?" she asked, under her breath. Ashe repeated it.

"Perhaps I ought to talk to him?"

"Of course you ought," said Ashe, with smiling decision, and turning to the lady whom he had brought in, he left her free.

When the ladies rose, Lady Grosville led the way to the large drawing-room, a room which, like the library, had some character and a thin elegance of style, not, however, warmed and harmonized by the delightful presence of books. The walls, blue and white in color, were panelled in stucco relief. A few family portraits, stiff handlings of stiff people, were placed each in the exact centre of its respective panel. There were a few cases of china, and a few polished tables. A crimson Brussels carpet, chosen by Lady Grosville for its "cheerfulness," covered the floor, and there was a large

white sheepskin rug before the fireplace. A few hyacinths in pots and the bright fire supplied the only gay and living notes—before the ladies arrived.

Still, for an English eye the room had a certain cold charm—was, moreover, full of *history*. It hardly deserved, at any rate, the shiver with which Kitty Bristol looked round it.

But she had little time to dwell upon the room and its meanings, for Lady Grosville approached her with a manner which still showed signs of the catastrophe before dinner.

"Kitty, I think you don't know Miss Lyster yet—Mary Lyster. She wants to be introduced to you."

Mary advanced, smiling; Kitty held out a limp hand, and they exchanged a few words, standing in the centre of the floor, while the other guests found seats.

"What a charming contrast!" said Lady Edith Manley in Lady Grosville's ear. She nodded, smiling, towards the standing pair, struck by the fine straight lines of Mary's satin dress, the roundness of her fine figure, the oval of her head and face, and then by the little, vibrating, tempestuous creature beside her, so distinguished in spite of the billowing flounces and ribbons, so direct and significant amid all the elaboration.

"Kitty is ridiculously overdressed," said Lady Grosville. "I hope we shall soon change that. My girls are going to take her to their woman."

Lady Edith put up her eye-glass slowly, and looked at the two Grosville girls; then back at Kitty.

Meanwhile a few perfunctory questions and answers were passing between Miss Lyster and her companion. Mary's aspect as she talked was extremely amiable; one might have called it indulgent, perhaps even by an adjective that implied a yet further shade of delicate superiority. Kitty met it by the same "grand manner" that Ashe had several times observed in her—a manner caught, perhaps, from some French model, and caricatured in the taking. Her eyes meanwhile took note of Mary's face and dress, and while she listened her small teeth tormented her under lip, as though she restrained impatience. All at once, in the midst of some information that Miss Lyster was lucidly giving, Kitty

made an impetuous turn. She had caught some words on the farther side of the room, and she looked hard, eagerly, at the speaker.

"Who is that?" she inquired.

Mary Lyster, with a sharp sense of interruption, replied that she believed the lady in question was the Grosvilles' French governess. But in the very midst of her sentence Kitty deserted her, left her standing in the centre of the drawing-room, while the deserter fled across it, and sinking down beside the astonished mademoiselle, took the Frenchwoman's hand by assault and held it in both her own.

"Vous parlez Français? vous êtes Française? Ah! ça me fait tant de bien! Voyons! voyons! causons un peu!"

And bending forward, she broke into a cataract of French, all the elements of her strange, small beauty rushing, as it were, into flame and movement at the swift sound and cadence of the words, like a dancer kindled by music. The occasion was of the slightest; the Frenchwoman might well show a natural bewilderment. But into the slight occasion the girl threw an animation, a passion that glorified it. It was like the leap of a wild rain-stream on the mountains that pours into the first channel which presents itself.

"What beautiful French!" said Lady Edith, softly, to Mary Lyster, who had found a seat beside her.

Mary Lyster smiled.

"She has been at school, of course, in a French convent." Somehow the tone implied that the explanation disposed of all merit in the performance.

"I am afraid these French convent schools are not at all what they should be," said Lady Grosville.

And rising to a pyramidal height, her ample *moiré* dress swelling behind her, her gray head magnificently crowned by its lace cap and black velvet *bandeau*, she swept across the room to where the Dean's wife, Mrs. Winston, sat in fascinated silence, observing Lady Kitty. The silence and the attention annoyed her hostess. The first thing to be done with girls of this type, it seemed to Lady Grosville, was to prove to them that they would *not* be allowed to monopolize society.

There are natural monopolies, however; and they are not easy to deal with.

As soon as the gentlemen returned, Mr. Rankine, whom she had treated so badly at dinner, the young agent of the estate, the clergyman of the parish, the Austrian attaché, the cabinet minister, and the Dean all showed a strong inclination to that side of the room which seemed to be held in force by Lady Kitty. The Dean especially was not to be gainsaid. He placed himself in the seat shyly vacated by the French governess, and crossed his thin gaitered legs with the air of one who means to take his ease. There was even a certain curious resemblance between him and Kitty, as was noticed from a distance by Ashe. The Dean, who was very much a man of the world, and came of an historic family, was, in his masculine degree, planned on the same miniature scale, and with the same fine finish as the girl of eighteen. And he carried his gaiters, his ribbon of the Bath, and his exquisite white head with a natural charm and energy akin to hers, mellowed though it were by time and dignified by office. He began eagerly to talk to her of Paris. His father had been ambassador for a time under Louis Philippe, and he had boyish memories of the great house in the Faubourg St.-Honoré, and of the Orleanist ministers and men of letters. And, lo! Kitty met him at once, in a glow and sparkle that enchanted the old man. Moreover, it appeared that this much-beflounced young lady could talk; that she had heard of the famous names and the great affairs to which the Dean made allusion; that she possessed, indeed, a native and surprising interest in matter of the sort; and a manner, above all, with the old, alternately soft and daring—calculated, as Lady Grosville would no doubt have put it, merely to make fools of them.

In her cousins' house, it seemed, she had talked with old people, survivors of the Orleanist and Bourbon régimes, even of the Empire; had sat at their feet, a small, excited hero-worshipper; and had then rushed blindly into the memoirs and books that concerned them. So, in this French world the child had found time for other things than hunting and the flattery of her cousin Henri? Ashe was supposed to be devoting himself to the

Dean's wife; but both he and she listened most of the time to the sallies and the laughter of the circle where Kitty presided.

"My dear young lady!" cried the delighted Dean, "I never find anybody who can talk of these things,—it is really astonishing. Ah, *now*, we English know nothing of France,—nor they of us. Why, I was a mere schoolboy then, and I had a passion for their society and their books,—for their *plays*—dare I confess it?"—he lowered his voice and glanced at his hostess,—“their plays, above all!”

Kitty clapped her hands. The Dean looked at her, and ran on:

"My mother shared it. When I came over for my Eton holidays, she and I lived at the Théâtre Français. Ah! those were days! I remember Rachel in *Hernani*."

Kitty bounded in her seat. Whereupon it appeared that just before she left Paris she had been taken by a friend to see the reigning idol of the Comédie Française, the young and astonishing actress, Sarah Bernhardt, as Doña Sol. And there began straightway an excited duet between her and the Dean; a comparison of old and new, a rivalry of heroines, a hot and critical debate that presently silenced all other conversation in the room, and brought Lord Grosville to stand gaping and astounded behind the Dean, reflecting, no doubt, that this was not precisely the Dean of the Diocesan Conference.

The old man, indeed, forgot his age; the girl her youth; they met as equals, on poetic ground, till suddenly Kitty, springing up, and to prove her point, began an imitation of "Sarah" in one of the great speeches of the last act, after the entry of the husband and the discovery of the lover. She absolutely forgot the Grosville drawing-room, the staring Grosville girls, the other faces, astonished or severe, neutral or friendly. Out rolled the tide of tragic verse, fine poetry and high passion; and though it be not very much to say, it must at least be said that never had such recitation, in such French, been heard before within the walls of Grosville Park. Nor had the lips of any English girl ever dealt there with so dire a topic; Lady Grosville might well feel as though the solid

frame of things were melting and cracking round her.

Kitty ceased. She fell back upon her chair, smitten with a sudden perception.

"You made me!" she said, reproachfully, to the Dean.

The Dean said another "brava!" and gave another clap. Then becoming aware of Lord Grosville's open mouth and eye, he sat up, caught his wife's expression, and came back to prose and the present.

"My dear young lady," he began, "you have the most extraordinary talent," when Lady Grosville advanced upon him. Standing before him, she majestically signalled to her husband across his small person.

"William!—Kindly order Mrs. Wilson's carriage."

Lord Grosville awoke from his stupor with a jerk, and did as he was told. Mrs. Wilson, the agent's timid wife, who was not at all aware that she had asked for her carriage, rose obediently. Then the mistress of the house turned to Lady Kitty.

"You recite very well, Kitty," she said, with cold and stately emphasis, "but another time I will ask you to confine yourself to Racine and Corneille. In England we have to be very careful about French writers. There are, however, if I remember right, some fine passages in *Athalie*."

Kitty said nothing. The Austrian attaché, who had been following the little incident with the liveliest interest, retired to a close inspection of the china. But the Dean, whose temper was of the quick and chivalrous kind, was roused.

"She recites wonderfully! And Victor Hugo is a classic, please, my lady!—just as much as the rest of them. Ah! well, no doubt, no doubt, there might be things more suitable." And the old man came wavering down to earth, as the enthusiasm which Kitty had breathed into him escaped, like the gas from a balloon. "But do you know, Lady Kitty,"—he struck into a new subject with eagerness, partly to cover the girl, partly to silence Lady Grosville,—“you reminded me all the time so remarkably of your sister,—your stepsister, isn't it?—Lady Alice? You know, of course, she is close to you to-day, just the other side the park, with the Sowerbys?"

The Dean's wife sprang to her feet in despair. In general, it was to her a matter for fond complacency that her husband had no memory for gossip, and was in such matters as innocent and as dangerous as a child. But this was too much! At the same moment Ashe came quickly forward.

"My sister?" said Kitty,— "my sister?"

She spoke low and uncertainly, her eyes fixed upon the Dean.

He looked at her with a sudden odd sense of something unusual, then went on, still floundering:

"We met her at St. Pancras on our way down. If I had only known we were to have had the pleasure of meeting you—Do you know, I think she is looking decidedly better?"

His kindly expression as he rose expected a word of sisterly assent. Meanwhile, even Lady Grosville was paralyzed, and the words with which she had meant to interpose failed on her lips.

Kitty, too, rose, looking round for something, which she seemed to find in the face of William Ashe, for her eyes clung there.

"My sister," she repeated, in the same low, strained voice,— "my sister Alice? I—I don't know. I have never seen her."

Ashe could not remember afterwards precisely how the incident closed. There was a bustle of departing guests, and from the midst of it Lady Kitty slipped away. But as he came down-stairs in smoking trim, ten minutes later, he overheard the injured Dean wrestling with his wife, as she lit a candle for him on the landing:

"My dear! what did you look at me like that for? What did the child mean? and what on *earth* is the matter!"

CHAPTER IV

AFTER the ladies had gone to bed, on the night of Lady Kitty's recitation, William Ashe stayed up till past midnight talking with old Lord Grosville. When relieved of the presence of his womenkind, who were apt either to oppress him, in the person of his wife, or to puzzle him, in the person of his daughters, Lord Grosville was not by any means without value as a talker. He possessed that narrow but still most service-

able fund of human experience which the English landowner, while our English tradition subsists, can hardly escape, if he will. As guardsman, volunteer, magistrate, lord lieutenant, member—for the sake of his name and his acres—of various important commissions, as military attaché, even, for a short space, to an important embassy, he had acquired, by mere living, that for which his intellectual betters had often envied him,—a certain shrewdness, a certain instinct, as to both men and affairs, which were often of more service to him than finer brains to other persons. But like most accomplishments, these also brought their own conceit with them. Lord Grosville having, in his own opinion, done extremely well without much book education himself, had but little appreciation for it in others.

Nevertheless, he rarely missed a chance of conversation with William Ashe, not because the younger man, in spite of his past indolence, was generally held to be both able and accomplished, but because the elder found in him an invincible taste for men and women, their fortunes, oddities, catastrophes,—especially the last,—similar to his own.

Like Mary Lyster, both were good gossips; but of a much more disinterested type than she. Women, indeed, as gossips are too apt to pursue either the damnation of some one else or the apotheosis of themselves. But here the stupider no less than the abler man showed a certain broad detachment not very common in women,—amused by the human comedy itself, making no profit out of it, either for themselves or morals, but asking only that the play should go on.

The incident, or rather the heroine, of the evening had given Lord Grosville a topic which, in the case of William Ashe, he saw no reason for avoiding; and in the peace of the smoking-room, when he was no longer either hungry for his dinner or worried by his responsibilities as host, he fell upon his wife's family, and, as though he had been the manager of a puppet-show, unpacked the whole box of them for Ashe's entertainment.

Figure after figure emerged, one more besmirched than another, till finally the most beflecked of all was shaken out and

displayed—Lady Grosville's brother and Kitty's father, the late Lord Blackwater. And this time Ashe did not try to escape the story which was thus a second time brought across him. Lord Grosville, if he pleased, had a right to tell it, and there was now a curious feeling in Ashe's mind which had been entirely absent before, that he had, in some sort, a right to hear it.

Briefly, the outlines of it fell into something like this shape: Henry, fifth Lord Blackwater, had begun life as an Irish peer, with more money than the majority of his class; an initial advantage soon undone by an insane and unscrupulous extravagance. He was, however, a fine, handsome, voracious gentleman, born to prey upon his kind, and when he looked for an heiress he was not long in finding her. His first wife, a very rich woman, bore him one daughter. Before the daughter was three years old, Lord Blackwater had developed a sturdy hatred of the mother, chiefly because she failed to present him with a son; and he could not even appease himself by the free spending of her money, which, so far as the capital was concerned, was sharply looked after by a pair of trustees, Belfast manufacturers and Presbyterians, to whom the Blackwater type was not at all congenial.

These restrictions presently wore out Lord Blackwater's patience. He left his wife, with a small allowance, to bring up her daughter in one of his Irish houses, while he generously spent the rest of her large income, and his own, and a great deal besides, in London and on the Continent.

Lady Blackwater, however, was not long before she obliged him by dying. Her girl, then twelve years old, lived for a time with one of her mother's trustees. But when she had reached the age of seventeen her father suddenly commanded her presence in Paris, that she might make acquaintance with his second wife.

The new Lady Blackwater was an extremely beautiful woman, Irish, as the first had been, but like her in no other respect. Margaret Fitzgerald was the daughter of a cosmopolitan pair who, after many shifts for a living, had settled in Paris, where the father acted as correspondent for various English papers. Her beauty, her caprices, and her "af-

fairs" were all well known in Paris. As to what the relations between her and Lord Blackwater might have been before the death of the wife, Lord Grosville took a frankly uncharitable view. But when that event occurred, Blackwater was beginning to get old, and Miss Fitzgerald had become necessary to him. She pressed all her advantages, and it ended in his marrying her. A few months later he sent for his daughter, Lady Alice, to join them in the sumptuous apartment in the Place Vendôme which he had furnished for his new wife, in defiance both of his English and Irish creditors.

Lady Alice arrived, a fair slip of a girl, possessed, it was plain to see, by a nervous terror both of her father and stepmother. But Lady Blackwater received her with effusion, caressed her in public, dressed her to perfection, and made all possible use of the girl's presence in the house for the advancement of her own social position. Within a year the Belfast trustees, watching uneasily from a distance, received a letter from Lord Blackwater announcing Lady Alice's runaway marriage with a certain Colonel Wensleydale, formerly of the Grenadier Guards. Lord Blackwater professed himself vastly annoyed and displeased. The young people, furiously in love, had managed the affair, however, with a skill that baffled all vigilance. Married they were, and without any settlements, Colonel Wensleydale having nothing to settle, and Lady Alice, like a little fool, being only anxious to pour all that she possessed into the lap of her beloved. The father threw himself on the mercy of the trustees, reminding them that in little more than three years Lady Alice would become unfettered mistress of her own fortune, and begging them meanwhile to make proper provision for the rash but happy pair. Harry Wensleydale, after all, was a rattling good fellow, with whom all the young women were in love. The thing, though naughty, was natural; and the Colonel would make an excellent husband.

One Presbyterian trustee left his business in Belfast and ventured himself among the abominations of Paris. He was much befooled and befeasted. He found a shy young wife tremulously in love; a handsome husband; an amiable

stepmother. He knew no one in Paris who could enlighten him, and was not clever enough to invent means of getting information for himself. He was induced to promise a sufficient income for the moment on behalf of himself and his co-trustee; and for the rest, was obliged to be content with vague assurances from Colonel Wensleydale that as soon as his wife came into her property, fitting settlements should be made.

Four years passed by. The young people lived with the Blackwaters, and their income kept the establishment going. Lady Alice had a child, and was not altogether unhappy. She was little more than a timid child herself; and no doubt at first she was in love. Then came her majority. In defiance of all her trustees, she gave her whole fortune to her husband, and no power could prevent her from so doing.

The Blackwater ménage blazed up into a sudden splendor. Lady Blackwater's carriage and Lady Blackwater's jewels had never been finer; and amid the crowds who frequented the house, the slight figure, the sallow face, and absent eyes of her stepdaughter attracted little remark. Lady Alice Wensleydale was said to be delicate and reserved; she made no friends, explained herself to no one; and it was supposed that she occupied herself with her little boy.

Then one December she disappeared from the apartment in the Place Vendôme. It was said that she and the boy found the climate of Paris too cold in winter, and had gone for a time to Italy. Colonel Wensleydale continued to live with the Blackwaters, and their apartment was no less sumptuous, their dinners no less talked of, their extravagances no less noisy, than before. But Lady Alice did not come back with the spring; and some ugly rumors began to creep about. They were checked, however, by the death of Lord Blackwater, which occurred within a year of his daughter's departure; by the monstrous debts he left behind him; and by the sale of the contents of the famous apartment,—matters, all of them, sufficiently ugly or scandalous in themselves to keep the tongues of fame busy. Lady Blackwater left Paris, and when she reappeared, it was in Rome as the Comtesse d'Estrées, the wife of yet an-

other old man, whose health obliged them to winter in the south and to spend the summer in yachting. Her *salon* in Rome under Pio Nono became a great rendezvous for English and Americans, attracted by the historic names and titles that M. d'Estrées' connections among the Black nobility, his wealth, and his interest in several of the Catholic banking-houses of Rome and Naples enabled his wife to command.

Colonel Wensleydale did not appear. Madame d'Estrées let it be understood that her stepdaughter was of a difficult temper, and now spent most of her time in Ireland. Her own daughter, her "darling Kitty," was being educated in Paris by the Sœurs Blanches, and she pined for the day when the "little sweet" should join her, ready to spread her wings in the great world. But mothers must not be impatient. Kitty must have all the advantages that befitted her rank; and to what better hands could the most anxious mother entrust her than to those charming, aristocratic, accomplished nuns of the Sœurs Blanches?

Then one January day M. d'Estrées drove out to San Paolo fuori le Mura, and caught a blast from the snowy Sabines coming back. In three days he was dead, and his well-provided widow had snatched the bulk of his fortune from the hands of his needy and embittered kindred.

Within six months of his death, she had bought a house in St. James's Place, and her London career had begun.

"It is here that we come in," said Lord Grosville, when with more digressions and more plainness of speech with regard to his quondam sister-in-law than can be here reproduced he had brought his story to this point. "Blackwater, the old ruffian, when he was dying had a moment of remorse. He wrote to my wife and asked her to look after his girls,—'For God's sake, Lina, see if you can help Alice; Wensleydale's a perfect brute.' That was the first light we had on the situation, for Adelina had long before washed her hands of him; and we knew that *she* hated us. Well, we tried; of course we tried. But so long as her husband lived, Alice would have nothing to say to any of us. I suppose she thought that for her boy's sake she'd bet-

ter keep a bad business to herself as much as possible—”

“Wensleydale — Wensleydale?” said Ashe, who had been smoking hard and silently beside his host. “You mean the man who distinguished himself in the Crimea? He died last year—at Naples, wasn’t it?”

Lord Grosville assented.

It appeared that during the last year of his life Lady Alice had nursed her husband faithfully through disease and poverty; for scarcely a vestige of her fortune remained, and an application for money made by Wensleydale to Madame d’Estrées, unknown to his wife, had been peremptorily refused. The Colonel died, and within three months of his death Lady Alice had also lost her son and only child, of blood-poisoning developed in Naples, whither he had been summoned from school that his father might see him for the last time.

Then, after seventeen years, Lady Alice came back to her kindred, who had last seen her as a young girl, gentle, undeveloped, easily led, and rather stupid. She returned a gray-haired woman of thirty-five, who had lost youth, fortune, child, and husband; whose aspect, moreover, suggested losses still deeper and more drear. At first she wrapped herself in what seemed to some a dull, and to others a tragic, silence. But suddenly a flame leapt up in her. She became aware of the position of Madame d’Estrées in London; and one day, at a private view of the Academy, her former stepmother went up to her, smiling, with outstretched hand. Lady Alice turned very pale; the hand dropped, and Alice Wensleydale walked rapidly away. But that night, in the Grosville house, she spoke out.

“She told Lina and myself the whole story. You’d have thought the woman was possessed. My wife—she’s not of the crying sort, nor am I. But she cried,—and I believe—well, I can tell you it was enough to move a stone. And when she’d done, she just went away, and locked her door, and let no one say a word to her. She has told one or two other relations and friends, and—”

“And the relations and friends have told others?”

“Well, I can answer for myself,” said Grosville, after a pause. “This happened

three months ago. I never have told and never shall tell all the details as she told them to us. But we have let enough be known.”

“Enough? enough to damn Madame d’Estrées?”

“Oh, well, as far as the women were concerned, she was mostly that already. There are other tales going about. I expect you know them.”

“No, I don’t know them,” said Ashe.

Lord Grosville’s face expressed surprise. “Well, this finished it,” he said.

“Poor child,” said Ashe, slowly, putting down his cigarette and turning a thoughtful look on the carpet.

“Alice?” said Lord Grosville.

“No.”

“Oh! you mean Kitty? Yes, I had forgotten her for the moment. Yes,—poor child.”

There was silence a moment; then Lord Grosville inquired,

“What do you think of her?”

“I?” said Ashe, with a laugh. “I don’t know. She’s obviously very pretty—”

“And a handful!” said Lord Grosville.

“Oh! quite plainly a handful,” said Ashe, rather absently. Then the memory of Kitty’s entry recurred to them both, and they laughed.

“Not much shyness left in that young woman—eh?” said the old man. “She tells my girls such stories of her French doings,—my wife’s had to stop it. She seems to have had all sorts of love-affairs already. And of course she’ll have any number over here—sure to. Some unscrupulous fellow ’ll get hold of her,—for naturally the right sort won’t marry her. I don’t know what we can do. Adelina offered to take her altogether. But that woman wouldn’t hear of it. She wrote Lina rather a good letter—on her dignity, and that kind of thing. We gave her an opening, and, by Jove! she took it.”

“And meanwhile Lady Kitty has no dealings with her stepsister?”

“You heard what she said. Extraordinary girl!—to let the thing out plump like that. Just like the blood. They say anything that comes into their heads. If we had known that Alice was to be with the Sowerbys this week-end, my wife would certainly have put Kitty off. It would be uncommonly awkward if they were to meet—here, for instance. Hello!

is it getting late?" For the whist-players at the end of the library had pushed back their chairs, and men were ströling back from the billiard-room.

"Don't you suppose Lady Kitty suspects a good deal?" said Ashe.

"I dare say. Brought up in Paris, you see," said the white-haired Englishman, with a shrug. "Of course she knows everything she shouldn't."

"Brought up in a convent, please," said Ashe, smiling. "And I thought the French *girl* was the most innocent and ignorant thing alive."

Lord Grosville received the remark with derision.

"You ask my wife what she thinks about French convents. She knows. She'll tell you tales!"

Ashe thought, however, that he could trust himself to see that she did nothing of the sort.

The smoking-room broke up late, but the new Under-Secretary sat up still later, reading and smoking in his bedroom. A box of Foreign Office papers lay on his table. He went through them with a keen sense of pleasure, enjoying his new work and his own competence to do it, of which, notwithstanding his remarks to Mary Lyster, he was not really at all in doubt. Then when his comments were done, and the papers replaced in the order in which they would now go up to the Secretary of State, he felt the spring night oppressively mild, and walking to the window, he threw it wide open.

He looked out upon a Dutch garden, full of spring flowers in bloom. In the midst was a small fountain, which murmured to itself through the night. An orangery or conservatory, of a charming eighteenth-century design, ran round the garden in a semicircle, its flat pilasters and mouldings of yellow stone taking under the moonlight the color and the delicacy of ivory. Beyond the terrace which bordered the garden, the ground fell to a river, of which the reaches, now dazzling, now sombre, now slipping secret under woods, and now silverly open to the gentle slopes of the park, brought wildness and romance into a scene that had else been tame. Beyond the river on a rising ground was a village church with a spire. The formal garden, the Georgian

conservatory, the park, the river, the church—they breathed England, and the traditional English life. All that they implied, of custom and inheritance, of strength and narrowness, of cramping prejudice and stubborn force, was very familiar to Ashe, and on the whole very congenial. He was glad to be an Englishman, and a member of an English government. The ironic mood which was tolerably constant in him did not in the least interfere with his normal enjoyment of normal goods. He saw himself often as a shade among shadows, as an actor among actors; but the play was good, all the same. That a man should know himself to be a fool was in his eyes, as it was in Lord Melbourne's, the first of necessities. But fool or no fool, let him find the occupations that suited him and pursue them. On those terms life was still amply worth living, and ginger was still hot in the mouth.

This was his usual philosophy. Religiously he was a sceptic, enormously interested in religion. Should he ever become Prime Minister, as Lady Tranmore prophesied, he would know much more theology than the bishops he might be called on to appoint. Politically, at the same time, he was an aristocrat, enormously interested in liberty. The absurdities of his own class were still more plain to him, perhaps, than the absurdities of the populace. But had he lived a couple of generations earlier he would have gone with passion for Catholic Emancipation, and boggled at the Reform Bill. And if Fate had thrown him on earlier days still, he would not, like Falkland, have died ingeminating peace; he would have fought; but on which side, no friend of his could have been quite sure. To have the reputation of an idler, and to be in truth a plodding and unwearied student,—this, at any rate, pleased him. To avow an enthusiasm, or an affection, generally seemed to him an indelicacy; only two or three people in the world knew what was the real quality of his heart. Yet no man feigns shirking without in some measure learning to shirk; and there were certain true indolences and Sybaritisms in Ashe of which he was fully and contemptuously aware, without either wishing or feeling himself able to break the yoke of them.



HE STOOD LOOKING OUT INTO THE NIGHT

At the present moment, however, he was rather conscious of much unusual stirring and exaltation of personality. As he stood looking out into the English night the currents of his blood ran free and fast. Never had he felt the natural appetite for living so strong in him, combined with what seemed to be at once a divination of coming change and a thirst for it. Was it the mere advancement of his fortunes?—or something infinitely subtler and sweeter? It was as though waves of softness and of yearning welled up from some unknown source, seeking an object and an outlet.

As he stood there dreaming, he suddenly became conscious of sounds in the room overhead. Or rather, in the now absolute stillness of the rest of the house, he realized that the movements and voices above him, which had really been going on since he entered his room, persisted when everything else had died away.

Two people were talking; or rather, one voice ran on perpetually, broken at intervals by the other. He began to suspect to whom the voice belonged; and as he did so, the window above his own was thrown open. He stepped back involuntarily, but not before he had caught a few words in French spoken apparently by Lady Kitty.

“Ciel! what a night!—and how the flowers smell! And the stars—I adore the stars! Mademoiselle!—come here! Mademoiselle! tell me—I won’t tell tales—do you, *really and truly*, believe in God?”

A laugh, which was a laugh of pleasure, ran through Ashe, as he hurriedly put out his lights.

“Tormentor!” he said to himself,—“must you put a woman through her theological paces at this time of night? Can’t you go to sleep, you little whirlwind? What’s to be done? If I shut my window the noise will scare her. But I can’t stand eavesdropping here.”

He withdrew softly from the window and began to undress. But Lady Kitty was leaning out, and her voice carried amazingly. Heard in this way also, apart from form and face, it became a separate living thing. Ashe stood arrested, his watch that he was winding up in his hand. He had known the voice till now as something sharp and light, the sign surely of a chatterer and a flirt. To-

night, as Kitty made use of it to expound her own peculiar theology to the French governess, whereof a few fragments now and then floated down to Ashe, nothing could have been more musical, melancholy, caressing. A voice full of sex, and the spell of sex.

What had she been talking of all these hours to Mademoiselle?—a lady whom she could never have set eyes on before this visit. He thought of her face, in the drawing-room, as she had spoken of her sister,—of her eyes, so full of a bright feverish pain, which had hung upon his own.

Had she, indeed, been confiding all her home secrets to this stranger? Ashe felt a movement of distaste, almost of disgust. Yet he remembered that it was by her unconventionality, her lack of all proper reticence, or, as many would have said, all delicate feeling, that she had made her first impression upon him. Aye, that had been an impression—an impression indeed! He realized the fact profoundly, as he stood lingering in the darkness, trying not to hear the voice that thrilled him.

At last!—was she going to bed?

“Ah!—but I am a pig! to keep you up like this. Allez dormir!” (The sound of a kiss.) “I? Oh no!—why should one go to bed? It is in the night one begins to live—”

She fell to humming a little French tune, then broke off.

“You remember?—you promise? You have the letter?”

Asseverations apparently from Mademoiselle, and a mention of eight o’clock, followed by remorse from Kitty.

“Eight o’clock! And I keep you like this. I am a brute beast! Allez—allez vite!” And quick steps scudded across the floor above, followed by the shutting of a door.

Kitty, however, came back to the window, and Ashe could still hear her sighing and talking to herself.

What had she been plotting? A letter? Conveyed by Mademoiselle?—to whom?

Long after all sounds above had ceased Ashe still lay awake, thinking of the story he had heard from Lord Grosville. Certainly, if he had known it, he would never have gone familiarly to Madame

d'Estrées' house. Laxity, for a man of his type, is one thing; lying meanness and cruelty are another. What could be done for this poor child in her strange and sinister position? He was ironically conscious of a sudden heat of missionary zeal. For if the creature to be saved had not possessed such a pair of eyes, so slim a neck, such a haunting and teasing personality, what then?

The question presently plunged with him into sleep. But he had not forgotten it when he awoke.

He had just finished dressing next morning, when he chanced to see from the front window of his room, which commanded the main stretch of the park, the figure of a lady on one of the paths. She seemed to be returning from the farther end of a long avenue and was evidently hurrying to reach the house. As she approached, however, she turned aside into a shrubbery walk and was soon lost to view. But Ashe had recognized Mademoiselle D. The matter of the letter recurred to him. He guessed that she had already delivered it. But where?

At breakfast Lady Kitty did not appear. Ashe made inquiries of the younger Miss Grosville, who replied with some tartness that she supposed Kitty had a cold, and hurried off herself to dress for Sunday-school. It was not at all the custom for young ladies to breakfast in bed on Sundays at Grosville Park, and Lady Grosville's brow was clouded. Ashe felt it a positive effort to tell her that he was not going to church, and when she had marshalled her flock and carried them off, those left behind knew themselves indeed as heathens and publicans.

Ashe wandered out with some official papers and a pipe into the spring sunshine. Mr. Kershaw, the editor, would gladly have caught him for a political talk. But Ashe would not be caught. As to the interests of England in the Persian Gulf, both they and Mr. Kershaw might for the moment go hang. Would Lady Kitty meet him in the old

garden at 11.30, or would she not? That was the only thing that mattered.

However, it was still more than an hour to the time mentioned. Ashe spent a while in roaming a wood delicately pied with primroses and anemones, and then sauntered back into the gardens, which were old and famous.

Suddenly, as he came upon a terrace bordered by a thick yew hedge, and descending by steps to a lower terrace, he became aware of voices in a strange tone and key,—not loud, but, as it were, intensified far beyond the note of ordinary talk. Ashe stood still; for he had recognized the voice of Lady Kitty. But before he had made up his mind what to do, a lady began to ascend the steps which connected the upper terrace with the lower. She came straight towards him, and Ashe looked at her with astonishment. She was not a member of the Grosville house party, and Ashe had never seen her before. Yet in her pale unhappy face there was something that recalled another person—something, too, in her gait and her passionate energy of movement. She swept past him, and he saw that she was tall and thin, and dressed in deep mourning. Her eyes were set on some inner vision; he felt that she scarcely saw him. She passed like an embodied grief—menacing and lamentable.

Something like a cry pursued her up the steps. But she did not turn. She walked swiftly on, and was soon lost to sight in the trees. Ashe hesitated a moment, then hurried down the steps.

On a stone seat beneath the yew hedge Kitty Bristol lay prone. He heard her sobs, and they went most strangely through his heart.

"Lady Kitty!" he said, as he stood beside her and bent over her.

She looked up, and showed no surprise. Her face was bathed in tears, but her hand sought his piteously and drew him towards her.

"I have seen my sister," she said, "and she hates me. What have I done? I think I shall die of despair!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fourth Dimension

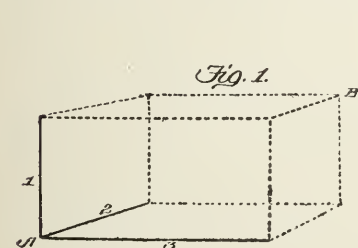
BY C. H. HINTON

WE know that every object has three dimensions, which are usually termed height, breadth, thickness. To take the simplest instances of these three dimensions, and the axes by which they are represented, consider the case of a room (Fig. 1). The lines 1, 2, 3 can be referred to as defining the directions of "up and down," "away or near," "right and left." We can proceed from one corner of the room to another by a straight line, such as A B. But we can equally well pass from A to B by going parallel to each of the axes in turn for a suitable distance. We can pass from any one point in the room to any other point by a combination of movements in these three directions. Since the room indefinitely expanded would occupy the whole of space as we think of it, we ordinarily assert that there is no point in the whole of space which we cannot reach by a combination of movements in three directions.

By means of movements in two directions we can only reach the points in a limited region of space: for instance, by means of movements parallel to axes 2 and 3 we can only reach points on the plane of the floor. But with all three axes and liberty of motion in three directions we

can reach any point of space, as we conceive it.

Some thinkers nevertheless have decided that the three dimensions, height,



AXES OF HEIGHT, LENGTH,
AND BREADTH

length, breadth, do not exhaust the possibilities of space. They say that just as motion involving the axes 2, 3 will not enable us to reach all points in the space of a room or of the room extended,

so motions in the directions of all three axes will not enable us to reach all the points of space as it really is.

Hence the birth and growth of the idea called, for want of a better name, the Fourth Dimension.

Plato, at the beginning of the seventh book of the Republic, describes a set of prisoners who are held in chains before the mouth of a great cavern, bound so that they cannot turn their faces in any other direction than looking straight into the cavern.

On the wall in which the cavern ends they see their shadows projected by the sun. Their only experience of objects is derived by watching these shadows. If passers-by traverse the roadway behind them, all they see is the shadows of these passers-by on the wall. If an object strikes them, what they see is the shadow of that object striking the shadows of themselves.

Plato draws the conclusion that they would identify themselves with their shadows. Since events occurring amongst these shadow forms are the invariable accompaniments of all their sensations, they would think that they themselves were those shadows, and lived and moved in a shadow world.

Now the shadows can only move on the surface of the wall; they cannot approach and recede from it. Hence the prisoners think of themselves as having a two-dimensional existence only. And, says Plato, as these prisoners think of themselves as less than they really are, so we in our turn think of ourselves as less than we really are. His philosophy was an effort to find that Greater which we really are.

Plato turns from the outward image to its inner significance, interrogating his self-consciousness. But in accordance with the modern habit of attending to the record of observation of the outward, let us trace out the objective experience of such prisoners.

A being identifying himself with a shadow would think that the surface of the wall was all the space there was. The conception of a third dimension of space would be as foreign to him as that of a fourth dimension is to us.

By means of this retrogressive step of imagining a kind of existence in which experience is confined to less than our number of dimensions we are irresistibly led to propound the question: Is there a kind of existence dimensionally more ample than that

of our experience?

In his illustration Plato avoids an error in which most modern representations of a plane world are involved.

He makes his beings

real, not mere abstractions, such as geometrical beings in a plane. He places before us an imaginary scene in which real beings would have a conscious experience of a condition more limited than that of their actual existence. I will represent the same idea in a different manner, choosing my illustration so that it will give us the means of answering all questions that occur in the study of four-dimensional space, and will also lead us to an appreciation of the reasons for inferring its existence.

For this purpose imagine a globe to be cut in half, and of the half a thin slice to be taken. Imagine this thin circular disk to be placed against a great steel sheet over which it can slip perfectly freely; and suppose, moreover, that in virtue of some adhesion or attractive force the disk was held in contact with

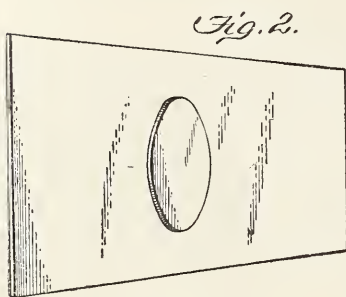
the sheet so as never to leave it (Fig. 2). This disk can be considered to be a "plane world."

Since it is material it should exercise attraction, and we must imagine the beings who inhabit it as standing on the edge. Let such a being be represented by the small triangle in Fig. 3. The force of gravity due to the disk would give him the direction of "up and down" (one dimension). Movement along the rim of the disk would give him the direction of "away and near" (a second dimension).

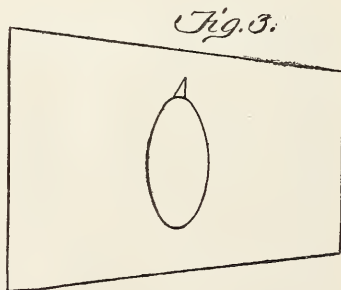
Now in order to have a being with a two-dimensional experience only, we must suppose that no movement other than in these two dimensions comes within the cognizance of his senses. Let us therefore suppose that the matter of which the disk and his own body are composed has only a very slight extension away from the disk. Let this extension be so slight that it escapes his closest observation.

Thus this "plane being," if he looked at any object composed of his matter, say a square figure, as in Fig. 4, would, as far as his consciousness was evoked, only see the length of the side opposite him. Since it is a real object, in order to come within the sphere of his senses it must have extension away from the surface of the sheet. But this extension he would not recognize, and although the figure is real he would speak of it as though it were a geometrical square. He would believe that if this square were indefinitely extended it would fill up the whole of space. We see that it would only cover an infinite plane surface.

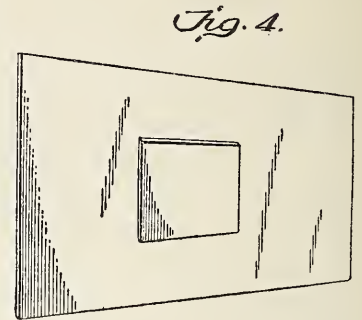
A being such as here described would lack a sense which we have, namely, a sense of "Right and Left." We see that a square figure made out of his thin matter has two faces, one opposed to the sheet, one turned away from it. But he



A PLANE WORLD; THICKNESS EXAGGERATED



A PLANE BEING ON THE RIM OF HIS WORLD



A SQUARE PIECE OF THE PLANE BEING'S MATTER; THICKNESS EXAGGERATED

would not know of these two faces. He would think of the square figure as totally accounted for by its height and length. We recognize that a two-dimensional existence is an abstraction. To be real an object must have all three dimensions. Thus his conception of his matter is false. His words refer to real things, but the thoughts which he connects with those words are thoughts about abstractions. The square figure, as he thinks it is, is not a real object at all. I speak of the plane being as if he were real, but a little consideration will show that no structurally organized being of this kind could exist.

For instance, since the thickness of his matter is less than any discernible extension, any canal or channel of visible size would divide his body into two disconnected portions. No circulatory system or alimentary canal would therefore be possible in his case. In fact, if we admit the existence of an ascending scale of dimensions, a being which has extension of comparable magnitude in each of three dimensions, as we have, is the first of beings in this ascending scale that can possibly exist.

The mechanical possibilities of a plane being would be of a very limited range. Two such individuals meeting, one would be obliged to climb over the other in order to pass him.

The very difficulty of apprehending the extreme limitation of such a being shows how great the step would be which he must take in order to apprehend our possibilities.

In like manner, even to state the possibilities of a four-dimensional existence would appear naturally to us in our turn a task of great difficulty.

But the beauty of the illustration I have given is that it enables us to settle every point that comes up in the imaginary construction of a four-dimensional world, by attending to the corresponding step that the plane being would have to take in forming his imaginary construction of a three-dimensional world.

I would therefore ask the reader to try to imagine himself as a very flat being moving along the rim of the disk, looking only before him and up and down, only able to reach out in front and upwards, not laterally, and only to be able to ap-

proach and recede from the objects on his earth in one plane of motion.

If one of us were to try to explain to a plane being the nature of our existence, we should have to introduce some new words into his vocabulary, and these new words would not have reference to anything that the plane being could see or point to.

If there is a fourth dimension of space, we must necessarily introduce words which have no reference to anything within the range of our conscious experience.

There must be some reason why we do not move in this fourth dimension, as there is a reason why the plane being cannot move "right and left."

In order to introduce the ideas that we have to form in the most simple way, let us suppose that there is a substance (analogous to the sheet against which the plane being slips) along which we slip freely in every movement we make, and against which every portion of our matter slips in every movement it makes.

Consider for the sake of simplicity that a square figure of the plane being's matter is made up of a number of particles forming a single layer against the plane.

The plane being would have to admit that every particle in such a square figure of his matter was as close to the sheet as every other particle, and although the interior of the square would only be approached by him by breaking through the bounding-lines, still from each point of the interior a line could go "right and left" in an unknown direction that he could not possibly conceive.

Similarly, on an analogous supposition, if we look at a cube of matter which is perfectly bounded by its faces in every way in which we can approach it, we must admit that there is a direction going off from every particle in the cube, and that it is possible to draw a line from each particle in each of the two opposite ways in this unknown direction.

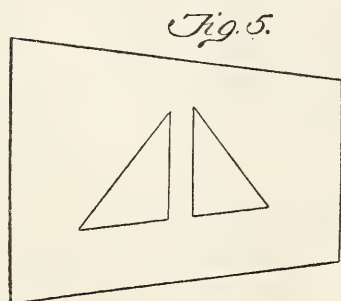
The cube would be perfectly free to move in either of these opposite ways in the unknown dimension unless by reason of some constraint.

Let us call the hypothetical substance which is next to every particle of our

matter in this unknown direction the "paron" (from "para," alongside, and "on," being). The paron corresponds to the sheet of which we should have to tell the plane being.

As we have to tell the plane being of an unknown extension of his matter to the right away from his sheet, so we have to admit that our matter has an extension away from the paron in the unknown direction. Let us call the direction in which our matter extends away from the paron the "apo" direction (apo meaning away), and call the opposite direction from our matter towards the paron the "eiso" direction (eiso meaning within). Then "apo" and "eiso" correspond to the words "right" and "left" which we should have to teach the plane being to use. As in his case, so in ours, there is nothing in our conscious experience which corresponds to these words. They have reference to an unknown direction, and by attending to the possibilities which such a new direction gives we can gain the means of putting the question rationally as to whether it exists or not.

I will now briefly describe three cases in which an attempt has been made to find evidence for the reality of a fourth dimension. Cases 1 and 2 are such as would obviously suggest themselves to any inquirer. Case 3 I shall also merely



TRIANGLES WHICH, IF KEPT AGAINST THE SHEET, CANNOT BE MOVED SO THAT ONE WILL OCCUPY THE SPACE OF THE OTHER

touch upon, as its general argument has been published (see *Bulletin of the Philosophical Society of Washington*, April, 1902), while the mathematical method used was exemplified in a paper printed

in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, November, 1902.

Case 1 depends on the properties of configuration. In a plane three points can be found equally distant from one another, such as the vertices of an equilateral triangle. In our space four such points can be found, such as the vertices

of a tetrahedron. In four-dimensional space five points equally distant from one another can be found.

Now to account for the properties of organic compounds it has been necessary to assume that

the carbon atoms in the molecules of certain substances are related as the four vertices of a tetrahedron. If it

Fig 6



FIGURE SYMMETRICAL ABOUT A LINE

became necessary to assume the existence of five atoms at equal distances from one another in a molecule, there would be evidence of a fourth dimension.

Case 2 depends on the properties of rotation in four-dimensional space. We are familiarly acquainted with right and left handed shapes. The right hand itself and the left-hand image it meets in a mirror are examples of these configurations—they are alike, one another, on opposite sides of a plane. One cannot be turned into another in our space. Now in a plane, rotation takes place round a point; in our space, round an axis; and hence we should conclude by analogy that in four-dimensional space rotation took place round a plane. This conclusion is found to be justified if one looks into the matter. In fact, in a plane two triangles, such as shown in Fig. 5, are incapable of being turned into one another by any motion in the plane. One cannot be made to occupy the space of the other however it is turned about in the plane. Such figures correspond to our right and left handed shapes, and the rotation round a line by which they would be turned into one another is just as inconceivable to a plane being as rotation round a plane is to us. Our right and left handed shapes are, on the hypothesis of a fourth dimension, shapes turned half-way round.

Now there are two substances, two varieties of tartaric acid, which are alike in all physical and chemical properties, save in their behavior with regard to polarized light. One turns the plane of polarization in one direction, the other in the opposite direction. This is due to the molecules of the one being of exactly

of the same configuration as the molecules of the other, save that those of one are right-handed and the other left-handed.

These two varieties change one into the other apparently without any chemical resolution and reconstitution. If such were certainly the case, it would be a proof of the fourth dimension, because only in four-dimensional space can a right-handed shape become a left-handed shape by simple movement.

Case 3.—In the proceedings of the Washington Philosophical Society, November, 1902, the writer argues as follows: It is not at all certain that the mechanics which is found capable of explaining the processes of nature that occur on a large scale is capable of explaining what occurs in the minute. Right and left handed shapes never occur in any phenomenon on a large scale, such as rocks, clouds, configurations of continents, but do frequently occur as results of processes which take place in the minute, such as the vital processes, crystallization, etc. Now to produce figures symmetrical about a line the simplest way is to use a three-dimensional process. This is exemplified in Fig. 6, which was produced by folding over a piece of blotted paper, and in this folding over the third dimension was used.

Thus symmetry in two dimensions is produced by a three-dimensional process.

Similarly, it is not unnatural to expect shapes symmetrical about a plane as the result of a four-dimensional process. Thus it is worth while to form a complete system of four-dimensional mechanics, and it is only when such a system has been elaborated that we shall be in a position to determine whether the obscurities found in the domain of molecular physics are to be attributed to the complexity of the three-dimensional conditions or to the presence of four-dimensional motions. For example, no satisfactory explanation has been given on mechanical principles of an electric current.

To take the most familiar type, an elec-

tric current involves the existence of a wire or other conductor. The action is not conveyed through the wire, but, as Professor Poynting has shown, through the medium in which the wire is situated. It is therefore not incorrect to say that a continuous electric current is a disturbance in a medium which demands for its existence a continuous boundary (the conductor) in that medium.

Now in three-dimensional mechanics a certain type of disturbance is known which demands for its continuous existence in a medium that its opposite ends shall impinge on a boundary of the medium. Of such a kind is a vortex, which may be thought of as an eddy. A smoke ring is an instance of a vortex with its ends joined together. In a perfect fluid a smoke ring could exist with ends free from one another if these ends impinged on a boundary of the fluid.

Here we have the phenomenon of a disturbance involving as the condition of its continuous existence that its ends impinge on two opposite boundaries of the medium in which it takes place. This differs from the electric current because only two ends necessarily impinge on a boundary of the medium, while in the electric current a whole contour must impinge on a boundary.

Now examining into the nature of a four-dimensional vortex it is found that in such a disturbance of a medium the condition of its continuous existence is that it impinges on a boundary by a whole contour. Where a three-dimensional vortex requires two opposing boundaries a four-dimensional vortex requires a complete circuit of boundary. Thus a four-dimensional vortex has a striking analogy with an electric current.

It is in the examination of questions such as these that the physical inquiry as to the existence of the fourth dimension consists in asking, namely, whether the types of action which occur can be explained on the principles of three-dimensional mechanics, or whether they demand for their explanation the assumption of a four-dimensional motion.

Mrs. Noah's Ark

BY GELETT BURGESS

MRS. NOAH FIGTRY stood upon the huge front gallery, between the Doric columns of the "big house," her hands clasped beneath her blue gingham apron, dispiritedly regarding the main road, a hundred yards away. Her pursed New England lips expressed disapproval. It was March, and March is disconsolate enough anywhere, but the cold gray day made the down-at-the-heels plantation seem more ruinous than ever. Mrs. Noah was alone in temporary possession of the house, having come from New England to take charge during her son-in-law's absence. The prospect of two weeks' loneliness in this dreary environment was, to a person of her lively temperament, depressing.

"If the Lord would only send *something* interesting, I wouldn't mind, if it was only a plaid pig," she mused.

As if in answer to this prayer, at that moment a little procession appeared coming round a turn of the road. It was led by a pleasant-looking man in blue overalls, who guided with his hands the shafts of a highly decorated circus cage on gilded wheels, which was pushed by a solemn, wrinkled, muddy elephant, bending his forehead to the rear of the car. The beast was directed in his labors by a barelegged Oriental-looking person with a turban and white blouse, who walked alongside. Behind this group stalked a giraffe, who bore, seated perilously astride, a buxom, smiling woman of some forty years.

"For the land sakes!" Mrs. Noah ejaculated, "if that don't beat the Book of Revelation! I wonder if I'm dreamin' 'em, or are they really alive? If that ain't the tag-end of a circus, I never see a wild-beast show in *my* life. I do believe they're turnin' in here, and me in my apron and curl-papers!"

Directly in front of the door the elephant, at a word from his driver, stopped, and the procession came to a standstill.

The woman slid gracefully down from her perch, with a sigh of relief; the man in blue overalls dropped his shafts and came up to the front steps, taking off his hat.

"Good afternoon," he said, politely. "Pretty muddy roads you have along here."

"What in the world did you bring them critters in here for?" was Mrs. Noah's rejoinder. "If you expect to set up a show in my front yard, I may as well tell you that it ain't worth the trouble. They ain't nobody here but me and the malaria."

"Lady, I'd like to introduce the Princess Ziffio, the snake-charmer and con-tortionist, and Ramo Bung, the elephant-driver, late of Sorrowtop's Circus," the man explained. "My name is Steggins, and I'm a lion-tamer from the same show."

"I'm proud to know you. It ain't often I meet celebrities in these parts," was Mrs. Noah's welcome, as she placidly awaited further developments.

"You see, it's this way, lady," Mr. Steggins went on, affably: "The show's bust up on account of a small financial difficulty, bringing on a seizure by the sheriff. Now, as me and my partners ain't been paid our salaries for two months, we just laid our hands on what we could find last night and are holding them as security for the money that's due us. It ain't our fault that the manager was crooked, and we don't propose to pay his debts; so what we want you to do is to let us hide the animals in your place until we can find a scow to take 'em down the river and sell 'em."

"What in the world do you mean?" Mrs. Noah exclaimed. "I ain't got any tent, nor even a barn. I'm real sorry for you, but I don't see what I can do—There's the old mill down by the river."

"That won't do at all," said Steggins, uneasily; "the sheriff will look there first

thing. It ain't so easy to hide an elephant and a giraffe. We got to put 'em in some place where people won't be likely to suspect. See here; if you'll let us hide our property in your house for a week, we'll agree to pay you two hundred and fifty dollars as soon as we've sold the beasts."

"Why, you can't ever get that critter through the front door, much less upstairs," said Mrs. Noah, pointing to the elephant.

Ramo Bung now broke in excitedly. "Oh yes, yes!" he exclaimed; "it is a just perfection of sizes. You regard with pleasure?" He snatched a hoe from the ground by the front steps and applied it to the elephant's side in measurement. The creature was not a large one, being only one and a half hoe-handles in height. Running up to the double front doors, the Hindu demonstrated the possibility of entrance. "You accept the certainty? Even he can with kneeling crawl, I guiding in wisdom!"

Mrs. Noah Figtry had already rapidly estimated what two hundred and fifty dollars could do to improve her son-in-law's place. In an instant her mind was made up, her cool practical head defeated by her childlike emotions and kind, indulgent heart.

"Well," she said, "when Ebenezer left I didn't calculate to take in no boarders, but if you think you can get that elephant into the parlor, I don't know but what I'll let you try it, just to see how you come out. I can't think what you can do with a giraffe, unless you put his head up a chimney somewheres. But perhaps he can be made to go in the bath-room with a little squeezin'. What you got in that bag, anyway? Looks like it was boilin'. I won't tolerate no rabbits! Of all things, I do hate a rabbit."

The Princess Ziffio was already loosening the ropes which bound the sack, and at this moment the mass fell to the ground and began to squirm convulsively.

"Snakes, I do declare! I can't abide snakes. I couldn't sleep a wink at night! You just take that bag of varmints as far away from the house as you can get it."

"Oh, he won't hurt you," asserted the Princess; "he's only a boy-constrictor, and he's got thawed out in the sun, that's

all. We'll just put him in a cool place, and he won't give you a bit of trouble."

"There ain't no cellar to this house, and the coolest place I know is the ice-chest. He might possibly scrouge in there, though I can't say as I'd be at all easy in my mind about it. They ain't any lock on the door." Mrs. Noah was still holding her skirts raised, and kept at a safe distance.

Hardly had she said this, when a terrific and prolonged roar of blood-curdling intensity shook the shutters of the cage. Mrs. Noah was inside the house in an instant, behind barred doors. She reappeared later at the parlor window, which she gently raised a quarter of an inch. "You never said nothin' about lions," she cried, hysterically. "I consider I'm doin' considerable to welcome an elephant into my front parlor, and a giraffe in the bath-room, but roarin' lions is altogether *too* much. You go along and don't bother me any more."

Mr. Steggins reassured her with a laughing voice. "Why, lady," he said, "Joshua wouldn't hurt a fly. He was born in captivity, and he's forty years old, without a tooth in his head. He's tame as a puppy. I can have him right in my room. He wouldn't roar if he wa'n't so hungry, but he hasn't been fed for two days, and then only bones and sawdust."

Mrs. Noah timidly emerged again. "You ain't got any seven-horned beasts or nothin', have you? That roar did give me a start, but I don't know but I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb if I've got to keep house for a whole menagerie. It does seem a shame to leave a dumb animal outside without a roof to help himself to, don't it? I'll go up and sit on the ridge-pole while you get that critter into the house; and mind you lock the door after him when you get him upstairs. I ain't goin' to be devoured by a ragin', rampin' lion at *my* time of life." At that she scurried up-stairs, and, a little later, appeared on the flat roof, from which post of security she surveyed the installation over the eaves.

One shutter was removed from the side of the cage, and Joshua—a tawny, dignified Numidian lion—was discovered, his eyes blinking with the unaccustomed glare. Into his den Steggins entered

nonchalantly by a door in the rear, and threw a noose round the beast's neck. The lion arose and shook himself like a dog, and then, urged by a slap on the rump, slowly descended from the cage and was dragged unresistingly into the house.

Mrs. Noah, who had been gazing in terror, now breathed freer. After the interval her caution demanded she descended from the roof, and hurrying breathlessly down-stairs, joined the perspiring group on the portico. Princess Ziffio informed her that the serpent had already been safely removed to its new abode.

All the lighter pieces of furniture having been moved into the back room, proceedings were now begun with the elephant, who was manœuvred clumsily up the creaking front steps under the guidance of Ramo Bung, who emitted a stream of directions in Hindustani. A violent percussion against the door-jambs, the crash of a newel-post, and the overturning of a hat-rack marked his progress into the front parlor, where he rested quietly, exploring the precincts within range of his trunk.

Only the giraffe now remained, patiently grazing on the Virginia creeper that grew over the columns.

His entrance was effected with a grotesque awkwardness that made Mrs. Noah laugh, in spite of her fear for the transom. His neck was bent stiffly down like a pump-handle by the weight of Steggins, who was forced to climb a chair to reach the animal's horns. But once inside the hallway, he was propelled rapidly, though reluctantly, into the bath-room. The upper sash of the window was dropped, and the animal took advantage of the aperture to gaze at the levee on the bank of the Mississippi, about a mile distant.

The four conspirators entered the house at last, fairly safe against discovery. The lion-tamer and the Hindu left to complete their preparations for the animals' comfort, while Mrs. Noah and Princess Ziffio set about getting dinner in the kitchen.

"Well," said the hostess, when the quartet was assembled about the dining-room table, "I've often seen 'Entertainment for Man and Beast' on tavern sign-boards, but the last thing I ever thought I'd be doin' was that! What do you feed the critters, anyway?"

"Those sucking-pigs will do just right for the lion. One a day is enough," Mr. Steggins said. "Hay or corn-husks for the elephant and giraffe."

"Do tell! Why, I thought you fed elephants on peanuts!" was Mrs. Noah's comment. She turned to the Princess: "What do you want to give your snake in the ice-box? Eggs, I s'pose."

"Oh, he won't need anything at all. He was fed only last New-year's day."

"My land! He'd make a prime husband for a lazy woman, wouldn't he?" said Mrs. Noah. Then she looked curiously at the woman.

"Whatever are you Princess of, anyway?" she inquired, regarding the snake-charmer's good-natured, stupid face, her heavy coils of straight black hair and the elaborate curl swinging over her nose. "I'd never suspect your father was a king, though they *do* say emperors and sultans and such are as thick as flies in August out in them heathen lands of Asia."

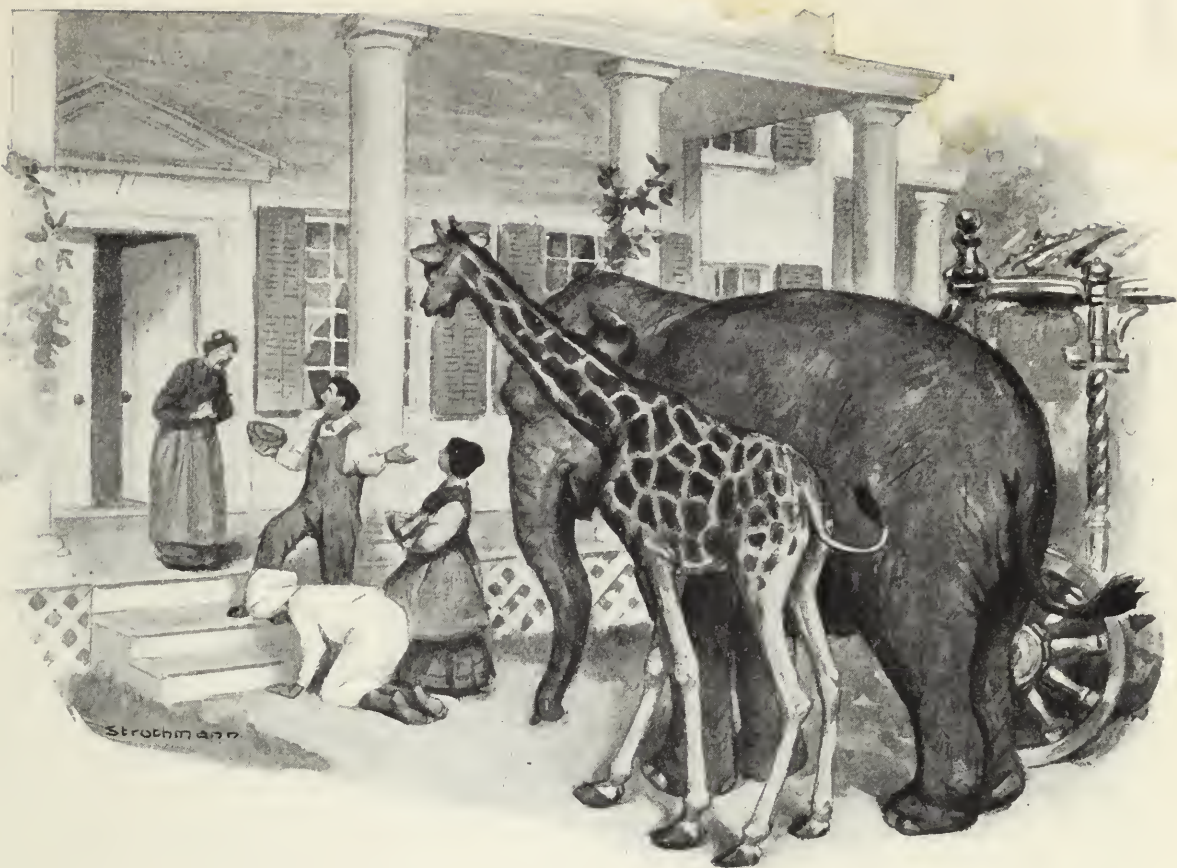
"Oh, Mr. Gentry, our advertising man, made up that name for me. I'm really Mrs. Bung. Ramo here is my husband, though we was married only last month."

Ramo Bung showed a score of glittering white teeth as he clasped his wife's fat, pudgy hand ecstatically. "Yes, yes, we are allies quite undoubtedly!" he proclaimed. "Even the honeymoon is not yet out, and our hearts are packed to tightening with quite absolute blisses!"

"By the way, don't you think you could get your elephant's feet out the side window, one at a time, and wash them off with a pail of water?" Mrs. Noah asked the Hindu, anxiously. "I'm afraid he's goin' to make dreadful unsightly work of that body-Brussels carpet in spite of the straw, stompin' around."

Ramo Bung bowed with immense deference. "It shall doubtless be experimented at, Mrs. Lady. I will be endeavoring to Jumbo the Junior with the next morning. He is being at this time unremittingly fastened against the leg of piano. Only to-night with careless training he shall acquire the machination of the folding-bed for helpfulness of myself. It can be opened and shut easily, assisted by proboscis, doubtlessly."

Steggins, who felt an unfeigned fondness for his own charge, now spoke up:



"LADY, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE THE PRINCESS ZIFFIO AND RAMO BUNG"

"Mrs. Figtry, you really ought to know Joshua better. You'd learn to like him like I do when you see how affectionate he is. Why, if you rub his neck, he'll purr like a kitten, and I'd sleep with him if only he didn't snore so. I left him all curled up on that four-post bed of yours, and I'll be darned if he didn't wave his paw at me like a baby when I left."

"I suppose lions ain't really no more than great big cats, after all," said Mrs. Noah, "but I never looked at 'em in that light before. I expect he might like some milk to-night. I could spare you a wash-bowl full just as well as not, if you promise he wouldn't spill it. I would like to have him get after the rats in the woodshed. They do beat all Greely out there."

The Hindu interposed excitedly. "Have a fear, have a fear!" he cried; "Jumbo the Junior is distracted of mice from out his brains, yes! Even in the number of one small mouse his insides turn, and he trumpets of extremest caution. Two mice will he break his constriction—very so, indeed! How say further what mice of three will obtain by him? It is of fury certainly. I must

be vigilant with candles all inside the night-time."

Mrs. Noah gasped. "Dear me suz!" she exclaimed, "elephants are just as bad as womenfolks, ain't they? I do hope he won't jump on that parlor table if he's frightened. They ain't nothin' can happen to your snake, is they?" she inquired of the Princess. "I do believe I left a lot of broilers in the ice-chest. Well, never mind; I expect they are about half a mile down his throat by this time."

After dinner, their extraordinary live stock having been fed and watered and the dishes washed, Mrs. Noah was persuaded to visit her four-footed guests. She waited outside the upper bedroom door until Steggins had entered, lighted a lamp, and tied the lion to the bed-post. Then she went in on tiptoe, as if visiting a sick-room, speaking in a hushed whisper.

"Well, of all things! Ain't he too cute for anything?" she said. "I never thought a wild lion could feel so much to home in a back bedroom."

Joshua was crouching in a kitten-



RAMO BUNG MANOEUVRED HIM INTO THE FRONT PARLOR

ish pose upon the braided rag rug, lazily licking his paws. He raised his heavy head to blink with yellow eyes at his landlady.

"Well, as I'm a sinner, he's getting bald!" she exclaimed. "I'll bet a hair-pin I could cure him and keep his mane from falling out!" In her interest she approached the brute fearlessly and laid a hand upon his neck. Joshua purred with a basso-profundo church-organ vibration. "Dandruff! I thought so. Looks like a snow-storm. Here, Mr. Steggins, you just reach me that bottle of Paderewski Hirsutine in the medicine-closet over your head, and I'll have a good growth of new hair started in less than a week. Say, does lion's hair ever turn gray? I've got some Brunette Rejuvenator that'll fix his color just as natural as life. Or I don't know but what you'd call him a blond, after all. Seems to me he's kind o' betwixt an' between. He's sandy-complected, I should say." She regarded him judicially. "I believe I'll look up a ball of yarn for him

to play with," she said, as she left. "I had no idea lions behaved so clever. Why, they're as much like folks as second cousins."

Her next visit was to the front parlor, where Jumbo Junior stood rocking to and fro like a ship at anchor in a swell, his lithe trunk questing the air with sinuous curves. He held it out to her inquisitively. She attempted to shake hands with him, but he drew back. "You ought to teach that critter better manners," she remarked to the Hindu. "Though, to be sure, I never did quite know whether an elephant's trunk was most like a hand or a nose. *Will* you look at them toe-nails! I do hope there aren't any of them ingrowin'. What does he want, anyway?"

Jumbo Junior himself answered her question by deftly removing her stick-pin from the front of her dress and carefully inserting it in the ceiling. After this, he waved his trunk aloft, broke a piece of glass from the hanging-lamp shade, and threw it on the floor.

"My stars and garters, ain't he sassy! Now I've always heard that elephants had more intelligence than all the other animals put together. You'd think he'd know he'd got to walk round this room barefoot. How much do you suppose he could lift?"

"Entire immenseness, past eight horse," said the Hindu. "In Cawnpore, I did see a lonesome elephant push a house downside."

Mrs. Noah gazed musingly upon the elephant's bulk: "I've often wished that piano could be moved into the back room, but these niggers here ain't no more use than woodchucks. If you want to give him a stint, there's lots of chores round the house he'll be real handy at. . . . But I expect you hadn't ought to require a parlor-boarder to exert himself too much. If he's cold in the night, I've got a spare bedspread up in the garret. Now try to shake hands again, Jumbo. You must act genteel when you're in my parlor." And after shak-

ing the elephant's trunk cordially, she left the room.

Then she visited the giraffe in the bath-room. Accompanied by the Princess, she opened the door, to find the animal still standing at the window, gazing pensively out into the night. As they entered, the giraffe's head turned in their direction, and a pair of melting brown eyes gazed down at them. Her mouth opened and emitted a noise that was something between a wheeze and a whinny.

"Now I was *afraid* that giraffe was going to catch his death of cold!" cried Mrs. Noah, her quick benevolence instantly aroused.

The Princess Ziffio laughed. "Oh, Milly, she's all right. I reckon she just smells the hay, that's all."

"Hay-fever! Just what I thought! I can't see a dumb beast suffer under my roof. I've got some of Dr. Surenuff's Celebrated Specific handy, and I'm goin' to rub it on his throat. It may take



"I LEFT HIM ALL CURLED UP ON THAT FOUR-POST BED OF YOURS"

seven or eight bottles, but it's fortunate I've got plenty of it in the house. Just move in that step-ladder you'll see in the hall closet, please, and I'll go and get the remedy."

In a few minutes more she had mounted a somewhat unsteady perch and began to administer the lotion. "Strange how much this creature's eyes favor Lucy's," she said to herself, massaging energetically. "I always *did* admire brown eyes. Ebenezer always used to say you can get a black eye too easy for 'em to be pretty. Lucy admires to get herself up in low-cut gowns; I s'pose she would even if she had a neck like this. Say, Princess, hand me up a couple of them crash bath-towels, will you? I think Milly ought to have a regular bandage. I'll take my needle and thread and sew 'em on good. Don't you think I might tie the top onto his horns so it won't slip down? Hold your head still, won't you, please! My land! the airs this critter puts on! Bridles like a girl of sixteen. There! I guess that 'll keep her from gettin' any worse. She does look ridiculous, don't she? If I once stop to laugh, I'll fall off this step-ladder."

The Princess gazed stolidly at the result. "You got an awful good heart, Mrs. Figtry," she said, "but I don't reckon dumb animals suffer much like us folks."

"What! With all that throat to be sore?" cried Mrs. Noah, descending the steps. "Don't you believe it! Animals have got organs and innerds just like ours. If you'd cleaned and drawn as many chickens as I have, you'd known that. Now what that animal wants is a good hot bath and then be well wrapped up. But I don't suppose we could get her in the tub; that zinc's too slippery; and then the water 'd never reach up beyond her knees, anyway. But I tell you what I'm goin' to do I'm goin' to fill a hot-water bottle and fasten it on this giraffe's chest. That 'll do more good than anything else. But where in the world her neck leaves off and her chest begins I'm jiggered if I can tell! I hope your snake won't get sick, Princess, for I consider I'd have to draw the line at reptiles. They don't hardly seem to deserve even pity from a Christian, but I hope I won't be tempted to allow him to suffer."

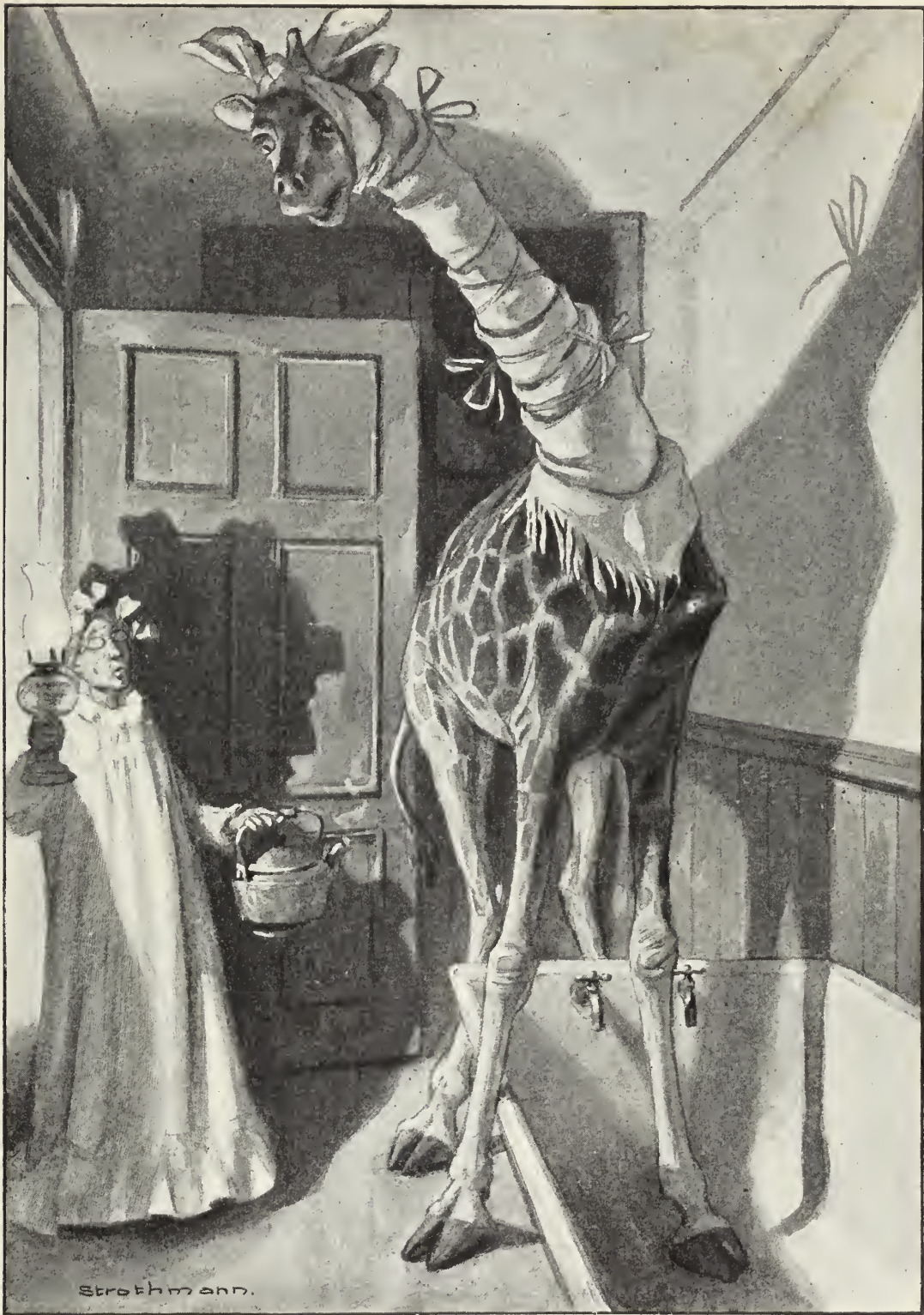
Mrs. Noah's ministrations were at last finished by means of a complicated net of tapes, and the two women bade the men good night and prepared for bed. Their repose was somewhat broken, however, by the snoring of the trio of quadrupeds. Joshua's almost continuous performance reverberated through the night. Occasionally the plaintive wheezing of the giraffe in the bath-room awoke Mrs. Noah, and she made several trips of visitation in her nightgown to renew the temperature of the hot-water bottle by means of an alcohol-lamp and a tea-kettle. The Princess, however, slept on serenely. A heavy jar at midnight and a rattle of window-panes at four o'clock in the morning marked the limits of Jumbo Junior's deep sleep. From the ice-chest no sound was heard.

So a few days passed, during which time Mr. Steggins scoured the neighborhood to find some raft or barge upon which to make his voyage to Memphis. During his absence his hostess's acquaintance with the three animals and the married couple progressed toward friendship.

A feature of Mrs. Noah's methodical habits was her diary—a small octavo bound in faded morocco—the week-days laboriously altered from 1887, the year of its publication, to the current calendar. A few excerpts from this volume would indicate the progress of events in her household:

"*Tuesday, March 27.*—Last night I heard Jumbo Junior whining in his sleep. Thought he might have a tusk-ache. Went down-stairs with a bottle of oil of clove and a wash-rag. Stepped on something at foot of stairs. Felt just like a big sausage, only more energetic. Screamed. The Princess (found out she really comes from Hoboken) come down in her shawl. It was the big snake. Sat on banisters while she gave it two soup-ladles full of soothing-syrup. Ramo came out in Ebenezer's smoking-jacket and helped lift the snake into the ice-chest. Elephant didn't have toothache, after all.

"*Wednesday, March 28.*—Cloudy, S. W. wind. Giraffe still enjoying poor health. Tried hot applications and tied two pairs of bed-socks on her feet. Wrapped Ebenezer's flannelette bathrobe round her shoulders. Found later



MRS. NOAH MADE SEVERAL TRIPS OF VISITATION

she had succeeded in getting a packet of pennyroyal, four moth-balls, and a cigar out of the left-hand pocket and was chewing them. Her swallow is 'way up on top of her neck, not half-way down as I naturally expected. Have been trying to teach Jumbo Junior to shake hands. He can drink a tumbler of molasses very nicely. Joshua's hair seems to be im-

proving. Tried a little Hirsutine on his tail, at the end. He got into my room and woke me up at 3 A.M. Must have left his door open. Only two pigs left."

So a week passed without Mrs. Noah's interesting family having been discovered by the sheriff, and each day she became more fond of her new friends. She

watched, as with a doting mother's eye, the improvement which she believed was apparent in Joshua's coat and the gentle Milly's voice, while Jumbo Junior's adaptability to instruction pleased her beyond words. The silent, inscrutable Princess baffled her, but the Hindu's vocabulary and diction kept her in a continual glee.

"Oh, there is so muchness!" cried Ramo Bung, when he was shown the Mississippi. "Oh, be astonished beyond utterness!"

And so, when at last Steggins procured a raft and moored it to the pier by the molasses-sheds, the kind-hearted hostess wiped away the tears that came to her eyes. The boa-constrictor she was indeed glad to be rid of, for it was the one cloud on her week of happiness, but when Milly's plaintive eyes had looked their last at her, and Joshua had been dragged, whining, aboard, it was all she could do to speak. It only remained for Jumbo Junior, of his own accord, to offer her his trunk for her to break down with emotion.

"I don't know *when* I've had such a pleasant time," she said. "I do hope you'll get to Memphis all right; and be sure and send me word how you get along and how Joshua stood the trip. Now here's four bottles of Smiley's Embrocation for Milly's neck and feet. Be sure you rub it well in, night and morning. If I only had a bottle of aconite pills, I'd like her to have them."

Steggins took her hand with a fierce grip. "Good-by, Mis' Figtry," he said. "You treated us square, and we'll treat you square. Just as soon as I get to Memphis and sell the animals I'll send you the money. You've been a good friend to Joshua, and he'll never forget you, I know."

Ramo Bung prostrated himself before her in an elaborate salaam. "Good-by with condescension," he cried. "Bung family are in salutement to your home with excellence. There is a doubtless explosion of violent heart on my interior. Ever so much blessing come against you."

"Well," said Mrs. Noah, "now you've found the way I hope you'll come again sometime. The world ain't such a big place but that we may meet again."

Mrs. Noah sobbed as she watched the little expedition sweep away. Then, just as they were abreast of the house, a long, muffled roar came to her over the rushing waters, as Joshua lifted up his voice in mournful lament. In spite of herself she smiled through her tears.

Soon the barge was far away, rapidly diminishing in the distance. When at last it drifted out of her sight she turned to her cook-stove and brewed a pot of strong tea.

"Well," she said over the third cup, "what can't be cured must be endured. I must say this place looks like Sam Patch in a hail-storm—I guess it 'll do me good to go to spring cleanin'!"

The month of April, a year later, found Mrs. Noah Figtry home again in Duxbury, immersed in the quiet of New England life. From the quaint collection of friends that she had made in Tennessee no word had come, except a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars and a short misspelled letter from Mr. Steggins, announcing their safe arrival in Memphis and subsequent sale of the animals, and employment by Wilder's Triplex Conglomeration.

It was with a feeling of keen disappointment, then, that, returning late one Saturday night from a week's visit in Boston, she learned that Wilder's circus had been in town. It was breaking camp that very night, and would on Sunday proceed to Plymouth. Mrs. Noah, eagerly interrogating her neighbors, found scant satisfaction in their reports. The show, it was true, boasted a small menagerie, including a lion, a giraffe, and two elephants, but it was not easy to identify the animals from the meagre descriptions she received.

"I should know Joshua anywhere by a scar on his left cheek," Mrs. Noah declared, "but as for Jumbo Junior and Milly, I ain't so sure I'd recognize them, unless I met a wheezing giraffe and an elephant that volunteered to shake hands with me. But it seems strange that nobody saw that mealy-mouthed Hindu and the snake-princess. As for Mr. Steggins, he ain't the kind of man that's likely to keep any job long, and maybe he's in Terra del Fuego by this time. Howsomever, I'm determined to go over



"DON'T YOU KNOW ME, JOSHUA?"

to Plymouth on Monday to see the show. I'll spear around, and if I don't see any folks or critters I know, I'll inquire. They say these show-people all know each other."

On Sunday morning Mrs. Noah Figtry proceeded decorously to church. As she approached the meeting-house, she observed an unusual stir amongst the villagers on the street, and upon the steps of the edifice were groups of church members excitedly discussing some surprising piece of news. A band of small boys charged by her on the run, their faces lighted by adventurous anticipation. Deftly capturing one by the arm, Mrs. Noah demanded information. The answer was sufficiently alarming. Wilder's Triplex Conglomeration, *en route* for Plymouth, had discovered that the door of the lion's cage had been left open and its occupant was missing. Somewhere between Kingston and Duxbury a lion was at large, and a party of searchers from the circus was now on the animal's trail.

The second bell had already rung, but no one felt in a devotional mood, and the minister himself soon came out to learn the latest developments of the situation. A dozen plans for the capture of the beast were offered and debated. Mrs. Noah, an acknowledged authority on lions, was at her best, and became the centre of an admiring audience, to whom she described, as one with experience, the power of the human eye, the influence of kindness.

She was in the midst of her discourse, when of a sudden came a chorus of shrieks from down the road. A stampede of small boys swept back towards the growing concourse of people, and a prolonged roar in the distance proclaimed that the approach of the lion was imminent. In an instant the street was cleared. The crowd scuttled into the church, slammed the doors, and flew to the windows. On the steps only the bolder members of the congregation remained, anxiously peering down the road. Amongst these men and boys Mrs. Noah

stood calm and dignified, the only woman who dared venture out.

Then around the curve by the post-office came a galloping tawny brute, scattering the dust in clouds as he ran. The watchers on the church steps, terrified by the sight, burst inside the church, leaving Mrs. Noah alone to confront the situation. She grasped the handle of her parasol tighter, and waited with supreme confidence till the last possible moment. The lion had now settled into a stealthy trot, and seemed about to pass the building without molesting its occupants, when Mrs. Noah, who had been gazing intently at him, took a step forward.

"It is Joshua, as I live!" she exclaimed; "there's that selfsame scar on his cheek, I declare!"

At the sound of her voice the lion stopped immediately and stood, lashing his tail. Then his heavy muzzle was raised, his fangless jaws opened, and he emitted a mournful roar. Mrs. Figtry stood her ground.

"Joshua, Joshua," she called to him, as one calls to a stray poodle; "don't you know me, Joshua?" and she started down the steps.

From the windows and through a hazardous slit of half-opened door the astonished members of the congregation stared upon a marvel. They saw her boldly approach the beast and lay her hand calmly upon his head. They saw his bloodthirsty rage wilt into docility as Joshua recognized his former benefactor. One by one the church-goers crept out upon the steps to witness this unwonted scene, the men first, the women following, timid but curious, ready at a moment's notice to bolt back into their refuge.

"You needn't be a bit scared," Mrs. Noah was saying. "I'll tend to this lion," grabbing him by the ear and swinging him round. "He's all heat up, anyhow. Deacon Skinner, can't you let me take your overcoat to wrap him up with? This southwest wind isn't like what he's used to in the tropics of Sahara, and I'm afraid he'll catch cold, perspiring so."

She took the overcoat that was hesitatingly offered her, spread it carefully

on Joshua's back, pinning the sleeves around his neck. Then she sat herself upon his hind quarters as he lay in the middle of the road, and proceeded to give further orders.

"Now, Deacon Skinner, I want you should bring your buggy round here. I've got to take this lion home. It wouldn't do for him to stay here, and if he walks I'm afraid he'll be run into by some team. He ain't much used to travellin' afoot."

Deacon Skinner was meekly obedient, and going round to the sheds, untied his horse and led him back. But at the first sight of the lion the horse became paralyzed with terror. Nothing could induce him to move forward. The dilemma seemed unsolvable. Mrs. Figtry looked up and down the road in despair. Then the rhythmic thud of machinery was heard as an automobile touring-car came rapidly towards them.

Without a word, but with lips compressed, Mrs. Figtry stepped directly into its path. There, holding her parasol in front of her, she opened and shut it rapidly, making frantic signals to the chauffeur. He came to a stop a few feet away from her. There was no one else in the car.

"See here," she cried to him; "can't you take me and this lion back to the circus in your steam-engine? It's nothing more nor less than cruelty to animals to let him stay here, and horses are scared to death of him." She paused for his reply.

The chauffeur, with a grin, pulled off his mask of goggles. It was Steggins. "Why, how-de-do, Mis' Figtry?" he cried. "I'm proud to see you! Step right in. I never calculated to see you or Joshua again, least of all together. Come, Joshua," he commanded.

At the sound of his master's voice the old lion leaped into the automobile. Here he was pushed into a back seat. Mrs. Figtry, after seeing that the overcoat was well wrapped about the animal's shoulders, got in beside him. In another instant the car had bounded off down the road. The awestruck congregation watched its heroine well round the turn and then filed in to church.



THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF LIECHTENSTEIN OVERLOOKING VADUZ

Liechtenstein: a Sovereign State

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

A PEOPLE who tax their prince. A country, almost unknown, in the very heart of central Europe. An independent and whimsical principality, of sixty-eight square miles. It is in the eastern Alps, bordering the Upper Rhine. Hemmed in by Switzerland and Austria, and but a few miles from the German frontier, it has been independent for over two centuries, and was forgotten by Bismarck, so runs the local pleasantry, at the reorganizations following the Prussian wars with Austria and France.

The principality is Liechtenstein; and I found no trace of any American having preceded me there. The Governor personally assured me that, so far as he knew, I was the first to visit there from the United States.

Yet it is not tucked inaccessibly away. Thousands of Americans, on their way to Innsbruck, have seen from the train the towering mountains of the little state. Others, on their way to Davos-Platz, have glanced at a distant little town, at the foot of a castled rock, without suspecting that they were looking at one of the capitals of Europe.

"Ah! it is a happy land!" an old man said to me. There is no military service. There is no national debt. There is a nominal tax, only a tenth as large as that of Austria. The ruling Prince gives freely for the good of the people out of his huge private fortune. So far from deriving any revenue from his principality, he pays heavily for the pleasure of holding it. There is universal cheer-

fulness, universal content, within the boundary-posts of red and blue.

There is a customs and fiscal agreement with Austria, but it is merely an arrangement, for mutual convenience, between two independent powers. And the money thus raised from customs, some thousands of dollars annually, is spent within the principality. The insignificant tax paid by the people themselves is mainly for the purpose of keeping up the dike which holds back the Rhine from the narrow stretch of tillable land which the country possesses; for when high winter is over, and the water comes down from the mountains in innumerable streams, the Rhine is no longer a quiet river flowing in wide meanderings over its gravelled bed, but is a great and dangerous torrent.

Liechtenstein, "bright stone";—and the white-built capital, Vaduz, nestles confidingly at the foot of a great white cliff, and on the cliff stands the old white castle, and above the castle there are towering white-capped heights. Yet

the whiteness of fact and of name is but a curious coincidence, for the name of Liechtenstein originated elsewhere, and came to the principality when it first secured independence, something over two hundred years ago.

"Vallis dulcis"—from this comes the name of Vaduz; and it is in truth a sweet and smiling valley in which it lies: a narrow stretch, yet of breadth sufficient for flax and maize, for apples and pears and plums, for homely vegetables. A valley as level as a floor, yet in Switzerland on the one side, and in Liechtenstein on the other, tremendous mountains overshadowingly arise.

Like a page from a fairy-book is the story of Liechtenstein, past and present—this independent principality, whose ruler, from his castle above his capital, can see practically all of his domain in one great sweep: the solemn mountain walls, and the level stretch along the riverside, with here and there a spire, a ruined tower, or clustered homes.

The founder of the house of Liechten-



A CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE

stein is said to have been a Lombard who made his way northward from Italy in the twelfth century, and becoming rich through lending to princes and sovereigns, took pay in land by preference, and finally, securing a title, married a princess, and was thenceforth a prominent lord.

The Liechtenstein family have maintained and increased the reputation for land-getting, and the present Prince, Johann the Second, besides possessing this little country, owns immense estates in Austria, in Prussia, and in Saxony, including altogether more than two thousand square miles.

Some one has remarked on "how prudently most men creep into nameless graves," but the men of the Liechtenstein family have been of a kind to make themselves uniquely known. Ulric von Liechtenstein, the "Don Quixote of Germany," was of a branch of this house: the poet-knight who, with suits of apparel of purest white, with twelve white-clad attendants, with spears and helmets all of white, went through Italy and Germany, breaking lances with hundreds of knights for the glory of Venus, in whose name he fought.

With the branch that secured this principality the love of land rather than that of Venus seems to have held sway, for the present reigning Prince is over sixty, and has never married, and his brother Franz, the heir apparent, is also a bachelor. Under such circumstances, other relatives become of importance, and it is interesting to note that a cousin married Mary Fox, adopted daughter of the famous Lord and Lady Holland, and that another cousin married, in 1903, the Archduchess Margaretha, sister of the future Emperor of Austria.

The population of Liechtenstein, with few exceptions, are peasants, self-respecting, hard-working, and shrewd, and in the past they have been a restless folk, vigilantly looking for every opportunity to exact a new privilege.

To their Prince of three-quarters of a century ago they staidly represented that the expense connected with such illuminations and celebrations as were consequent on their having a ruler was very considerable; and he, hugely amused, agreed to pay them a certain annual con-

cession on this account. Since then the reigning Prince's birthday is a principal fête-day of the year.

A predecessor, similarly impressed by their power of thrifty logicalness, had already relieved the people of the entire expense of the civil administration.

Following the close of the war between Austria and Prussia, in which Liechtenstein allied itself with Austria, there came another gravely presented protest. The citizens were weary of the expense of a standing army; an army which, consisting of eighty men, with a captain and a trumpeter, had bravely marched toward the scene of hostilities, but too late to arrive before the war had come to its swift end.

There could be but one outcome of this new representation. When the men of Liechtenstein proposed, it was not for their prince to dispose otherwise; and since then there has been no army. As a matter of fact, the prince had about decided to disband it in any case, and was glad of so plausible an excuse.

Not only is there no army, but there has been no formal treaty of peace, Liechtenstein having been quite overlooked in the negotiations; and a few old men, oncewhile soldiers, like to say, gleefully, that Liechtenstein and Prussia are therefore still in a state of war!

When Johann the Second came to the rulership he began to build a great new palace near Vienna, and the Liechtenstein folk, fearing that he would follow the example of his immediate predecessor and divide his time among his various estates instead of spending it in his principality, anxiously laid before him the consideration that if he would but spend more of his time at Vaduz there would be marked benefit to the local business of the country.

He was not prepared to promise definitely in regard to this; and, in fact, he has visited Liechtenstein only at irregular intervals, sometimes two or three years apart; but he gave them an intimation of a scheme which he was perfecting which would be of far greater advantage to them than his frequent personal presence. His desire was to make the government a constitutional monarchy, and he soon carried his plans into effect.

There is now a written constitution.

There is a little Parliament of fifteen members. Three members are named by the Prince. Twelve are elected by the people, every man in Liechtenstein over twenty-four years of age having a vote. The little body meets once in every year and remains in session for several weeks, engaged in the very attenuation of discussion of petty things. And the Prince has succeeded in giving the people contentment and personal pride.

Above the Parliament is the Prince's personal representative, the Landesverweser or Governor, a man of standing and ability, chosen from outside the principality; and under his direction, as adjuncts in the practical administration, is an informal cabinet, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chief Justice, the State Engineer, and the Director of Forests.

And yet, with all this pomp of title, one would look in vain for extravagance or display. On the contrary, there is an air of Spartan simplicity.

Practically speaking, although constitutional formalities are rigidly observed, the government is that of an admirable paternal despotism. The Prince is really the father of his people. The Parliament would never dream of going against his will further than could be expressed by respectful protest. And, as a means of control in case of need, there is far more than the power of the veto; for the Prince having given the constitution, the Prince can take it away.

There are only a few in Liechtenstein who are more than moderately well-to-do. Most of the members of Parliament saw their own wood. There are few men servants or maid servants. There are no poor, except such as are ill or decrepit, and they are kindly cared for. Crime is reduced to a minimum. There are few offenders against the law. "But there are cells for twenty!" says the Governor. The punitive imagination of the government can go no further.

There are kindergartens and admirable advanced schools. In one, French is taught to peasant girls. The Prince, a devout Catholic, as is every one of his subjects, has built Gothic churches in the larger towns, that in Vaduz costing him a hundred thousand dollars. The roads

are kept in perfect condition. Scattered through every village are stone fountains, perpetually gushing, to which water is brought down from inexhaustible mountain springs.

As the knowledge of the manifold advantages sifted through near-by parts of other countries, men began to flock to this as to a sort of Promised Land, and largely to avoid military service. But this movement was soon checked. The total population is now about ten thousand.

A cordial-hearted people these. As in parts of the Blue Ridge, men and women alike greet you, whether in village street or mountain path. Peasants though they are, they have a love for flowers, and their windows are filled with them. Meet a peasant woman on the road and pause to admire the rare and beautiful blossoms with which her hands are filled, and she will urge them all upon you—for you are a stranger in the land!—and will dislike to accept any silver in exchange. But though all wish to please you, there is never any humbleness, never subservience. And the little kindergarten girls, scarcely more than able to walk, and quite unable to discriminate between the Prince, the curé, and the American, will shyly touch your hand or even softly kiss it.

Spring comes early in Liechtenstein. The valley is sheltered, and even in the brief winter but little snow falls below the mountain slopes. I have plucked the "starflower" (our *hepatica*) in February, and the delicate "bellflower" comes peeping through the snow like *arbutus*, tempted by the genial warmth. But with the coming of the February night a dry and bitter chill creeps down from the peaks, and you are glad of the heat from the enormous stove—a monument of tile, five feet by five in every dimension. And you wake in the night and hear the wind go plunging through the fir woods, and you curl up under the great feather bed which Liechtenstein custom places upon you, and "drink deep of the pleasures of shelter."

There is a glory in climbing these delectable mountains through the snow, following devious trails through the cold clear air, and your blood tingles with the very joy of living. Cliffs plunge downward into darkling gorges, and the



"A THOUSAND YEARS OLD AND NEVER CAPTURED"

Ancient castle beside Balzers in Liechtenstein

mist wavers there fantastically. Or, from a lofty height, you look off at the cool-shadowed valley, at the color-suffused mountains, and a cloud folds itself silently about you, and all at once you see the world as through a glass darkly.

You feel the solemn silence of the soundless winter woods;—then the stillness is for an instant broken by an almost imperceptible sound, and you catch a glimpse of some soft-scurrying beast. The fox, the stag, the roebuck, are still to be found in the Alps of Liechtenstein, and in the more inaccessible parts even the chamois and the seldom-seen white hare.

When warmer weather comes, the country assumes a tender and regal splendor. The vineyards, rich and luscious in their greenery, the orchards, sweeping up to the very houses, the box-bordered gardens, the meadows, deep with grass, the rich-massed verdure of the mountain-side, unite in a soft sumptuousness of glory.

This stretch of valley, now sparsely settled and simply built, has an ancient history, for Roman towns and camps were

here. The square tower of the white-perched Vaduz castle is believed to have been built by the Romans, and near where the village of Triesen now stands a Roman settlement was overwhelmed by a fall of rock from the tremendous overhanging cliffs. Somehow such things make one realize anew that this world is very old and gray.

But though there is a history of the Roman times and of the Middle Ages, the average Liechtensteiner interests himself but little in it, nor does he care in the least for the old in architecture. The general ambition is not only to have a new house, but to have a house of new and most modern design. There are a number of old houses here, but, with the exception of one which was anciently a little Benedictine monastery, the trail of the plaster is over them all, and it is hard to distinguish, by any outward and visible sign, the old from the new, no matter what inward and spiritual old-time grace there may be. And all this is sufficiently reasonable. These folk have never been taught to cater to the demand of the

tourist for the crumbling, the ruinous, and the leakily picturesque.

One feels a curious sensation in this principality undiscovered by Americans, untouched by the American invasion, whether of tourist or of trade; one feels as he would if, reaching the moon, he were to find himself in the full tide of twentieth-century improvement.

For in these anomalous country villages there are the telegraph and the telephone. A few of the better houses are heated by hot water. There are "gummi-schuhe." In the Governor's office there is a typewriter. There is electricity. The Vaduz streets are electric-lighted at night, and every house in the town, even the poorest, is supplied. And why not! For a single electric light costs for a year, in this country of unlimited water-power, only five crowns—less than a dollar and a quarter. There are two large "spinnereien" (spinneries), with several hundred operatives.

But there is an American invasion here, after all, though not of manufactures or business or finance—an invasion of precisely the kind to add the most unexpected touch. For there is a religious house here of an order whose head and administration are in the United States, and the local superior, a native of Liechtenstein, spent several years in America, and returned to found this branch.

Modernity has almost destroyed the peasant dress, though still there are suggestions of it in the short, full-waisted skirts, the knitted stockings, the fringed silk aprons, brightly barred, and in the soft green hats and jackets of the men. At a funeral the body is still carried through the street by the bearers, with the village population straggling deviously behind, with candles flaming faintly in the sunlight. Ox-teams are a familiar sight. As sunset approaches, the cattle, all of black-touched dun, come saunteringly along the main street, stopping at the public fountains for leisurely and thoughtful drink, and placidly shouldering aside the children who may be puffing propulsive breath at diminutive boats. Each Saturday night the house and door-yards are swept and garnished. At Sunday breakfast every Liechtensteiner eats a sweetened coffee-cake. At the close of

service the men gather in front of the church, and a wall-perched official reads notices of official action and of private sale.

Curiously sufficient unto itself is little Liechtenstein. Small though it is, its people could comfortably exist if cut off completely from the outside world. The dweller in this tiny principality has bread and cheese and milk, "honey of the mountain," "wine of Vaduz," wood for his fire, material for his clothes. "Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, whose flocks supply him with attire;" and even, continuing, "whose trees in summer yield him shade, in winter fire."

German is the tongue that is spoken here, but the people do not give the impression of having come of either Swiss or German stock. Their German is peculiarly soft, and they still retain some words of Romance origin. One is tempted to ascribe to Southern influence the masculine wearing of earrings—a curious eccentricity for such simple and manly men. A great row of Lombardy poplars, stretching in highly pictorial fashion along the Rhine, is at least an indication of Italian influence of another kind.

Bravely situated is the old castle, beetling above the town. Masses of fir and pine and beech rise beyond it, and many of the trees are of great girth and height.

An old sun-dial dominates the court, with a faded Time scything away the centuries. Thick-rooted ivy clings to the ancient walls, and dungeons and subterranean passages tell of the grimness of the deeds of the past. There are walls of enormous thickness; but once, four hundred years ago, the Swiss—hereditary foes—swarmed irresistibly over them, and after burning and destroying, carried away the baron into captivity at Lucerne. Much of the interior is still ruinous, but one sees the line of the great hall of the castle, with window-seats from which high-born ladies looked off over plain and rock and river. And in one of the arched window-embrasures, from which the floor has long since fallen away, are centuries-old frescos, in charming Renaissance designs, bringing back the bright and happy side of that ancient life.

A sweet and noble view from this old pile, for the crenelated heights across the

valley are superb, and the silver-flashing Rhine lies fair and peaceful;—a noble view, of peaks sun-smitten or dimmed by cloud or mist, of rich-hued distances, of ancient castles niched in allurements or standing upon austere cliffs, of houses and orchards, of cattle and of smiling fields.

There is a charming enclosed old garden on the very edge of the cliff, where rosemary and box once grew, and glorious roses, yellow and red and white, and where stately ladies, silk-clad, stately walked. Not open to sight or to attack, that garden, for at either end stood a little tower, round and domed, where guards stood watch. Walled about and curtailed was the life of the fine ladies of those bygone days, even as this garden was walled, and they must often have envied the freedom of the village maids whom they could watch, at work or at play, in the plain below.

An old bell still hangs in a tower, overlooking the perpendicular cliff, and one cannot but think of how it clangored its alarm when men-at-arms were seen ap-

proaching along the river or when the warlike Swiss descended from their defiles.

There are some half-dozen castled ruins within the confines of Liechtenstein, and some half-dozen other ruined piles frown back from the Swiss side of the river—ghosts of the passions of the past. One, on the Liechtenstein side, looms above the village of Balzers, and bears in the neighborhood the fame of never having been captured, although it has stood for a thousand years. It stands on the summit of a rocky mass, rising steeply on every side out of the level land. Never was a grimmer or dourer pile; for so narrowly did it escape capture in 1499, when the Swiss scarred it with a lumbering piece of artillery, that the baron built up all the windows and openings, reducing them to the narrowest of slits.

The "Watch on the Rhine" in the centuries past meant something very different from the present usage of the phrase. For every merchant with laden pack-horses, every owner of a cargo going toward the Lake of Constance and thence toward the cities of Germany, was likely



THE SOUTHERN END OF LIECHTENSTEIN



COIN, POSTAGE-STAMP, AND ARMS OF THE PRINCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN

to have to pay toll to one or another, or to many, of the castle barons, predecessors of the customs-gatherers of to-day, and one is moved to admiration for the business sense of those hard-headed men, who went about their affairs in pot-hats of steel, and jackets and trousers of iron, and with swords in their hands instead of umbrellas. For they refrained from taking, as a rule, more than should serve as a stimulating reminder, and so managed the affair as to seem to be giving protection, for a small proportional fee, instead of taking too much and thus putting an end to traffic and to the appearance of the golden eggs. It need not be minced that living upon their neighbors was the general law of life in those olden times.

Shrines are placed at frequent intervals throughout the villages and along the roads; and on a cliff not far from Vaduz castle is a black and weather-beaten cross, bearing a simple little inscription, begging the passer-by to pause for a moment to offer a prayer for a "jungling"—a young man—who long since fell there and was killed. Well, thus his name is kept in lengthening remembrance, and with him has been satisfied that desire, felt by everybody, to be kept in mind, long and honorably, after death; for he fell suddenly into a degree of remembrance toward which most men climb in vain.

Although Vaduz is one of the capitals of Europe, there is little of life on the streets after the coming of nightfall. Here and there a dog barks. Here and there a man goes hurrying homeward.

Here and there shine lights from cottage windows. The street lights of electricity seem only a whimsical jest.

It is Lilliput ruled by its Gulliver. And although, on account of the fiscal arrangement, Austrian coins and stamps are generally used, the Prince's personal pride in his possession has led him to have his own stamps and coins as well, bearing his name and face and title.

And there is another touch to add to the unreality of it all. Coming to Vaduz only at infrequent intervals, and busied as he is at his private estates or at Vienna—for, besides being Sovereign Prince of Liechtenstein, he bears an Austrian title by virtue of which he is a member of the Austrian House of Lords,—he can at any time call up his principality by long-distance telephone! Never was such a principality, even in the most capricious imagination.

And that one-time army! Following the war with Prussia, the unscarred veterans were not permitted to bear their arms and uniforms home, to be handed down in glory to their descendants. The trappings and equipment were taken up by the government, and are in a lofty room of the Vaduz castle, adjoining the Roman tower—mementos of the slightest military power in juxtaposition to a ruin of the greatest. There hangs the banner of Liechtenstein, in its colors of red and blue. There, stiffly arranged in rows, are the eighty helmets of leather, brass-embossed. There are the eighty muskets. There are the sword of the captain and the trumpeter's brass horn.

The Wizard's Touch

BY ALICE BROWN

JEROME WILMER sat in the garden, painting in a background, with the carelessness of ease. He seemed to be dabbing little touches at the canvas, as a spontaneous kind of fun not likely to result in anything serious, save, perhaps, the necessity of scrubbing them off afterwards, like a too adventurous child. Mary Brinsley, in her lilac print, stood a few paces away, the sun on her hair, and watched him.

"Paris is very becoming to you," she said at last.

"What do you mean?" asked Wilmer, glancing up, and then beginning to consider her so particularly that she stepped aside, her brows knitted, with an admonishing,

"Look out! you'll get me into the landscape."

"You're always in the landscape. What do you mean about Paris?"

"You look so—so travelled, so equal to any place, and Paris in particular because it's the finest."

Other people also had said that, in their various ways. He had the distinction set by nature upon a muscular body and a rather small head, well poised. His hair, now turning gray, grew delightfully about the temples, and though it was brushed back in the style of a man who never looks at himself twice when once will do, it had a way of seeming entirely right. His brows were firm, his mouth determined, and the close pointed beard brought his face to a delicate finish. Even his clothes, of the kind that never look new, had fallen into lines of easy use.

"You needn't gey me," he said, and went on painting. But he flashed his sudden smile at her. "Isn't New England becoming to me, too?"

"Yes, for the summer. It's overpowered. In the winter Aunt Celia calls you 'Jerry Wilmer.' She's quite topping then. But the minute you appear with European labels on your trunks and that

air of speaking foreign lingo, she gives out completely. Every time she sees your name in the paper she forgets you went to school at the Academy and built the fires. She calls you 'our boarder' then, for as much as a week and a half."

"Quit it, Mary," said he, smiling at her again.

"Well," said Mary, yet without turning, "I must go and weed a while."

"No," put in Wilmer, innocently; "he won't be over yet. He had a big mail. I brought it to him."

Mary blushed, and made as if to go. She was a woman of thirty-five, well poised, and sweet through wholesomeness. Her face had been cut on a regular pattern, and then some natural influence had touched it up beguilingly with contradictions. She swung back, after her one tentative step, and sobered.

"How do you think he is looking?" she asked.

"Prime."

"Not so—"

"Not so morbid as when I was here last summer," he helped her out. "Not by any means. Are you going to marry him, Mary?" The question had only a civil emphasis, but a warmer tone informed it. Mary grew pink under the morning light, and Jerome went on: "Yes, I have a perfect right to talk about it. I don't travel three thousand miles every summer to ask you to marry me without earning some claim to frankness. I mentioned that to Marshby himself. We met at the station, you remember, the day I came. We walked down together. He spoke about my sketching, and I told him I had come on my annual pilgrimage, to ask Mary Brinsley to marry me."

"Jerome!"

"Yes, I did. This is my tenth pilgrimage. Mary, will you marry me?"

"No," said Mary, softly, but as if she liked him very much. "No, Jerome."

Wilmer squeezed a tube on his palette and regarded the color frowningly. "Might as well, Mary," said he. "You'd have an awfully good time in Paris."

She was perfectly still, watching him, and he went on:

"Now you're thinking if Marshby gets the consulate you'll be across the water anyway, and you could run down to Paris and see the sights. But it wouldn't be the same thing. It's Marshby you like, but you'd have a better time with me."

"It's a foregone conclusion that the consulship will be offered him," said Mary. Her eyes were now on the path leading through the garden and over the wall to the neighboring house where Marshby lived.

"Then you will marry and go with him. Ah, well, that's finished. I needn't come another summer. When you are in Paris, I can show you the boulevards and cafés."

"It is more than probable he won't accept the consulship."

"Why?" He held his palette arrested in mid-air and stared at her.

"He is doubtful of himself—doubtful whether he is equal to so responsible a place."

"Bah! it's not an embassy."

"No; but he fancies he has not the address, the social gifts—in fact, he shrinks from it." Her face had taken on a soft distress; her eyes appealed to him. She seemed to be confessing, for the other man, something that might well be misunderstood. Jerome, ignoring the flag of her discomfort, went on painting, to give her room for confidence.

"Is it that old plague-spot?" he asked, with a wholesome candor. "Just what aspect does it bear to him? Why not talk freely about it?"

"It is the old remorse. He misunderstood his brother when they two were left alone in the world. He forced the boy out of evil associations when he ought to have led him. You know the rest of it. The boy was desperate. He killed himself."

"When he was drunk. Marshby wasn't responsible."

"No, not directly. But you know that kind of mind. It follows hidden causes. That's why his essays are so good. Anyway, it has crippled him. It came when he was too young, and it marked him for life. He has an inveterate self-distrust."

"Ah, well," said Wilmer, including the summer landscape in a wave of his brush, "give up the consulship. Let him give it up. It isn't as if he hadn't a roof. Settle down in his house there, you two, and let him write his essays, and you—just be happy."

She ignored her own part in the prophecy completely and finally. "It isn't the consulship as the consulship," she responded. "It is the life abroad I want for him. It would give him—well, it would give him what it has given you. His work would show it." She spoke hotly, and at once Jerome saw himself envied for his brilliant cosmopolitan life, the bounty of his success fairly coveted for the other man. It gave him a curious pang. He felt, somehow, impoverished, and drew his breath more meagrely. But the actual thought in his mind grew too big to be suppressed, and he stayed his hand to look at her.

"That's not all," he said.

"All what?"

"That's not the main reason why you want him to go. You think if he really asserted himself, really knocked down the spectre of his old distrust and stamped on it, he would be a different man. If he had once proved himself, as we say of younger chaps, he could go on proving."

"No," she declared, in nervous loyalty. She was like a bird fluttering to save her nest. "No! You are wrong. I ought not to have talked about him at all. I shouldn't to anybody else. Only, you are so kind."

"It's easy to be kind," said Jerome, gently, "when there's nothing else left us."

She stood wilfully swaying a branch of the tendrilled arbor, and, he subtly felt, so dissatisfied with herself for her temporary disloyalty that she felt alien to them both: Marshby because she had wronged him by admitting another man to this intimate knowledge of him, and the other man for being her accomplice.

"Don't be sorry," he said, softly. "You haven't been naughty."

But she had swung round to some comprehension of what he had a right to feel.

"It makes one very selfish," she said, waveringly, "to want—to want things to come out right."



"BAH! IT'S NOT AN EMBASSY"

"I know. Well, can't we make them come out right? He is sure of the consulship?"

"Practically."

"You want to be assured of his taking it."

She did not answer; but her face lighted, as if to a new appeal. Jerome followed her look along the path. Marshby himself was coming. He was no weakling. He swung along easily with the stride of a man accustomed to using his body well. He had not, perhaps, the urban air, and yet there was nothing about him which would not have responded at once to a more exacting civilization. Jerome knew his face,—knew it from their college days together and through these annual visits of his own; but now, as Marshby approached, the artist rated him not so much by the friendly as the professional eye. He saw a man who looked the scholar and the gentleman, keen though not imperious of glance. His visage, mature even for its years, had suffered more from emotion than from deeds or the assaults of fortune. Marshby had lived the life of thought, and, exaggerating action, had failed to fit himself to any form of it. Wilmer glanced at his hands, too, as they swung with his walk, and then remembered that the professional eye had already noted them and laid their lines away for some suggestive use. As he looked, Marshby stopped in his approach, caught by the singularity of a gnarled tree limb. It awoke in him a cognizance of nature's processes, and his face lighted with the pleasure of it.

"So you won't marry me?" asked Wilmer, softly, in that pause.

"Don't!" said Mary.

"Why not, when you won't tell whether you're engaged to him or not? Why not, anyway? If I were sure you'd be happier with me, I'd snatch you out of his very maw. Yes, I would. Are you sure you like him, Mary?"

The girl did not answer, for Marshby had started again. Jerome got the look in her face, and smiled a little, sadly.

"Yes," he said, "you're sure."

Mary immediately felt unable to encounter them together. She gave Marshby a good-morning, and, to his bewilderment, made some excuse about her weed-

ing and flitted past him on the path. His eyes followed her, and when they came back to Wilmer the artist nodded brightly.

"I've just asked her," he said.

"Asked her?" Marshby was about to pass him, pulling out his glasses and at the same time peering at the picture with the impatience of his near-sighted look.

"There, don't you do that!" cried Jerome, stopping, with his brush in air. "Don't you come round and stare over my shoulder. It makes me nervous as the devil. Step back there—there by that mullein. So! I've got to face my protagonist. Yes, I've been asking her to marry me."

Marshby stiffened. His head went up, his jaw tightened. He looked the jealous ire of the male.

"What do you want me to stand here for?" he asked, irritably.

"But she refused me," said Wilmer, cheerfully. "Stand still, that's a good fellow. I'm using you."

Marshby had by an effort pulled himself together. He dismissed Mary from his mind, as he wished to drive her from the other man's speech.

"I've been reading the morning paper on your exhibition," he said, bringing out the journal from his pocket. "They can't say enough about you."

"Oh, can't they! Well, the better for me. What are they pleased to discover?"

"They say you see round corners and through deal boards. Listen." He struck open the paper and read: "'A man with a hidden crime upon his soul will do well to elude this greatest of modern magicians. The man with a secret tells it the instant he sits down before Jerome Wilmer. Wilmer does not paint faces, brows, hands. He paints hopes, fears, and longings. If we could, in our turn, get to the heart of his mystery! If we could learn whether he says to himself: 'I see hate in that face, hypocrisy, greed. I will paint them. That man is not man, but cur. He shall fawn on my canvas.' Or does he paint through a kind of inspired carelessness, and as the line obeys the eye and hand, so does the emotion live in the line?'"

"Oh, gammon!" snapped Wilmer.

"Well, do you?" said Marshby, toss-

ing the paper to the little table where Mary's work-box stood.

"Do I what? Spy and then paint, or paint and find I've spied? Oh, I guess I plug along like any other decent workman. When it comes to that, how do you write your essays?"

"I! Oh!" Marshby's face clouded. "That's another pair of sleeves. Your work is colossal. I'm still on cherry-stones."

"Well," said Wilmer, with slow incisiveness, "you've accomplished one thing I'd sell my name for. You've got Mary Brinsley bound to you so fast that neither lure nor lash can stir her. I've tried it—tried Paris even, the crudest bribe there is. No good! She won't have me."

At her name, Marshby straightened again, and there was fire in his eye. Wilmer, sketching him in, seemed to gain distinct impulse from the pose, and worked the faster.

"Don't move," he ordered. "There, that's right. So, you see, you're the successful chap. I'm the failure. She won't have me." There was such feeling in his tone that Marshby's expression softened comprehendingly. He understood a pain that prompted even such a man to rash avowal.

"I don't believe we'd better speak of her," he said, in awkward kindness.

"I want to," returned Wilmer. "I want to tell you how lucky you are."

Again that shade of introspective bitterness clouded Marshby's face. "Yes," said he, involuntarily. "But how about her? Is *she* lucky?"

"Yes," replied Jerome, steadily. "She's got what she wants. She won't worship you any the less because you don't worship yourself. That's the mad way they have—women. It's an awful challenge. You've got a fight before you, if you don't refuse it."

"God!" groaned Marshby to himself, "it is a fight. I can't refuse it."

Wilmer put his question without mercy. "Do you want to?"

"I want her to be happy," said Marshby, with a simple humility afar from cowardice. "I want her to be safe. I don't see how anybody could be safe—with me."

"Well," pursued Wilmer, recklessly, "would she be safe with me?"

"I think so," said Marshby, keeping an unblemished dignity. "I have thought that for a good many years."

"But not happy?"

"No, not happy. She would— We have been together so long."

"Yes, she'd miss you. She'd die of homesickness. Well!" He sat contemplating Marshby with his professional stare; but really his mind was opened for the first time to the full reason for Mary's unchanging love. Marshby stood there so quiet, so oblivious of himself in comparison with unseen things, so much a man from head to foot, that he justified the woman's loyal passion as nothing had before. "Shall you accept the consulate?" Wilmer asked, abruptly.

Brought face to face with fact, Marshby's pose slackened. He drooped perceptibly. "Probably not," he said. "No, decidedly not."

Wilmer swore under his breath, and sat, brows bent, marvelling at the change in him. The man's infirmity of will had blighted him. He was so truly another creature that not even a woman's unreasoning championship could pull him into shape again.

Mary Brinsley came swiftly down the path, trowel in one hand and her basket of weeds in the other. Wilmer wondered if she had been glancing up from some flowery screen and read the story of that altered posture. She looked sharply anxious, like a mother whose child is threatened. Jerome shrewdly knew that Marshby's telltale attitude was no unfamiliar one.

"What have you been saying?" she asked, in laughing challenge, yet with a note of anxiety underneath.

"I'm painting him in," said Wilmer; but as she came toward him he turned the canvas dexterously. "No," said he, "no. I've got my idea from this. Tomorrow Marshby's going to sit."

That was all he would say, and Mary put it aside as one of his pleasantries made to fit the hour. But next day he set up a big canvas in the barn that served him as workroom, and summoned Marshby from his books. He came dressed exactly right, in his every-day clothes that had comfortable wrinkles in them, and easily took his pose. For all his concern over the inefficiency of his

life, as a life, he was entirely without self-consciousness in his personal habit. Jerome liked that, and began to like him better as he knew him more. A strange illuminative process went on in his mind toward the man as Mary saw him, and more and more he nursed a fretful sympathy with her desire to see Marshby tuned up to some pitch that should make him livable to himself. It seemed a cruelty of nature that any man should so scorn his own company and yet be forced to keep it through an allotted span. In that sitting Marshby was at first serious and absent-minded. Though his body was obediently there, the spirit seemed to be busy somewhere else.

"Head up!" cried Jerome at last, brutally. "Heavens, man, don't skulk!"

Marshby straightened under the blow. It hit harder, as Jerome meant it should, than any verbal rallying. It sent the man back over his own life to the first stumble in it.

"I want you to look as if you heard drums and fife," Jerome explained, with one of his quick smiles, that always wiped out former injury.

But the flush was not yet out of Marshby's face, and he answered, bitterly, "I might run."

"I don't mind your looking as if you'd like to run and knew you couldn't," said Jerome, dashing in strokes now in a happy certainty.

"Why couldn't I?" asked Marshby, still from that abiding scorn of his own ways.

"Because you can't, that's all. Partly because you get the habit of facing the music. I should like—" Wilmer had an unconsidered way of entertaining his sitters, without much expenditure to himself; he pursued a fantastic habit of talk to keep their blood moving, and did it with the eye of the mind unswervingly on his work. "If I were you, I'd do it. I'd write an essay on the muscular habit of courage. Your coward is born weak-kneed. He shouldn't spill himself all over the place trying to put on the spiritual make-up of a hero. He must simply strengthen his knees. When they'll take him anywhere he requests, without buckling, he wakes up and finds himself a field-marshal. *Voilà!*"

"It isn't bad," said Marshby, uncon-

sciously straightening. "Go ahead, Jerome. Turn us all into field-m Marshals."

"Not all," objected Wilmer, seeming to dash his brush at the canvas with the large carelessness that promised his best work. "The jobs wouldn't go round. But I don't feel the worse for it when I see the recruity stepping out, promotion in his eye."

After the sitting, Wilmer went yawning forward, and with a hand on Marshby's shoulder, took him to the door.

"Can't let you look at the thing," he said, as Marshby gave one backward glance. "That's against the code. Till it's done, no eye touches it but mine and the light of heaven."

Marshby had no curiosity. He smiled, and thereafter let the picture alone, even to the extent of interested speculation. Mary had scrupulously absented herself from that first sitting; but after it was over and Marshby had gone home, Wilmer found her in the garden, under an apple-tree, shelling pease. He lay down on the ground, at a little distance, and watched her. He noted the quick, capable turn of her wrist and the dexterous motion of the brown hands as they snapped out the pease, and he thought how eminently sweet and comfortable it would be to take this bit of his youth back to France with him, or even to give up France and grow old with her at home.

"Mary," said he, "I sha'n't paint any picture of you this summer."

Mary laughed, and brushed back a yellow lock with the back of her hand. "No," said she, "I suppose not. Aunt Celia spoke of it yesterday. She told me the reason."

"What is Aunt Celia's most excellent theory?"

"She said I'm not so likely as I used to be."

"No," said Jerome, not answering her smile in the community of mirth they always had over Aunt Celia's simple speech. He rolled over on the grass and began to make a dandelion curl. "No, that's not it. You're a good deal likelier than you used to be. You're all possibilities now. I could make a Madonna out of you, quick as a wink. No, it's because I've decided to paint Marshby instead."

Mary's hands stilled themselves, and

she looked at him anxiously. "Why are you doing that?" she asked.

"Don't you want the picture?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to you, I guess. For a wedding-present, Mary."

"You mustn't say those things," said Mary, gravely. She went on working, but her face was serious.

"It's queer, isn't it," remarked Wilmer, after a pause, "this notion you've got that Marshby's the only one that could possibly do? I began asking you first."

"Please!" said Mary. Her eyes were full of tears. That was rare for her, and Wilmer saw it meant a shaken poise. She was less certain to-day of her own fate. It made her more responsively tender toward his. He sat up and looked at her.

"No," he said. "No. I won't ask you again. I never meant to. Only I have to speak of it once in a while. We should have such a tremendously good time together."

"We have a tremendously good time now," said Mary, the smile coming while she again put up the back of her hand and brushed her eyes. "When you're good."

"When I help all the other little boys at the table, and don't look at the nice heart-shaped cake I want myself? It's frosted, and got little pink things all over the top. There! don't drop the corners of your mouth. If I were asked what kind of a world I'd like to live in, I'd say one where the corners of Mary's mouth keep quirked up all the time. Let's talk about Marshby's picture. It's going to be your Marshby."

"What do you mean?"

"Not Marshby's Marshby—yours."

"You're not going to play some dreadful joke on him?" Her eyes were blazing under knotted brows.

"Mary!" Wilmer spoke gently, and though the tone recalled her, she could not forbear at once, in her hurt pride and loyalty.

"You're not going to put him into any masquerade?—to make him anything but what he is?"

"Mary, don't you think that's a little hard on an old chum?"

"I can't help it." Her cheeks were hot,

though now it was with shame. "Yes, I am mean, jealous, envious. I see you with everything at your feet—"

"Not quite everything," said Jerome. "Not quite. I know it makes you hate me."

"No! no!" The real woman had awakened in her, and she turned to him in a whole-hearted honesty. "Only, they say you do such wizard things when you paint. I never saw any of your pictures, you know, except the ones you did of me. And they're not *me*. They're lovely—angels with women's clothes on. Aunt Celia says if I looked like that I'd carry all before me. But, you see, you've always been—partial to me."

"And you think I'm not partial to Marshby?"

"It isn't that. It's only that they say you look inside people and drag out what is there. And inside him—oh, you'd see his hatred of himself!" The tears were rolling unregarded down her face.

"This is dreadful," said Wilmer, chiefly to himself. "Dreadful."

"There!" said Mary, drearily, emptying the pods from her apron into the basket at her side. "I suppose I've done it now. I've spoiled the picture."

"No," returned Jerome, thoughtfully, "you haven't spoiled the picture. Really I began it with a very definite conception of what I was going to do. It will be done in that way or not at all."

"You're very kind," said Mary, humbly. "I didn't mean to act like this."

"No,"—he spoke out of a maze of reflection, not looking at her. "You have an idea he's under the microscope with me. It makes you nervous."

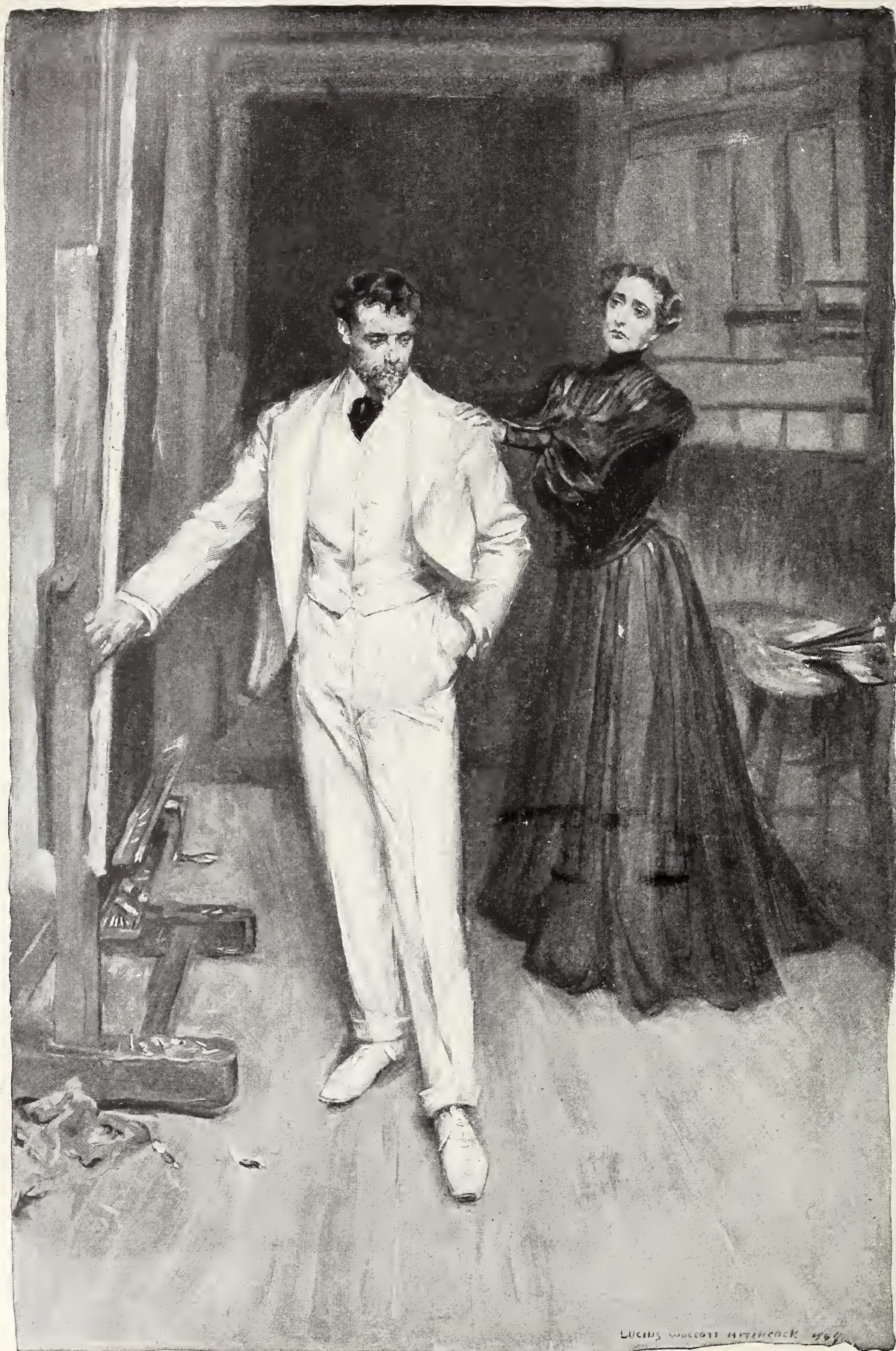
She nodded, and then caught herself up.

"There's nothing you mightn't see," she said, proudly, ignoring her previous outburst. "You or anybody else, even with a microscope."

"No, of course not. Only you'd say microscopes aren't fair. Well, perhaps they're not. And portrait-painting is a very simple matter. It's not the black art. But if I go on with this, you are to let me do it in my own way. You're not to look at it."

"Not even when you're not at work?"

"Not once, morning, noon, or night, till I invite you to. You were always a



LUCAS WILCOX HITCHCOCK 1891

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"OH!" SAID SHE, "DO YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?"

good fellow, Mary. You'll keep your word."

"No, I won't look at it," said Mary.

Thereafter she stayed away from the barn, not only when he was painting, but at other times, and Wilmer missed her. He worked very fast, and made his plans for sailing, and Aunt Celia loudly bemoaned his stinginess in cutting short the summer. One day, after breakfast, he sought out Mary again in the garden. She was snipping *Coreopsis* for the dinner table, but she did it absently, and Jerome noted the heaviness of her eyes.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, abruptly, and she was shaken out of her late constraint. She looked up at him with a piteous smile.

"Nothing much," she said. "It doesn't matter. I suppose it's fate. He has written his letter."

"Marshby?"

"You knew he got his appointment?"

"No; I saw something had him by the heels, but he's been still as a fish."

"It came three days ago. He has decided not to take it. And it will break his heart."

"It will break your heart," Wilmer opened his lips to say; but he dared not jostle her mood of unconsidered frankness.

"I suppose I expected it," she went on. "I did expect it. Yet he's been so different lately, it gave me a kind of hope."

Jerome started. "How has he been different?" he asked.

"More confident, less doubtful of himself. It's not anything he has said. It's in his speech, his walk. He even carries his head differently, as if he had a right to. Well, we talked half the night last night, and he went home to write the letter. He promised me not to mail it till he'd seen me once more; but nothing will make any difference."

"You won't beseech him?"

"No. He is a man. He must decide."

"You won't tell him what depends on it?"

"Nothing depends on it," said Mary, calmly. "Nothing except his own happiness. I shall find mine in letting him accept his life according to his own free will."

There was something majestic in her mental attitude. Wilmer felt how noble

her maturity was to be, and told himself, with a thrill of pride, that he had done well to love her.

"Marshby is coming," he said. "I want to show you both the picture."

Mary shook her head. "Not this morning," she told him, and he could see how meagre canvas and paint must seem to her after her vision of the body of life. But he took her hand.

"Come," he said, gently; "you must."

Still holding her flowers, she went with him, though her mind abode with her lost cause. Marshby halted when he saw them coming, and Jerome had time to look at him. The man held himself wilfully erect, but his face betrayed him. It was haggard, smitten. He had not only met defeat; he had accepted it. Jerome nodded to him and went on before them to the barn. The picture stood there in a favoring light. Mary caught her breath sharply, and then all three were silent. Jerome stood there forgetful of them, his eyes on his completed work, and for the moment he had in it the triumph of one who sees intention brought to fruition under perfect auspices. It meant more to him, that recognition, than any glowing moment of his youth. The scroll of his life unrolled before him, and he saw his past, as other men acclaimed it, running into the future ready for his hand to make. A great illumination touched the days to come. Brilliant in promise, they were yet barren of hope. For as surely as he had been able to set this seal on Mary's present, he saw how the thing itself would separate them. He had painted her ideal of Marshby; but whenever in the future she should nurse the man through the mental sickness bound always to delay his march, she would remember this moment with a pang, as something Jerome had dowered him with, not something he had attained unaided. Marshby faced them from the canvas, erect, undaunted, a soldier fronting the dawn, expectant of battle, yet with no dread of its event. He was not in any sense alien to himself. He dominated, not by crude force, but through the sustained inward strength of him. It was not youth Jerome had given him. There was maturity in the face. It had its lines—the lines that are the scars of battle; but somehow not one

suggested, even to the doubtful mind, a battle lost. Jerome turned from the picture to the man himself, and had his own surprise. Marshby was transfigured. He breathed humility and hope. He stirred at Wilmer's motion.

"Am I"—he glowed—"could I have looked like that?" Then in the poignancy of the moment he saw how disloyal to the moment it was even to hint at what should have been, without snapping the link now into the welding present. He straightened himself and spoke brusquely, but to Mary:

"I'll go back and write that letter. Here is the one I wrote last night."

He took it from his pocket, tore it in two, and gave it to her. Then he turned away and walked with the soldier's step

home through the garden. Jerome could not look at her. He began moving back the picture.

"There!" he said, "it's finished. Better make up your mind where you'll have it put. I shall be picking up my traps this morning."

Then Mary gave him his other surprise. Her hands were on his shoulders. Her eyes, full of the welling gratitude that is one kind of love, spoke like her lips.

"Oh!" said she, "do you think I don't know what you've done? I couldn't take it from anybody else. I couldn't let him take it. It's like standing beside him in battle; like lending him your horse, your sword. It's being a comrade. It's helping him fight. And he *will* fight. That's the glory of it!"

A Song

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

ANOTHER'S song is true.
I pause, and I hear:

Then turn, oh my singer, to you
With a rapturous fear
Of that which shall thrill in a word,
When your singing is heard.

Another's song is sweet:
It lightens the day:
In silence I kneel at your feet
And listen alway
For the love which thrills in a word
When your singing is heard.

Another's song has died;
All sound is at rest;
But forever I wait at your side
Till the heart in my breast
Shall faint at the joy of a word
When your singing is heard.

Nature's Way

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THERE is no better type or epitome of wild nature than the bird's nest—something built, and yet as if it grew, a part of the ground or of the rock or of the branch upon which it is placed; beginning so coarsely, so irregularly, and ending so finely and symmetrically; so unlike the work of hands, and yet the result of a skill beyond hands; and when it holds its complement of eggs, how pleasing, how suggestive!

The bird adapts means to an end, and yet so differently from the way of man—an end of which it does not know the value or the purpose. We know it is prompted to it by the instinct of reproduction. When the woodpecker in the fall excavates a lodge in a dry limb, we know he is prompted to it by the instinct of self-preservation, but the birds themselves obey the behests of nature without knowledge.

A bird's nest suggests design, and yet it seems almost haphazard; the result of a kind of madness, yet with method in it. The hole the woodpecker drills for its cell is to the eye a perfect circle, and the rim of most nests is as true as that of a cup. The circle and the sphere exist in nature; they are mother forms and hold all other forms. They are easily attained; they are spontaneous and inevitable. The bird models her nest about her own breast; she turns round and round in it, and its circular character results as a matter of course. Angles, right lines, measured precision, so characteristic of the works of man, are rarely met with in organic nature.

Nature reaches her ends by devious ways; she loiters, she meanders, she plays by the way; she surely "arrives," but it is always in a blind, hesitating, experimental kind of way. Follow the tunnels of the ants or the crickets, or of the moles and the weasels, underground, or the courses of the streams, or the paths of the animals, above ground—how they

turn and hesitate, how wayward and undecided they are! A right line seems out of the question.

The criole often weaves strings into her nest; sometimes she binds and overhands the part of the rim where she alights in going in, to make it stronger, but it is always done in a hit-and-miss, childish sort of way, as one would expect it to be; the strings are massed or snarled, or dangling at loose ends, or caught around branches; the weaving and the sewing are effective, and the whole nest is a marvel of blind skill, of untaught intelligence; yet how unmethodical, how delightfully irregular, how unmistakably a piece of wild nature!

Sometimes the egg of the bird gets ripe before the nest is ready, the instinct of the bird is tardy; in such a case the egg is of course lost. I once found the nest of the black and white creeping warbler in a mossy bank in the woods, beneath which was an egg of the bird. The warbler had excavated the site for her nest, dropped her egg into it, and then gone on with her building. Instinct is not always inerrant. Nature is wasteful, and plays the game with a free hand. Yet what she loses on one side she gains on the other; she is like that least bittern Mr. Frank Chapman tells about: Two of the bittern's five eggs had been punctured by the long-billed marsh-wren. When the bird returned to her nest and found the two eggs punctured, she made no outcry, showed no emotion, but deliberately proceeded to eat them. Having done this, she dropped the empty shells over the side of the nest, together with any straws that had become soiled in the process, cleaned her bill, then proceeded with her incubation. This was nature in a nutshell—or rather, egg-shell,—turning her mishaps to some good account. If the egg will not make a bird, it will make food; if not food, then fertilizer.

Among nearly all our birds, the female

is the active business member of the partnership; she has a turn for practical affairs; she chooses the site of the nest, and usually builds it unaided. The life of the male is more or less a holiday or picnic till the young are hatched, when his real cares begin, for he does his part in feeding them. One may see the male cedar-bird attending the female as she is busy with her nest-building, but never, so far as I have observed, assisting her. One spring I observed with much interest a phœbe-bird building her nest not far from my cabin in the woods. The male looked on approvingly, but did not help. He perched most of the time on a mullein stalk near the little spring run where phœbe came for mud. In the early morning hours she made her trips at intervals of a minute or two. The male flirted his tail and called encouragingly, and when she started up the hill with her load he would accompany her part way, as it were to help her over the steepest part, then return to his perch and watch and call for her return. For an hour or more I witnessed this little play in bird life, in which the female's part was so primary and the male's so secondary. There is something in such things that seems to lend support to Professor Lester F. Ward's contention, as set forth in his *Pure Sociology*, that in the natural evolution of the two sexes the female was first and the male second; that he was, in fact, made from her rib, so to speak, and not she from his.

With our phalarope and a few Australian birds, the position of the two sexes as indicated above is reversed, the females having the ornaments and bright colors and doing the courting, while the male does the incubating. In a few cases also the female is much the more masculine, noisy, and pugnacious.

With some of our common birds both sexes take part in nest-building, such as the woodpeckers, the chickadee, and the swallows. It is a very pretty sight to witness a pair of wood-thrushes building their nest. Indeed, what is there about the wood-thrush that is not pleasing? He is a kind of visible embodied melody. Some birds are so sharp and nervous and emphatic in their movements, as the common snowbird or junco, the flashing of whose white tail quills expresses the

character of the bird. But all the ways of the wood-thrush are smooth and gentle, and suggest the melody of its song. It is the only bird thief I love to see carrying off my cherries. It usually takes only those dropped upon the ground by other birds, and with the red or golden globe impaled upon its beak, its flight across the lawn is a picture I love to behold. One season a pair of them built a nest in a near-by grove; morning after morning for many mornings I used to see the two going to and from the nest over my vineyard and currant patch and pear orchard, in quest of or bringing material for the structure. They flew low, the female in the lead, the male just behind in line with her, timing his motions to hers, the two making a brown, gently undulating line, very pretty to look upon, from my neighbor's field where they obtained the material, to the tree that held the nest. A gentle, gliding flight, hurried but hushed, as it were, and expressive of privacy and loving preoccupation. The male carried no material; apparently he was simply the escort of his mate; but he had an air of keen and joyous interest. He never failed to attend her each way, keeping about a yard behind her, and flying as if her thought were his thought and her wish his wish. I have rarely seen anything so pretty in bird life. The movements of all our thrushes except the robin give one this same sense of harmony; nothing sharp or angular or abrupt. Their gestures are as pleasing as their notes.

One evening while seated upon my porch I had convincing proof that musical or song contests do take place among the birds. Two wood-thrushes who had nests near by sat on the top of a dead tree and pitted themselves against each other in song for over half an hour, contending like champions in a game, and certainly affording the rarest treat in wood-thrush melody I had ever had. They sang and sang with unwearied spirit and persistence, now and then changing position or facing another direction, but keeping within a few feet of each other. The rivalry became so obvious and was so interesting that I finally made it a point not to take my eyes from the singers. The twilight deepened till their forms began to grow

dim; then one of the birds could stand the strain no longer, the limit of fair competition had been reached, and seeming to say, "I will silence you, anyhow," made a spiteful dive at its rival, and in hot pursuit of it the two disappeared in the bushes beneath the tree.

An English writer on birds, Edmund Selous, describes a similar song contest between two male nightingales. "Jealousy," he says, "did not seem to blind them to the merit of each other's performance. Though often one, upon hearing the sweet, hostile strains, would burst forth instantly itself—and here there was no certain mark of appreciation,—yet sometimes, perhaps quite as often, it would put its head on one side and listen with exactly the appearance of a musical connoisseur, weighing, testing, and appraising each note as it issued from the rival bill. A curious, half-suppressed expression would steal, or seem to steal (for Fancy may play her part in such matters), over the listening bird, and the idea appear to be, 'How exquisite would be those strains were they not sung by —, and yet I must admit that they are exquisite.'" Fancy no doubt does play a part in such matters. It may well be doubted if birds are musical connoisseurs, or have anything like human appreciation of their own or of each other's songs. My reason for thinking so is this: I have heard a bobolink with a defective instrument so that its song was broken and inarticulate in parts, and yet it sang with as much apparent joy and abandon as any of its fellows. I have also heard a hermit-thrush with a similar defect or impediment, and yet it, too, appeared to sing entirely to its own satisfaction. It would be very interesting to know if these poor singers found mates as readily as their more gifted brothers. If they did, the Darwinian theory of "sexual selection" in such matters, according to which the finer songster would carry off the female, would fall to the ground. Yet it is certain that it is during the mating and breeding season that these "song combats" occur, and the favor of the female would seem to be the matter in dispute. Whether or not it be expressive of actual jealousy or rivalry, we have no other words to apply to it.

A good deal of light is thrown upon the

ways of nature as seen in the lives of our solitary wasps, so skilfully and charmingly depicted by George W. Peckham and his wife in their work on those insects. So whimsical, so fickle, so forgetful, so fussy, so wise and yet so foolish, as these little people are! such victims of routine and yet so individual, such apparent foresight and yet such thoughtlessness, at such great pains and labor to dig a hole and build a cell, and then at times sealing it up without storing it with food or laying the egg, half finishing hole after hole, and then abandoning them without any apparent reason; sometimes killing their spiders, at other times only paralyzing them; one species digging its burrow before it captures its game, others capturing the game and then digging the hole; some of them hanging the spider up in the fork of a weed to keep it away from the ants while it works at its nest, and running to it every few minutes to see that it is safe; others laying the insect on the ground while they dig; one species walking backward and dragging its spider after it, and when the spider is so small that it carries it in its mandible, it still walks backward as if dragging it, when it would be much more convenient to walk forward. A curious little people, leading their solitary lives and greatly differentiated by the solitude, hardly any two alike, one nervous and excitable, another calm and unhurried; one careless in her work, another neat and thorough; this one suspicious, that one confiding; *Ammophila* using a pebble to pack down the earth in her burrow, while another species uses the end of her abdomen,—verily a queer little people, with a lot of wild nature about them, and a lot of human nature, too.

I think one can see how this development of individuality among the solitary wasps comes about. May it not be because the wasps are solitary? They live alone. They have no one to imitate; they are uninfluenced by their fellows. No community interests override or check individual whims or peculiarities. The innate tendency to variation, active in all forms of life, has with them full sway. Among the social bees or wasps one would not expect to find those differences between individuals. The members of a colony all appear alike in habits and in

dispositions. Colonies differ, as every bee-keeper knows, but probably the members composing it differ very little. The community interests shape all alike. Is it not the same in a degree among men? Does not solitude bring out a man's peculiarities and differentiate him from others? The more one lives alone, the more he becomes unlike his fellows. Hence the original and racy flavor of woodsmen, pioneers, lone dwellers in nature's solitudes. Thus isolated communities develop characteristics of their own. Constant intercommunication, the friction of travel, of streets, of books, of newspapers, make us all alike; we are, as it were, all pebbles upon the same shore, washed by the same waves.

Among the larger of vertebrate animals, I think, one might reasonably expect to find more individuality among those that are solitary than among those that are gregarious; more among birds of prey than among water-fowl, more among foxes than among prairie-dogs, more among moose than among sheep or buffalo, more among grouse than among quail. But I do not know that this is true.

Yet among none of these would one expect to find the diversity of individual types that one finds among men. No two dogs of the same breed will be found to differ as two men of the same family often differ. An original fox or wolf or bear or beaver or crow or crab—that is, one not merely different from his fellows, but obviously superior to them, differing from them as a master mind differs from the ordinary mind,—I think, one need not expect to find. It is quite legitimate for the animal-story writer to make the most of the individual differences in habits and disposition among the animals; he has the same latitude any other story-writer has, but he is bound also by the same law of probability, the same need of fidelity to nature. If he proceed upon the theory that the wild creatures have as pronounced individuality as men have, that there are master minds among them, inventors and discoverers of new ways, born captains and heroes, he will surely "o'erstep the modesty of nature."

The great diversity of character and capacity among men doubtless arises

from their greater and more complex needs, relations, and aspirations. The animals' needs in comparison are few, their relations simple, and their aspirations *nil*. One cannot see what could give rise to the individual types and exceptional endowments that are often claimed for them. The law of variation, as I have said, would give rise to differences, but not to a sudden reversal of race habits, or to animal geniuses.

The law of variation is everywhere operative—less so now, no doubt, than in the earlier history of organic life on the globe. Yet nature is still experimenting in her blind way, and hits upon many curious differences and departures. But I suppose if the race of man were exterminated, man would never arise again. The law of evolution could not again produce him, nor any other species of animal.

This principle of variation was no doubt much more active back in geologic time, during the early history of animal life upon the globe, than it is in this late age. And for the reason that animal life was less adapted to its environment than it is now the struggle for life was sharper. Perfect adaptation of any form of life to the conditions surrounding it seems to check variability. Animal and plant life seems to vary more in this country than in England because the conditions of life are harder. The extremes of heat and cold, of wet and dry, are much greater. It has been found that the eggs of the English sparrow vary in form and color more in the United States than in Great Britain. Certain American shells are said to be more variable than the English. Among our own birds it has been found that the "migratory species evince a greater amount of individual variation than do non-migrating species" because they are subject to more varying conditions of food and climate. I think we may say, then, if there were no struggle for life, if uniformity of temperature and means of subsistence everywhere prevailed there would be little or no variation and no new species could arise. The causes of variation seem to be the inequality and imperfection of things; the pressure of life is unequally distributed, and this is one of nature's ways that accounts for much that we see about us.

In the Interests of Christopher

BY MAY HARRIS

MRS. MANSTEY'S big country-house was temporarily empty of the guests she had gathered for a week-end in June when the two Eversley girls reached it, Saturday at noon. Their hostess met them at the door when the carriage wheels crunched on the gravelled curve of the drive before the house—a charming gray-haired woman of sixty, with a youthful face and a delicate girlish color.

"I've sent everybody away to explore—to ravage the country," she gayly explained the emptiness of the large hall, where the grouped chairs seemed recently vacated and pleasantly suggestive of suspended tête-à-tête. "I've had Rose before," Mrs. Manstey pursued, taking them up the stairs to their rooms, "but not *you*!" She gave Edith's shoulder an affectionate little pat. She thought the younger girl extremely beautiful—which she was, with a vivid, piquant face and charming eyes.

"I've had my day," Rose Eversley acknowledged, with her usual air of jesting gravity, that, almost ironic, made one always a little unsure of her. "Dear Mrs. Manstey, you perfectly see—don't you?—that Edith is papa's image, and—"

"And he was my old sweetheart!" Mrs. Manstey completed, with humorous appreciation of her own repetition of an old story.

"Was he, really?" Edith wondered. "Mamma says you were *her* friend."

Mrs. Manstey laughed. "Couldn't I have been—both?" she gayly put it. "Friends are better than sweethearts—they last longer. Though of course you won't agree, at your age, to such heresy."

"Sweethearts?" the girl pondered as she lifted her hands to take off her hat. "I—don't know. It's such a pretty word, but it doesn't mean much these days—there aren't any!" She shrugged her shoulders with a petulant pessimism her youth made amusing. "Papa was the

last of the kind—he's a *love*!—and you let mamma have him!"

"I didn't 'let.' " Mrs. Manstey enjoyed it. "When he met your mother he forgot all about me. Think of it! I haven't seen either him or your mother in years, years, years!"

"*My* years!" Edith said. "I was a baby, mamma says, when she saw you last."

"So you were."

A servant knocked, with a note for Mrs. Manstey. As she took it and turned to leave the room, her smile, caressingly including Rose, went past her and lingered a thought longer—as people's smiles had a way of doing—with Edith.

"I know you're tired," she added to her smile. "Five hours of train—Get into something cool and rest. Luncheon isn't until two."

She disappeared, and Rose looked at her sister, who, with her hat in her hand, was going into her room.

"Well—?" Rose lifted her voice in its faint drawl of interrogation.

Edith looked at her absently. "I don't know," she said, drawing her straight brows into a puzzled frown. "I'm as far away as ever—I'm so perplexed."

"Well—you'll *have* to decide, you know."

Edith shook her head impatiently and went into her room, closing the door. She hurried out of her dusty travelling things into cool freshness, and, settled in the most comfortable chair, gave herself up to an apparently endless fit of musing. She was so physically content that her mind refused to respond with any vigorous effort; to think at all was a crumpled rose-leaf.

From the lower hall the clock chimed one with musical vibrations. Edith leaned forward with her chin on her hand, driving her thoughts into a definite path. The curtains stirred in a breeze

from the out-of-doors whose domain swept with country greenness and adventitious care away from the window under the high brilliance of the sun.

Close to the window a writing-table, with blotter, pens, and ink, made a focal-point for her gaze. At first a mere detail in her line of vision, it attained by degrees, it seemed, a definite relevancy to her train of thought. She looked in her portmanteau for her desk, and getting out some note-paper, went to the table and began to write a letter.

What she had to say seemed difficult to decide. She wrote a line, stared out of the window with fixity, and then wrote again—a flurry of quick, decisive strokes as if at determinate pressure. But a sigh struck across her mood, and almost against her will the puzzled crinkle returned to her brow. The curtain blew against her face, disarranging her hair, and as she lifted her hand to put back a straggling lock, the wind tossed the sheet of the letter she was writing out of the window. Her eyes, as she sprang up, followed its flight, but it whirled around the corner of the house and was lost to her desperate gaze.

Négligé, even of the most becoming description, was not to be thought of in pursuing the loss, for the silence of the house had stirred to the sound of gay voices, the movement of feet.

Rose, also in *négligé*, opened the door between them and found her madly tearing off her pale-blue kimono. "What's the matter?" She paused, staring.

"Heavens! My shoes—please!—there by the table." She kicked off her ridiculous blue slippers and pulled on the small colonials her sister in open wonder handed her. "If you had only been dressed," she almost wailed, "you might have been able to get it."

"Get what?"

"My letter!" Tragic, in spite of a mouthful of pins—which is a woman's undoubted preference, no matter how many befrilled pincushions entreat a division of spoils,—she turned her face with its import of sudden things to her sister in explanation. "I was writing a letter and it blew out of the window!"

"Well, if it did—"

"But, don't you see?—I was writing to *Christopher*! I had been thinking and

thinking, and at last I screwed up my courage to answer his letter. I had all but signed my name!"

Rose Eversley began to laugh helplessly; heartlessly, her sister thought.

"If you hadn't signed it—" she at last comforted her sister's indignant face that was reflected from the mirror, where she stood as she fastened the white stock at her throat and snapped the clasp of her belt.

"Signed it!" She was almost in tears. "What difference will that make when I claim the letter? I *must* find it! But of course some one who knows me will be sure to find it. And *that* letter, of all letters!"

"If I were you, Edith," Rose advised, calmly, "I shouldn't—"

"Well?"—with her hand on the door-knob.

"—try to find it. It will be impossible to trace it to you, in that case."

"But *don't* you see— Oh, I must get it!"

"Wait!" Rose caught and pulled her back. "How *could* they know? You'll get in much deeper. What had you written?"

"I said, 'Dear Christopher'—"

Rose laughed. "I'm glad you didn't say 'Dear Mr. Brander.' In that case you'd have given *him* away. But 'Christopher' is such an unusual name, they might— Sherlock Holmes could trace him by it alone."

"You *are* a Job's comforter—a perfect Eliphaz the Temanite! Oh, oh!" Her soft crescendo was again tragic.

"In effect you said: 'Dear Christopher, as you have so often entreated, I have at last decided to be thine. The tinkle of thy shekels, now that I am so nearly shekelless myself, has done its fatal worst. I am thine—'"

"Oh, let me go!" Edith cried, in a fury close to tears. "You haven't any feeling. You are not going to sacrifice *yourself*!"

"To a good-looking young man who loves me exceedingly, and to something over a million? No, I am not!" Rose said, dryly.

"Oh, it's dreadful! Perfectly!" Edith cried, and on her indecision Rose hung another bit of wisdom:

"Why don't you go down in a leisure-



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

HER EYES FOLLOWED ITS FLIGHT

ly way and investigate? You know the direction it blew away; follow it. If you meet any one, be admiring the scenery!"

Again Edith's look deserved the foot-lights, but Rose shrugged her shoulders and withdrew her detaining hand. Edith caught up her parasol and ran down the stairs. The big hall was empty. From a room on the right came a click of billiard-balls.

"Perhaps they are all in the house!" she thought, and drew a small breath of relief.

On the door-step she paused, with her parasol open, and considered. The house faced the west; her room was to the south, and the letter had disappeared to the east. She chose her line of advance carefully careless.

The lawn on the eastern side of the house sloped to an artificial pond, and near it a vine-covered summer-house made a dim retreat from the June sun. Look as she would, though, no faintest glimpse of white paper rewarded her gaze.

She strolled on—daunted, but still persistent, with the wind blowing her hair out of order—to the door of the summer-house. Within it a young man was standing, reading her letter. He looked up and took off his hat hastily, crumpling the letter in his hand. She saw he was quite ugly, with determined-looking eyes, and the redemption of a pleasant mouth.

She hesitated, the words "That is my letter!" absolutely frozen on her lips. He had been reading it! It seemed impossible for her to claim it, and so for a moment's silence she stood, with the green vines of the doorway—

Half light, half shade—

framing herself and her white umbrella.

"You are looking for a cool spot?"—he deprecatingly took the initiative. "This is a good choice. There's a wind—"

"Horrid!" she interrupted, so vehemently that she caught his involuntary surprise. "I don't like the wind," she added.

"'It's an ill wind,' you know," he quoted, "'that doesn't blow some one good.'"

"I assure you *this* is an ill wind! It has blown me all of the ill it could."

"Do come out of it," he begged. "The vines keep it off. It's a half-hour until luncheon," he added, "unless they've changed since I was here last." He put up his watch. "We're fellow guests. You came this morning, didn't you?—while we were out. I came last night."

She seated herself provisionally on the little bench by the door, and dug the point of her umbrella into the ground. Her mind was busy. He still held the letter. She had had a forlorn hope that he would throw down the sheet; but he did not. Was there any strategy, she wondered. But none suggested itself; and indeed, as if divining her thought, he put the crumpled sheet in his pocket. Her eyes followed despairingly the "Dear Christopher," in her clear and, she felt, unfortunately individual writing, as it disappeared in his capacious blue serge pocket.

Different ideas wildly presented themselves, but none would do. Could she ask him to climb a tree? Of course in that case he would have to take off his coat and put it down, and give her the opportunity to recover the horrible letter from his pocket. But one cannot ask a stranger to climb a tree simply to exhibit his acrobatic powers. And trees!—there were none save saplings in a radius of fifty yards! Could she tumble in the pond? It would be even less desirable, and he would simply wade in and pull her out, with no need to remove his coat.

"Mrs. Manstey," he was saying, a little tentatively, upholding the burden of conversation, "sent some of us out riding this morning, and Ralph Manstey raced us home by a short cut cross country. That is, he took the short cut. We gave it the cut direct and looked for gaps."

"If I had been out, I'd have taken every fence," she said, boastfully, and then laughed. He laughed too.

"If I—if you were my sister, I shouldn't let you follow Ralph Manstey on horseback. He's utterly reckless."

"So am I," she came in, with spirit. "At home I ride anything and jump everything."

"Well, you shouldn't if you were my sister," he repeated, decisively.

"I'm sorry for your sister," she declared.

"Well, you see, I haven't one," he said,



A YOUNG MAN WAS READING HER LETTER

gayly, and smiled down at her lifted face. Remembering the letter, she corrected her expression to colder lines.

"There's no one to introduce us,"—he broke the pause. "Mayn't I—" He colored and put his hand into his pocket, and taking out her letter, folded the blank sheet out and produced a pencil. "It's hard to call one's own name," he continued. "Suppose we write our names?"

As he was clumsy in finesse, she understood his idea, and her eyes flashed. But she said nothing as he scribbled and handed the paper to her. She read, "C. K. Farrington," and played with the pencil.

"Mr. Farrington,"—she said it over meditatively. "How plainly you write! My name's Edith Eversley," she added, tranquilly, and, because she must, perforce, returned the sheet to him. She had a wicked delight in the defeat of his strategy which she could cleverly conceal.

"I wish," he deprecated, gently, but with persistence, "that you would write your name here—won't you, as a souvenir?"

But she shook her head and rose—angry, which she hid, but also amused at his pertinacity.

"I can't write decently with a pencil," she said, carelessly, and her eyes followed his hand putting the letter back into his pocket. That she should have actually had the letter in her hand, and had to give it back! But no quick-witted pretext had occurred to help her. Rose would think her stupid—utterly lacking in expedients.

She left the summer-house, unfurling her umbrella, and Farrington followed instantly, his failure apparently forgotten.

They passed the tennis-court on their way to the house, and—

"Do you play?" he asked.

"A little." Her intonation mocked the formula.

"Might we, then, this afternoon—" he hazarded.

She gave him a side glance. "If you don't mind losing," she suggested.

"But I play to win," he modestly met it, and again they laughed.

Rose Eversley looked with curiosity at her sister when she entered the dining-

room for luncheon, followed by Farrington, but Edith's face was non-committal. She was bright and vivacious, and made herself very pleasant to Farrington, who sat by her. After luncheon they went to the tennis-court together.

"A delightful young man," Mrs. St. Cleve commented, putting up her lorgnette as she stood at the window with Rose, watching their disappearing figures, "but so far as money is concerned, a hopeless detrimental. Don't let your pretty sister get interested in him. He hasn't a cent except what he makes—he's an architect."

"Edith is to be depended upon," Rose said, enigmatically. She was five years older than her sister, and had drawn the inference of her own plainness, comparatively, ever since Edith had put on long dresses.

"Have you written to Christopher?" she asked, that night, invading Edith's room with her hair-brushes.

"No, I haven't," Edith said, thoughtfully. "I tried just now. It seems—I don't know how, exactly, but I just *can't* write it over again! If I had the letter I wrote this morning, I suppose I would send it; but to write it all over again—it's too horrible!"

"'Horrible'!" Rose repeated. "Very few people would think it that! He's rich, thoroughly good, and devoted to you."

"You put the least last," Edith said, slowly, "and you're right. I'm not sure Christopher is so devoted to me, after all. He may only fancy that I like him, and from his high estate—"

"Nonsense!" Rose said, warmly. "He isn't, as you know, that sort of a man. I've known him for years—" She paused.

Edith said nothing; she brushed her hair with careful slowness.

"He is so sincere—so straightforward," Rose went on, in an impersonal tone; "and as papa has had so much ill luck and our circumstances have changed—they *are* changed, you know, though we are still able to keep up a certain appearance—he has been unchanged. You ought to consider—"

"You consider Christopher's interests altogether," Edith said. "I've some, too."

"Oh no! You needn't think of them with Christopher," Rose said, seriously.

"That's just it! He would so completely look after *yours*! It's *his*, in this regard, that need consideration."

"Well—I'll consider Christopher's interests," Edith said, quietly.

She remembered perfectly the letter she had written—which was in an ugly young man's pocket! It had been:

"DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—Do you think you really want me? If you are very sure, I am willing. I don't care for anybody else, so perhaps I can learn to care for you.

"The only thing is, you will spoil me, and they've done that at home already! and Rose says I need a strong hand! So in your interests—" and then it had blown away!

When Rose, after some desultory talk, went back to her room, Edith wrote another letter:

"DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—I know you have made a mistake. I don't care for you—to marry you—a bit, but I like you, oh, a quantity! We have always been such friends, and we always will be, won't we? but not *that* way.

"Some day you will be very happy with some one else who will suit you better. Then you will know how right I am.

With kindest wishes,

EDITH EVERSLEY."

She took this letter down the next morning to put in the bag, but the postman had come and gone. As she stood in the hall holding the letter, Farringdon came up.

"Good morning," he said. "You've missed the postman? I will be very happy to post it for you on my way to church."

"Thank you. But if it's on the way to church, I'm going myself, so I needn't trouble you."

Farringdon merely bowed, without saying anything banal about the absence of trouble. She was demurely conscious beneath his courtesy of the effort he was making to see her handwriting, and she wondered if he thought her refusal rude and a confirmation of his suspicion, or simply casual.

Whatever he thought, it did not prevent his being on the steps as she came out

a few hours later in the freshness of white muslin, with her umbrella, prayer-book, and an unobtrusive white envelope in her hands.

They were going together down the drive—under his umbrella—before she quite grasped the situation.

"We seem to be the only ones," she hazarded.

"We are," he nodded.

"Mrs. Manstey has a headache," Edith said, "but the others—"

"The sun is too hot!"—he smiled.

"But you—I shouldn't have thought—" She paused, a little embarrassed.

"Yes?" he helped her. "That I was one of those who go to church, you mean?"

"Oh no!" she protested; but it was what she had meant.

"You are right," he said, without heeding the protest, and his ugly but compellingly attractive face was turned to hers. "I'm not in the least a scoffer, though; pray believe that. It's just that I—" he hesitated. "Do you remember a little verse:

'Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Sometimes I hover,
And at the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.'

Her face flushed. "But," she reverted, with naïveté, "you said you were going to church—"

"But because I knew you were one of the women who would be sure to go!" he said, positively.

She rebelled. "I don't look devotional at all!"

"But your eyes do," he declared. "They're suggestive of cathedrals and beautiful dimness, and a voice going up and up, like the 'Lark' song of Schubert's, don't you know!"

"No, I *don't*!" she said, wilfully; but she was conscious of his eyes on her face, and angry that her cheeks flushed beneath them.

They both were silent for a little, and when they left Mrs. Manstey's grounds for the uneven country road, that became shortly, by courtesy, the village street, they had a view of the little church with its tiny tower.



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"YOU HAVE BEEN WRITING TO 'CHRISTOPHER,'" HE SAID, QUIETLY

"The post-office," Farrington explained, "is at the other end of the street. Service is beginning, I dare say. Shall we wait until it is over, or post the letter now?"

"No; after service," she agreed, and inopportunely the letter slipped from her hand and fell, with the address down, on the grass. She stooped hurriedly, but he was before her, and picking it up, returned it scrupulously, with the right side down, as it had fallen. She slipped it quickly, almost guiltily, into her prayer-book.

The church was small, the congregation smaller, and the clergyman a little weary of the empty benches. But the two faces in the Manstey pew were so bright, so vivid with the vigor of youth, that his jaded mind freshened to meet the interest of new hearers.

But neither Edith nor Farrington listened attentively to the sermon, for their minds were busy with other things. He was thinking of the girl beside him, whose hymnal he was sharing, and whose voice, very sweet and clear, if of no great compass, blended with his own fine tenor. Her thoughts could not stray far from the letter and—from other things!

The benediction sent them from the cool dimness into the sunlight, and she looked down the street toward the post-office.

"It's quite at the other end of the street," Farrington said, opening his umbrella and tentatively discouraging the effort. "By the way, your letter won't leave, I remember, until the seven-o'clock train. The Brathwaites are leaving by that train; you can send your letter down then."

She found herself accepting this proposition, for the blaze of the sun on the length of the dusty street was deterring. They walked back almost in silence the way they had come; but with his hand on Mrs. Manstey's gate and the house less than two hundred yards away, Farrington paused.

"You have been writing to 'Christopher,'" he said, quietly. "I don't want you to send the letter." He was quite pale, but she did not notice it or the

tensity of his face; his audacity made her for the moment dumb.

"You don't want me to—!" She positively gasped. "I never heard of such—"

"Impertinence," he supplied, gravely. "It looks that way, I know, but it isn't. I can't stand on conventions—I've too much at stake. I don't mean to lose *you*—as you lost your letter!"

She thought she was furious. "You knew it was my letter!" she accused.

They had paused just within the gate, in the shade of a great mulberry-tree that stood sentinel.

"Forgive me," he said. "Not at first—but I guessed it. My name," he added, "is Christopher, too."

He took a crumpled sheet, that had been smoothed and folded carefully, from his pocket. "Do you remember what you wrote?" he asked, in a low voice.

Her face was crimson.

"It blew to me. Such things don't happen every day." He had taken off his hat, and, bareheaded, he bent and looked questioningly into her eyes. "My name is Christopher," he repeated. "I can't—it isn't possible—that I can let another Christopher have that letter."

Her eyes fell before his.

"I"—he paused—"I play tennis very well, you said. I play to win! What I give to the interest of a game—"

"Is nothing to what you give to the interests of Christopher!"

As she mockingly spoke, Farrington caught a glimpse of one or two people strolling down from the house. "That letter," he hastily said,—"*you* can't take it from me! Do you remember that wind? It blew *you* to me! Dearest, *darling*, don't be angry. You *can't* take yourself away."

A little smile touched her lips—mutinous, but tremulous, too, and something in her look made his heart beat fast.

"I didn't— The last letter wasn't like the first," she said, incoherently, but it seemed he understood.

"I knew you were *you* as soon as I saw you," he said, idiotically.

"And," she murmured, as they walked perforce to meet the people coming toward them down the drive, "after all, you *were* Christopher!"

A Breton Shrine

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

FROM Lannion I went on to Ploumanac'h in a very old landau drawn by a very old white horse. Both had seen all of their better days and were come to their worst. The old horse nibbled into the seven miles which lay before him with a slow patience that had in it a touch of pathos—the more marked because on the previous evening his fond owner (being at the time somewhat the better for liquor) had said to me with an utterly unjustifiable enthusiasm: “Monsieur, he is a brave beast. He will make the journey in a single bound!” As for the landau, age had so withered it that a gentle jerk—let alone the promised bounding—would have strewn its fragments over the rocky road. Even at the rate of our going—a snail would have disdained to keep company with us—I had my turns of nervous dread as we bumped up the long hillsides, with all the loose bolts making jangling protests and with minor moans of protest coming from the worn old springs. So lingeringly moved the wheels of my chariot that I had the feeling of being involved in a softly timeless dream.

Now and then, when the old horse fairly stopped short and settled himself comfortably for a breathing-spell, my driver half turned in his seat to see how I was taking it all; and with an anxious look which implied that he expected from me something in the way of recriminative remonstrance. Had we been better acquainted he would have spared himself his anxieties. Haste is a quantity that has no place in my composition. I am for making the little tour of Life slowly and easily; and for stopping—so far as stopping is possible—to see matters of interest by the way. Others are free—they themselves are the losers by it—to bustle along the short course, and off into its infinite ending, with little of what they have scurried past packed away in their memories. But for my part, I

want to look well about me when I happen upon places which suit my fancy, and to pause for a dish of talk with every chance-met wayfarer: and so come to the resting-place at the end of my journey with something laid by to think about through the long Eternity afternoons. Wherefore I was content—I had no appointment with the Saint whom I was about to visit, and it was a day of days in Saint Martin's summer, and the broken country through which I was passing was altogether beautiful—that the old white horse, suiting himself in the matter, should dawdle onward in his own lumbering way.

Drowsily the miles fell away behind us in the brightness of Saint Martin's sunshine. On its level stretches the road was sunk deep below the surface of the bordering fields—a sure sign that it was a very old road—between dense hedges. At every cross-way stood a weather-worn and lichen-grown stone crucifix. Well-to-do roomy farmhouses and comfortable-looking cottages rose on the horizon ahead and slowly drifted down upon us, and slowly fell away astern—cleaner and wholesomer than buildings of a like class over in Normandy, but holding to the Norman custom of having dooryards filled with stable mire. Little shops for the sale of strong cider and of strong drink in general were almost as numerous as were the roadside crucifixes. The old horse, from force of habit no doubt, was for stopping at every one of them; and my driver cast wistful looks at them, and let me know by the expression of his back that he mourned over the hardness of my heart. They are grand drinkers, the Bretons. Only through force of adverse circumstances are their gullets ever dry. It was a week-day and wayfarers were few. My most pleasing encounter was with a nice old woman, nicely dressed, who came clacking along in a pair of shabby sabots, carrying carefully a pair of well-blackened



IN THE CHURCH PORCH

sabots and a basket in which no doubt was her best cap. I decided—she had a gayly grandmotherly look about her—that she was going to the christening of her first grandchild. As she passed me she was as smiling as an Easter-morning sun.

At the end of an hour or so we began the ascent of a very long hill: up which the road went wearily to a church-crowned crest that cut sharp against the seaward sky. A dozen times the old horse stopped, wagging his old head slowly from side to side with an air of gloomy discouragement. The brave beast's negotiation of the ascent was so strikingly at odds with the bounding disposition ascribed to him that his melancholy humor communicated itself to his driver—in the droop of whose shoulders was such utter dejection that in sheer pity for him I asked questions about the church on the hilltop in order to make talk. My well-meant diversion sensibly relieved the strain of a tense situation. Ordinarily, at least when sober, the driver was a man of taciturn habit; but he clutched at the straw that I threw him and answered my questions volubly—his shoulders the while rising to an angle of temperate cheerfulness—with a perceptible note of gratitude in his tones.

It was the church of Notre Dame de la Clarté, of Our Lady of Light, he said; a very famous church; a very beautiful church, though old and broken. Pilgrims came to it from all the world, especially those who were afflicted with maladies of the eyes. Upon such Our Lady of Light, when in a good mood, worked instantly miraculous cures. As to the Pardon celebrated yearly in her honor, it was magnificent, superb! And he ran on and on about it all until the old horse fairly had stumbled his way to the top of the hill.

Set close to the church, almost touching elbows with it—that thirsty earnest worshippers may refresh themselves without much loss of time from their devotions—is a little drink-shop appropriately named "*A la descents des pélerins.*" In front of it the horse stopped short. The driver, with an exquisite delicacy, looked quite in the opposite direction and said not a word. After all, I reflected, a traveller should respect the customs of the countries through which he passes—and I bade

my man regard himself as a pilgrim and descend. For the remaining mile and a half of our journey—it was all downhill, and the horse ambled onward at a spirited crawl—we were warm friends.

As we went down from the hilltop whereon Our Lady of Light (when in a good mood) works miracles, the valley in which Ploumanac'h lies was open before me; and beyond it, on the horizon seaward, rising purple-gray above the steel-blue of the water, were the Seven Isles—for which is set up the counter-claim, against the claim of Glastonbury, that they in truth are Avalon. Over all the valley, most thickly along its sea-edge, huge strange-shaped boulders of red granite are scattered singly or are heaped up in wonderfully balanced mounds. The mere geologist will tell you that these rounded rocks have been dropped by a glacier; that the valley is the site of a terminal moraine. Any well-uneducated Breton, of course, knows that this explanation is all nonsense. My driver, being cheered by his pilgrim draught, gave me the more satisfying information that in every one of these scattered boulders is imprisoned a Pagan soul; that thus are held fast until the Day of Judgment the Bretons who rejected the blessed teachings of Christianity—and who paid for their stiff-necked sinning by being cast into stone.

Once a year the enchantment is lifted. Then the accursed ones resume their human forms and go down to the sea to drink; to drink long and deeply, that they may lay in a supply of deliciously cold salt water that will ease them through their coming twelvemonth of torment in infernal fires. On the night of that great drinking it is well for all good Christians to bide at home behind barred doors. At cock-crow the accursed ones come back from their sea-cooling to the places where they belong—changing from men and women into rocks again as they surge onward, and surely crushing any spying mortal in their way. Only one escape is recorded from the charge of that fearsome company: that of a poor good man who in charity had carved on one of the enchanted rocks the blessed cross. In gratitude for that loving act, the cross-marked boulder—a monstrous misshapen



SABBATH-MORNING GOSSIP

mass, a human form partly merged again into rough stone—halted before the poor good man who had sought to comfort it: and so protected him until the evil host, dividing, had passed on and he was saved. Then the grateful one, carefully skirting him as he lay on the ground in fainting terror, went on also to its place.

This story comes from the heart of the Breton heart: in which is bedded a natural faith in the supernatural that manifests itself unceasingly in folk customs and in folk tales. Malignant spirits are so close to every Breton's elbow—waiting for the chance to work evil, and frequently finding it—that they have to be reckoned with at every turn. Sunshine—such as I had for a whole week direct from the good Saint Martin—is rare in Brittany; and the gray skies and the gray sea-mists which overhang the Breton peninsula have given a sombre cast to Breton souls. Out of the need for prayer

to avert impending supernatural dangers have come the stone crucifixes which are planted so thickly by the roadsides and in the villages throughout the land. To these prayer-places especially do the aged come—heavy with sorrow and with the weight of years. In the twilight, at the quiet sea-end of a village street, you may see an old couple standing—not venturing to bend their stiff old knees—in silent prayer before a cross that lines sharp against the seaward sky. Sometimes, as you round a turn in the road, you will come upon a man or a woman kneeling at the foot of a cross by the roadside. It is the temperament of the land.

In Breton thought the region that is on the other side of Death is not at all a vague and distant region: it is very real, and very near by. And this is because the Bretons do not regard death as severance from life, but merely as going a little aside from life: as when one leaves an overnoisy company and for

quiet's sake steps through an open doorway into an adjoining room. Through that open doorway all of the company, in groups or singly, presently will follow; and in the same easy fashion, as occasion arises, the bodiless souls departed will come back again through the unbarred portal: to mingle with the souls still incarnate, and to take a hand for good or for evil—usually for evil—in their affairs. The dead, indeed, are so intimately associated with the living, and have so many rights and privileges, that they must be considered with a constant attention; and constantly must be appealed to and placated if things are to go well.

While my driver told with spirit—an immediate exhalation of his pilgrim draught—his story of the enchanted boulders, the old horse jogged along very honestly down the dipping road; and by the time that the story was ended we were come among the alluring old houses and the highly repellent new villas of Ploumanac'h.

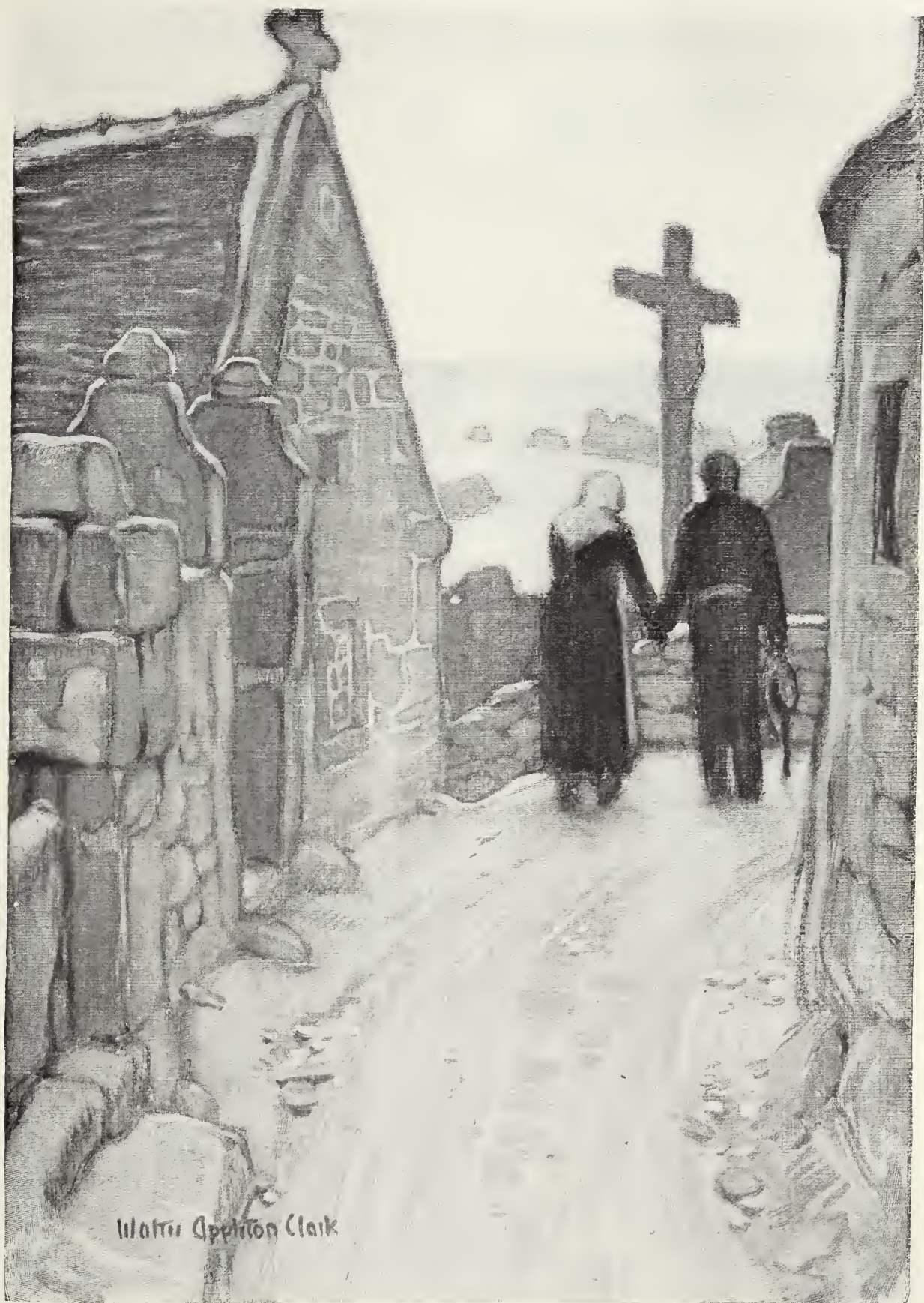
It is the misfortune of this beautiful coast region that it has become a summering-place to which swarms of middle-class French "*vont en villégiature*"—dressing for their part in uncontrolled blazes of flannel and housing themselves after the manner of their kind. The tawdry little villas—no other human beings can approach the bourgeois French in hopelessly vulgar villa-making—are an open scandal: and all the more an open scandal because they are so insolently at odds with the spirit of the land. Even the simplest of the Breton houses has about it a touch of dignity, and very much more than a touch of the picturesque. The undefiled Breton villages, the most ragged and down-at-heel of them, are a delight: as is known to artists the world over, and as my own artist in his study of a street in one of them has shown. For my part, as a practical reformer, I gladly would see these execrable rusticators hung in their blazing flannels before their own abominable dwellings; and the dwellings reduced to fragments after such justice had been done.

Before the curse of villas was laid upon it, Ploumanac'h was altogether lovable; and even the villas have not killed its charm. Between high headlands of red

granite—piled still higher with the fantastic boulders wherein abide those ill-advised Pagans who rejected Christianity—a narrow channel leads inward from the sea to a maze of granite-bordered bays; the largest of which, the main harbor, narrows at its landward end into a deep ravine. Off to the westward is a rocky country of little rounded hills. As the sun slips down beyond those hills, filling the broad main bay with gleams of reflected color, it all seems a bit direct from Paradise. Even the shocking villas are chastened in the waning light into a semi-propriety; and the little old houses scattered along the bayside—with high-peaked roofs of stone slabs or of thatch mellowed and greened by sun and rain—come easily and naturally into that sunset dream.

As no notice had been served upon Ploumanac'h that I was coming, I took it as a nice civility that the town drummer was out to receive me. He was a tall and lank and loose-jointed drummer, with a flaring grizzled beard, wearing clothes that had an ancient sea cut and a bravely wide-brimmed slouched hat in which by rights there should have been stuck a trailing feather. That, and a cutlass at his side and a brace of pistols in his belt, would have given him wholly the look of a pirate emeritus who had accepted a civic office on taking his retreat. The way that he flourished his drumsticks was a liberal education in the art of drumming. His great archetype, carved immortally on the Panthéon, did not make a better show at Arcolo. I never have been more gallantly drummed into any town.

Still another pretty touch was given to my entry. On the steps of the little Hôtel des Rochers I found waiting to welcome me a charming representative of the race of curious smoke-gray bushy-tailed cats who dwell in Ploumanac'h. They are shy and nervous creatures, for the most part, with a marked disposition to run away from strangers and with a rabbitlike knack of running close to the ground. But the pretty personage who met me at the inn door was abeam with cat friendliness—as was also a peculiarly sweet-natured kitten, too young to know fear, whom I had the happiness to encoun-



"IN THE TWILIGHT YOU MAY SEE AN OLD COUPLE STANDING IN SILENT PRAYER"

ter later on. My purred welcome, even more than the drummer's gallant drumming, gave me at once the feeling of being cordially at home.

Mademoiselle the hostess of the Hôtel des Rochers, standing in her own doorway, received me with a shower of smiles. She was round and trim and well turned of sixty; with a wealth of oddly rusty



THE ORATORY OF SAINT GUIREC

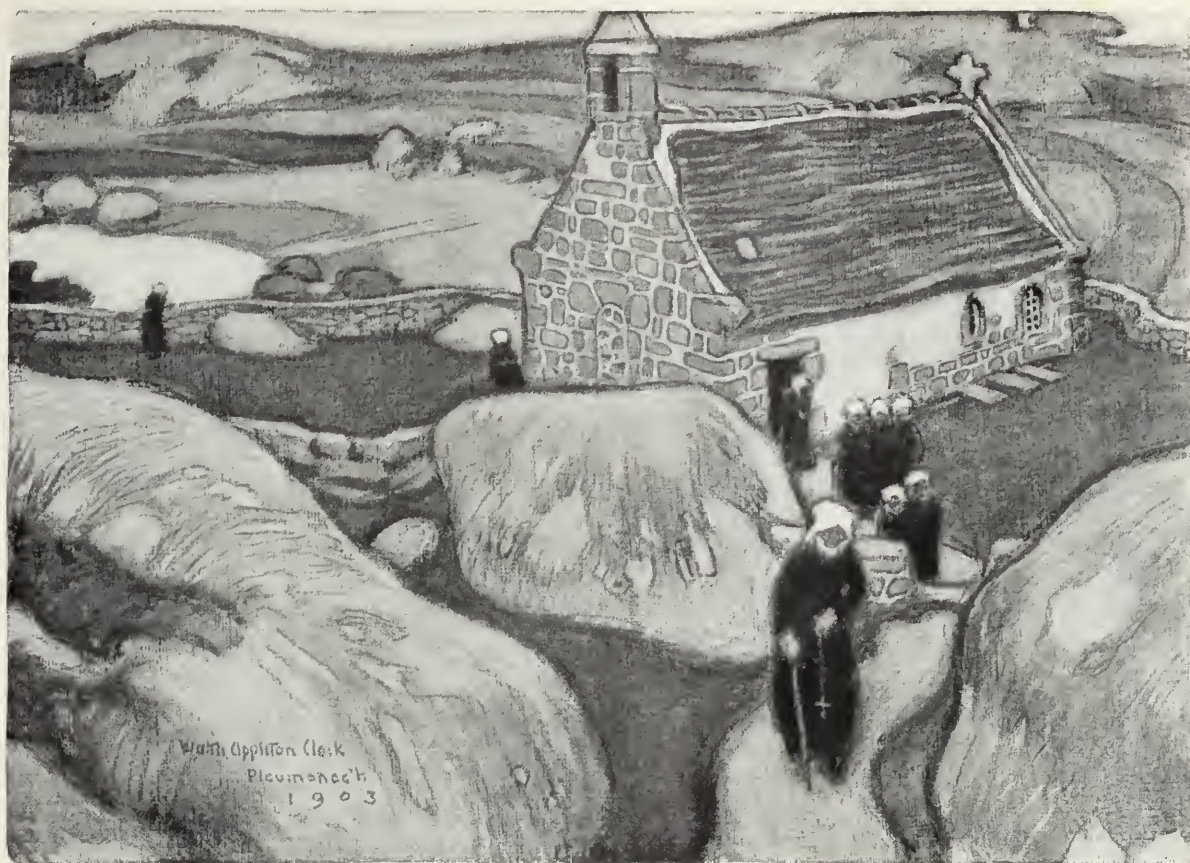
auburn hair—so frankly factitious that, far from suggesting a deceitful nature, her wearing it was a proof that hers was a courageously honest heart. As a visitor come quite out of season—a ten-franc-a-day thunderbolt from a clear sky—she was ready to welcome me warmly. But when she found that I had come to Ploumanac'h expressly to make my compliment to the town's patron and guardian, the blessed Saint Guirec, her good-will flowed out to me in a gushing stream.

An avowal of interest in the regional saint is a short cut everywhere in Brit-

tany to Breton hearts; and is the shorter in inverse ratio with the saint's celebrity. Practically, the blessed Saint Guirec is unknown beyond the borders of his own very small dominions; and even within them only the Curé can make a fair start toward unravelling his tangled history—and I had traversed half the width of France to pay my respects to him, and I knew more about him than the Curé himself. It followed that my reception was as good as though I had brought a letter of introduction from the Pope.

Saint Guirec is one of the many mixed-up Breton saints—of the two-single-gentlemen-rolled-into-one type—whose personality has been confused by setting on a Keltic root a Latin graft. Along in the sixth century, or thereabouts, he came across the English Channel from Wales: a country in which at that time there was overcrowding in his profession; and whence, consequently, many energetic young saints migrated to Brittany in search of elbow-room to set up for themselves. Recognizing the desirability of making a favorable first impression, the migrant Keltic saints struck the miraculous note at the start. Some of them came over through the air. Others walked over dry-shod on the water. A few—a little vaingloriously, perhaps—ferried themselves across the Channel in their own stone coffins, and by that feat in flotation distanced the field.

Thus it fell out that when pioneer saints from Rome arrived in Brittany they found the earlier-come Keltic saints in possession of the territory. The situation resembled that which was developed here in New York in the case of the resident Dutch and the in-pressing English: with modifications due to the absolute lack among either the Dutch or the English of any qualities even remotely suggestive of sanctity. Keltic Christianity was waning and Roman Christianity was waxing; and, as saints markedly are disposed to stand on their dignity, a very determined effort was made by the later arrivals to oust their predecessors. In part that effort was successful. The major Keltic saints could not be budged from their place in Breton hearts; but the minor ones—who had not stone-coffin records too notorious to be tampered with—were deprived of their



THE CHAPEL OF SAINT GUIREC, PLOUMANAC'H

rights by a process that virtually amounted to changing them at birth. From the long Roman list a saint was picked out with a name more or less like that of the Keltic saint who was to be "bounced"—and this Eastern personage insidiously was slipped into the Western berth.

That was what happened to Saint Guirec. At home in Wales—where he was Bishop of Llanbadarn before he set out on his missionary travels—he was known as Curig, or Curic, a name that was Latinized into Cyriacus. The nearest name to this in the Roman calendar was Quiricus—and so Saint Quiricus was foisted into his place. It was a notable misfit. Saint Quiricus was an ill-tempered child of three years old who was martyred in the fourth century, when the Edicts of Diocletian were in force and martyrs were being made by the dozen every day. Along with his mother, the holy Julitta, he was brought before the Governor of Seleucia: who good-naturedly—while the mother was being scourged—"took the child upon his knees and endeavored to kiss him and pacify him." But "the innocent babe, having

his eyes still fixed upon his mother, and striving to get back to her, scratched the face of the inhuman judge. And when the mother under her torments cried out that she was a Christian, he repeated as loud as he was able, 'I am a Christian'—whereupon the variously irritated Governor "took him by the foot and, throwing him to the ground from off the tribune, dashed out his brains."

It is the blending of the bishop and the baby in a single personality that makes the history of Saint Guirec a nut not easily cracked by the unlearned. In Wales the queer couple are muddled hopelessly. Six very ancient Welsh hymns in honor of "the martyr Curig" survive, and in them he figures sometimes as a man and sometimes as a boy in a fashion that to the last degree is bewildering. Very generally in Brittany he equally is a badly mixed lot; but at Ploumanac'h, while his personality is in a fine tangle, his Episcopal status is clear: because his holy image, representing him in his Bishop's robes, has been preserved there from his own time.

For more than a thousand years Saint



A BRETON VILLAGE

Guirec's image has stood looking seaward—on the very spot where the Saint made his landing when he came from Wales—on a little covered altar, raised on sea-lapped boulders, that fairly is an island at the top of every full tide. Before the altar through all those centuries, as to-day, outgoing fishermen from Ploumanac'h have checked the way of their boats to make their prayer for a full net; and incoming fishermen have paused again before it, when their prayer has been answered, to make their offering of thanks. That the Christian saint has replaced a Pagan deity, to which anciently the fishers made like prayers and gave like thanks, is an inferential certainty; but the fact that Saint Guirec is a substituted divinity, who took over an established business, does not in the least detract from the credit due to him for carrying things on through a whole millenium so well.

Saint Guirec's Pardon, in celebrating which the grateful fishers take the lead, is one of the queerest and one of the prettiest sights to be seen nowadays in all the world. On that great day all the fisher-boats of Ploumanac'h form in line in the inner bay, bright with fresh paint and gay with flags and garlands, and in procession pull out through the channel and so around to and into the little outer bay in which the oratory stands. There they lie, spread out in a wide semicircle before the shrine of the good saint, while a mass is said on his sea-altar: to which the responses are given from the bosom of the sea. And the while there is a great harmony of sweet voices, upheld by sweet-toned instruments, as the multitudes gathered there—in the boats and on the land—join in the singing of Saint Guirec's Chant.

On the land's sea-edge, within a stone's cast of the island altar, stands a chapel dedicated to Saint Guirec: a low little square building, dating from the twelfth century, set on a tiny plateau beneath a hillock capped by huge boulders in which must be lodged very large Pagan souls. In that chapel, when the water-rites are ended, another mass is said—that ends the religious celebration of the Pardon, and so clears the way for the singing and the dancing and the feasting to begin.

This kindly old Saint, who cares so well for the fishers, has another and a more delicate matter in his charge. To him the girls of Ploumanac'h go a-praying for good husbands: and stick pins into his holy image to make him mindful of their prayers.

The fact is well known that saints, and especially elderly saints, are apt to be absent-minded, and that only by jogging their memories sharply can they be kept down to their work. Standing them on their heads is the usual way of overcoming their disposition to let their wits go wool-gathering; but sticking pins into them is a custom that also is well thought of, and that—although less general now than anciently—is followed with good results in many quiet corners of the Christian world. In Ploumanac'h the pin-sticking custom runs back beyond all memory. The various well-informed women whom I questioned about it answered simply that it had been followed “always”—and opened out their hands with a gesture that relegated its beginning to the very morning of time. They added that nowadays there was a touch of lightness in its observance, a pretence that it was all a joke; but they assured me—I pressed this point on all of them, and uniformly got the same answer—that the under feeling wholly was serious.

The young girls go in frolic couples or companies, one of the women told me, and laugh when they make their prayers to the Saint and stick their pins in his image. “But under all, Monsieur,” she added, “they do not laugh. He is good to our girls, is our Saint. He sees to it that they make good marriages. And they know well that he cares for them, and they give him respect in their hearts. I was laughing, and my cousin Marie was laughing, when we stuck our pins. But we were not really laughing, you understand, deep down. And Marie truly had a very good husband within a year.”

“And you, Madame?”

Madame smiled very pleasantly. “The Saint did not keep me waiting long, Monsieur—and I have no great fault to find with my Pierre.”

Of all the dwellers in the parish only the Curé is opposed to the custom of treating the good Saint as a matrimonial pincushion. Quite lately—since the ac-

companying drawing was made—he has endeavored diplomatically to end it by setting up on the little island-altar, in place of the old wooden image, a fine new image of stone: into which pins will not go. I am glad to add that his move has not produced its intended result. The old image, being held in such reverence that it could not be hidden away in a corner, has been set up in Saint Guirec's chapel—and there the prayerful pin-sticking keeps on. They are picked out again, these prayer-pins—by the Curé's orders, I suppose—very sedulously. "Of an evening, Monsieur, sometimes a whole handful will be taken away," one of the women told me. "But that does not matter, because the prayers that went with them have been heard." She may have exaggerated a little; but I know that the custom does continue, because I myself found a bright pin freshly planted in the good old Saint's breast.

The men with whom I talked laughed at it all; but the women, and especially the older women—when they found that I was not joking with them—took my questioning gravely. One dear old body, whom I met in a by-path near the Saint's chapel, was very earnest indeed; and ended by saying: "When I made my prayer to our Saint I stuck my pin deep into him, Monsieur, and he heard me and answered me. He gave me my good old Jean, who for forty years made me happy—until the sea took him from me and I was left alone," and her voice broke and tears were in her eyes as she turned away.

Out of the sea comes the life of these dwellers on the Breton coast, and out of the sea comes death to many of them. There are no better sailors than the Breton fishermen; but every year the Channel gales take toll of the little boats, and the fleet of larger boats that sails away annually to the Iceland fisheries rarely returns entire. The men who go, not to come back again, have no long suffering. They and the storms come to terms quickly. The real tragedy is with the women who stay. To them every shift of wind into a stormy quarter is a threat. Then you will find them in the dusky churches on their knees praying their hearts out; or you will come upon one desolately sitting in a church porch—

on the walls about her tablets to the dead telling of prayers unanswered—in dreading sorrow too hopeless to be cast into words.

But there is a cheerful side to these little dark churches of the Breton coast villages. For the women—and to a less degree for the men—they are the social centres of each community. In each one of them, once a year, there is a great festival, the Pardon, in honor of its dedicate saint, to which all the countryside comes. More familiarly, because confined to the dwellers in its own parish, in each of them the major and minor feasts of the Christian year are celebrated. And all the year round, on Sundays when the service is ended, there is a grand gossiping in the churchyard among neighbors and friends.

As in country churchyards the world over, the men and the women keep apart from each other in these talking bouts; and the women—possibly that their nicely black Sunday sabots and their trim Sunday stockings may be seen to a better advantage—have a habit of sitting with dangling legs along the churchyard walls. Few of them wear colors; and at a little distance, what with their white starched caps and their black frocks, they give the impression of overgrown magpies perched in a chattering row. Off the walls and standing in groups, they plant their hands on their hips and set their arms akimbo in a way that gives them a frankly easy and somewhat masculine air. Even the younger ones—who court disaster by wearing their hair unbecomingly knobbed out in tight coils upon their temples—rarely are pretty; and all of them seem to grow hard-featured as they grow old.

During the Sunday that I spent in Ploumanac'h Saint Guirec's little chapel remained open, after the service was ended, all day. Into the dusk of it, from the outside sunshine, old men and old women shuffled in slowly and slowly went down on their creaking old knees on the stone-slabbed floor. Some of them drowsed a little, there in the twilight; and waked with a start and looked about them wondering for a moment, to get their bearings, before they went on again with their slumber-broken old prayers. But Saint Guirec seemed to accept in good part their half-real, half-dreamed,

devotions. He is very old himself, Saint Guirec, and like enough is given to saying his own prayers—up there in Paradise—in much the same drowsy way.

Outside, on the smooth turf of the little churchyard, a dozen men played *boule* noisily. They struck a jarring note. To get away from them I went down, by a flight of worn old stone steps, to a seat on the rocks near the sea-altar—where the only sound that broke the sunny stillness was that of far-off bells, a mellow booming, coming down the wind from Tregastel. Saint Martin had sent an absolutely perfect autumn afternoon of soft warm sunshine and dead calm. Cobweb streamers floated on the still air, making lines of light in the sun rays. Close to the altar a dear old woman was seated, clad in black and wearing an exquisitely neat white cap, reading reverently in her missal. It all was the very essence of calm holiness. The Saint, peering down over the parapet of Heaven, I am sure was pleased with the look of his shrine that afternoon.

As the sun fell away westward toward the rounded hills I went on, among the tangled monstrous boulders, until I was

come to the high headland at the harbor's mouth, and thence had a far outlook: landward, over the wilderness of near rocks, to the distant hills capped here and there by church spires cutting notches in the sky; seaward, to the Seven Isles, purple in the sunset light, so unreally beautiful that it was not hard to fancy King Arthur still living on in seclusion on those enchanted outsets from his own enchanted land. Between the islands and the mainland were scattered a few drifting fisher-boats, their idly hanging red sails turned to crimson in the red sunshine. Rising in curves from the unrippling water, leaping rhythmically with a languid slowness, a school of porpoises went by—with the look, in the gathering dusk, of a single great monster of the sea.

As the sun went down behind the hills a light flared out on the enchanted islands, and another answered it from near where I was standing on the land: and for a moment I was sure that Arthur and Merlin were signalling each other, and that great doings were forward that night in Avalon. But my lights—magical only in that they threw far seaward a promise of safety—were the lamps in lighthouse towers.

The Happy Thought

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

THESE were the hours that crowned me,
 Fleet were their speeding feet,
 But even with their arms around me,
 I knew that the hours were sweet.

And though they are vanished wholly
 As wholly am I content,
 Since to my heart it was given
 To know them before they went.

The Bond

BY EMERY POTTLE

SHE was complete, perfected, one might almost dare the word—elegant; “fine lady” was so beautifully a part of her—*was* her, indeed. Keppel, who had always apprehended things quite out of himself, whose perceptions, like the rays of a candle, constantly struck and illumined and compassed a world which, whatever it might be, wasn’t as yet his, knew her at once for the realest thing of her kind. For him there was first the joy of knowing—just as for the humble collector there is the joy of knowing a perfect Gainsborough, for instance, though possession is another matter.

But it was, after all, destined to be possession for Keppel. How it came about—this possession, in its despair, its hope, its humility, its frightened courage, its despondency, and its last ultimate siege and storm, that recognized no barrier and assailed furiously, till she was won, till Frances was his wife—a little panting, a little startled, but wonderfully admiring of his strength,—how all this came about Keppel could not think out. Looked at calmly—not a common quality of his own view—it all came to an acknowledgment of Keppel’s real worth—worth for Frances, at least.

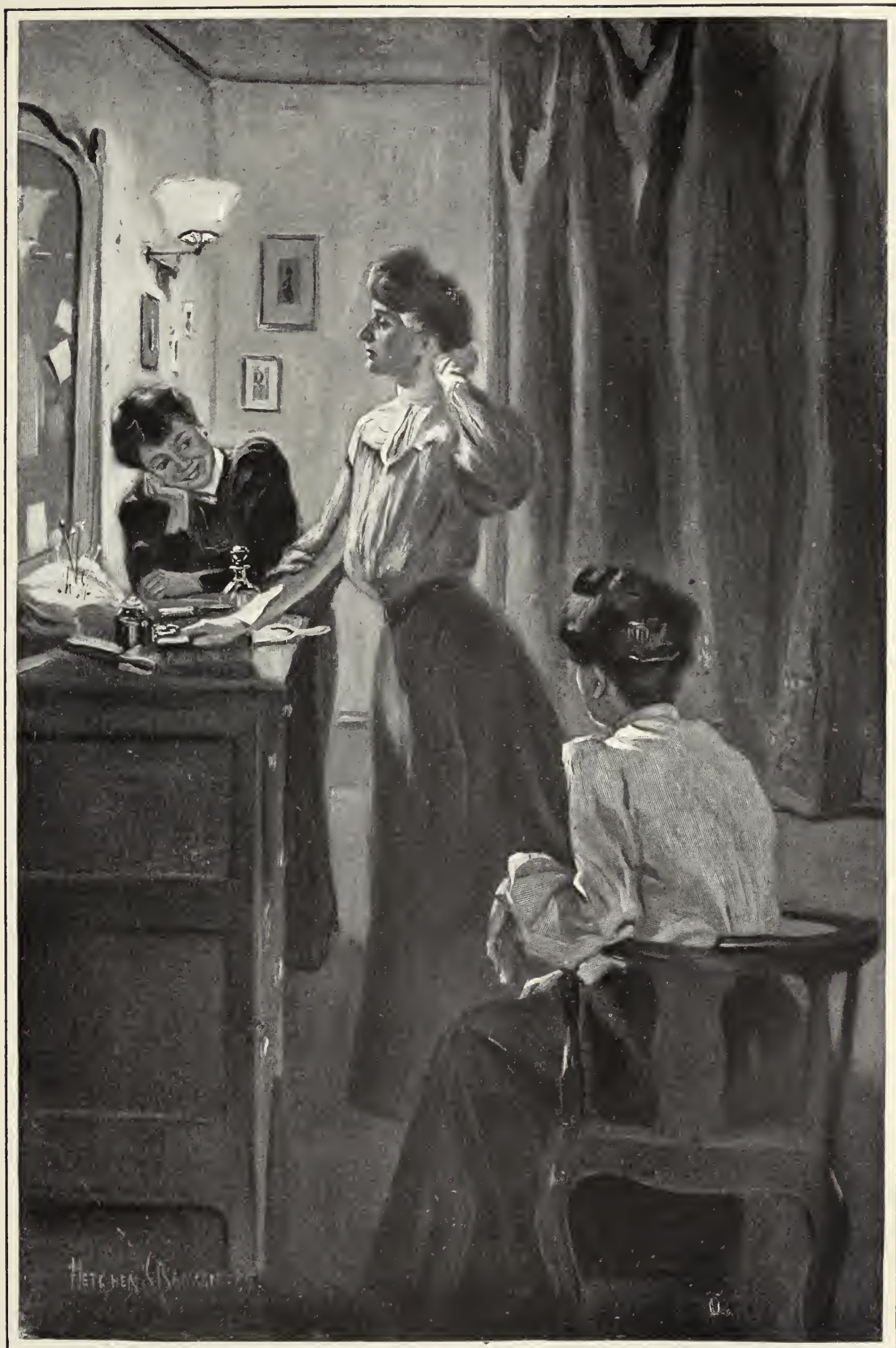
There she was—Frances—anyway. Keppel loved the fact of her, the sense of her, as his wife! His love of what she was, what she represented, almost equalled, in a way, his love of her. It was nothing to Keppel’s discredit that he so strongly cherished the pride of possession; pride that took itself out in little ways of congratulation, wonder, and satisfaction. His whole attitude toward Frances and what she represented to him was a nice part of his sensitiveness to the best things—things that in reality belonged to him, though his earlier life had held them in a vague perspective only.

In his eagerness to show her how far he had gone, how clearly he saw the

values of his canvas, Keppel had spoken, at first, lightly of this earlier life, though not with shame. He gave her the truth of it, but he gave it humorously, with the result that Frances saw it, as he made her, of no great seriousness. The sum that she had to make out of his home, his friends, above all, his kindred, amounted of necessity to something rather unimportant. It was a relief to find it so. Not only were complications lessened, but he assumed a nearer valuation in her eyes.

After their marriage in Paris—which, it must be confessed, had been rather tumultuous and hurried, with little time on either side for subdued realization of what each was getting—the first month was their own, and perfectly their own. In the absorption of sharing all of himself, Keppel had no chance for the first old fear to creep in—the fear that Frances was, after all, too far removed from him by virtue of her ancestry, her fortune, her attenuation of fineness. And as for her, she accepted Keppel so generously, and, indeed, so simply, that what she was she made him, unquestioningly. They both felt it—this *goodness* of themselves, though it wasn’t, of course, a thing to put into words.

There was one thing, it happened later, that Frances was not to understand about Keppel, nor could it be expected of her, in view of all the circumstances. She, herself, had never known it, for her girlhood had been spent almost wholly in travel abroad; and that, too, without parents, for they had died out of her memory. Life had resulted for her in an existence with a guardian’s family, who, however excellent in attitude they were, made few attempts to establish a relation with their ward to simulate blood-kinship. Therefore the incomprehensible was destined to be Keppel’s punctilious observance of close relations with his relatives.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HIS SISTERS WERE NICE TO HER

Heaven knows he had ample opportunity to exhibit this after they were back from Europe.

It was his mother first who came, naturally enough.

"I hope, tremendously, you'll like her," said Keppel, nervously, the day of her arrival. "She's been so fine always to me."

"Will she like me?" was Frances's quick question.

"You're my wife," he laughed—and that, to him, covered the ground.

"That oughtn't to be the real basis of liking," she protested. "She must like me for *me* if we are to get on."

"Oh, she'll like you," he replied, easily.

At the time of it, Frances adequately and graciously met a situation which on the whole was difficult. Keppel's mother was difficult and rather captious. The fact that the case should have been reversed—that the graciousness, if at all, should have been the other way—was, to Keppel, with his tingling sensitiveness to all the meeting implied, not lost sight of. His mother was to him, above all else—and he saw all there was to be seen,—just that—his mother. He was jealous for her position.

The only admission of it—the disparity between Frances and his mother—that he actually put into words was the day his mother went away. It couldn't well have been harder for Keppel. She called him to her room and took out of her trunk a collar—a thing of magenta velvet and lattice-work and seed-pearls.

"I want to give her something, Richie," she said, embarrassedly; "would she like this?"

The possibilities of its effect on Frances flashed over him completely, but he met the moment bravely.

"I wouldn't, mother," he said, gently. "Frances has so many things of that sort. You keep it yourself—I would if I were you."

"Maybe she's too proud to take it?" his mother hazarded.

"Oh, it's not that—oh no! Only she'd rather have something that you have made yourself."

It was not the notion of any smallness in Frances that might belittle the gift; it was the facing of the fact that he knew, as she would know—hide it as they might,—the awfulness of the collar

translated into his mother, which gave Keppel his qualm.

After she had gone, beyond their talk, which had to be all on the outside of things, his mother was a topic Keppel and his wife couldn't very well voice, with truth. The inflicted silence was a tangible hurt to him after that.

Then there were his sisters—he had talked of them repeatedly to Frances. "They're such nice girls," he was always saying. But to her request, "Tell me all about them, how nice they are," he usually gave a vague and laughing answer that rather unprepared her for the meeting. They were nice—his sisters. Nice in a blowzy, generous, red-cheeked, utterly irresponsible way—a way that expressed itself in good-natured jesting, frank curiosity over Frances's life, her habits, her clothes, her fashion of doing her hair, and in an innocent aptitude for hitting hard her most cherished reserves.

"Now that you're in the family," was the phrase oftenest on their lips. Frances came out of Keppel's sisters with a dazed relief at having done her duty and being rid of their noisy affection. Not that she wasn't beautiful during their visit—that was a part of her. For Keppel, after the first vigor of the visit, the home jokes, the eagerness over half-forgotten family escapades, it was all spoiled. To put it candidly, Frances spoiled it for him—unconsciously. He was bewildered at his inability to project what his sisters were to him into his wife. It seemed at first that with all his readiness of tongue he could make her feel about "the girls" as he did—that they were nice. His failure—he had to admit the failure—left him with all his perception of Frances's fineness unimpaired, but it sapped terribly his confidence in himself.

"My cousins from Michigan are coming to town on Tuesday," he told Frances one evening, laughing apologetically.

"What cousins, Richard?" she asked, vaguely.

He was surprised at the interrogation. "Why, you know, dear! I've told you of them so often. My Michigan cousins—Edward and Grace; and they want us to dine with them that night at their hotel." He waited, in spite of himself, at a tension.

"Oh—you have so many cousins, I forget. Are they interesting? Or clever? Or frightfully rich? Or beautiful?" she jested.

He thought it out. "No—o, no, I suppose not. But they are near to me—my mother's sister's children."

"But why need we—"

"Oh, you needn't go, dear, of course. But I must. I couldn't bear to hurt them;" he added, wistfully: "they'll want so to see you—they've heard so much of you."

She was candidly amused in a way he apprehended to the core, and the very apprehension hurt him more than he cared to admit.

"You're laughing at me for caring so—about just relatives who aren't anything in particular."

"Why do you care?" asked his wife, curiously.

He did not explain, only replied, slowly, "It's silly of me, I dare say."

"I don't understand you, Richard. You have a beautiful perception of everything, but in this—Why bother about the mass of things—in this case, relatives? It's the individual always that counts with me."

And there she summed up the whole case for them both, though she did not then guess it.

When it was a question of himself, Keppel's wife was wonderfully generous. She saw not the real issue, but only him. So she closed their discussion with: "We'll go, Richard, of course, if you want to. I want always, above everything, to please you."

He sighed, for she had missed the essence of it. "To please him"—that was just the very thing, intrinsically, that he didn't want. That was the key to everything. If she could but see in his relatives what he saw—not, perhaps, companionship, nor charm, nor intellect, nor social preferment; he was too keen an analyst, had gone too far, had seen too much, to mark these qualities in his kin; but to find and to cherish the *bond*,—that was it.

Keppel hammered it all out after his wife had gone to her room, and always with perfect exoneration for her. "They bore her, that's the truth of it," he sighed. "She's too fine for us. It

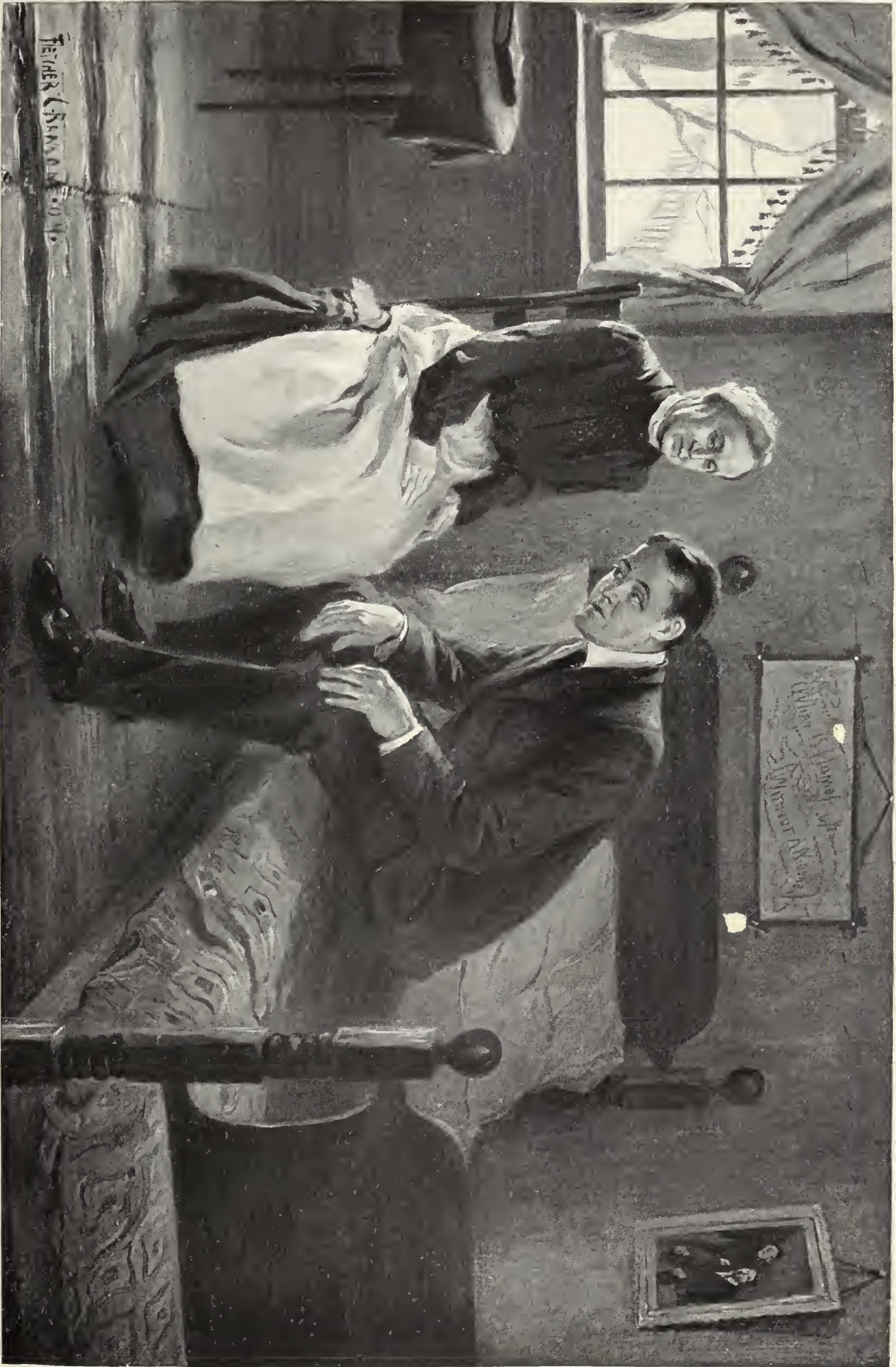
isn't that I want to force them down her; nor hold them up as paragons. Nothing like that; I know where they fail—know it better, too, since I've known *her*. I ought to be clear to her, but I'm not; she's not had my chances for it—for relatives," he laughed, ruefully. "It's enough for her that kinsfolk just are. She can't get the fact that, however modern and advanced I might grow, I can't shake them off like dust from my coat. They're mine own people, confound it,—mine! I must be square with them! Poor Frances, I'm not her sort, that's true."

In the end there was little comfort in all this for Keppel. There is rarely comfort in an abstract proposition of justice. The grievance stayed with him—the grievance that Frances couldn't see what his relatives meant to him. He went over it again painfully: "Great heavens, I wouldn't hurt one of them for the world. I couldn't do that—they'd never understand. And Frances won't see it! She's too good for us—we're common folk, after all. I was a fool, maybe, to think I could come up to her completely. But my attitude toward my relatives, in her eyes, must put me below her, where I can't reach up. And some day she'll know it out for a certainty, and then—"

The end of the pondering left him down, left his sensibilities in a roughened state, gave him a soreness of attitude toward—he believed it faithfully—himself alone, toward his incapacity, his failure to make out for Frances all she had expected to find in marriage with him.

This mood of unworthiness daily grew on him, accentuated from time to time by the recurrent periods of very old friends, or more relatives—there were always more with Keppel. To Frances they were confessedly not worth while, intrinsically considered. She did not see, in their life, which was undeniably a good one, why, when her friends were so freely and desirably at her husband's disposal, he might not rest content; especially as he repeatedly declared, and with sincerity, the people she knew were the people he found actually most compatible with his thought and aim.

The situation livened in Keppel, by fault of its very untalkableness, a seed of distrust and suspicion of everything



FEINER & SAMPSON CO. N.Y.

"YOU DIDN'T USE TO HAVE LINES ABOUT YOUR MOUTH, BOY"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

Frances did. So much nowadays seemed to point to dissatisfaction with him; the love itself, which she held before him like a clear flame, he began to question and to value as pity.

"If there is anything between us, Richard," said Frances, at the last, abruptly, "let us talk it out. You can say anything you like—you are, above all men I have ever known, able to tell things."

He could only give her his gaze appealingly. Keppel—and no one knew it better than he—was not of the kind that facilely "talks out" a situation based on a personal sense of incompetence. Besides, the fact of the ultimate justification of her position put him, when he looked the matter full in the eyes—less selfishly, less morbidly, than was his wont now—tremendously in the wrong, made him seem smallish and peevish.

He evaded the opening clumsily:

"Oh, I'm just a little down in the mouth—it's the weather, I fancy." The evading of the chance she gave him was an added hurt, for he loved frankness above all.

It came in the end to a very bad state with Keppel and his wife. He left her blind, groping for reasons in the dark. And this hurt her pride in herself, and, too, in him. With his mental defection she had little to consider save the objective field, and that was crowded with her husband's relatives. He forced her to face a condition which had hitherto existed only in Keppel's fagged brain—the general fact of a mistake for them both in their marriage. Nothing had struck, as yet, at the root of their love; but they were in one of those inevitably dark periods of weariness, distrust, overstrained emotion, which, if not lighted with delicate understanding, results often in desperate measures for relief.

When Keppel had to tell her of the two-o'clock Sunday dinner his aunts in Brooklyn were planning largely to give them—as a domestic hostage to their matrimonial bliss,—Frances openly rebelled. "I have—indeed, we both have—an engagement for luncheon that day," she said, coldly. "Besides—"

"But it is only tentative—that engagement," he hazarded.

"I choose to make it decisive. I see no

reason, Richard, why, for the sake of something that comes very near being a piece of illogical sentimentality on your part, we should drag ourselves to a barbarous two-o'clock meal with—why, you've laughed a hundred times at your Brooklyn aunts."

He met it doggedly. "They've planned it and they'll be—"

"Hurt, you're about to say? Very well, if it comes to the question of hurt feelings, my impression is that my own should be considered."

"Oh, Frances, you don't understand."

"No, I do not."

"I must go in any case," he finished, wretchedly, impelled on the instant to a disagreement, which afterward he bitterly repented.

"Oh, if you take it—and your aunts—so seriously!"

It was serious enough—and taking it so, or leaving it, made no alleviation. Frances, after all, had the better of it, for she had her own friends as a diversion, if not a refuge; and they also were the sort that Keppel most desired, but could not, in the present mess of things, avail himself of with any dignity.

Ultimately Keppel went alone to the dinner of his aunts.

The ensuing weeks brought Keppel—though in his saner moments he saw the absurdity of it—to a state of despondency which had for its nucleus the fact that he was hopelessly misunderstood. From misunderstanding him on one point, he grew to feel that Frances was missing him on every point. His morbid self-searchings left her still on her pedestal, and, like pedestalled beings, left her alone. The rarefied atmosphere of her elevation, it must be said, afforded her little satisfaction. She was almost at the point where her love was ready to admit its last effort was expended, its high courage daunted.

The outward show of things between them was well enough; their conversation was a graceful skipping from tussock to tussock in the swamp of unsaid things. After an evening of this ungrateful striding over unmentioned abysses, Keppel brought up the matter of the family gathering at Thanksgiving in his home—a day's journey distant in a weather-worn country village.

"We've always gathered at Thanksgiving," he said, hesitatingly. "It's our home custom, you know. I've never missed more than two or three of those festivals. Mother would break her heart if—" He left the sentence unended.

Frances had a mental flash in which she saw all that Keppel had told her of the bleak, barren, wintry little place, set off in an alien valley peopled by men and women assuredly not her own kind, distant, comfortless. In her present repelled emotional condition, it all seemed unendurably intolerable.

"Oh, I couldn't—" she gasped, quickly.

Keppel was silent, shrinking inwardly from the truth of her words.

"Must we go—now? It seems so—so far, and surely they understand how engaged we are here? How difficult it is to take such a journey, just at the beginning of the season in town? I—"

"Please don't think of it, Frances," he said, coldly. "I understand how difficult the journey would be for you. I—I scarcely thought that you'd care for it. I can say that you are ill, if you like—ill enough not to undertake the trip. You'll get on quite safely here for the two days I'll be away."

She looked at him with the calm curiosity of utter aloofness. "Then you'll go—without me?"

Keppel rose, avoiding her eyes. "I cannot disappoint them, of course—it means very much to them. Yes, I shall go," he said, as he left her.

"Very well, Richard. As you will."

She had, at the moment, not the least inclination toward tears. Indeed, she was conscious of a certain relief in the thought of prospective freedom. Later she had a wretched time over the whole unfortunate affair.

For Keppel the journey home had absolutely none of the traditional about it. He could not foresee with his former warmth at the heart the eager faces, the generous glow of the house, the brightness, the welcomes, which, jovial as they always were, had a scarcely concealed depth of tender affection, the sense of reunion accentuated by a smoking-hot turkey and a burden of home dishes. In fact, he shook himself out of the disordered sleeping-car early in the gray creeping chill of Thanksgiving morning,

utterly at odds with the whole situation. The effort to greet his father's blankness of face over the sight of Keppel alone, with a cordial gayety of reassurance, of explanation of Frances's inability to come, of her dreadful disappointment, nearly set him crazy.

"Well, well, I am sorry. I've counted so on seeing my new daughter," his father said, regretfully, as Keppel climbed into the big red "cutter" and they drove off. The younger man took sorry note of the robes and the hot soapstones that filled the conveyance; they had been provided for Frances, he knew, though he did not speak of the fact.

The "Why, where is Frances?" that Keppel had shrunk from all the way, with keen sensitiveness, came at last, with even more of blankness, of dismay, of incredulity, than he had anticipated, as his family tumultuously drew him back among them again. He put them all off gayly—so gayly that he almost re-aroused the suspicions he was trying to allay in them.

"So I came without her—just to see your Thanksgiving faces, eat your blessed food, tell my old jokes, and be gone. No, really, she wasn't fit to take that long trip."

"Well, if I was as young as Frances—" sharply began an aunt whose spirit was irreconcilable with extreme delicacy.

"Now, Mary," protested Keppel's mother quickly.

After the momentary forgetfulness in the greetings, the cloud settled on Keppel heavily. On a slight pretext he went up to his old room—they had kept it for him just as it was the day he went to college a matter of twelve years ago—went just to get away from his sisters and their good-natured raillery about his being a "bachelor again" and "deserted."

The parting from Frances had been worse than he had thought it might be, and he had given it every dull shade. He had still the sense of her at parting—straight, slim, calm, unprotesting, and terribly removed from him. In his distress over the whole thing, in his feeling of hurt, Keppel had—he saw it clearly enough now—made himself out in a worse light than he had intended. His wretchedness stopped his throat, laid on his tongue a silence that was a leaden



SHE TURNED HELPLESSLY AROUND

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

weight. So it came ultimately to some muttered words of farewell, a snatch at his bag, and brusque departure.

•Keppel's mother came in softly and laid her hand on his head; he had flung himself prone upon his bed.

"Richie, what is it?" she asked, gently.

"What is what, mother?" he parried, listlessly.

"Isn't home good to you?" she went on.

"Home—is home, mother dear, always." He smiled at her wistfully.

"You didn't used to have the lines about your mouth, boy, or the tired eyes?"

"I didn't used to be thirty-two years old, madam," he laughed in a gay attempt.

"I'm sorry Frances couldn't come."

Keppel had helplessly felt the moment coming.

"Yes, I knew you would be."

They sat silent, the shrewd eyes of his mother on him compassionately.

"Richie?"

"Yes?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I'm waiting."

He put his hand on hers with a pat of reassurance.

"You'd not understand," he evaded.

"I do not know that I want to—understand," she returned, with a straight glance at him. Keppel looked at her, wondering.

What she said next made him catch his breath.

"You shouldn't have left her,"—that was all.

"But you don't understand," he repeated, irritably.

"You should have stayed with her, Richie," she went on firmly.

"But—"

"She's everything now, my son, and we—your father, the girls, and I—we are—are not your first thought. Frances didn't marry us; she married *you*. Richie, she loves *you*, and that's all that counts."

Keppel was strangely humbled, speechless; he had never seen his mother so. It was as if knowing none of it, she yet apprehended all. The instant was a little awesome.

She continued: "Remember, remember that you can't bring everything right in six months. Why, Richard, your father and I struggled for almost two years before we found out the truth of what we were destined to be to each other."

Keppel bent to kiss her.

"Be kind with her, my boy. Tell me nothing about what has happened, if anything has,—I don't want to hear it. Only always be gentle with her. She'll understand you some day. It's just *you* she wants now—not us."

She rose, tying the strings of her apron with nervous fingers. That she let the tears come into her eyes, and taking both his hands kissed him, was to her son wonderful. She was not a woman who made a light show of tenderness.

"Oh, Richie boy, mother's sorry," she cried, jealously, as if he were her boy again.

"Mother, you're splendid," he said, after a moment, brokenly. "If she only knew—"

"Hush, Richard."

She put her hand on his arm with an earnest gesture. "There's the noon train, you know. It 'll take you back to New York by nine o'clock to-night."

He understood. "But the others?"

"I'll explain. Slip out quietly when you're ready and I'll have John harness old Kit for you. You can leave her at the station—and you know it's hard for me to let you go?"

Keppel nodded. "I want to go back, mother."

"Dick! Dick!" called his sisters, impatiently.

"Be still," his mother cried, softly, coming out to them. "Can't I have my own son to myself just once a year?"

The train from New York pulled in just as Keppel drove up to the little wooden box of a station. His own train was not due for a matter of five minutes; so he waited in the sleigh, idly watching.

She was the only one to alight at the dreary snow-bound spot—tall, fur-wrapped, and shrinking, she turned helplessly around and looked full into his eyes.

"Frances!"

"Dick, I had to come," she sobbed into his coat. "I wanted you so."

American Satires in Verse

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Dramatic Literature, Columbia University

ALTHOUGH most of the historians of American literature have acknowledged that humor is abundant in the writings of our authors, and that this humor is distinctive and characteristic, having a quality of its own, easy enough to perceive, even if difficult to define, no one of these historians has as yet cared to consider at length the American contribution to that form of humor which we call the satire in verse.

In each of the three main divisions of this interesting department of literature—in the genial satire of society, of which Horace set the example; in the broader and bolder satire of contemporary politics, of which Juvenal has left the unapproachable model; and in the more personal and purely literary satire, of which Boileau and Pope have been accepted as masters,—in each of these three contiguous fields of literary endeavor American authors have adventured themselves with varying success.

It is in the satire of society, glancing wittily at the men and the manners and the morals of the hour, that our American versifiers have advanced least frequently. Yet even in this form of satire the last half of the nineteenth century saw the publication of the late William Allen Butler's "Nothing to Wear," of Mr. Stedman's brisk and brilliant "Diamond Wedding," of Judge Grant's ingenious "Little Tin Gods on Wheels," and of the adroitly rhymed "Buntling Ball," generally ascribed to Mr. Edgar Fawcett. And in the first half of the century Halleck and Drake printed in a New York evening paper the series of lively lyrics which came to be known as the "Croaker Papers"—the collaborating authors having chosen to sign their brisk rhymes with the name of a character in Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*. Unfortunately for the fame of the

associated bards, their themes were only local and of little lasting importance, so that it is almost impossible to copy here any of their clever verses without an apparatus of notes explaining the allusions.

A few years after the "Croaker Papers" had astonished and delighted all New York there was published at least one formal satire of society, prepared in full acceptance of all the precedents which govern a metrical attack on the follies and on the vices of the moment. This is "*Gotham and the Gothamites*. A Medley. New York, 1823."

Perhaps it is among the social rather than among the literary satires that we must include "*The Trollopiad; or, Travelling Gentlemen in America*. A satire. By Nil Admirari, Esq. New York, 1837." This indignant effusion was evoked by the swift succession of British books of travel in America—Mrs. Trollope's volumes, Captain Hall's account of his wanderings, and the *Journal* of Miss Fanny Kemble—books now happily as little read as this metrical retort upon them. Perhaps the most quotable passage in this rather labored set of couplets is that in which the British visitor is brought face to face with the mightiest of our natural wonders:

Arriv'd, at last, Niagara to scan,
He walks erect and feels himself a man;
Surveys the cataract with a "critic's eye,"
Resolv'd to pass no "imperfections by."
Niag'ra, wonder of the Deity,
Where God's own spirit reigns in majesty.
With sullen roar the foaming billows sweep,
A world of waters thunders o'er the steep:
The unmingled colors laugh upon the spray,
And one eternal rainbow gilds the day.
Oh! glorious God! Oh! scene surpassing
all!

"True, true," quoth he, "'tis something
of a fall."

Now, shall unpunish'd such a vagrant band,
Pour like the plagues of Egypt on the land,

Eying each fault, to all perfection blind,
Shedding the taint of a malignant mind?

No indelible lines divide social satire from literary satire on the one side and from political on the other; but it is perhaps closer to the latter than to the former. Rather toward political than toward social satire have American wits been more often attracted. No chapters in the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *Literary History of the American Revolution* are more interesting or more illuminating than those in which he considers the pungent verses of the rival bards who attacked the British cause, or who denounced the American, during the years that followed the breach with England. And it is to be noted that although the best known of all the Revolutionary satirists—Freneau especially, whom Tyler terms a “poet of hatred rather than of love”—were on the right side, yet the other party was not without its share of rhymesters having an apt command of epigram and an ample supply of invective. For example, Dr. Jonathan Odell, who served as chaplain to the Loyalist troops, published in 1779 and 1780 four brief satires which have pith and point, and even a certain individuality of their own, although obviously imitating the method and manner of Dryden and of Pope. There is vigor in these verses:

Was Samuel Adams to become a ghost,
Another Adams would assume his post;
Was bustling Hancock numbered with the dead,
Another full as wise might raise his head.
What if the sands of Laurens now were run,
How should we miss him—has he not a son?
Or what if Washington should close his scene,
Could none succeed him? Is there not a Greene?
Knave after knave as easy could we join,
As new emissions of the paper coin.

But nothing produced on the Tory side has half the broad humor and the pertinent wit of Trumbull's “McFingal,” published in part in 1776 and completed in 1782. Trumbull's immediate model is obviously “Hudibras”; but he had found his profit in a study of Churchill as well as of Butler. Yet “McFingal” is no mere imitation, or else

it would have gone the swift way of all other imitations. As Professor Trent has justly remarked, Trumbull's mock epic “shows a wide and digested knowledge of the classics and of the better English poets; and while it lacks the variety and inexhaustible wit of Butler's performance, it is in many passages hardly inferior to that in pointedness and in its command of the Hudibrastic verse-form.” In the minting of couplets destined to proverbial currency, Trumbull has often the felicity of Butler; and some of his sayings have had the strange fortune of ascription to the satire upon which his was modelled. For example:

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

And again:

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

Trumbull has also not a little of Butler's daring ingenuity in the devising of novel rhymes:

Behold! the world shall stare at new sets
Of home-made earls in Massachusetts.

After the Revolution, and before the Constitution gave to the scarcely United States the firm government which the nation needed, during what the late John Fiske aptly called “the critical period of American history,” Trumbull joined with others of the little group known as the “Hartford Wits” in a satire called the “Anarchiad,” published in 1786-7, in which faction was denounced in scathing terms:

Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,
Inglorious authors of intestine war,
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise!
Pens dipped in gall, and lips inspired with lies!
Ye sires of ruin, prime detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws,
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,
And unvoiced empire lost in empty dreams;
Your names, expanding with your growing crime,
Shall float disgustful down the stream of time;
Each future age applaud the avenging song,
And outraged nature vindicate the wrong.

All things considered, the most amusing political effort in this field between the Revolution and the war of 1812 was the "*Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times*." A satire by a youth of Thirteen. Boston, 1808. Printed for the purchasers." This met with so much success that it was issued in a second edition in the following year. The youth of thirteen lived to be the boy of eighteen who wrote "*Thanatopsis*," and who was the earliest American poet to transmute into his verse the beauty of nature here in America. Bryant lived to be not a little annoyed when he was reminded of his youthful indiscretion, for with the flight of time he outgrew the political opinions he had taken over from his father and from his father's Federalist friends. Bryant came to have a high regard for the character and for the public services and even for most of the political theories of the Jefferson whom the youth of thirteen had ignorantly berated:

And thou the scorn of every patriot's name,
Thy country's ruin and thy council's shame!
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's
Cave;
Thou who when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whisker'd minions
fall;
And when our cash her empty bags supplied
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to
hide;
Go, wretch, resign the Presidential chair,
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.
Go search with curious eye for horrid frogs
'Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
Or where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.
Go scan, Philosophist, thy Sally's charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of State.

Beyond all question the best American political satire is Lowell's "*Biglow Papers*," the first series being written during the Mexican war and the second during the civil war. Although either series may seem fragmentary, each has a real unity of its own; the aim and intent is ever the same. And the unforgettable figure of Hosea Biglow dominates both sets of satiric lyrics. Lowell was at once a Puritan by descent, a poet by gift of nature, and a wit by stroke of fate; and in the "*Biglow Pa-*

pers" we have revealed the Puritan poet who could not help being witty. He could not help preaching, for, as he said, "all New England was a meeting-house" when he was young; and a satirist must be a preacher in his own way. He had enlisted for the war, and he was ever fighting the good fight. When he was at work on the "*Biglow Papers*" he wanted to bring his message home, and he waited until he had found a catching rhythm and a refrain that would sing itself into the memory. And so we cannot forget, even if we would, that

John P.

Robinson, he

Sez he won't vote for Guvnor B.

and that

Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess

It is a fact," sez he,

"The surest plan to make a Man

Is, think him so, J. B.

Ez much ez you or me!"

The two refrains quoted are, one of them from the first series, and the other from the second; and this reminds us that Lowell succeeded as well the second time he chose Hosea Biglow for his mouthpiece as he did the first time. The motive that impelled the poet was even stronger during the civil war than it had been fifteen years earlier; and the wit was no less keen nor the humor less contagious.

In the third division of satire—the purely literary—we find Lowell again the chief figure with the "*Fable for Critics*," published in 1848, the same year that he sent forth the first series of the "*Biglow Papers*," and also the more purely poetic "*Vision of Sir Launfal*." But the "*Fable for Critics*" was preceded by another formal and elaborate attempt at literary satire, called "*Truth*," published in 1832; and it was followed by yet another, entitled "*Parnassus in Pillory*," issued in 1851. Neither of these attains to the level of Lowell's brilliant skit; and they soon faded out of remembrance. Yet each of them has an interest of its own, and calls for cursory consideration here.

"*Truth, a Gift for Scribblers*," by William J. Snelling, seems to have achieved a certain success, sufficient at least to

cause it to be reprinted,—since it is a second edition “with additions and emendations” that I now have before me. Mr. Snelling tells us how he heard

.... a voice that cries, “Lift up thine hand
Against the legions of this locust band;
Let brain-sick youths the wholesome scourge
endure;
Their case is urgent. Spare not! Kill or
cure!
Hang, hang them up, like smelts upon a
string,
And o’er their books a *requiescat* sing:
Arise!—convince thy country of her shame;
Rise, ere her genius be no more a name!”

Rous’d by the call of Duty, I obey;
I draw the sword, and fling the sheath
away.

And with the blade thus drawn, Mr. Snelling runs amuck amid the minor American authors of his day, hewing and hacking, and yet not revealing any gift of swordsmanship which would let him wound with a sharp epithet or kill with a piercing couplet. Here is a sample of his execution wrought upon the once popular N. P. Willis:

Muse, shall we not a few brief lines afford
To give poor Natty P. — his meet reward?
What has he done to be despised by all
Within whose hands his harmless scribblings
fall?
Why, as in bandbox trim, he walks the
streets,
Turns up the nose of every man he meets,
As if it scented carrion? Why, of late,
Do all the critics claw his shallow pate?

Far more agreeable is it to quote Snelling’s eulogy of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose fame is now sadly faded:

Dear Halleck, wither’d be the hands that
dare
One laurel from thy nobler brow to tear;
Accept the tribute of a muse inclin’d
To bow to nothing, save the power of mind.
Bard of Bozzaris, shall thy native shore
List to thy harp and mellow voice no more?
Shall we, with skill like thine so near at
hand,
Import our music from a foreign land?
While *Mirror* Morris chants in whimpering
note,
And croaking Dana strains his screech-owl
throat;
While crazy Neal to metre shakes his chains,
And fools are found to listen to his strains,

Wilt thou be silent? Wake, O Halleck,
wake!
Thine and thy country’s honor are at stake;
Wake, and redeem the pledge; thy van-
tage keep;
While Paulding wakes and writes, shall Hal-
leck sleep?

Snelling has words of praise also for Bryant, but he falls foul of Whittier; and he delights in abuse of the first efforts of the native American dramatists, especially deriding Stone, who had just devised *Metamora* for Edwin Forrest.

It was not Snelling’s forgotten “Truth” which evoked the next and the best of American literary satires—the only one, indeed, which has a permanent value. The immediate cause of the “Fable for Critics” seems to have been Leigh Hunt’s “Feast of the Poets,” although the influence of Goldsmith’s “Retaliation” is also apparent. Indeed, it is only in “Retaliation” that we can find a gallery of lightly limned contemporary portraits worthy of comparison with the collection contained in the “Fable.” Perfect as is Goldsmith’s portrayal of Burke and Reynolds and Garrick, it is not finer or truer than Lowell’s depicting of Irving or of Cooper, or than the companion pictures of Emerson and Carlyle. In his affectionate essay on Dryden, Lowell quotes Dryden’s assertion that Chaucer was “a perpetual fountain of good sense,” only to suggest that the phrase may be applied to Dryden himself; it fits the American critic-poet almost as well as the British poet-critic. Half a century is it since Lowell narrated his “Fable”; and even at this late date his criticism seems to us to be rarely at fault.

Not only did he set forth, fifty years ago, an opinion of his contemporaries anticipating the judgment of the twentieth century, but he chose with unerring instinct the writers whom it was worth while to consider.

Of course there are those who hold that the machinery of the fable creaks a little, that the rattling rhymes run away with the lyrist more than once, that the rhythm is somewhat rugged now and again, that the puns are not always as expensive as they might be, that there are other blemishes to be detected by a severe critic. But ever against these trifling defects set the brilliant truth

of the characters of Hawthorne and Holmes and Whittier. Consider, for example, the cleverness of the portrait of Poe, and note that the criticism is really just, in spite of the crackling of epigram:

There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind, . . .

And the sketch of Bryant, with all the ingenuity of its punning and all the artificiality of its rhyming, is not a caricature, but a true portrait:

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation),
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on:
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter Nos*, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter; Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.
But, deduct all you can, there's enough that's right good in him,
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is,
Glow, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities.

Although he was dealing solely with the literature of his own country, Lowell has ever a cosmopolitan point of view, while still keeping his feet firm on his native soil. He was never either provincial in self-assertion or colonial in self-abasement. No one had higher ideals for America; and no one was prompter to see the absurdity of hasty assertions that these ideals had already been attained. He refused absolutely to see a Swan of Avon in any of our wild geese. He laughed to scorn the suggestion that we ought to have great poets of our own merely because of the vastness of the country. He had a healthy detestation of that confession of inferiority which consists in calling Irving the "American Goldsmith," and Cooper the "American Scott." It was this youthful foible—feebler now than it was when the "Fable" was written, but not yet quite dead—that Lowell girded against in one of his most brilliant passages:

By the way, 'tis a fact that displays what profusions
Of all kinds of greatness bless free institutions,
That while the Old World has produced barely eight
Of such poets as all men agree to call great,
And of other great characters hardly a score
(One might safely say less than that rather than more),
With you every year a whole crop is begotten,
They're as much of a staple as corn is, or cotton;
Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log huts and shanties
That has not brought forth its own Miltons and Dantes;
I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,
Two Raphaels, six Titians, (I think) one Apelles,
Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens,
One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens,
A whole flock of Lambs, any number of Ten-nysons,—
In short, if a man has the luck to have any sons,
He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain
Will be some very great person over again.

This same foible we find animad-

verted upon again in "*Parnassus in Pillory*. A satire. By Motley Manners, Esquire. New York, 1851." The anonymous bard bemoaned the sad plight of his own country:

Oh, hapless land of mine! whose country-
presses

Labor with poets and with poetesses;
Where Helicon is quaffed like beer at table,
And Pegasus is "hitched" in every stable;
Where each smart dunce presumes to print
a journal,

And every journalist is dubbed a "colonel";
Where lovesick girls on chalk and water
thrive,

And prove, by singing, they're unfit to wive;
Where Gray might Miltons by the score com-
pute—

"Inglorious" all, but, ah! by no means
"mute."

And there is sense as well as vigor in
his denunciation of that colonial atti-
tude of so many Americans in the days
before the civil war had made us some-
what less self-conscious:

The British critics—be it to their glory,
When they abuse us, do it *con amore*;
There's no half-way about your bulldog pure,
And there's no nonsense with your "Scotch
reviewer."

Heaven knows how often we've been whipped
like curs,

By those to whom we've knelt as Worship-
pers;

Heaven only knows how oft, like froward
chitlings,

Our authors have been snubbed by British
witlings;

Our mountains ranked as mole-hills — our
immense

And awful forests styled "Virginny fence";
Our virtues all but damned with faintest
praise,

And our faults blazoned to the widest gaze!
I find no fault with them—they praise us
rarely;

As for abuse—we're open to it fairly;
But faith, it galls me, and I'll not deny it,
To mark our own most deferential quiet;

To note the whining, deprecativ air
With which we beg for praise, or censure
bear;

Shrink back in terror if our gifts they spurn,
And if they smite one cheek, the other
turn;—

Begging that they'll excuse a patient dunce,
Who, if he could, would offer both at once.

Perhaps as good as any of the portraits
in *Parnassus in Pillory* is this of Lowell:

O, Lowell! now sententious—now most
wordy—

Thy harp Cremona half—half hurdy-gurdy;
Wouldst thou arise, and climb the steep
of heaven?

Sandals and staff are for thy journey given;
Wouldst thou embrace the poet-preacher's lot?
Nor purse nor scrip will lift thy steps a jot!
Forth on the highways of the general mind,
Thy soul must walk, in oneness with man-
kind.

Thou hast done well, but thou canst yet do
better,

And winning credit, make the world thy
debtor;

Pour out thy heart—albeit with flaws and
fractures:

Give us thyself—no "Lowell manufactures."

The past fifty years have not called
forth another formal satire of contem-
porary literature, although the need is as
acute now as it ever was, and although
the public relish for ill-natured remarks
is as keen as ever. Probably one reason
why the longer satire in verse does not
make its appearance is because the im-
mense multiplication of periodicals, week-
ly and monthly, affords to the intending
satirist a chance to shoot his shafts one
by one in the papers without having to
save them up for discharge in a volley
and in a volume. Thus it was that the
late H. C. Bunner—a cordial lover of
poetry, with a trained craftsman's ap-
preciation of technic, a keen sense of
humor, and a singular gift of parody—
put forth his satires week by week in the
paper he had conducted to prosperity.



Adeline Thurston, Poetess

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

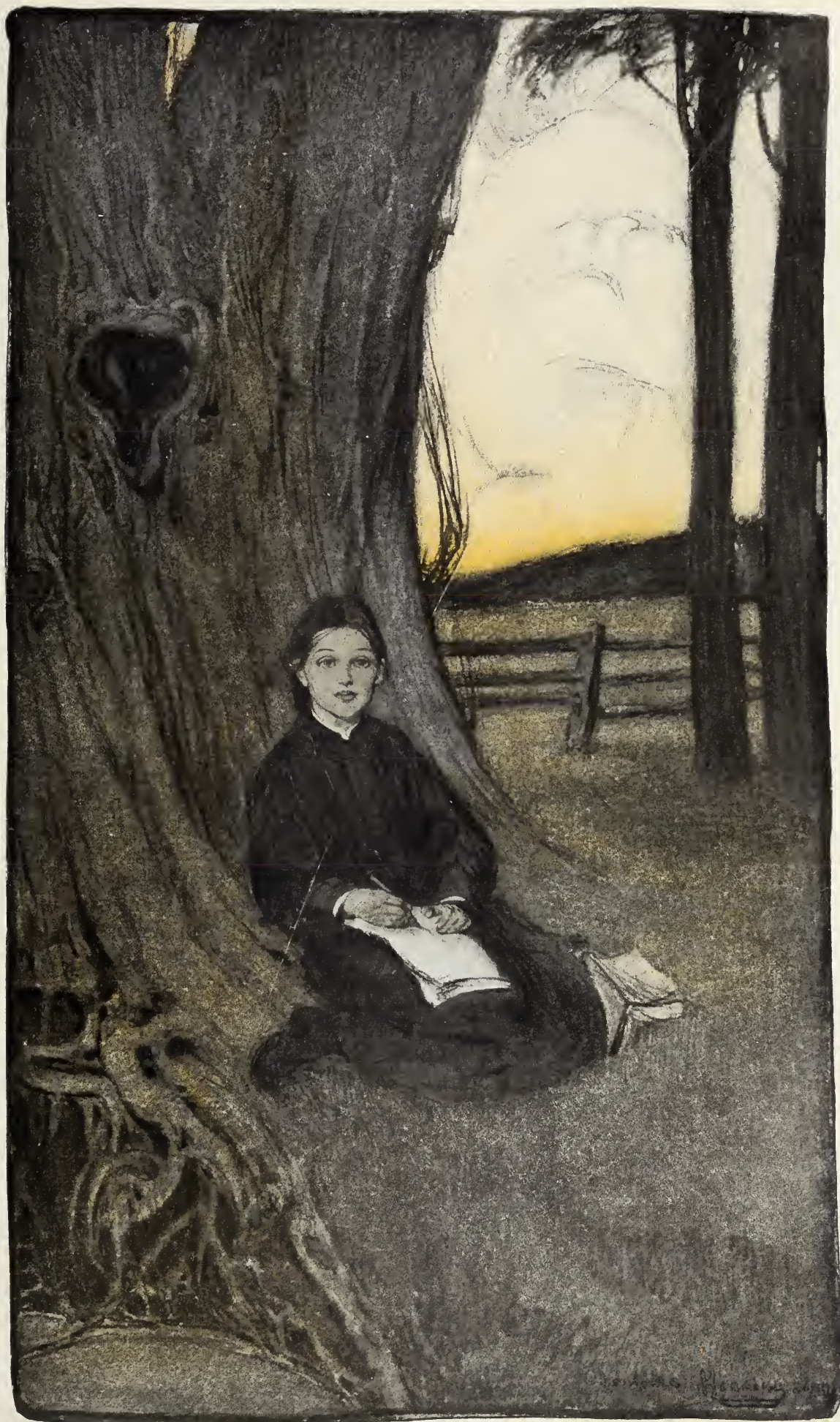
THIS story is about Adeline Thurston, and how she came into my life and 'most wrecked it. Also about how she was foiled by Mabel Blossom, my noble schoolmate and friend at St. Catharine's. Thank you, Mabel, for what you did, and forgive me if I have not always seemed to appreciate your beautiful nature in these stories. I do now. This one will show it. These lines are a preface. The real story begins on the line below this one:

Adeline Thurston was a new girl at St. Catharine's; but I would not write about her for that reason, as there are a great many new girls every year, and all too few of them, alas! are worthy of the time and attention of a Literary Artist. They are pretty much alike, you know. Usually they are very unhappy and quite haughty for a few days, and they talk a good deal about their homes and the clothes they have brought with them, and during this time Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel Murphy and I stand slightly aloof and study them with our wise young eyes that have probed life so deeply. We four girls are the leaders of the school, and though we are only fourteen, we are so mature and experienced that all the others naturally look up to us and let us decide things for them, as is fitting. Nor is their girlish confidence misplaced. Sister Irmingarde once told a visitor that we are "an exceptionally bright quartet." It came back to us afterwards, because the visitor repeated it to some one, and you can imagine whether we were pleased! Then we knew why that guest had gazed upon us admiringly, and had hung upon our words the way she did when we were introduced to her on the campus.

It is indeed extraordinary how quickly we are discovered by strangers. I suppose it is Maudie Joyce's queenly carriage they notice first. Then they see Mabel Blossom trying to look like St.

Cecilia (she always does when visitors come), and next they observe Mabel Muriel Murphy's dignified mien that she learned from Sister Edna. I don't quite know which quality they admire most in me. Perhaps it is my aloofness from worldly interests, that is growing upon me more and more when new plots for stories come to me. You cannot expect the literary artist, who lives in a dream-world, to be conscious of the small affairs of those around her; so, very often, I don't even see people when I pass them. The other day in the hall I walked right over two minims and upset them, and, my! didn't they yell! But when they found out who had done it they flushed with childish joy and pride, and I could hardly make them get up. They seemed to want to stay right there. They were nice little things, only eight, so I spoke to them very kindly after I stood them on their feet, and I advised them concerning their studies; they are bragging about it yet. How easy it is to make the young happy! Oh, innocent, care-free days of childhood, how oft do I recall ye now in these grim months of intellectual strife, when we seem to be having written examinations all the time! But I must not digress. I am learning not to. I will return to Adeline.

As I said before, when new girls come to St. Catharine's, Maudie and Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel and I spend a few days in quiet observation of them before we decide whether to admit them into our very innermost circle right away, or to leave them for a few months in "outer darkness," as Mabel Blossom calls it. Outer darkness is a kind of probation, and if they are eager and humble they can learn things there that help to fit them for our society. At first they are apt to be quite haughty about it, and say they don't care, and try to act as if they didn't; but in the end they are glad indeed to sit at our feet. And they all



ADELINE SPENT HOURS AND HOURS BY HERSELF

listen to my stories, too, and look at us with the awe which is fitting in the presence of the gifted. Most of them seem to admire me more than the others, but of course I know it is for my Art, of which I am but the humble instrument.

Well, we expected that Adeline Thurston would do this too, but from the very first it was different with her, somehow. She was fourteen, and tall for her age, and she had brown hair and very light blue eyes, and they were near-sighted, so she squinted a little, and she didn't dress very well. She wore queer-looking, baggy dresses with girdles around the waist, and she told Maudie Joyce she designed them all herself, and that her mother let her. She said they were individual and artistic. She had her collars cut low at the neck to show the curves of the throat, she said; but there weren't any curves, and Mabel Blossom said perhaps they had been thoughtlessly left at home. She didn't say this to Adeline, of course; only to us. Adeline didn't seem to mind a bit because we didn't take her into our very innermost circle right away. She kept by herself a great deal, and was very reserved and mysterious, so all the girls began to talk about her. Then I studied her a little myself, for if she had a carking care or a secret sorrow I wanted to discover it and write a story about it. But I couldn't discover anything except that she chewed chalk during the history hour, and wore the same collar three days, and wasn't careful about sewing buttons on her shoes when they fell off, and never had the parting of her hair straight, and had a tooth 'way back that needed to be filled. I was not giving her much of my attention, for I was almost sure a new plot was working in me, and at such times I just sit and wait with bated breath to see what it is going to be. All the girls let me alone then, for fear they will divert my mind from my Art. But the plot didn't come and nothing happened, and I got tired waiting.

So, finally, when Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce began to tell me the things that were being said about Adeline Thurston, I turned a lenient ear to their girlish prattle. They said that Adeline spent hours and hours and hours by herself in the different parts of the

grounds, dreaming on the river bank or musing under the trees. And they said she was doing some kind of special work, they didn't know what, and that after the Grand Silence had fallen and the convent lay dark and still, Adeline Thurston arose from her snowy bed and did things most of the night. No one knew what the things were, for Adeline wouldn't tell. She only looked mysterious when they asked, and sighed and said perhaps they'd know some day.

I could see that Maudie Joyce was getting excited about it, and terribly interested. You know how romantic she is, and I guess perhaps she thought Adeline was eating out her girlish heart over some hidden grief. She began to be nice to Adeline, and went and sat beside her several times, and walked with her one evening in the grounds; but Adeline took it all as quietly as if Maudie had been one of the minims instead of the queenliest girl in school. Once when Maudie asked her to take a walk she excused herself and said she had something else to do! Maudie's face looked funny when she told me that, for her proud nature had never before known such a rebuff, but she didn't get angry. She just got more interested than ever and kept right on being nice to Adeline, and was with her so much that Mabel and I hardly saw her for days at a time. I could tell just here how our sensitive natures suffered over it, too, but I won't, for this story is not about us. It is about Adeline, though of course my dear friend Mabel Blossom comes into it a great deal, on account of the deeds she did.

Well, one afternoon Maudie Joyce came to me looking as excited as if she had just been an ordinary girl with no queenly carriage and no control over her emotions. She said she would confide to me a great secret if I would never, never, never tell, and of course I promised. I kept my word, too, as a General's daughter must do, and you'd better believe it wasn't easy, either, with Mabel Blossom asking me what it was and then looking hurt because I wouldn't tell. My sufferings were dreadful. So were Mabel's. Hers were worse, I guess; anyhow, she seemed to think they were. So finally I got Maudie to tell her, too, and then we all three knew. I will now tell the in-



SHE WROTE POEMS WHEN SHE SAT UP NIGHTS

terested reader, after keeping him in suspense a while, according to the rules of my Art. Sister Irmingarde says I should not explain in my stories *why* I do things—but I really must. I am afraid the reader will not know if I don't. I will now tell the secret, and it will probably make your heart stop beating, just as it did mine. And then maybe you will get a queer kind of a sinking, sick feeling in your stomach. I did.

For Adeline Thurston was a poet! She wrote poems.

That was what she was doing when she sat up nights. And that was why she liked to be alone. She was getting inspiration, Maudie said. And then, while I was trying to take it all in, and not doing it very well, either, Maudie grabbed my arm and began to pull me toward the river. I tried to speak, but she put her finger on her lips, and after we had walked quite a long way she began to move stealthily, like an Indian, and of course I did, too. We were careful not to step on twigs that would crackle, and not to brush the branches of the willows as we passed under them. Finally we came to

a kind of an open place and Maudie motioned to me to stop, and she put her fingers to her lips again and pointed at something, and then I understood why we had come. The sun was sinking into rest, and the river lay bathed in its dying rays. Please read that sentence twice, for I worked hard on it, and I would like to have it appreciated. Something else was bathed in its dying rays, too, and that was what Maudie Joyce was pointing at. It was Adeline Thurston, and she stood with her back to us, and her arms stretched out toward the expiring King of Day. That means the sun. Her head was away back and turned a little, and we could see that her eyes were raised and her mouth was open. Some careless, thoughtless observers might have imagined something was the matter with Adeline, but I knew better. I knew she was having an attack of the artistic temperament, like I do myself, only mine acts different on the outside of me.

For a moment I looked at the beautiful picture, and my heart beat so I thought Maudie would hear it, and my eyes filled with slow, hot tears. Then I glanced at

Maudie, and the uplifted look on her pure young face brought on a strange, sinking, sick feeling. Maudie was staring at Adeline as if her eyes would drop out. She had never looked at me like that—not even when Sister Irmingarde was reading one of my stories aloud to the class. So I knew she admired Adeline's poetry more than she did my stories. I will now describe what was in my heart.

You see, up to this time I had been the only Author at St. Catharine's, and of course it was a great thing for the girls to have one of their classmates a real story-teller. I have tried to keep humble and to remember that I am only the stove in which the sacred fire burns, as it were, but it *was* nice to have the girls make so much of me, and it was nice, too—kind of nice, anyhow—to know that some of them were jealous. And it was nice to have the younger girls ask if they might introduce their mothers and fathers to me when they came to visit them, and to see the little minims swell with pride when I remembered to nod to them. And now there was another Author at St. Catharine's—and a poetess at that—and she would get all the attention, I knew.

So my heart kept sinking down more and more, till I was afraid something might happen if I stayed there, and I turned and left as quietly as we had come. Maudie followed me. When we got a long distance from the poetess Maudie grabbed my arm and asked me if I didn't think it was wonderful. Her eyes were shining and she was very much excited still. Then suddenly I remembered something and I felt a little better. I asked Maudie if Adeline had ever really *written* any poems, or if she just stood round like that and thought about them all to herself.

Maudie put her hand in her pocket without a word and drew out—well, I wouldn't dare to say how many poems of Adeline Thurston's she drew out, because you would surely think I was exaggerating. But there were so many of them that Maudie had to carry her pocket-handkerchief in the front of her shirt-waist. We sat down and read them then and there; and if I felt sick before, you can believe I felt sicker as I read the outpourings of that gifted soul of fire. Maudie wouldn't let me keep any of them even long enough to copy, but I remember one

or two, and the first one went something like this:

THE SONG OF THE SEA

The song of the sea is in my ear,
Its lonely, dreary cry I hear.
It calls to me, would I could go
And leave this world of friend and foe.
Oh, would that on the drifting sea
My body would float along so free,
My heart still back in life with Maude,
My soul in heaven, near to God.

I didn't like it very well—that one. There seemed to me to be something the matter with it, somehow, though it was certainly sad and tragic. Maudie thought it was beautiful—especially the last two lines. I learned it by heart and recited it to Mabel Blossom later, after Maudie said I might, and Mabel thought there was something the matter with it, too; and she said the poetess seemed to be so kind of scattered toward the end of the poem that it made her (Mabel) feel nervous. I felt better right away when Mabel said that, for the child has an unerring literary instinct and likes all my stories. I remembered another poem and said it, and we didn't like that very much, either. It went like this:

WHEN I AM GONE

Oh, bury me deep 'neath the starlit sky,
Oh, bury me deep and long,
Where I can hear the whippoorwill's twilight
cry
And list to the robin's song.
And drop no tear on my new-made mound,
Nor moan o'er my lifeless clay.
'Tis true that my body is underground,
But my soul will be far away.

Mabel said she never knew any one who seemed so anxious to have her body and soul in different places, but I reminded her that all poets were like that. It goes with the artistic temperament, and I said I had often felt it myself. Then Mabel giggled, and I didn't mind a bit. She said she was giggling at the poetry, and I laughed, too, and I cannot tell you the strange relief I felt all of a sudden. Sister Irmingarde says the artistic temperament is mercurial, and I guess she is right. My nature is very buoyant except when I'm writing stories. Then I most always feel sad and life seems terrible. Mabel Blossom says she



AT SUNSET ALL THE GIRLS WOULD FOLLOW VERY QUIETLY



WE CAME TO ADELINE THURSTON'S ROOM

feels just the same, but I'm sure I don't know why she should. *She* doesn't write the stories; but she says it is because she is in them. Perhaps that does give her a claim to the artistic temperament.

But I'm away ahead of my story again, which is one of my most serious literary faults. I will return to Maudie and the poems she and I read by the river bank.

Maudie thought all the poems were beautiful. Of course, she said, they were not as good as Keats—she raves over Keats—nor as good as one or two things Browning did—“Blue ran the flash across, violets were born,” for instance. She is always quoting that. But she said Adeline Thurston was young, and if she lived a few years more would give some great songs to the world. She said it just that way. And she said they showed that Adeline was a deep student of life, like us, and “probed humanity's heart to its core.” She took that about humanity's heart from a lecture we had last month. She said Adeline had said she might bring me to the river to look at her, from a distance, but we were not to speak or make a noise, as we might disturb some Thought. And Adeline said she might tell a few of the other girls, too, but to warn them not to disturb her or to address her too abruptly when they met her. She said a poem getting born in the heart was like a bird sitting on a tree, and that it was easily scared away.

Well, that was the beginning of it all. I will now describe what followed. Maudie told a few more girls, and then more and more, till pretty soon the whole school knew it, and no one talked of anything but Adeline and her poetry. Every evening at sunset she disappeared, and a little later all the girls would follow very quietly and look at her from a distance as she stood bathed in the sun's dying rays. I've said that before, but it's such a good thing I'm going to say it again. Adeline always had her head back and her arms out and her lips parted. I didn't go after the first time. Once was enough. But every one else did, and talked and talked and talked till I was dreadfully tired of it, especially as I was writing a story at the time, and they used to interrupt me, which they never did in the dear old days that are no more. Adeline's room was in a corner of the old wing, and its one window looked over the river and distant hills. None of the Sisters could see that window from the Cloister, and only two of the girls could, but these two said a light burned in Adeline's room

all night long. They used to wake up and look at it, and tell the other girls the next day. And every morning Adeline would come to breakfast as pale as chalk and tired to death, and pressing her hands against her heart and looking inscrutable when any one spoke to her. Of course the Sisters didn't know she worked nights, or they would have stopped it. She told Maudie she knew she was not long for life, so she must use every moment and finish her book of poems so it could be published right after she died. Maudie cried when she told me that. She said it seemed so sad. I did not cry. Neither did Mabel Blossom. She giggled. Oh, how I love Mabel's light-hearted girlishness and how I enjoy her society! I wish to say right out in this story that she is the most congenial friend I have at St. Catharine's.

One night about eleven o'clock I was tossing feverishly on my couch, and thinking of my Art and of Adeline's Art, and wondering why the girls liked poetry so much better than stories. I was not jealous; I was just puzzled; and no plots were stirring in me, and I didn't care. I made a discovery, too. I learned that the Artist's Art is not enough to fill life. You need other things. You do your stories for the good of the world and to make it happy. And if the world won't read them or listen to them, it's no fun to write them. Then I felt dreadfully homesick and very unhappy, and I wanted to go home to mamma and my sister Grace, and Georgie.

Just then I heard a stealthy step at my portal, and then the door began to open very quietly. I was so unhappy that if it was burglars I didn't care, but I sat up in bed and looked, and it was Mabel Blossom in her nightgown with a bathrobe over it. She said:

"May, are you awake? Don't be frightened, but get up and come with me. I've got something to show you. Don't ask any questions, but hurry."

So I got up and slipped into the kimono Grace gave me Christmas. It's silk, and dark red and blue, and it has flowing sleeves, and Mabel and Maudie say it's very becoming to me. And I went confidently and trustfully out into the dark hall with my dear friend Mabel, though I hadn't the least idea what she was going

to do. We stole along hand in hand till we came to the door of Adeline Thurston's room. Then Mabel stopped and very quietly and coolly opened it and signed to me to look in. I did. I thought maybe Adeline expected us, but, alas! alas! she did not. She was in bed, all undressed, sound asleep, and breathing long, even breaths. And right near the window, burning its very best, was a little lamp, shining out into the night the way the widow's lamp does when she puts it into the window for her wandering sailor son. We both looked good and hard, and we looked and looked, but there was no mistake. Adeline was in bed and sleeping, and the lamp was put there so those two girls who could see it *would* see it and think she was working. Mabel and I crept back to my room in silence, and then I said perhaps Adeline had worked and had just fallen into an exhausted slumber, and would soon awake and get up. Mabel giggled and said Adeline had been in the same kind of an exhausted slumber the night before when she had looked. And she giggled again and told me to go to bed, and that she would convince me yet. That was about eleven o'clock. Would you believe it,—three hours later, at two, Mabel came again and we did the same thing, and we saw the same picture—the faithful lamp, put where it would do the most good, and the slumbering poet.

In the mean time I had been thinking it all over. I was so excited I couldn't sleep much, and the second time we saw it I told Mabel that it must be a secret between us and that we must never, never tell. I said it would be dreadful for the school to have such a thing come out. Then Mabel looked at me and asked if it was right to have the girls fooled like that. But I knew we must be just, for, after all, Adeline did write the poems, and it was not our affair when she did it, and of course we had no right in her bedroom. We had spied on her and it was dishonorable. I felt dreadfully about that, for a distinguished officer's daughter must have what Sister Irningarde calls "a high standard of personal honor." So I convinced Mabel, and she promised not to tell any one. Then she went right straight to Maudie Joyce's room and woke her and led her to Adeline's room, just as she had led me, and let her see with her

own eyes. I did not know that till the next day. Then Mabel explained that she had not *told* Maudie anything; she had just let her *see* for herself.

At breakfast, when none of the Sisters was near, Mabel asked Adeline quite carelessly if she had worked the night before. Adeline was rolling her eyes and pressing her head and looking exhausted the way she always did in the morning. She said at once that she had not "slept a wink" the night before, as she was "engaged on an important piece of work." And then, for the first time, she said to us all what she had told Maudie Joyce so often.

"I shall not inhabit this frail body long," she sighed, "so I must use every moment day and night." Maudie Joyce looked at her when she said this, and I saw the look. I knew right off that either Mabel Blossom had told or Maudie had discovered for herself the shameful, blighting truth.

That evening Maudie Joyce came to my room and kissed me the minute I opened the door. Then she cried and said she had treated me shamefully, and asked if I hated her; and I said I didn't—that I loved her next to mamma and papa and Grace and Georgie and Jack and Mabel Blossom. It didn't seem to cheer her very much, though, but she went on to tell me something that made me gasp and sit down in a hurry, I can tell you. She said that after breakfast she had gone right to Adeline Thurston's room and asked her why she deceived us so, and Adeline

cried and confessed that she had made up the whole thing because she wanted to be popular!

Then Maudie Joyce rose in her just and queenly wrath and paced the floor with swift footsteps as she told me what happened next. "I told her she could either confess to the girls and let us forget and begin all over," Maudie said, "or that I would tell them myself, and she would be left in Outer Darkness the rest of the year. So she said she would confess. She is doing it now. I didn't want to listen to it all again, and somehow I knew you wouldn't have gone to hear it, either. You're a trump, May Iverson."

Oh, how my heart swelled as I listened to those last sweet words! And right then I made another discovery. Of course one loves one's parents and sister and brother and little nephew and Mabel Blossom, but there is something different about the love you feel for a girl like Maudie Joyce. It's so vast, so intense, so all-absorbing! But I didn't tell Maudie so. I just kissed her and said it was all right and she was a dear thing. Alas! how insufficient are mere words to convey the deepest emotions of the human heart!

It is strange, but the very minute that matter was settled I began to feel queer—broody and intense and absent-minded, and full of strange, sad thoughts about life. Sister Irmingarde looked worried last night and asked if I wasn't under some nervous strain, but it wasn't that. It's another story coming!

Roman May

(To F. M.)

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

A WOMAN said to me: If I
Might choose my heaven when I die,
I would not seek for some new height
Of undiscoverable delight,
Nor, upon earth, seek to surprise
An undiscovered paradise,
If but my unforgetting ghost
Might come again and find what most
It loved on earth, and, living, lost;
And I would ask that it might come
Only in May, only in Rome.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THOUGH many have got ready and gone, by far the most of the privileged city-dwellers who go into the country for the summer, or a part of it, are now getting ready to go, and we will take it for granted that in the moments of exhaustion, when he, and more specifically she, sinks breathless amidst the incompleted preparations, powerless to lift another hand, or stir another foot, they will be willing to share with us a few reflections on the gross and ridiculous disproportion that getting ready to do things bears, all through life, to the act of doing them, or the sense of having done them.

We do not mind saying, in the confidence which we have never known one of our million readers to betray, that the fact was brought poignantly home to us, the other day, by the simple experience of sailing for Europe. In the prospect, this trivial undertaking loomed up in a vastness which seemed to require all our latent energies to accomplish it. The work of getting ready began with the earliest thought of going, and instantly presented itself in the form of a resolution not to go, not to be hired for money to go, not to be entreated for love to go. In the soul's juggle with itself we were perfectly aware that we were going; and that the entire renunciation of our purpose was the main condition precedent of its fulfilment. Without the moral effect of the renunciation we could not have got off.

There is a parity of misery in preparations of all kinds which intimates the identity and equality of experience. Spiritually the preparation for going into battle must be much of the measure of getting ready to have a tooth drawn, with the chances of hope on the side of the battle. You *may* come out of the fight alive and unhurt, but you are not likely to come away from the dentist's office with your raging tooth still in your head, unless it has opportunely stopped aching just before you have rung his bell, or entered upon the perusal of the ripe periodical literature which strews his

parlor table. In either event the same disproportion between the preparation and the event which we have noted in the simpler case of going to Europe will suggest itself: the battle, or your part of it, is over in a few hours; the tooth is out in a few seconds; but the preliminaries have covered weeks or days of agonized expectation, in which the soul has counselled with itself concerning all imaginable ways and means of shirking. Few will own the wish to shirk, but to the strictly private circle we are addressing, we do not scruple to affirm that the man who would not rather not fight, or not have a tooth drawn, does not now live, whatever may have been true of man in the prehistoric ages. In the process of fortifying his spirit he dies many deaths before not dying at all, and loses every tooth in his head before getting the aching one soothed with iodine, and finally restored to health and usefulness.

Through life the disproportion of the cause to the consequence insists upon itself. The accepted superstition is that the most momentous consequences flow from the least momentous causes; but probably if the matter were carefully looked into the reverse might be found true. In the moral world some apparently trivial act of folly entails effects tragical and sorrowful, far beyond the measure of the cause. Yet if the fact could be thoroughly analyzed, it would probably be found the complex impulse of untold ages of error. The cataclysmal sin and folly of long generations of fools and sinners could be seen to have overflowed in it; while the far-spreading consequence would soon sink into the ground, or be inhaled into the healing heaven. It used to be gloomily imagined that consequences were cumulative, especially evil consequences, and many reprobates have been shaken from their impenitence in times past by the picture of the growing effects of their misdeeds. But it seems now more probable that the first effect is the greatest, and that all the later effects diminish until they cease. Even the first effect is of a moral magnitude much less than the cause, and the

farthest consequence is not of a remoteness comparable to that of the first cause. This was probably preparing in the breast of some cave-dwelling ancestor, who thought his wickedness a fine thing, and cherished it; but the most immediate descendant of the modern misdoer knows that it is not a fine thing, and makes haste to put it away from him. Again the preparation is out of proportion to the thing done.

It was once thought (and no doubt still is thought by many serious people) that life should be a long preparation for death. The notion was much dwelt upon by the unlettered muse who inspired the epitaphs addressed to the rustic moralist. He was challenged to reflect upon the shortness of his span, and reminded that as he was now so the dead had been, and warned that he would soon be like them. The inference from the premises was unquestionable, and yet that the whole of life should be made a preparation for death seems in the light of later suns a monstrously disproportionate thing. Life is not so long as art, but it is pretty long in most cases; there are days of it, hours of it, that are apparently interminable; but death at the longest is very short. It would be very wasteful, therefore, to make life a preparation for death, and it must always have been so, unless the fact is that in spite of instruction, life was never made a preparation for death. We are always getting ready to live, to live wisely, to live rightly, to live cleanly like gentlemen, or at least decently; and we are not getting ready to die. Our notion of living is something very different from the actuality, at least as we see it in other people; and there are chances that, in our preparations for living ideally, we may spend the whole, or nearly the whole of life. This is to be avoided, if possible, though we do not mean that an ideal of life should not be cherished. But the preparation for the ideal life must not be suffered to consume almost the whole of the life that is not ideal. The best way would probably be to begin living ideally very early, and this is the course that we would urge upon the reader. We have never tried it ourselves, but we are convinced it is at any rate the only means of defeating the order of things against which we are protesting.

The like conviction will have grown upon such of our readers as have grown in years and the experience the years bring. These will join us in noting with amusement not unmixed with apprehension the long deliberation, if it is not rather hesitation, of young people in very vital matters. From our sad vantage we regard with pensive smiles their over-secure delays in making love, for instance. With what protracted preparation of the emotions do they approach that very brief business: what doubts of themselves and of one another, what absurd scruples, what needless fears, what manifold perturbations of uncertain quality! Then suddenly, at last, the love is made, and over in an instant. Or, does not the youthful reader consent to this? Does he or she insist that when it is made it is only just begun? That it is the one earthly thing whose consequence is infinitely remoter than its cause, and prolongs itself through eternity? So, we must own, they have been taught by the poets and the romancers, who may possibly have as much right to their opinions as the sages and philosophers. There are certain eventualities which seem to contradict them; but we will not rashly side with these. You will allow that even the love which ends in marriage does not always end with it; but that there are now and then wedded pairs who keep on being lovers; and whose experience reverses the law by which the preparation for the thing exceeds in length of time the thing prepared for. They do not always strike the spectator as the wisest of their kind. A quiet acquiescence in the accomplished fact, an attitude of patience, a decent indifference, has been held to be rather more ideal than anything like an impassioned tenderness in even comparatively young married lovers. But we do not understand that the question here is a question of wisdom. It is a question of fact, which is a very different thing.

The longing of the heart is for a life of results. In all things it is not so much going to Europe as getting there, which we desire; and yet the accomplished fact is notoriously uninteresting. What we want is a swifter succession of eventualities, but we are fated to an existence in which they arrive slowly, and in a form

frequently unrecognizable. The thing for which we have been long preparing, either so eagerly or so reluctantly, turns out quite another thing. The Europe of our intentions, whether unvisited or revisited, is a different Europe from that of our ignorant or instructed forecast. It is not a less significant or important Europe; but in our protracted preparation it has had time to change from the hemisphere of our hopes or memories into a thing of custom, so that when we arrive it is like any other part of the voyage. It is merely land, more or less akin to the land we left. It is merely going ashore instead of going aboard; it is no more of a climax. The steamer stops as the steamer started; a gangway is run out to a tender as a gangway had been run out to a wharf. You slip down its incline, and rejoin your baggage, say at Plymouth, with the very same anxiety with which you parted from it in New York. You are the same and it is the same. The same language is about you with a little different accent. The cable blank that you ask for has changed in name to a cable form; and when you get it, eager to launch your message at the first instant from the shore, it may turn out to be an inland telegraph form. But you get the right form on shore, and launch your message, not instantly, but after due preparation of an hour or two; not tinglingly, in contact with the operator, but deliberately, after agreement with the hotel porter, who sends it by a subordinate to the nearest postal station where you impersonally despatch it. After all, it will reach home five hours sooner than you send it, and that is something. As you sit down to dinner, you can say, "Well, they are just finishing lunch, and they will get my cablegram probably before they leave the table."

Probably they will not, but that is a detail. What is certain is that one fact has been accomplished and you are in the midst of preparation for accomplishing another. You have come to Europe, but now what are you going to do there? You thought you knew before you started, but having arrived you have to educate yourself in all the how and when of it, and this takes time, it takes mind, it takes everything that constitutes preparation. As before, the eternal question of get-

ting ready to do crowds the question of doing to the precipicial verge over which the deed drops lifeless into the gulf of accomplished fact.

After all, getting ready to go is only a form of getting ready to go back. When you leave home for whatever prospective destination your real objective is home, and when you reach England with its many common memories and usages, you might fancy you had reached America, if it were not for the customs examination. Here we perceive, if we have the historical sense, that we Americans, and not the actual English, inherit the past, with our medieval restrictions upon travel and commerce. They are, a large party of them, trying to get back to their tradition, but in the mean time we have immensely that disadvantage of them. A commonplace of the transatlantic voyager is the widely different treatment he meets in England and in America at the hands of the officials whose sad duty it is to suspect him a smuggler, but it is always a surprise when you arrive in a country where you are not sworn to your honesty, and then used as if you were a perjurer. If with a vivid sense of your last experience in New York, you make haste to get out your keys, and offer to open all your pieces of baggage, so that you may have your trial and punishment quickly over, the porter lifts a warning voice, and bids you open nothing that the inspector does not require. Then the inspector asks if you have any tobacco or perfumery—these seem to be the articles chiefly forbidden by the English customs—and upon your protestation of innocence, says, "Open this 'ere, please," choosing some small, meek Benjamin of its tribe. Then glancing at its contents with an air of feeling it an indelicacy to have forced this confidence, he begs you to close it again, and chalks it and all your other pieces, as not guilty, and you bear them away with renewed self-respect.

In this matter we are more mediævally English than the actual English, and, as we have said, they are, some of them, beginning to envy us our inferiority, but we fancy these hardly include any great number of transatlantic travellers. No sum of preparation can fortify them for encountering the rigors of our law, which

may indeed be accounted, in the severity of its application, as a forecast of the examination of our fardels of that bourne from which no traveller returns. It is there that all preparation ends, whether in the old way of a duty done, or an injunction fulfilled, or in the formless helplessness of those who have come no certain road, and have arrived travel-stained and broken, with every manner of disreputable-looking box and bundle. The new and unimaginable beginning that lies beyond that ending is not the beginning of another preparation, unless all the seers and diviners have been mistaken in their conjectures. There, all is fulfilment of one kind or another; things are done, or at least doing. It is a state of results, of eventualities in which there will be no more of preparation. It seems, from our present point of view, ideal, and yet we may not like it so much as we expect. Whether we do or not will depend a good deal, it is said, upon what sort of baggage we have arrived with; or possibly it may depend upon the laxity or strictness with which our baggage is examined. Some of the theorists hold that an English liberality will be practised in the construction of the law; that a piece or two of one's moral luggage will be looked into, and then passed with the rest as of no compromising character. Others contend that the American customs method will be applied. First the new arrival will be severely questioned as to what he has in those bundles and boxes of his. Then, upon his answer, candid or uncandid, the visitation of his baggage will begin. It is said that there will be nothing like "wearing things in." That charity for one's self with which one hopes to cover a multitude of one's sins, will be lifted as a mantle from one's shoulders, and the hidden things will be revealed. There will be nothing like passing a bank-note to the inspector, and hoping for an assumed carelessness on his part; he is strictly forbidden to accept gratuities; and with what anxiety shall not one watch him as he goes through some apparently innocent valise in which one's pet peccadillos have been packed away! What shame and anguish as he brings them out, one after another, and lays them on the wharf, plain to the gaze

of the bystanders, and then gathers them up and leads one away to the assessor to have them valued, and the duty levied upon them!

More probably the sum exacted will not be so great as used to be thought. It will not bankrupt the arriving traveller, and when he has paid it he will experience the relief which is said to follow the sufferance of any just penalty. In such matters we have to take the general supposition; personally we know nothing about it. But what we feel pretty sure of is that he will then be freed forever from the stress of preparation. There can be no getting ready for something beyond. Eternity will have at least this advantage over time that there can be no fear of not being ready at a given moment for a different thing. Change will have ceased, and with this disappearance of variety in the objects of existence the curse of choice will be lifted. It is no longer a question of going anywhere else; you have come to stay.

There are those who contend that this in the end—there will really be no end, of course, but we have to speak after the manner of this world—will be rather tiresome, or that the alleviations of the monotony have not yet been attractively imagined. Upon this point we cannot answer with authority; but we have a notion that eternity will pass much more swiftly than most people suppose, for the very reason that there can be no change in it. The days that are very like one another, as any one knows who has passed them in an imprisoning sickness, vanish rapidly. The same phenomenon has been noted in the years of later life. As long as one is young, the years are packed with novel experiences, and they move in a slow procession under the burden. But afterwards, when all experience is repetition, and the thing which is now is the thing which has been, then the years bestir themselves and get lightly, if not gayly, forward. It will perhaps be so with the æons of eternity; it is quite imaginable. At any rate, there will be never again that weariness of preparation for something different that makes the thing when we get it seem not worth the pains of striving for it.

Editor's Study.

THE complaint made by some critics that fiction suffers because of certain unwritten laws which exclude from periodical literature everything which might offend religious, partisan, or moral sensibility is not only baseless, but shows how little these critics know about magazine stories, which they are pleased to call insipid and colorless.

It is difficult to see how the free treatment of partisan or sectarian themes could enhance the attractiveness of either long or short stories; certainly in actual life we do not find that the agitation of questions that divide parties or sects suggests any romantic interest, appeals to any classical taste, or adds in any way to the general gayety.

Fierce religious or political conflicts in the past, remote from present prejudices, may lend themselves to the uses of fiction simply because of their dramatic interest; so may comparatively modern episodes of violent superstition, like that of the witchcraft delusion. But no novelist would be tempted into the field of contemporary political discussion concerning the tariff, or into that of theological disputation concerning sectarian differences in rite or doctrine. Yet the mighty and everlasting issues of the spiritual life and the exceedingly interesting social side of the political career are neither alien nor forbidden territory to the writer of fiction. There is open room for novels like *John Ward, Preacher*, and recently Margaret Sutton Briscoe has written a series of original and strikingly dramatic short stories, based on critical moments in the career of the Governor of a State. In England these fields have been extensively cultivated, and without offence.

Nor does the moral restriction in any way really confine the story-writer within narrow limits. Half a century ago, when romantic love furnished the main texture of short stories in our American magazines, writers might reasonably have complained of lack of freedom within so narrow a scope. At that time, too, the habit of reading the magazine, as well as books, aloud in the family circle generally prevailed, and the apprehension of

peril to "the young person" was obviously more acute, as it was also more capacious, quickly seizing upon and holding up to the publisher's reproach features which at the present time would pass unnoticed. The goody-goody story was not even then in favor, save for the uses of the Sunday-school library. The morality story of the Maria Edgeworth type, owing its existence to fear of the dangers of romantic fiction and to a desire to substitute therefor an unexciting diet, could not last. Formal morality, however indispensable, is a negative quantity in our human life; it must coexist with what is essentially good in character, but it sometimes coexists with hardness of heart and meanness of conduct. In itself it is not even interesting. A story written wholly or mainly in the interests of morality would indeed be vapid and "colorless"; but in the last half-century of magazine literature we challenge the critic to find a story of this sort. From the beginning of such literature in this country the romance has held its own.

In the early period it was, as we have said, confined almost entirely to love-stories, and these were usually written by women. It was especially at this period that the editor found it necessary to be on his guard against impropriety. "The young person" had a claim upon his vigilance. The trifling young man and the coquettish or designing young woman—used perhaps as foils to heroes and heroines of a more exalted type,—even the two simple young lovers, with no thought beyond their romantic passion, might easily in the hands of a weakly emotional writer become undesirable acquaintances for the scrupulous reader—certainly undesirable objects for youthful contemplation, though at the worst they might not match their predecessors in novels which were eagerly read by our grandmothers, but which would not be tolerated to-day,—not because of our greater morality, but owing to our advance in intellectual culture and refinement, as shown in the development of our literature in this particular field of fiction.

The restriction has not disappeared, nor has it been unduly relaxed. It is not desirable, and never will be, that anything should appear in a magazine for home reading which could not properly be read aloud to any audience, so far as a moral consideration dictates the propriety. There is no occasion for regret on the part of publisher, editor, or reader because of such a restriction. And it is important to add that writers are quite unconscious of the limitation.

The complaint that magazine editors stand at the gates of the Temple of Literary Fame to guard its sanctities, and that they are constrained by financial considerations to favor mediocrity at the expense of genius by the exclusion of everything original and unconventional, is not made by writers who are doing great work in contemporary literature, but by those who, unsatisfied with the ample liberty of the realm of letters, desire an unusual license, which in the degree that it approaches insolence is surely alien to genius. There is a certain *hauteur* which belongs in common to childhood and to genius, but it is gracious and in harmony with ideals; it is not a parade of vulgarity.

The editor has no conventional shibboleth which he imposes upon the aspiring writer, and no avoidance of life's realities save through an instinct which rules him as it does all sane readers. Art may disclose what nature veils, by giving it new veils, but it does not uncover any dark under side which nature insistently hides. It avoids what the Greeks called "the Unspeakable."

The very complexity of a refined literature introduces new perils. Indeed, what the editor has now chiefly to guard against is an atonic æstheticism. It is easy to exclude vulgar slang, wanton profanity, and shameless vice; this almost does itself. But paganism is more insinuating than the frank Gothicism of barbarians or the more modern naturalism. It is something even more softly alluring than paganism, this oversensuous refinement, which so easily blends with every charm and grace literature and art have won from the development of ages. Sometimes it surreptitiously even borrows from the stores of naturalism elements which it mystically veils and which

gleam through the nice phraseology like the heat-lightnings of a summer twilight. In the effects thus produced there is neither true beauty nor beautiful truth. The art is not under the control of the self-centred spirit; yet an almost Titanic force and subtlety may be engaged in the defiance of all heavenly powers—in which case the soft allurements and the nice, self-conscious phrasings are displaced by really fulgurant elements, and we confront a genius whose dread power may create a *mirage* lifting up to mortal view the spectacles of the lower world.

Evidently this kind of literature—both the oversensuous and the Tartarean—whatever degree of imaginative power it may have, belongs to the book rather than to the magazine. The exclusion from the magazine in this as well as in many other cases is not from any regard to "the young person," but from a consideration of fitness, having in view the general audience. Any one can see that the translation of a novel by Zola would not have been suitable for magazine publication, since, however rigidly edited and adapted, the lowering atmosphere would have remained, and the ugly view of the under side of human passions. Fortunately in English and American literature very few writers of great genius have desired to occupy this field, so diligently cultivated by the French masters of fiction; with us the whole region has been abandoned to second and third rate authors, whose courage is only daunted by the caution which a sane public opinion enjoins. Titanic work is justified only by Titanic genius like that of Thomas Hardy and of Algon Swinburne.

In general, the leading writers of fiction produce the kind of work best suited to magazine publication, so that there is no schism between the magazine and genius; and this is as true of short stories as it is of novels.

Considering the kind of criticism passed by certain writers upon contemporary magazine stories, we are compelled to think that these critics never read the stories. At least they have no adequate conception of the development of the short story during the last twenty years. It is easy without any real knowl-

edge of the subject to picture the magazine editor as a kind of Cerberus to frighten away the literary aspirant, and as having a special spleen against genius. The kind of originality which he excludes is really not of the order which could be attributed to genius. The great writers of our time are not, as is often supposed, first repelled by the magazine editor and afterward courted by him when they have wrested success from fate in spite of his antagonism. On the contrary, our best writers received their first encouragement from magazine editors, and not a single instance can be adduced of a writer who has won a lasting place in literature and who in the beginning encountered editorial disfavor.

Our own experience in dealing with the contributors of two generations justifies this assertion, and it also enables us to add that in substantial value, artistic workmanship, and variety the short story has during this period steadily advanced—a development appreciated only by those who have given special attention to the subject. In a general way and quite unconsciously it is appreciated by magazine readers, for among these it is the readers of short stories who constitute the vast majority and who could not be held by mediocrity of talent.

It is difficult for us to conceive how the readers of fifty years ago could have tolerated the T. S. Arthur type of love-story, then so prevalent and so popular. What an endless variety of changes were rung upon the few notes of this romantic strain! And, after whatever obstacles proving that the course of true love never did run smooth, how happily they all ended! Such departures as there were from this theme took that other line of romance which leads into the region of the unusual and wonderful—ranging from the beautiful fairy-tale to stories of “haunts” and of other ghastly terrors of the night. Most of the stories of whatever kind were comparatively crude, appealing to a literary taste which was less cultivated than that of the present day, and also quite responsive to themes which, while in themselves of everlasting interest, were presented in aspects which would now prove intolerably wearisome because we have passed beyond them to

phases less obvious, or beyond the themes themselves to others requiring a higher order of imaginative power.

Yet from the first there were some writers of short stories who have retained a place in literary remembrance and appreciation. Thus, before this Magazine was established, there was Poe, and, later, that frequent contributor to its earliest volumes, Fitz James O'Brien. These writers occupied a field quite apart from that of romantic love; but Donald G. Mitchell held somewhat closely to the old theme in his very poetic *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*. We can imagine what a relief to the strain of sentiment, then so generally accentuated in magazine literature, was afforded by John Ross Browne's descriptive articles in this Magazine of life in the new mining-camps, and by other like contributions of “Argonautic” association, which prepared the way for the striking fiction of Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

We do not infer from the wonderful development of the short story during the last twenty years that that period has therefore more abounded in writers of eminent genius engaged in this interesting field; we only claim that more and better short stories have been produced, that the number of those which have distinction far above mediocrity has been constantly increasing. Of exalted genius few examples are offered in any generation. Perhaps it is true that the immediately preceding generation has not had its fair share of newly emergent personalities thus phenomenally endowed, and that the glory of its literature is largely due to the fact that such stars as Mark Twain, James, Howells, Bret Harte, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Spofford, Miss Phelps, and Mary Wilkins still shone on, lending it their lustre; but even these have owed their full measure of prosperity to that increased culture essential to the deepest appreciation, and in response to the demands of this culture their own development has been stimulated to reach possibilities not otherwise attainable. Thus Bret Harte's latest stories were of more lasting value to our literature than his *Luck of Roaring Camp*. But later writers in the field, English and American,—Hewlett, Mrs. Rawson, Mrs. De-

land, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Booth Tarkington, Alice Brown, Mrs. Andrews, Mary Tracy Earle, Mrs. Donnell, Robert W. Chambers, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Miss Jordan, Miss Daskam, Mary Applewhite Bacon, and a score of others we might mention,—have contributed as distinctly new features to the short story.

The diversification of the short story during the period under review—the last twenty years—is one of the most striking features of its development, and shows that the development is in the lines of a natural evolution. How complex the variety resulting from this tendency must be apparent to any reader of this Magazine who closely scrutinizes its contents from month to month; and this large range does not include the many kinds of story which are good in their proper place, but which for one reason or another do not come within our scope of selection.

The wonder is that there are so many kinds that are good—good, that is, from our own editorial point of view, and as appealing to the varied tastes of our readers. It is only in an advanced stage of culture that this tendency to diversification becomes a passion. If we regard the magazine as a garden laid open for our study of the principle of natural selection, we shall observe from time to time the spontaneous emergence of new species, and then we shall note how inevitably each of a new kind of story, having once found place in the garden, begets others of that kind in hundreds of minds, and the editor knows better than any one else how pleasantly these others are inclined to a lodgment in the garden.

We find this development very beautifully illustrated if we take, for example, a single species, of which this Magazine has made something of a specialty, that of the child-story, which only recently emerged in connection with the study of child life and thought. What different types of stories it has brought forth under the very eyes of our readers from month to month! It is as if a new continent had been discovered. The children have been with us from the beginning, and we have always been telling them things—parables and fairy-tales and all kinds of instructive and entertaining lore; but they have had no deliverances for us—

until suddenly, as the result of our growing habit of psychical research and subjective analysis, we came to an appreciation of what is going on spontaneously, beneath the surface, in a child's mind—and we watched and listened for intimations from this newly found kingdom of the Naïve.

The development in the case of other new species has had much of the same psychological interest, giving fresh interpretations of subjective moods and motives, and taking shape in studies and sketches of unusual dramatic interest.

The new order of stories in its limitless variety does not properly belong to what is called the "realistic" class. We are not invited to behold a picture of life, but to a deeper speculation, bringing us next to the very pulse of life and its implicit meanings. This kind of story is more spiritual simply because it is vital. We had a striking instance of it in "The Man of Flesh and Blood" in our May number, written by Susan Keating Glasspell. The particular species to which it belonged emerged in a story by the same author, entitled "In the Face of his Constituents," published in our October number, 1903. The vitality of these new species is shown by their displacement of the old weeds in the garden—the stories that disclosed sordid motives, morbid sentiments, exaggerated passions.

The love-story still remains, but it has emerged from its old chrysalis, and more than any other kind of story it has been diversified into numberless species, in each of which the primal romantic note is veiled, not so much heard as overheard. It has become first of all a story of life, under whose color, aspiration, and romance, in manifold situations, the old everlasting canticle is disguised, or if, in some lyrical stress, it breaks forth in its own proper strain, it gains a deeper significance from its impressive and varied investment.

We do not say that the short story has reached its best possibilities; in very few instances has it either fully met the demands of the most cultivated readers or successfully rivalled the greatest contemporary novels; but it has entered upon its noblest estate, and it has succeeded in piquing and holding an interest it has not yet wholly satisfied.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Roscoe

BY SEWELL FORD

WE took Roscoe, as you might say, in three instalments. That is, three brief glimpses of him at different stages were awarded us, with intervals of a year between each glimpse. Just three little hints of him, yet so comprehensive that we felt we could not have known Roscoe better had we watched him from the cradle up.

It was at Something-or-Other-in-the-Pines. Folks go there in February and March to escape pneumonia and to contract weariness of soul. There it was that Roscoe was thrust upon us. Honestly, if left to ourselves we never should have achieved Roscoe,—never! But Mrs. J. Kempton Peppergrin—she was Roscoe's mother, you know—gave us no opportunity for escape. Before and after each meal she pumped Roscoe into us, much as if the story of him was some new cure, like mineral water, to be taken regularly and in large doses.

In part first the dear boy—that was Roscoe—was supposed to be a mental and physical wreck. True, he didn't look it—physically at least, for he was a well-developed, carefully groomed personage. As he stood, that first day in the sun-parlor, looking us over, one gloved hand languidly stroking a straw-colored mustache, an old maid in the corner glanced timidly over the top of a paper-bound copy of *Ardath* and sighed to herself, "What a pretty man!" She used the exact adjective. Other men might have had the same wavy blond hair, the same Grecian nose, the same military shoulders and French waist, without being called

pretty. Roscoe had them and *was* called pretty.

"The poor darling!" gurgled Mrs. Peppergrin. "He has been so overworked. He has been settling the estate, you know, and he has no head at all for business. It bores



At almost any hour of the day you might see her trotting after him

him horribly. His father always managed everything, but I do wish he could have left the property in better shape. Joshua was so thoughtless of Roscoe's feelings. Of course, he was taken suddenly, but it would have been such a relief to Roscoe if Mr. Pepper-

grin had only exercised a little forethought. Mills and stocks and real estate are so puzzling to one who doesn't understand them, and, as I said, they bore Roscoe horribly."

Well, Roscoe did look that. Somehow, as his dull blue eyes swept us in an impersonal, self-satisfied stare, the kind of stare a much-petted pug-dog gives to a stranger hand, we felt that we, too, bored Roscoe. It was something, however, that we could no more avoid than could Joshua Peppergrin have avoided answering the solemn call which took him away from his money-making and left all his property to puzzle the weary brain of the ill-used Roscoe. What a thoughtless thing for Joshua to do!

Some little satisfaction it was to see that Mrs. Peppergrin did her best to make amends. If Joshua had given Roscoe little thought, she gave thought to little else. At almost any hour of the day you might see her trotting after him with his overcoat, his gloves, his umbrella, or his cane. Early in the morning she began puffing up and down two flights of stairs—for Mrs. Peppergrin

was no lightweight—to get things for Roscoe: the morning papers, a glass of hot milk, a bit of toast. She would not trust the servants; they made mistakes, and Roscoe was impatient when folks made mistakes. At intervals all day long she panted and bustled about. Roscoe had forgotten his cigarettes, he wanted this, he ought to have that. At meal-time she devoted her attention to seeing that Roscoe's many whims were all satisfied. It was very touching, very beautiful, especially the consistent manner in which he snubbed her.

"Are the eggs right? Wouldn't you like some a little softer, Roscoe?"

No response.

"Isn't that toast too dry for you, dear?"

Roscoe reads his paper undisturbed.

"Shall I send for another chop? Have you cream enough in your coffee?"

You might have imagined that Roscoe could neither see nor hear.

Was it necessary to have known Roscoe during his tender years to judge accurately of his boyhood and youth? No, it was not.

We had that, at least, for which to be thankful.

A whole week of Roscoe at this stage left an impression somewhat vivid. For months afterward the labored breathing of a stout woman brought him to mind.

In part two there was no change of setting. Again we were at So - and - So - in - the - Pines, and once more did Roscoe appear, still the pretty man, still bored, Mrs. Peppergrin still puffing along in his wake. But with them came a frilled young person. Very much frilled she was. Possibly that is not quite lucid. A feminine analysis of her appearance might add descriptive details more to the purpose, but you must take the frills for the phrases. Her name was Millicent.

"She thinks so much of dear



For a half-hour at a time Millicent would turn her back on him



He stood irresolute in the aisle, an object of lively interest

Roscoe," confided Mrs. Peppergrin. "They are engaged, you know. And I do hope Millie will be worthy of him; I do hope so."

This seemed to be the last thing about which Millie worried. Chiefly she was concerned about her frills. There were several new sets of them to be displayed each day, and it appeared she was never quite certain that she had them all on just right. Perhaps you have seen a Brazilian cockatoo preening his gay plumage? Well, Millie was something like that, particularly if she could sit within range of a pier-glass.

About her hovered Roscoe, waiting patiently until the frills were all arranged, when she would reward him with a smile. A wonderful smile it was, too; no mere relaxing of the lips, but a manœuvre in which

the chin, the eyes, the eyelids, the eyebrows, all had a part to play and played it. Nor was it a simple, offhand, spontaneous smile, such as some persons scatter broadcast. Millie was no spendthrift with her smiles. They were, in fact, rather rare, but when she did smile she gave her whole attention to the business. The result was a work of art, a triumph.

Perhaps it was that Roscoe, being solely favored, could not resist the subtle flattery. At any rate, he seemed fairly snared. You could see that by his manner of looking at her. It was a gaze which told of admiration too deep for words. How abrupt and startling was the change when he turned to stare at the rest of us! You may be sure we felt very small indeed.

Besides her wonderful smile Millie had a purring way of talking. It was a sort of vocal accompaniment to the smile, soft and low, and of a smooth, creamy sweetness that you felt was almost too good to be true. It was what we used to call a Sunday voice, one that could be used when visiting or on holidays. She had quite a different tone for her maid,—one with shingle-nails and broken glass and mixed pickles in it.

It was interesting to note that Millie was a young woman of whims as well as frills. She, too, was used to being humored, and plainly it was the wise thing to let her have her own way. The timid manner of her maid suggested as much. This trait seemed to amuse Roscoe immensely, as did a few others. Millie could sulk charmingly. She was prettiest when she pouted. In fact, their cooing was a series of petty squabbles about nothing at all. For a half-hour at a time Millie would turn her back on him, ignore entirely his ornamental presence, and then, just before his patience was exhausted, bring him to her feet with one of those smiles which were such triumphs of art. These were her sun-parlor tactics.

Almost pathetic was the distress of Mother Peppergrin as she watched it all from the background. That had become her position, the remote background. If she had been a secondary figure before, now she was no more than a faint cipher. Taking Roscoe as her model, Millie improved on the pattern. She replied to the observations, suggestions, or queries of Mrs. Peppergrin with a stare that seemed to go through the good lady and come out somewhere on the other side. As a photographer would say, Mrs. Peppergrin was continually out of focus. The observant Roscoe regarded this with high good humor. It was something which he could appreciate to the utmost.

We left them in this stage, expecting never to see them again, for two seasons

had been quite enough of these particular pines. More than a year passed. Roscoe and Millie had been almost forgotten, when, one hot July day, as we were flitting from torrid city to torrid seashore, there entered the Pullman our old acquaintances. Millie had become Mrs. Roscoe Peppergrin. No one told us that, but, somehow, we knew. Perhaps it was because she no longer used her Sunday voice.

"I will not sit there," she was saying. It was the broken-glass-and-mixed-pickles tone. "I will not, I tell you. That's the sunny side. I shall sit here."

"But our chairs are on this side, my dear," protested Roscoe, and in his eyes could be read a reluctance to face what impended.

"Have them changed, then."

"But all these are sold; the conductor told me so."

"Go back and tell him that I shall sit here." There was a finality about this decree which Roscoe could not mistake.

For a moment we thought he was going to rebel. His fingers clutched desperately about the roll of sunshades and umbrellas. He shut his teeth, narrowed his eyelids, and stood irresolute in the aisle, an object of lively interest for two scores of eyes. Millie unconcernedly opened a magazine and settled herself comfortably. Roscoe gave up.

During his ten-minute talk with the uniformed car autocrat we watched Roscoe's baughty demeanor wilt and crumple as a fat man's collar wilts when he runs for a trolley. Only after he had thoroughly humbled himself was his mission successful.

"It's all right, my dear; I've had yours changed," he whispered as he returned.

"Get me a glass of ice-water," was Millie's response. Then the train pulled out.

Perhaps it was uncharitable, but, on sober reflection, we agreed that not only was Millie worthy of him, but that they were worthy of each other.

The Road to Yesterday

BY CAROLINE McCORMICK

OH, the nursery is lonely, and the garden's
full of rain,
And there's nobody at all who wants to
play,
But I think if I should only run with all
my might and main
I could leave this dreary country of To-
day.
For it can't be far to cross it, since I came
myself last night,—
When I went to sleep they brought me
all the way,—
And To-morrow's very near, they say it's
almost in our sight,
So I soon could come again to Yesterday.

Over there my boat is sailing, all alone upon
the pond,—

I must hurry back before she blows astray;
And arbutus flowers are trailing in the
pleasant fields beyond,

With the other little, lovely flowers of
May.

And the trees are white with blossoms, and
the air is bright with song,

And the children all are happy there and
gay.

Oh, I want to go to find them now, and you
may come along,

If you'll show me, please, the road to
Yesterday.

He Knew Him

AN eminent divine of Louisville, Kentucky, who is the grandfather of a very bright and interesting little boy named George, aged about three years, had been in the habit of romping and playing hide-and - seek with him. One Sunday morning George's mother thought she would take him to church with her for the first time.

They were ushered to a seat well up in front, and all went nicely until the divine, dressed in his clerical gown, stepped out and began the service. As soon as he started speaking the little fellow's eyes began to open widely with a very puzzled expression. Suddenly a broad smile swept over his chubby face, and leaning eagerly forward and shaking his tiny fist at his grandpa, he cried, "Oh! 'oo brack rascal, tun down here and take off dem c'ose; I know 'oo."

ARTHUR K. LORD.

A Misunderstanding

ALITTLE girl of five had been at a party, and on her return told her mother that she had upset a cup of tea.

"Oh, Kitty," exclaimed her mother, "what made you do that?"

"The debbil," answered Kitty.

"But why did you listen to him?"

"I t'ought it was God talkin' to me," said Kitty; and after such an excuse what further fault could her mother find!

G. R.

The Literary Pig

"**W**HAT is your occupation, sir?"

Inquired the census-taker then. And the pig replied with conscious pride,

"I get my living by my pen."



A New Discovery

A Double Misfortune

KITTY, aged five, was walking with her mother one day, when, for the first time, she saw twins, little girls rather younger than herself. It happened that they were particularly plain children, a fact which struck Kitty forcibly, for she exclaimed:

"Oh! look mamma! Two little girls, and one is just as bad as the other!"

G. ROBINSON.

RECOLLECTIONS

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

(With Suggestions for Illustration by the Author)

IN the days of braggart youth (though, as now, I spoke the truth)
Of full appreciation oft I dreamt;
Now I'm old, my deeds are more than the sands upon the shore,
Yet I've learned to treat all sceptics with contempt,—
Exempt
Am I from all emotion save contempt.

Wild beasts of every sort I have hunted down for sport,
From Vlwostowek to the land of the Pooguls;
And those I did not kill I have led around at will,
For I have a winning way with animuls,
Which lulls
The passions of the wildest animuls.



As a youth I had a rub with a yellow, bobtailed Blub,—
I was hunting in the woods of Whangaree:
He was ten-foot-seven high, but I smote him in the eye,
Then, not knowing he was dead, went up a tree.—
Ah me,
I was young and ran for refuge up a tree!

How one's recollections pour through the past's half-opened door!
'Twas about that time I roamed the Rumpic Zone,
And I fought an angry Swot in a lonely desert spot,
And I skinned him single-handed and alone,—
Ochone!
I have had my greatest triumphs when alone!



Yes, I remember once, how I killed a young Ger-unce,
And its parents galloped up with blazing breath,—
Though their pinions beat like flails, yet I tied their giant tails,
Then I waited till they pulled themselves to death.—
I gueth
You seldom see a more exciting death!

But I spent my proudest day on the shores of Doodel Bay,—
There I slew a huge Pohunk ere I was dressed,
With two Whoopees and a bunch of wild Flop-cats before lunch,—
Then I gave the afternoon to needed rest:
'Twas best
To leave the smaller game-birds to the rest.



But 'twas near that very shore that a million (maybe more!)
Wild cannibals my prowess overcame;
And upon the Isle of Ghoo I was made into a stew,—
'Tis the one disgrace attaching to my name,—
With shame
I admit this single blemish on my name.

Hopeful

A FEW days ago my little nephew—a boy who has just attained his fourth birthday—and I were sitting in a room all alone. I had told him previously that all the naughty things he did God saw and wrote down in His big book, and if, when God looked at His big book on the last day, He found his page (Oswald's) covered with black marks of the naughty things he had done, then he couldn't go to heaven. This had served to keep him good a few moments, but soon he forgot and was naughty again. So I at once reminded him of what I had said, and added, "God has put that down in His big book, you know." For a moment his little face clouded over. Then it brightened, and with an eager look in his eyes, he asked, with many inquiring nods of the head, "Has God's pencil got any rubber on it?"

EFFIE COLCLOUTH.

A Useful Game

MILDRED, having tired of her little brother, called a neighbor's little girl in to play "dolls" with her.

John, however, persistently sought their company.

"Sister," said he, "can't I play something?"

"Yes, John; go in the back room and play you're dead for an hour and a half."

J. T. O.

Just Cause

FRANCES, a worthy colored woman, having been forced to leave her brutal husband, often threatened to obtain a "divo'ce."

One day, however, she surprised her mistress with this information:

"Miss Marion, I understan' dat dat husban' o' mine is gwine ter git a divo'ce from me, down in Virginia, an' ef he wants it I'm a-gwine ter let him git it."

"What in the world can he get a divorce



Astronomical

"*WHAT* are you doing, Mister Man?"
Said little Walter Gray.

"Why, now, my son, it's only this,—
A case of Milky Weigh!"

from you for?" indignantly asked Miss Marion.

"I dun'no' egzaactly, but I heerd for sixteen dollars."

J. T. O.

The Call

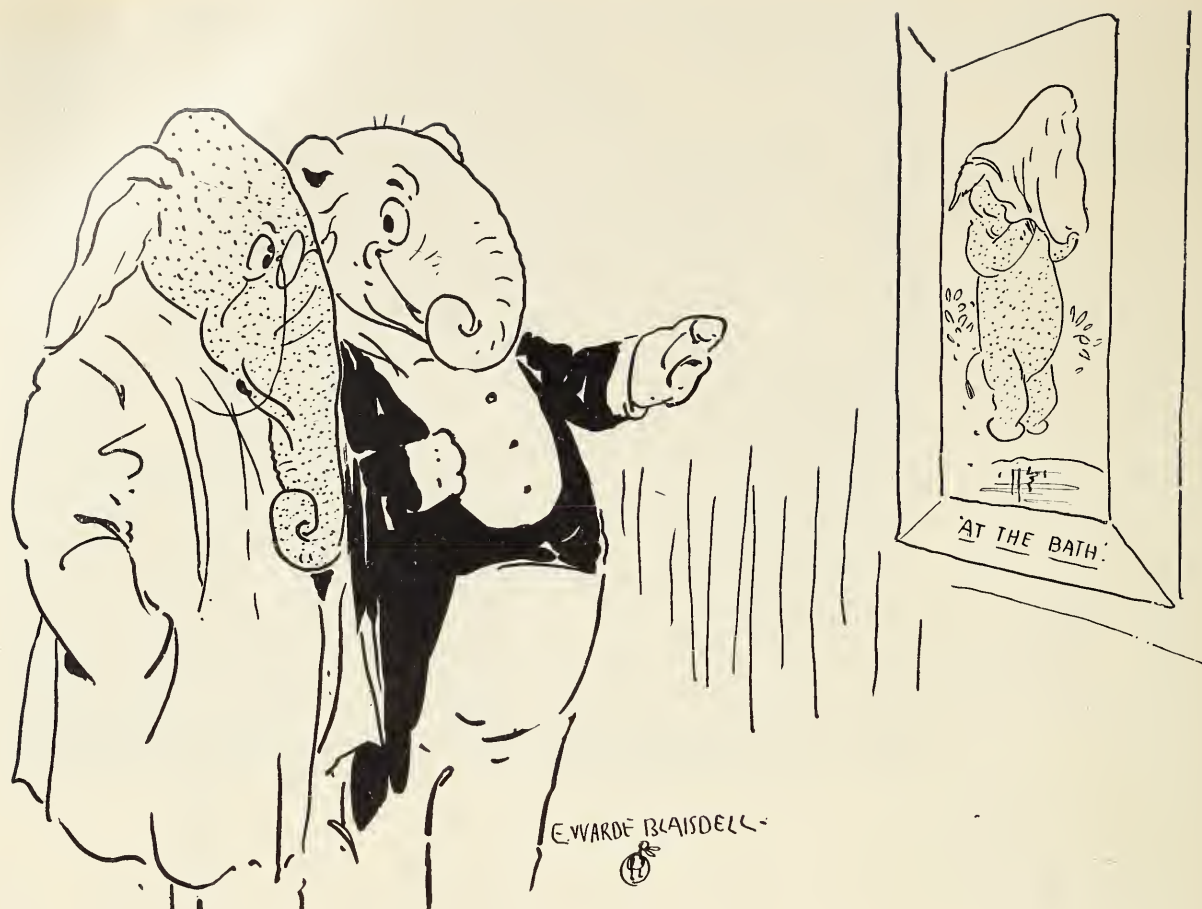
WHEN summer bourgeons on the hill,
And in the river fishes leap;
When Jo the ploughman slumbers till
The drowsy birds begin to peep,—
Then we'll away,
To seek the spirit of the day
In woodland deep.

Where bees are crooning merrily,
And honey oozes in the cell,
Where cocks are calling cheerily,
And lambkins romp, and bullocks dwell,
There let us go,
That we may raise the veil and know
Dame Nature well.

Where barnyard clamor ebbs apace,
And Bet the milkmaid fills her pail,
The while she turns to scan the place
If Jo the ploughman be in hail.—
Ah, let's away!

To dream by night and laugh by day,
Ere life grow stale.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.



A Connoisseur

MR. QUICKRICH (showing his new picture). "Ain't that nobby, professor? And all trunk-painted!"

Spirit vs. Letter

"JAMES," asked his mother as she was getting him ready for Sunday-school, "have you forgotten that verse I taught you yesterday?"

James, who had just turned six, had a memory like his father (and that was a very bad one—so said James's mother). She had picked out next to the shortest verse in the Bible—"It is I; be not afraid!"—and had attempted to teach it to James, who was to repeat it when his teacher should call the class roll.

"Now, James darling, let me hear your verse," coaxed his mother as she struggled with the last button of his waistband.

James studied very hard for a second, and brightened perceptibly—he gazed straight into his mother's eyes and shouted triumphantly,

"It's me—don't git skeered!" C. H.

His Preferences

ROBERT had been taught to eat what was set before him without any complaint. Expressions of aversion were especially forbidden. One day when a dish of rice pud-

ding, which he particularly disliked, was passed to him he was heard to say, thoughtfully,

"There's jus' *three kinds* of pudding I like—mince pie an' squash pie an' gum!"

The Old Swimming-Pool

MASTER Tom comes home at sundown with the water of the old swimming-pool dropping like crystals from his short curly hair onto the nape of his neck. His mother is getting their supper in the hot, stuffy kitchen.

"Tom," she exclaimed when her eyes fell on him peeping in at the open door, "come right here to me," and she drew him up under the lamp's rays for closer inspection.

"Goodness me! your shirt's on wrong side out! Don't tell me—you've been to that old swimmin'-pool agin. Or else, how'd that shirt o' yours git turned on your back?"

In spite of the evidence that would have hanged him before a dozen jurymen, Master Tom gazed roguishly up into his mother's frowning face and explained, "Maw, I must 'a' turned it gettin' over the fence!"

CORNELIA HICKMAN.



Illustration for "The Sword of Ahab"

See page 337

THE BATTLE OF THE STAIRS

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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NO. DCLI

The Sword of Ahab

BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING



MISS CLEVELAND looked back half reluctantly on Boylston Street as Rankyn led her up the Museum steps. The tulips in the Triangle shone brighter even than the sunlight. Down at the Institute a group of youngsters sat basking; some had books under their arms. Four women and a man stood in front of Trinity and studied the façade in absorbed indifference to the passers-by. All five carried bundles. A great many other people seemed waiting for something. The Library doors were releasing lines of women, who smiled when they looked up at Heaven's lovely face, as if to see their images in the mirror of her eyes. Some of the women were not quite young, but when Day stirred them with his touch, a strange beauty, a glorified youth, possessed them, every one. The trolley-cars moved inoffensively, eating up, like amiable one-eyed ogres, the gathering crowds at the mouths of streets. Cool flashes of muslin caught Miss Cleveland's eye. Out-of-doors it was a true god's day. The Museum would be stifling.

"Only a quarter-hour," pleaded Rankyn. "It is at the very left of the entrance, and we will see nothing else."

"Can we spare a quarter-hour of such a day?" Miss Cleveland objected weakly. "Can't we come when it rains, to see an old sword with a gold hilt and an ivory ball in the handle?"

"No," said Rankyn.

There was a flash or two from the step below him. Miss Cleveland was not accustomed to the language of command. But Rankyn stood uncompromising, too serious to smile, and she felt embarrassingly sure she was on the verge of some discourtesy. She was ten years beyond the age when one chooses to be impolite to an agreeable bachelor.

"Since you wish it so much," Miss Cleveland answered, "of course!" And they went in, past the skull-capped old man who took Rankyn's stick and gave him a brass check for it.

"This is a sword of Phœnicia, you see," explained Rankyn.

Miss Cleveland moved around to the other side of the case and read the label by the hilt on the backing of mirror-glass:

PHŒNICIAN SWORD.

*Loaned by William Colchester Rankyn,
Esquire.*

"By you!" Miss Cleveland's fingers took hold upon the metal binding of the case.

"I found it on the shores of the Levant last autumn," said Rankyn,— "really found it on a sea-beach, and got it away after many risks."

"You thief!" Miss Cleveland laughed a soft denial of her wrath.

"No thief," said Rankyn; "it was my own sword, you see!"

His sudden vigor startled her, and when she looked up quickly from the sword to his face, she was amazed to

find him regarding her with eyes she scarcely knew.

"Your own sword—in Phœnicia?"

"My own sword—you know it was mine,—and you remember,—don't you, can't you,—can't you remember,—why, every one has lived before, and from the first hour I knew you—"

"Seven days ago!" Miss Cleveland smiled suggestively.

"—from then I have known that this was my own sword, and that you and I,—on that very shore,—maybe three thousand years ago,—our real selves,—I mean,—you see—" This is the story:



ELISSA, daughter of Ibrahim the merchant, was very beautiful, walking down the smoothed stone pathways of her father's garden, between the rows of green and the red pomegranate blooms, to where the cliffs looked on the sea. The clear sun's rays fell shimmering through the cedars and half pierced the fine, sheer whiteness of her robe, one end of which, to free her sandalled feet, hung over her left arm in folds that offered dainty prey to the wild sea airs. A band of pure and yellow gold held up her dense black hair, and about her waist a silver girdle, plucked from the treasures of the Tartessus, told with a modest candor of the tender lines within.

Turning the semicircle of the flowerbeds to reach the stone seats at the garden's end, Elissa saw already there the tall, broad figure of a swarthy man, dressed in a purple robe, its long folds stained with the deepest blood of the murdered murex—with that strange lustre, greater than the leopard-skins of Egypt, which had brought the monarch of the very Nile to these alluvial fields in trade.

"Who is there?" Elissa cried, yet knowing.

"Ahab the Pilot," he answered, turning his keen black eyes upon her with a gentle suddenness. "Dost thou not know me to-day?"

The girl's eyes answered his. "And thy sword?"

The taunt stung till his brown cheeks near bled.

"Thou knowest I have no sword, Elissa," he answered; and then, less humbly: "for my life is not the soldier's life. I brave dangers thy war-men never knew of. Do I not lead thy father's ships to Britain? Your warriors talk well with the women, and shed their blood in some great company, it is true; but go into the streets of Tyre this day and ask her merchants and her builders and her statesmen who it is has made Phœnicia glorious among nations, and they will tell thee Ahab the Pilot, who leads her ships at sea."

"But thou hast no sword." The girl smiled in pretty coquetry. Ahab's hot eyes took flame.

"It is the young soldiers of the King have set thee against me," he cried, running one hand, covered with gold and silver rings, over his face in a gesture of annoyance which made her laugh aloud. "Thou mayest laugh, Elissa, but thou art scorning a great love. When I was a lad I was put to the sea, and sailed many voyages in oared ships. And once, when a great storm blew us far away for many days, all on board were afraid, for we were near the Land of Demons, beyond Tartessus; and I feared too, but I held down my fear and took the ship's helm. And I steered her back to harbor, and they made me a pilot for that. Thou knowest, for thy father, who profiteth most by me, hath told thee, that now I am the greatest pilot in Phœnicia, and that no other hath ever taken ships to Britain safely. Thou knowest the Egyptians call me by great names, and that when the King gave me a stone house and twenty slaves, they offered me a marble palace, and a princess for my wife; and I stayed here that I might lead thy father's ships again to Britain. Thy soldier maketh nothing, only destruction. The pilot maketh the nation, giveth gold to the King to fight his wars, and dominions to rule over, and great cities full of riches. And Ahab, the greatest of pilots, is proud to say that he doth wear no sword."

Elissa paid small heed to her admirer's essay, but walking to a neighboring bush, plucked from it a flower. Ahab's heart sprang as he watched her, for she was very beautiful.

"This flower," she said, and pressed



THE DARK FOLK TROOPED TO MEET THEM ON THE SHORE

it to her mouth—Ahab leaped hungrily to her side—"this flower I would give to a man who wieldeth sword,—not merely weareth one. If a man hath fought for his life and won, I could love him, I think. Ahab, where is thy sword to-day?"

For a minute he stood close to her, looking into her face so fixedly she winced with sudden fear. Then he sprang away, and threw his purple robe across his shoulders so that his arms, the muscles hillocking the brown skin and the amulets of gold set with blue enamel and rare gems, showed bare.

"Scorn me if thou wilt, Elissa!" he said, a high dignity keeping down his anger well. "I am off for Britain this day. Perhaps I shall find a sword there for thee."

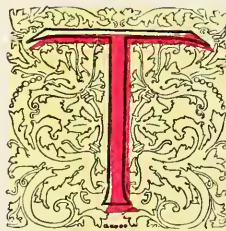
"I may find one here whilst thou art there!" laughed the maiden, and Ahab was gone.

She watched the eight black ships her father sent to Britain as they made sail and left their moorings in the curving harbor's horn. And when seven of them were in the offing their captains held them in the wind and their rowers quit their oars, so that they lay in a long line, their sails of hide flapping from the single yards. Then the eighth black ship came out, being rowed swiftly and with no sail set. Her hull was polished like real ebony, reflecting the sunshine upon the water as a glass. A narrow band of white ran from where a golden bull's-head marked the bow, to stern, a sword's length from the water-line. Just under it were the oar-ports, ten on either side, and the long oars of pure ash wood were black and polished like the hull, but that the blades were deep blood-red, and there was a rim of figured brass where those two colors met. And the eighth ship had one short mast, with a heavy yard slung near the top; and on the yard a sail, furled closely. But by the mast a youth stood with cords ready to loose the sail, and Elissa knew this was the ship of Ahab the Pilot, the swiftest in the Phœnician fleets, and as fine as the great barge of the King; and that the sail was of wondrous striped silk, which none other might spread, even if he had wealth to buy one.

Ahab stood on the high stern of his black ship while the rowers drove her

through the lively sea. Looking down through the beams of the open deck, he saw twenty stark Egyptians at the oars, soon to be unshipped when the sail had been raised. He lifted his hand. The youth released the cords, and the sail of striped silk fell gracefully into the arms of the waiting winds, where it dallied briefly until pulled taut by the ready crew. And then the eighth ship took her place at the head of the line, first passing before the others as if to say, "Have good look at me; for you shall reach no Britain but in my wake."

Elissa, on shore, saw Ahab gazing toward the gardens of Ibrahim in search of some sign from her. "He is a fool to care so much," she said. "I do not love these merchantmen." So she gave no sign. And while she watched, day closed. The gray and unhewn walls of Tyre turned softly pink beneath the slanting sun. The light in the gardens changed from pearl to a dense and dusky red. Soft music stopped the rumble of the carts, and the shrill call of the sheepmen dropped away; while along the sea there were shades of vast purpureal depths, and the majestic mystery of evening fell upon the spot where last were seen the ships of Ibrahim.



HERE is a village church now where the Great Hall of the Britons stood gray guard upon the headlands and looked off southward to the sea; the level farms, beginning at the very brink, run back beneath the elms and oaks, and willows line the brooksides near the small white houses and the barns. Hedgerows, in fair insistence, mark the ways in which men's feet must go, and often by the road the eye is held and the nostril blessed by well-made clumps of fragrant blooms set off in grass by red-cheeked wives along the dusty way. But when Ahab came here with the seven ships of Ibrahim no farms and barns were there, but the Great Hall of the Britons, made with stone blocks set in a white mortar, and not loose like the thick Phœnician walls, and with oaken beams above and hardened turf held with wood pins for a roof. Behind the Great Hall lived



BERTHA, THE MUCH BELOVED

many people in huts and some chiefs of tribes, all very savage and dark-haired, in their skin and fur mantles, with long spears and heavy-headed clubs, but loving their women and children with a simple passion which was tenderer by contrast with their keen ferocity. Little they cared for ships and silken sails and merchandise, but they much desired the sharp swords, bronze helmets and gold breastplates, and the shields of tooled leather, and other arms brought them from Phœnicia; wherefore they welcomed the Eastern traders, and gave them whole cargoes of tin in fair exchange. Ibrahim sent five caravans a year, two into Egypt, two into Persia, and one to Greece, outladen with dyes and colored cloth and glasses and beaten brass, inladen with gold and manuscripts and the latest news of the great wars. But in twenty years of camel trade there was not the profit which derived to him from a single voyage to Britain after tin. Because as yet the Britons trusted none from the East but Ahab, and Ahab they loved as fierce dogs love their master.



ANY dark-haired folk trooped to meet Ahab on the shore, and some of them climbed down the cliff's steep face to the narrow sands below and waded to his boat, shouting quick greetings to him and his crew, and calling already for the captain of the ships to know what he had brought by way of trade this voyage. And above, the women clustered, gossiping to the strangers, and ridiculing, too, yet very eager to set eyes upon the cargoes of the ships.

"Hast thou brought us the reddish robes, and the turbans,—and the enamelled silver?" they cried, in their own strange tongue.

"Truly," answered the sailors, in theirs, "and the gold chains for your pretty necks and for your ankles—"

But the women, laughing, fled, fearing to understand too much. No tongue is foreign when a woman bargains.

But one among them lingered until Ahab reached the top of the cliff, watching him at first with large eyes, and cheeks that grew red as the scarlet of

his sail, and then waited, half pale again, to see if he should remember her and maybe speak her name,—a lovely, slender maid, whose yellow hair and deep-blue eyes, in contrast with the darker looks about her, blazed like a star in the Northern sky.

For she was Bertha, of unknown parentage, adopted by the tribe since, as a babe, the Britons found her drifting on a ship's wreck twenty years before, tied fast with thongs to a great sword of strange make. And she was much beloved, and a little feared, for the white-bearded old priests, around their flat altar-stones beneath the oak-trees, said she was daughter of a noble race in the North, and some said she was a child of the gods and that the sword was a god's sword. So they hung the sword in the Great Hall and made much of Bertha.

Ahab, smiling at the throng of women, who esteemed him as a brother to them all, saw Bertha standing by and went to her.

"Bertha," he said, and took both her hands as fathers do, "is it thou of all these who canst speak my native tongue, yet hast no word of it for me?"

"Nay, my lord," she said, in gentle protest, and his heart was glad because she spoke so well the language he had taught her, "I did but wait thy notice. Thou hast been gone a year,—and—"

"And might have forgotten thee,—is it that, my child?" Ahab laughed and put both her hands together in his own, and as he held them so, he said: "Bertha, thou art lovely. I know many lovely women, but thou hast some strange light behind thy eyes; a deep, mysterious radiance lies about thy face. Tell me, art thou—"

"Oh, my lord!" she cried, "all the women see us!"

Ahab turned. All the women, and indeed the men, were now grouped there, regarding them with eyes half fond, half anxious. The seasoned man of the world read their simple candor in one sweeping view. And so, for he had learned to love these savage folk, he led Bertha toward them and said, in their rude language,

"Hath Ahab once proved false to ye, my friends?"

"Never!" they cried, and the men beat their spears together for clamor, and

clashed their bronze axes, set in wooden hafts.

"Then I say there is not one among ye holdeth this child's honor dearer than do I."

So they cheered him again as they went to see the ships unloaded. And it was many days of sunshine and of storm (and many a moonlit night) before the ships were filled with tin.



ON the day before the ships sailed East they were by the Great Hall, when Ahab said,

"Bertha, canst thou guess thy parentage?"

"Come!" she answered, quickly, and led him to the Great Hall. It was a room of vast dimensions, hung with furs; and with blocks of stone about the sides, where the chiefs sat in yearly council, or oftener if there were wars; and slitted openings for light. And at one end was a long gray stone of half a man's height, with another stone as long, but near flat, cemented to the top of it—the altar of the Druid priests, where pretty youths were put to death to please the angry gods, while fires of oak twigs filled the place with heavy, sacred scents. But at the other end, not very high up, and low where all could see, hung the great sword, and its scabbard was of foreign metal unmarked by sign or symbol, and its hilt was of pure gold, and in the head of it was set a ball of ivory, white as milk. Bertha led Ahab here.

"There is my history," she said. "No man knoweth else."

"I have seen the sword," said Ahab, "for many times each day I have visited this place to look upon it. Wast thou bound to it with thongs when they found thee, Bertha?"

"With strong thongs of leather, my lord," said she, "and it was twenty years ago. None here hath strength to pull it from its sheath."

"Have I?" mused Ahab, and he was thinking of Elissa in the garden of Ibrahim.

"These good people think I came here from the gods," said Bertha, wistfully. "Perhaps I did so, yet I would not be more than a woman, with a woman's

heart and a woman's life. But they say I am more, and that one day a god will come who can unsheath the sword, and that him I shall wed."

"And wouldst thou, then, not wed a god?" asked Ahab.

"Not I, my lord," cried Bertha. "A woman would wed to her taste, and by that do I know I am but a woman."

"Thou art an incomparable woman," said Ahab.

"And thou, my lord," said Bertha, very softly, "art, to some of us, so very like a god!"

Ahab sprang back two paces, taken unaware. That and fear lest he betray his longing to possess the sword undid his self-control; but instantly discerning his advantage, he recovered his dignity and resolved on one brave play. For the taunts of Elissa of Tyre still led his thoughts,—and he was a proud man.

"Bertha," said Ahab, "have many tried to draw the sword?"

"Hundreds," she answered,—“so many that the priests and the chiefs have promised to give me and the sword to him who can unsheath it.”

"The sword and thou!" said Ahab.

"Me and the sword!" answered Bertha.

And then Ahab walked a little way, and he prayed: "O Baal, I pray by thy power, and by the seven planets, and by the sacred rivers, and by the hills of the lands I have found for thy people,—Baal, I ask thee for strength to draw this sword and to carry it and to wield it as thou sendest me chance!"

"Take down the sword and hand it me!" cried Ahab.

He swung back his red robe until his arms were naked to the shoulders. Bertha gave him the sword, and he put his left hand on the sheath, and his right hand, fitted to the gripping of tillers and muscled against the pitching of the seas, to the golden hilt, and the ivory ball just struck his little finger.

"Baal!" he cried.

And, easily as a sunbeam slips through deepest shadows, the sword came out; and, as exultantly he swung it high about his head, its double edges flashed in splendid glory.

"Bertha!" he cried, "see, I have drawn the sword and it is mine!"

"Yes, my lord," she answered him,



THE DRAWING OF THE SWORD

uneasily, "thou hast won the sword and me!"

The blade fell clattering on the stony floor, and the scabbard followed it.

"And thou!" For Ahab had been thinking of the pride of Ibrahim's daughter.

Elissa had seen the ships come in, and heard her father say how Ahab had brought another fortune home; so she went down to the garden's end and waited there. But ere she went she said to her maids, "Send boys to tell my lovers I am kind to-day," and they found them in the city drinking-places, where some made wagers on their luck in love. And they were seven in all—Jethro of the Bowmen, Ezra, Malachi, Bildad (son of Micah), Thitmu the Egyptian, Marcus Marius, renegade from the Roman legions, and Timon, the seventh,—all soldiers of the King, wearing their broad-bladed swords with long, sharp points, and some of them had mail upon their legs and breasts.

"We will pay our stakes from Ibrahim's fortune," said they, and hastened at the call to meet their lady in her father's garden.

And in a little time came a slave to her saying, "Ahab the Pilot is above and he would see thee." Whereat the lovers jested. But Elissa bade her send him down to her, seated among her soldiers.

They heard him striding on the garden walk, heard the sweep of his robe against the clinging brush; and then he entered where they were and stood there straight and tall, with his black head high, regarding them, but most of all Elissa, in the centre of the group. She half reclined upon the ivory bench set in its frame of stone, swinging her fan lazily. It was a fan with a staff of bone, a ram's head of gold for one end, and in the other were set feathers, like plumes, of white.

"Welcome, Ahab," she said. "Welcome home from Britain. Thou knowest all these friends?"

"My thanks," was all he said, and that most gravely.

"Wilt thou join us, Ahab?" she asked, with her coquettish smile. "We were speaking of sword-play when thy name was called just now."

"Little I know of sword-play," answered Ahab, "but I have brought a sword which thou mayst teach me how to wield. My weapon is the steering-oar, and not the steel."

"A sword!" cried Elissa, rising to her feet. "Dost say thou hast brought home a sword?"

"It is here!" said Ahab.

"In that case," smiled Elissa, sitting languidly down again, "thou mayst kiss my hands."

"My thanks," said Ahab; but he did not move.

"Didst hear me, Ahab?" asked Elissa, wondering that the mouse no longer courted the cat's claws.

"My thanks!" And Ahab did not move.

Three soldiers leaped off the stone seats with ugly eyes.

"Silence!" commanded Elissa; and then to Ahab, with a sneer, "Let us see thy sword, my Pilot."

Ahab turned and made a signal up the walk, and presently a woman came, bearing the great sword, and she was Bertha, the Viking's daughter. She wore a robe of lamb's-wool striped with scarlet and soft gray, and fastened at the neck by a giant star of Syrian amber; and a band of Greek gold, made in a twisted wire, held back her hair, and was lost in the yellow of it. And the blood of her sailor fathers, of a hundred Viking princes, gleamed in her brave blue eyes, which looked upon them all with no great fear, but longest on Elissa, and then to Ahab with unspeakable affection.

And when she would have offered him the sword he let it pass and put his arms about her and held her, and said:

"Elissa, daughter of Ibrahim, who stung me with thy pride, this is my sword and my love, which I yield to no man."

"Yellow hair!" was all Elissa said, but she gazed long at them, her chin upon her hands, and leaning on her knees. And the lovers began moving slowly, one after another, to surround the pair, for they coveted the sword, and each one wanted favor of his lady.

Now at the end of Ibrahim's garden was a gate letting through a high wall upon the city's outer streets; and leading up to it was a great stairway of hewn stone brought from Cythera and

covered with faint designs by young Greek artisans,—a noble flight, beginning at the rim of the platform before the gate, and running thence down between two rails of stone, until it fell upon the garden sward and stopped between twin pillars of black marble. It was called the Athenian Stairway, and Ibrahim loved it, for it was the pride of Tyre, second only to the tomb King Hiram, living, builded for his corpse. And as Ahab stood facing Elissa and her lovers, the staircase lay three paces at his back; and well he knew it.

Elissa leaned back easily on the broad stone seat and clasped her hands behind her head. Her lids half closed, but a glitter was behind them. At last she was all cat; ever before she had been half a woman. She smiled languorously.

"Thou art very valiant, Ahab," said she, "and the lady's hair"—Jethro of the Bowmen crept one pace nearer on the right—"is very yellow, and thy sword seems worth the stealing. But these gentlemen may wish to try thee for thy valor and thy sword, whilst for the damsel—"

"Silence!" cried Ahab, sternly (and Bildad, son of Micah, came slyly closer on the left). "I am Ahab the Pilot, no soldier, but Baal gaveth me strong arms and a pure heart—and the love of a good woman, and a sword unconquerable."

Three men were moving in on them. Seven swords were part drawn. Elissa lay back as ever and smiled in conscious power of her hold on the folly in men's hearts. But Bertha whispered one quick word, and Ahab took her up in his big arms and in two leaps was on the great stone stair. The lovers halted, much amazed.

"Go to the gate," said Ahab then to Bertha, "and when thou hast slidden the bolt, hold it ready to swing open if thou needst to fly, for I will fight them here. If I fall, go thou to the King and tell him what thou art, and the story of the fight, for he has this day given me rank above the generals, and who takes or seeks my life in all the kingdom is a felon to be tortured. Hold thou the gate, then, and keep good heart, beloved—beloved!"

And Bertha, standing on a higher step, took his head in her two hands and kissed

him twice upon the mouth, but only said, "My lord, my dear lord, the sword and I are with thee, and we love thee well," and went and unbarred the gate and held it. Then Ahab cast off his purple robe and turned about; and he was three stairs up, clad only in his shirt and long-laced sandals. His shirt was of red lamb's-wool weaved by the secret process of the Britons, and dyed with color from the sea-beach near the mouth of the sacred Abu-Ali. Around the neck-band was a strip of gold braid delicately worked by Bertha's needle, and at the waist a belt of leather, heavy overlaid with dark-gray silver and set with amethysts and with sapphires and with pearls and with amber and with ivory. The shirt reached to his knees, and about his bare legs the lacings of his sandals crossed and recrossed, in imitation of the style he saw among the distant sailors of the North. The lacings were tied at the knees with flowing strings, held by gold pins with serpents' heads, and the serpents' eyes were rubies.

Ahab took the sword in both hands, his left upon the scabbard and his right upon the hilt (so that the little finger of his right hand touched the ivory ball), and the splendid blade sprang out to greet the light, like a living thing, eager for its master's will. He swung it thrice at the length of his right arm, and as the wondrous gleam of it smote the eyes of the seven lovers they shrank from seeing it and looked at one another. And Elissa laughed aloud and said, "The fool!"

"Come!" cried Ahab, swinging the sword no more, "ye cowards, ye whelps! The sword is his who takes it."

"And I," answered Elissa, in a passion of hot anger, for the lovers hesitated, "am his who takes it."

Then Timon drew his sword and set out for the stair, for he was much in debt and desired Ibrahim's fortune. But Ahab met him on the lowest step and broke his blade at one blow of the sword.

"Go back, Timon," said Ahab, "for if thou comest up again I will kill thee." And Timon, cursing, went back.

Next Jethro came, moving slowly with guarded steel. Ahab held the lowest step, and met him with an easy stroke. Twice the Bowman would have lunged

at Ahab's heart, and twice Ahab countered him. And then, tiring of such boy's play, the Pilot sent the sword straight at Jethro's neck, which it pierced like cheese, and the Bowman fell dying on the grass, never having set his foot upon the stair.

But Marcus Marius, close behind, was a better swordsman, and Ahab lost three steps to draw the Roman's skill and learn his trickeries. Then Marcus too lost his short steel; but he rushed on like a wild bull, so that Ahab gave him the flat of the sword across the left temple, and he went down like dead wood to a chopper, and sprawled quivering on the stairs.

"Ho!" cried Elissa, "will ye let this sailor worst thee? Will ye have it said that ye gavest a merchantman a sword?" And in a lower tone she said, "Set on him all at once now, if ye dare it."

So they ran forward—Bildad, son of Micah, Thitmu the Egyptian, Ezra, and Malachi—they four, for Timon would not violate his honor even for Ibrahim's fortune; besides which he feared for himself should Ahab live.

And Bertha stayed very white by the gate, but said no word. But Ahab prayed to Baal and took the sword in both his hands, and when the four came up he swept them down in a single mighty stroke, so that two lay dead; and he killed the others with the sword as they lay upon the ground.

Then Timon came and knelt to Ahab, and he sent him to Elissa, who scorned him and said,

"And how will Ahab answer to the King—"

A cry from Bertha turned them, and she flung wide the gate. A King's courier passed, and as he passed said loudly: "This day the King putteth

great honors upon Ahab the Pilot; and who seeketh Ahab's life or his lands, or hireth away his oarsmen, or doth harm unto his house, shall be tortured and killed as a felon; for Ahab the Pilot hath done much service to the state."

Ahab, the sword in sheath, stood briefly at the gateway, and Bertha leaned upon his shoulder, both looking to Elissa on the green below.

"I would thou, too, wert a man!" he said, and they went out, the Sword and Bertha and Ahab, and shut the garden gate.

But Elissa—

Rankyn considered it the part of good breeding not to see the quick intensity in Miss Cleveland's eyes.

"Come," he said.

They walked across the wind-swept asphalt to the tulip-beds.

"See," said Rankyn, generously, "how proud the red ones are. They stand in such stately self-possession in the middle of these hurrying things. Isn't that our car?"

But Miss Cleveland looked back toward the Sword of Ahab. "Tell me," she asked, soberly, "who was I when you knew me three thousand years ago? Do you really believe—can you remember my name and all that?"

Rankyn held his hand up automatically to a Brookline motorman. "I can remember it all," he said. "Your name was Bertha, a Viking's daughter, and once my sword was yours."

Miss Cleveland laughed. The mood was wearing off. "It's so amusing," said she. "And was Bertha nice?"

Rankyn rose to it nobly. "For three thousand years," he answered, "she has been the most charming woman in the world."

"Fares!" called the conductor.





The Château Gaillard

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

CHIVALRY being what it then was, and lions being what they still are, it is not too much to say that Richard Cœur de Lion—the builder of the Château Gaillard—was a chivalrous prince whose by-name fitted him to a hair.

On the whole, that is temperate praise. Primitively, chivalrous meant the better manners of a man who could—as compared with those of a man who could not—afford to own a horse. By the middle of the twelfth century, when (1157) Richard was born, the horse-owning class had evolved a code that may be described as ferocity partially restrained by etiquette. It was a great improvement on the unrestrained ferocity that had preceded it; but it still left on the side of humanity—not to mention the side of ordinary decency—a good deal to be desired. Within its not severely defined limits there was room for hate and for passion to have full swing. A chivalrous king could—as one of the kings who lorded it in the Château Gaillard did—have chivalrous gentlemen who had annoyed him skinned alive; and Richard himself, in a truly lion-hearted way, one day threw three inoffensive French prisoners—who had nothing in the world to do with his momentary worry—from off the height on which stands his gaillard castle to be mashed to a jelly on the rocks three hundred feet below. He was not quite within the code when he did that; but, no doubt, it was a relief to his mind.

Consideration of these facts is necessary to a proper understanding of medieval conditions: because chivalry nowadays has nothing to do with horse-owning, and in the course of the past half-dozen centuries a very great deal has been added to the scope of the word—with the result that we now read into the phrase “the age of chivalry” a meaning that Richard Cœur de Lion, and the others who flourished in that age, would have regarded as weakly sentimental and ridiculously overrefined.

“The devil is loose—take care of yourselves!” was the breezily concise announcement and warning sent by the Emperor Henry VI. to King Philip of France and to Prince John of England when Richard, being ransomed, was set free (1194) from his Austrian prison to go upon his swash-bucklering way. The characterization—as may be inferred from what I have written above—was accurate. The warning, certainly, was necessary; and Philip especially took it to heart because he very well knew that the loosed devil of a Richard—who sometimes disappointed his friends, but who never disappointed his enemies—presently would be settling with him a long-standing account.

In a small way, that account had begun to run while the two kings were off crusading together; and had snarled and snapped at each other—greatly to the edi-

fication and satisfaction of the Infidels—instead of carrying on unitedly the Holy War. In a large way, it had been increased beyond all endurance by Philip's invasion of Normandy while Duke Leopold of Austria held Richard a prisoner—settling the score of the standard cast into the ditch before Ptolemaïs—in the castle that the picturesque Blondel searched for and found.

It was the Norman matter that gave Philip uneasiness. His invasion of the Duchy had gone smoothly: because the Normans held that no change of kings could make things worse for them, and that there even was an off chance for improvement under French rule—when they would be well rid, at least, of their Angevin overlord, who fleeced them clean with taxes and whose tax-collectors were Brabançon mercenaries commanded by a swaggering Gascon. Regarding the situation thus philosophically, they had put up no fight worth mentioning and Philip had had matters much his own way.

Richard himself was a bit of a philosopher—at least, on occasion, he could reason with philosophic acuteness—and he also was a military genius. He perceived that such loyalty to him as ever had existed in Normandy was dead, and that treason and invasion were ready at any moment to lock hands: whence he concluded that to hold his Duchy—against foes within ready to unite with foes without—he must create a great strategic fortress that at once would dominate and defy.

Acting on this conviction—and it was some such action that Philip had been nervous about—he set himself to the building at the most exposed point on his frontier of his Château Gaillard, his Cheeky Castle: that equally was intended to be a standing threat to his own subjects and a standing defiance to the French king.

Twenty miles or so southeastward of Rouen—almost twice as far by the windings of the river—the Seine makes a great horseshoe curve to the northward that carries deep into the land of Normandy the land of France. Throughout almost the whole of that long curve the high table-land of Le Vexin rises above the right bank: its projecting points, undercut by the river, forming a series of green-bordered white chalk-cliffs—like the chalk-cliffs of the English Channel—which rise from two to three hundred feet above the stream. Between the outstanding points are many chines worn by rivulets from the table-land; and at the centre of the curve is a wide valley, flanked by high promontories, through which the little

river Gambon flows into the Seine. On the left bank, the loop made by the river encloses a great alluvial plain—known as the Peninsula of Bernières—on which are a few villages and many scattered farms. Over that plain an army could march—and has marched—very easily; and an army once across it, and across the narrow river, would be



SEAL OF RICHARD COEUR DE LION

within easy striking distance of Rouen, the Norman capital.

It was at the deepest inset of the river's curve—where his enemy came closest to him—that Richard built his defiant castle: at the extremity of the narrow promontory of rock, three hundred feet high, outstanding between the valley of the Gambon and the valley of the Seine. The site is an ideal one for a medieval fortress. Westward, at a little distance back from the Seine, the rock rises in an almost sheer cliff. Northward and eastward the angle of ascent is less than forty-five degrees. To the southward, the weak side, the narrow promontory mounts by an easy slope to the table-land—that overtops the keep of the castle at a thousand yards away. From that height, even weak cannon could knock the whole place

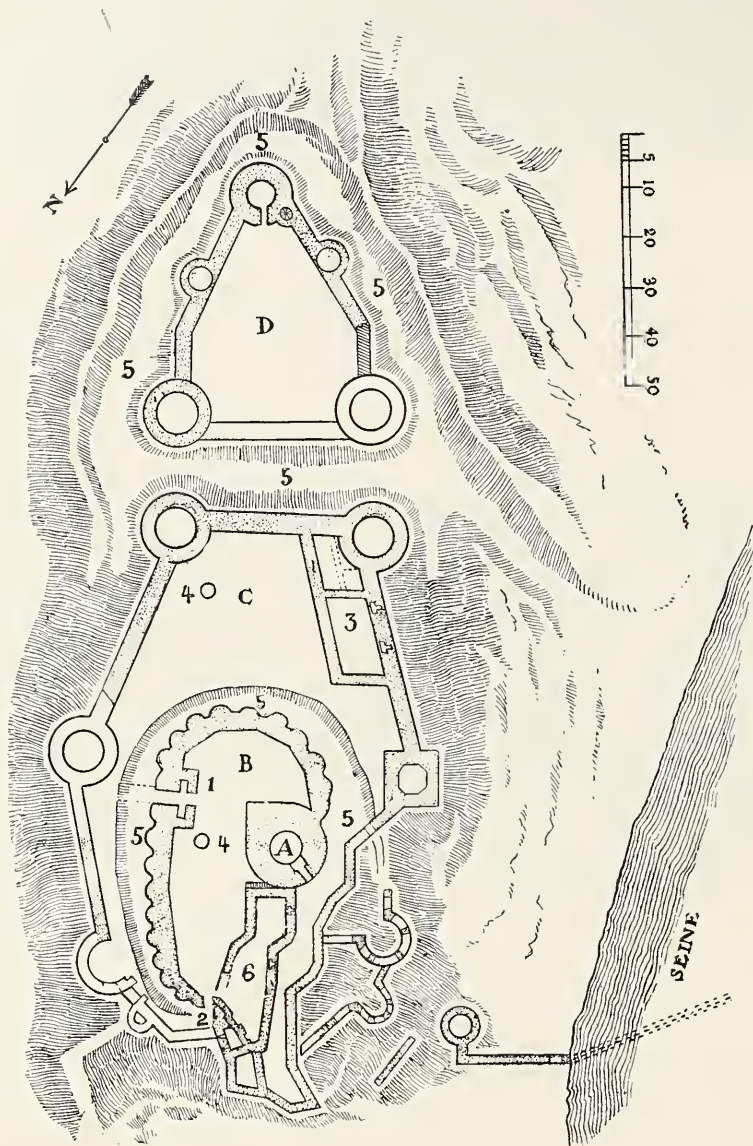
to pieces—but cannon were an unknown fighting quantity when the Château Gail-lard was planned.

Ethical and practical difficulties stood in the way of Richard's castle building. By the treaty of Issoudun (1195) he was

interdict was in force, and the engineer-ing work was going on in spite of it, there fell a rain of blood that generally was accepted as a visible sign of the wrath of God. But treaty-breaking and interdicts and the wrath of God were all in the day's work for Richard — who went ahead in his usual whirlwind way: estab-lishing a base by erect-ing a tough little tower on one of the Seine islands facing the Gam-bon valley, and by build-ing in the mouth of the valley the walled town of Petit Andely—as it was called to distin-guish it from the town of Andely (now Grand Andely) a half-mile or so up the valley in a nook among the hills.

The Archbishop—per-ceiving, I suppose, that such a devil of a king was not to be trifled with—presently came to terms. A charter was executed by which the land that Richard want-ed was conveyed to him; and by the time that he had well started his pre-liminary building and fortifying and was ready to begin his main work the site that he wanted was his own.

In the planning of his castle Richard was his own engineer; and all the experts, headed by Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc, are agreed that he



PLAN OF THE CHATEAU GAILLARD

- | | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|----------------|------------|
| A. Donjon | B. Citadel | C. Outer Court | D. Outwork |
| 1. Gate and Drawbridge | 2. Sally-port | 3. Chapel | 4. Well |
| 5. Dry fosse | 6. Governor's Quarters | | |

pledged not to fortify the Gambon valley; and he was expressly forbidden to fortify it by Archbishop Gaultier of Rouen, to whom the territory belonged. Richard was not a person to bother over such details. Philip challenged his treaty-breaking; Gaultier met his trespass with an interdict—that closed the churches and that put a stop to all religious rites (save that of baptism) including the rites of marriage and of burial; and while the

was a very great engineer. His main work, overtopping the precipitous end of the promontory, was in three parts: a donjon, an enclosing citadel rising from a deep and wide dry fosse; an outer court (about 400×225 feet) enclosed by towered ramparts rising from a second deep and wide dry fosse, that cut off the end of the promontory and made it in a way an island. Beyond the second fosse, extending up the slope, was an out-



THE TOWN FROM THE CASTLE

work—a great triangle (about 200 feet from base to apex) of towered ramparts protected by a third fosse which again severed the promontory. The accompanying plan—based upon the plan drawn by Monsieur Deville, and upon the plan drawn (in part conjecturally) by Monsieur Viollet-

le-Duc—shows this system of defences more clearly than it can be described in words. Between the main work and the outwork the communication, seemingly, was by a wooden bridge that could be destroyed quickly if the outwork were carried. There are no traces of a permanent

way. Below the cliff on which the fortress stands are remains of outworks covering a passage to the river—reached from above by a stairway and a tunnel cut in



Walter Chappin Clark

SALLY-PORT FROM THE CITADEL

the rock. Across the river, or across a part of it, extended a barring line of piles.

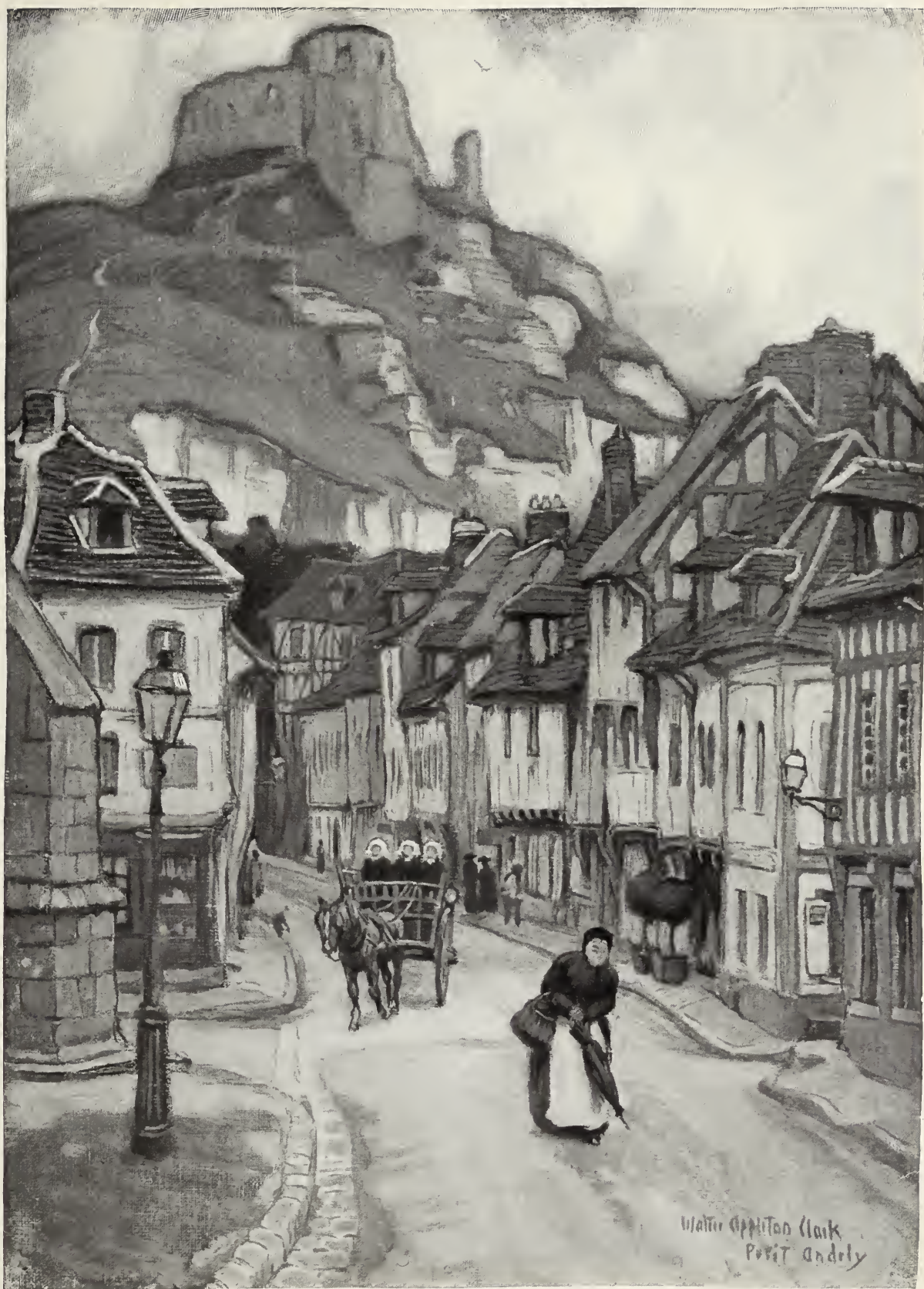
Richard was his own master-workman as well as his own engineer. Guillaume le Breton tells that he was among the laborers constantly—driving them in his

own dashing devil way, and even working with them with his own hands: so fiercely eager was he to hurry to a finish his defiance of his brother king. Actually, he made a record in castle-building that still holds. The Château Gaillard was built (1197-1198) within a twelvemonth; and in his delight over his accomplished stone miracle of haste the King cried out joyfully: "Qu'elle est belle, ma fille d'un an!"—"How beautiful is she, my daughter of a year!"

In his own epigrammatic fashion Richard also gave his castle its name. "C'est un château gaillard!" he said of it when it was finished—and the phrase fitted so nicely with the facts that it stuck fast. Devil-may-care, impudent, jaunty, gayly defiant, saucy, cheeky, were the characteristics of that castle set upon the edge of Normandy under the nose of the King of France—and all of those meanings, and several more, are in the word *gaillard*. Cheeky Castle, to my mind, comes closest to the spirit of Richard's phrase; but Saucy Castle is the usual rendering—influenced, no doubt, by the fact that sauciness is a not displeasing girlish quality and therefore is in harmony with the King's prettily turned designation of his work as his beautiful daughter of a year.

In Richard's own time, and in the time of John his successor, Château Gaillard was not the name by which the castle was known officially. In the Acts of those kings it is styled "le nouveau château de la roche," "le beau château de la roche," or simply "la roche d'Andeli." Not until the year 1261, when Saint Louis dated an Act "in castro nostro gaillard," is there a known record of the serious use of Richard's gay soubriquet. But the contemporary chroniclers—Guillaume le Breton, Gautier de Gisebourne, and the rest—all reflected the popular usage by writing Château Gaillard from the very start. I am very much obliged to them. Had they not fixed in their records Richard's happy christening of his beautiful saucy daughter the delightful name very well might have been lost.

As was only natural, Philip was in a proper rage over the building of this impudently defiant castle. Being himself a king accustomed to carry through his undertakings with a lively energy, and being touched with the braggart customs



THE CASTLE FROM THE TOWN

of his times, he said his say about it shortly. "I would take it," he declared, "were its walls of iron!" To which Richard replied tersely: "I would hold it were its walls of butter." Philip, in a way, won out on his boast. He did take Château Gaillard—but, discreetly, he did not begin his famous siege of it until the body of its builder, in scattered sections, was safely underground.

Only a few months after his gaillard castle was finished, while trying to commit a burglary, Richard Cœur de Lion was shot by a policeman—and so came to an appropriate end. This is a critically and etymologically accurate statement of fact. Britton, who was of Richard's time, defines a "bargesour" as one who "feloniously, in time of peace, breaks into churches or other buildings, or through the walls or gates of our cities or towns"; a policeman, broadly, is a civic guard: and it was while feloniously trying in time of peace to break into a town that Richard was killed by a bowman, a civic guard, on the town wall.

The whole performance was characteristic of Richard and of his time. For the war that he was bent upon waging against Philip he needed money: and the news came to him, opportunely, that a great treasure—the golden effigies of twelve knights seated around a golden table was the story—had been found by the Lord of Chaluz, his vassal, in a subterranean chamber in the fields of the Limousin. Treasure-trove, by the common law, belonged to the King—and Richard went down into the Limousin (1199) with all promptness to claim his vassal's findings. The Lord of Chaluz seems to have taken the civil-law view of the matter. Certainly, he shut fast his gates and refused to recognize his sovereign's claim. Richard pressed the siege and raged like the heathen that he was: swearing that when Chaluz fell he would hang everybody—man and woman, the very child at the breast! Then came the bow-shot from the wall—and that properly styled lion-hearted king ceased to be a dangerous beast of prey. Fate has its equities as well as its ironies. In Richard's ending there was a touch of both.

Following upon the accession of King John came Philip's opportunity to clear

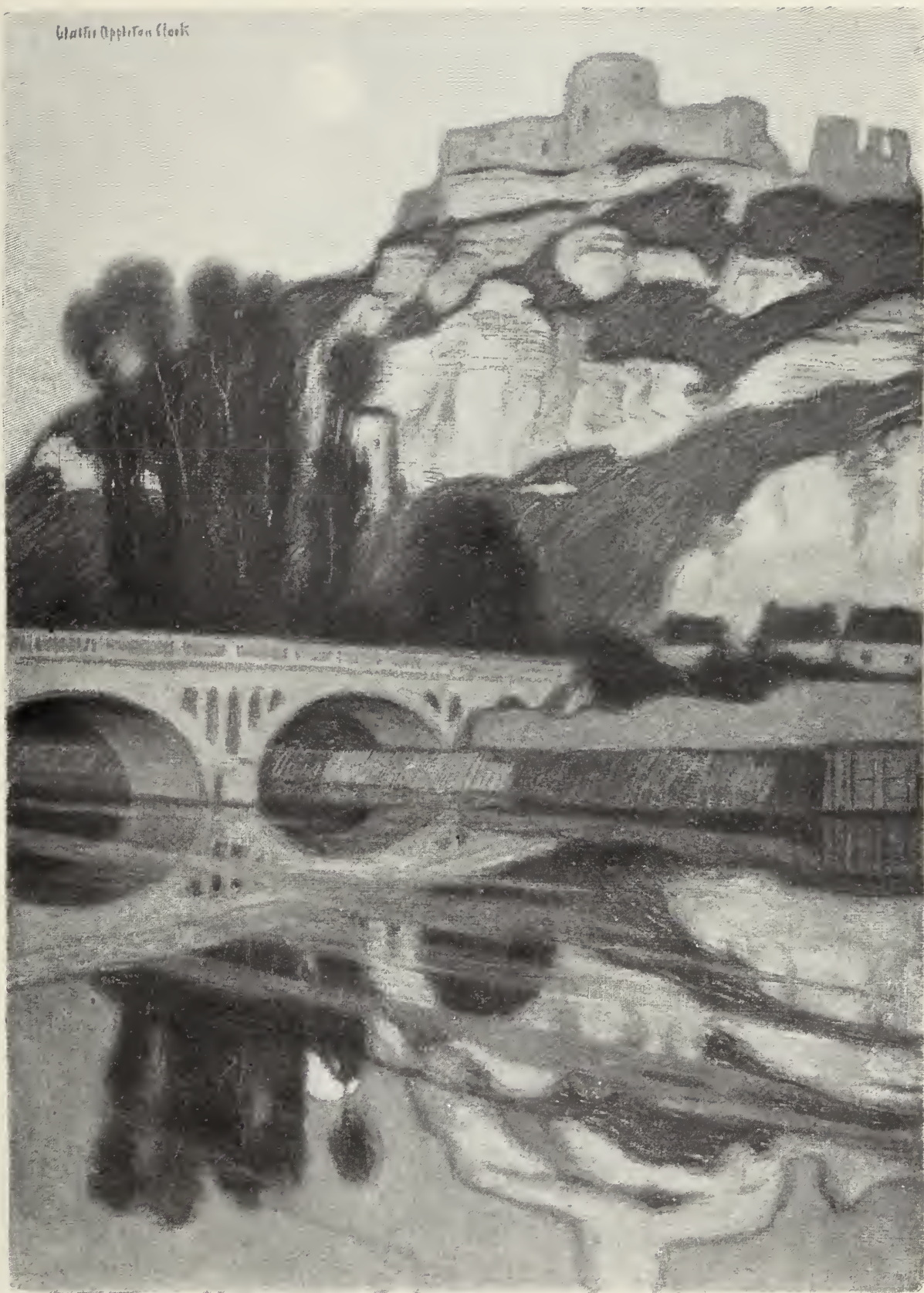
all northern France from English rule; and he accomplished that large contract in statesmanship virtually at a single blow—the mastering blow that he struck against the Château Gaillard.

It was the murder by John of his nephew Arthur of Brittany (1203) that brought things to a crisis. Philip—who could not have been trusted around a corner with a nephew of his own—sentenced John to forfeiture; and followed up his sentence by invading Normandy and laying siege to the castle that he had declared he would take were its walls of iron. What would have happened had Richard been alive to back his boast about the walls of butter can be only guesswork. What did happen—at the end of a great siege, lasting for more than a year, which John vainly tried to break, and during which horrors went on too desperate to be told of here—was the castle's fall; and its fall in so mean a way that its builder well might have risen in furious anger from his several graves.

Richard probably was not a regular church-goer—for the seven years preceding his death he abstained from confession because he desired to hold fast to his hatred of Philip, and he died blasphemously mocking the priests who sought to minister to him—and in building the Château Gaillard he either had omitted a chapel altogether or had been content with one that did not satisfy John's nicer sense of religious propriety. To set the matter right, John built a very large chapel in the southwest angle of the main work; and—most characteristically—placed a substructure beneath it (according to one chronicler) or a smaller building directly beside it (according to another) that was intended for uses as far as possible removed from sacerdotal and that was the least entitled to respect of all the edifices within the château: and he committed the military error—of which Richard, assuredly, never would have been guilty—of piercing an opening, big enough for a foeman to enter by, from that building to the fosse through the castle's outer wall.

As though to complete the indignity of the fall of the strongest fortress in Normandy, the name (presumably the nickname) of the foeman who did enter, to the castle's undoing, by that ignoble passage

Clifford Appleton Clark



SUNSET AND MOONRISE



THE DONJON

—they raised such a hubbub as to convince the besieged that an entry in force had been effected. Acting precipitately upon this hastily formed erroneous conjecture, the garrison of the outer court set fire to the buildings and retreated to the citadel: whereupon Bogis and his companions came out through the flames and opened the gate for the entry of the French army. Truly, in spite of its queerness, that was a very splendid feat of arms. Virtually it ended the siege. A little later the surrender came.

Mr. Green has summed the result of that great year of battling, and I prefer—lest I should seem to be lured by my enthusi-

is given by Guillaume le Breton as "Snubby"!—Bogis, in the French of the time. But Snubby, a Gascon esquire, was a valorous gentleman who accomplished at the imminent risk of his life a very gallant deed. Prowling by night beneath the walls of the castle, he found the opening and perceived its possibilities. Four men as brave as himself joined with him in his adventure. In the darkness, climbing on their shoulders, he made his entry; and with a rope pulled them up after him. Together the five made their way into the crypt of the chapel: where—banging with their sword-hilts on the outer door, and all shouting at the tops of their voices

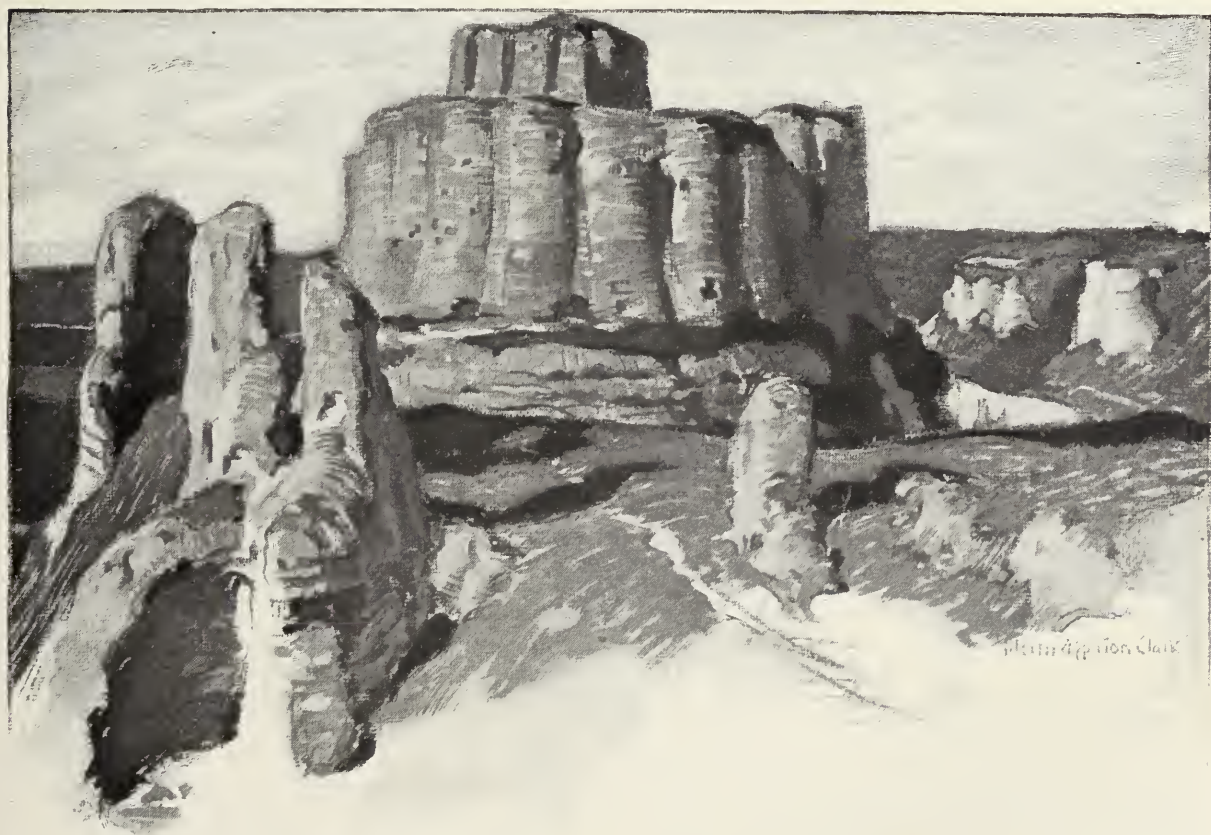
asm into an overestimate of its importance—to quote his authoritative words. The failure of the attempt to relieve the castle was followed, he writes, "by the utter collapse of the military system by which the Angevins held Normandy; John's treasury was exhausted, and his mercenaries passed over to the foe. The King's despairing appeal to the Duchy itself came too late; its nobles were already treating with Philip, and the towns were incapable of resisting the siege-train of the French. It was despair of any aid from Normandy that drove John oversea to seek it as fruitlessly from England; but with the fall of

Château Gaillard after a gallant struggle, the province passed without a struggle into the French king's hands. On its loss hung the destinies of England; and the interest that attaches one to the grand ruin on the heights of Les Andelys is that it represents the ruin of a system as well as of a camp. From its dark donjon and broken walls we see not merely the pleasant vale of Seine, but the sedgy flats of our own Runnymede."

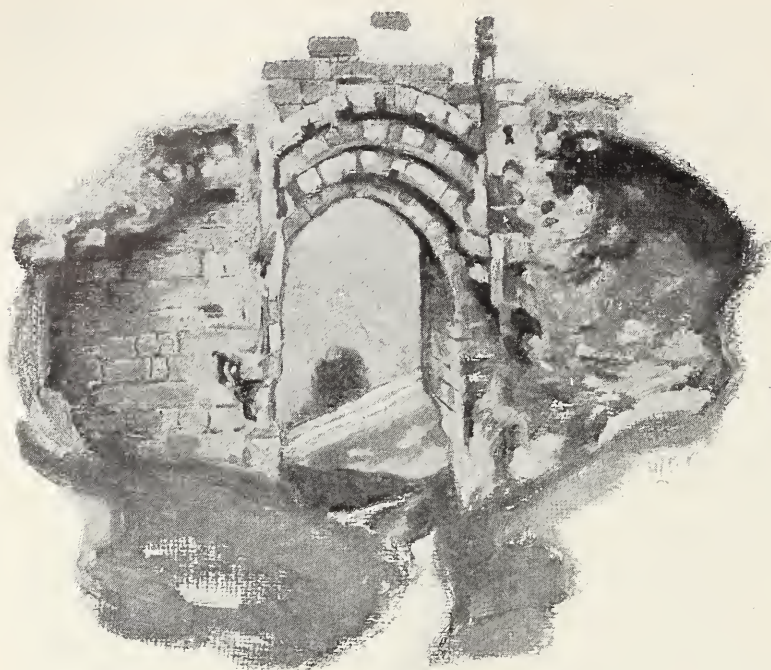
For an American, there is an even farther outlook from the tower of that broken fortress: to the American city in which, in the fulness of the flowing centuries, another Great Charter—directly outgrowing from King John's Great Charter—was signed. Assuredly, the deep main root of our Declaration of Independence may be traced back through Runnymede to the Château Gaillard.

Through the four hundred years that the fighting life of Richard's defiant castle lasted—until its dismantlement was ordered by Henry IV. in the year 1603—the strong romantic note struck at its founding rang clear. There is scarce a placid page in all its history; and some of its pages are as lurid as they well can be.

Quite the most lurid of them all is the one that tells about the murder of Marguerite, wife of Louis le Hutin, by her husband's command. As the result of what the chroniclers—who write, as Monsieur Brossard de Ruville puts it, with "*beaucoup de réserve*" of the matter—term "*scandalous disorders*" in the royal family, Marguerite was cast a prisoner into the Château Gaillard in the year 1314, along with her sister-in-law, Blanche de Burgogne, wife of Charles le Bel. With a courteous consideration, Charles let matters run with Blanche—content with keeping her locked fast—until his accession. Being come to the throne, he compromised the situation by obtaining from the Pope an annulment of his marriage "*on the ground of consanguinity*"—and so gave Blanche the opportunity to die an edifying death, "*en grand pénitence*," some years later in the Abbey of Maubuisson. Louis was both precipitate and brutal. By his order, Marguerite was strangled in her prison on the eve of the Feast of the Ascension in the year 1315—and was strangled, so runs the story, with her own beautiful long hair. The young cavaliers who were associated with this



THE CITADEL



GATEWAY TO THE CITADEL

scandal were the chivalrous gentlemen, already referred to, whom a chivalrous king caused to be skinned alive.

To balance this black tragedy, there was a pretty idyl in my castle only a few years later on: when it was the home for a while of Robert Bruce's son David, a boy of thirteen years, with his girl wife Jane—brought over secretly from Scotland, and hospitably housed in the Château Gaillard by the King's command. Froissart has a delightful chapter about it; and another chronicler, adding a touch of pathos, tells that the castle had a great charm for the little couple because it resembled the "Château de Berwick," and so "c'était comme un souvenir de la patrie absente." Just before the young people got there, probably to make things tidy for them, there seems to have been a general house-cleaning. "Pour nétoier les mesons du chesnel, dix sous," is a charge in the castle accounts for the year 1333.

To tell of all the fights that went on under the walls of my castle would be to write the war history of France and England for four centuries—with some added chapters telling of French internal wars, as that of the League, in the course of which it changed hands. Through those four centuries the Seine valley was a battle-ground, and in the whole length of the valley the Château Gaillard—giving

whoever held it a grip on the river highway—was the chief fighting prize. At one time it came to the English, after a seven months' siege, because—according to the French chroniclers—the well-ropes were worn out with use and the garrison surrendered not to the enemy but to thirst; or—according to the English chroniclers—because "after mature reflection" the garrison concluded that the intention of the besiegers to take the castle was "unshakable" and that they might as well give in. At another time it came to the French, commanded by the brave La Hire, as the result of an "es-

calade made by a Gascon esquire named Perot le Bueu"—who apparently took the fortress single-handed! And so, in one way or another, time and time again it was lost and won.

Some unknown peaceful genius—who must have been a person of consequence, since he had with him the Assembly of the States of Normandy—hit at last upon a radical plan for ending these useless battlings which ended only to be renewed. By the Assembly his plan was formulated, December 2, 1598, in a petition to the King praying that the Château Gaillard should be demolished; and the King—"fearing, perhaps, to see the castle fall into the hands of some powerful rebel lord"—granted the Assembly's prayer. Actually, there was a long delay before the prayer was realized. Not until the year 1603 did the demolition begin, even then in a very small way; and it went on so slowly that a full half-century passed, probably a still longer period, before Richard's gaillard masterpiece effectively was destroyed.

Picturesquely—as my artist's delightful drawings show—it still remains: a magnificent monument, superbly pathetic in its broken majesty, to that lion-hearted savage, its builder, in whom were blended the best and the worst of the instincts of his savage age.

An Exploiter of Souls

BY MARGARET DELAND

"AND the worst of it is, they are all such nice people!"

"Why, that's the best of it, it seems to me. Of course, they all mean well."

"In a certain way they all do well, too," Mrs. Strong said, sighing; "really, it is very perplexing. Adèle is the truest friend to him! Why, where would he have been now, without Adèle?"

"In the barn-yard, probably," Henry Austin told her, putting his teacup down on the mantelpiece behind him; "and making, no doubt, an excellent farmer."

"Farmer? Yes! Plodding about in rusty boots (I declare, I smell the barn-yard now whenever he comes in in his pumps!)—plodding about in his potato-fields all day, and falling asleep over his Shakespeare at eight o'clock in the evening! Exciting life."

"Not exciting," her old friend admitted, smiling, "but contented."

"Well, but, my dear Henry!—he's contented now. He's a successful actor; indeed, I think he is a great actor,—and you know I don't say that lightly. He has an angel of a wife; Dora is the best girl I know. And he has a mother-in-law who is the most charming woman in the world! Now, isn't Adèle a charmer?"

"Oh, bless my soul, yes! At least, I suppose she is. She always was. You know I haven't seen her for a dozen years. But she certainly was a charmer then. I bear the scars still," he ended, drolly.

"You don't look like a blighted being," she told him. "Well, she's more charming now than when she broke your heart, if such a thing is possible. Augustine's success has been wine to her; sometimes I think she adores it as much as she does him. Of course he is contented."

"She had just discovered him when I went away," Henry Austin said, thoughtfully; he was standing with his back to the fire, looking down at the plump, anx-

ious little old lady on the yellow damask sofa at the other side of the hearth. "I remember," he went on, frowning reflectively, "that she spoke to me about him. I told her she had a *flair* for genius. She was always discovering people who could do things. She once cherished the belief that I could write."

"Well, she has a *flair* for genius," Mrs. Strong said, emphatically; "she has found lots of them. You remember that it was she who discovered Elise Davis's voice? And she scraped up money from all of us to send that Ernst man to Paris—and did you see what the last *Revue des Beaux-Arts* said about him? And she picked up Rose Harris, a little seamstress at \$1 25 a day, and started her in business; and let me tell you, sir, if you had a wife (as you ought to have), and had to pay Harris's bills, you would understand *her* genius! I can't afford a Harris dress oftener than once in two years. Then came Augustine. I suppose you know how she discovered him?"

Henry Austin shook his head, whimsically. "Hazel rod?"

"My dear, she went to spend the summer on a farm, for economy. Took Dora; Dora was fifteen then. (Mr. Wharton had just died, and we were all thanking Heaven for her release.) And there was this genius, twenty-eight years old; self-educated; refined, too, in a way, though his boots were barn-yardy;—and as beautiful as a god. And good. Yes, he certainly is a good man; I am worried enough over the affair, but I know Augustine Ware is a good man. That's what makes it so puzzling. He is good, and Adèle is good, and Dora is an angel!"

"My dear Jane! Do you want them to be bad?"

"Now, Henry, don't be frivolous. But I tell you one thing: there's a good, honest, human badness, my friend, that isn't nearly so bad as a certain kind of good-

ness. A goodness that is just a mental philandering,—that nobody recognizes.”

“Not even the philanderers,” Austin said, much amused. “Really, Jane, I don’t think you need be cast down, ‘long as they’re ‘appy an’ virtuous.’”

“I am cast down; because—Dora—”

“Is the child jealous?”

“No—oh no. She isn’t jealous. She’s too innocent to be jealous—or too stupid; I don’t know which.”

“Same thing,” Henry Austin said, laconically.

“Now stop! I won’t listen to such horrid cynical talk. I’m ashamed of you. But, seriously, Henry, it’s Mormonism, you know.”

“Jane—isn’t that ‘language’?”

The old lady on the yellow sofa chuckled and sighed. “The situation calls for ‘language,’” she said, smoothing the lap of her purple satin gown with a plump, jewelled little hand; “and I only say it to you, Henry. You’ve been in love with Adèle, and you’ve dandled Dora on your knee, and you’ll take my word about Augustine. Yes, Mormonism. Adèle is the wife of his mind, and Dora is the wife of his bosom. And it isn’t—pretty.”

“It has an ambiguous sound,” he agreed, meditatively.

“And yet, you know, it’s so natural,” she complained. “Adèle made him. She created him. She introduced him to a finger-bowl and a dress coat—yes, positively, to a dress coat. She woke his mind; she unearthed his genius; she pulled innumerable wires (Adèle always was a wire-puller, in her sweet way),—she pulled managerial wires and got him a hearing—a thing he never could have done himself. And once heard, his success was assured. In two years, Henry, he could make his own terms, positively. Oh yes, a genius, of course. Well, practically, he is hers; he ought to be.”

“Then why on earth didn’t he marry her?” inquired Henry Austin.

“My dear, she was ten years older than he, to begin with. And, anyhow, Dora, at twenty, pretty and good—not too keen, but so good; why, it was just the natural thing to marry Dora. In a way, it was a sort of tribute and return to Adèle; Adèle was bitterly poor, and yet, of course, Augustine couldn’t simply support her out of gratitude. To marry her

daughter was just the natural thing. Now Adèle has every comfort. Why, the man has his yacht. Adèle was off on it all last summer. She’s very fond of the water.”

“Did Adèle like the match?”

Mrs. Strong sighed and narrowed her eyes thoughtfully. “Why, really—I don’t know. She said she did. She said it was perfectly beautiful. And Adèle is too honest to lie. If she hadn’t been pleased, she could have held her tongue; but she quite gushed—after a while. Just at first she seemed to me a little dazed. Lizzie Dean told me she saw her the day that Augustine told her he was in love with Dora, and Lizzie said she seemed sort of dazed; Lizzie said she said, ‘I never dreamed of such a thing!’ Well, then, afterwards, she gushed. But she is sincere, Henry.”

“I must say,” he said, “that the marriage seems a sort of poetical justice. Mother finds clod in barn-yard; waves wand; clod turns into fairy prince, marries daughter, and presents mother with a yacht. Yes, I call it fitting.”

“Well, I called it fitting myself just at first. I didn’t know that this intellectual *affaire* was going to be kept up.”

“And it is?”

“My dear, she lives with them! He can’t see himself in a part until she points it out. They go over every word and gesture and inflection together. His gratitude is the mental philandering, you see. Dora, I must admit, is a gentle blank, so far as his art goes. She’s a nice little housekeeper; nice little mother; sees that his buttons are sewed on—if such a celestial being has buttons! You see, one woman ministers to his body and the other to his soul. Adèle’s artistic perception is more exquisite than that of any human creature I ever knew.”

“And her moral perception?”

“I tell you, they are good people!” she said, sharply; “I thought you would understand, Henry.”

“I guess I understand,” he told her; “there are tragic possibilities there, Jane?”

“There are tragic probabilities,” she said, frowning. “Now, Henry, this is a dead, dead secret—but look here; here’s an illustration of the way things go in

that household: When Dora broke her arm last summer Adèle happened to be ill; I don't know what was the matter—rheumatism, perhaps; proper thing for a grandmother; but, anyhow, she was really pretty sick. Dora has an uncertain heart, and the doctor was afraid to give her ether, so the setting of the bone was a pretty trying business. Adèle was awfully upset about it, quite hysterical, and no possible good. My dear—Augustine had to stay with *her*, if you please!—to calm her, while the doctor fixed that poor child's arm. Did you ever hear of such a thing? He really was distracted, poor fellow. I went in that afternoon, and he told me how distracted he had been. 'Poor Mrs. Wharton was so distressed about Dora, I had to be with her,' he said. I felt like—swearing!"

"I should be interested to hear you swear, Jane."

"Well, I did—inside. Now, Henry, did you ever hear of such a thing? And that's the way they live."

"Of course she ought not to live with them," Henry Austin said.

"Of course not," Mrs. Strong agreed; "but how are you going to stop it?"

"Unless she finds another genius, I admit that the prospect is not hopeful," he said.

"Dear me, Henry, I wish you were a genius," old Mrs. Strong said, sighing.

And then she gave him a plump hand and told him to be sure and come to her Thursdays. "You are good-looking still, Henry," she declared, "and maybe I can find a wife for you."

When Henry Austin buttoned his coat and went out into the rainy dusk his face was full of humorous remembrance. . . . He had completely forgotten those scars of which he had spoken to old Jane Strong, though when the wounds were fresh they had smarted keenly enough. But he thought about them now as he walked along to the club. It was a dozen years ago that he had fallen in love with this sweet-minded and brilliant Adèle Wharton, then newly a widow. There had been no chance for him. . . . She had lived for sixteen years in hell. At the end of that time of bravely borne disgust and shame and pain her tormentor died, and she was

free. But the very idea of love-making and marrying was a horror. She could hardly listen to Henry Austin's declaration with decent appreciation of the honor which any good man's declaration of love is to any woman. She had said, hurriedly, her hands clasping and unclasping in her lap: "Oh, please, Mr. Austin! No—no, it can't be. It never can be. I—I do thank you,—but *please!* No, I can't—love you. I can never love anybody—except Dora."

Henry Austin had listened with downcast eyes and set jaw. Then he got himself together and said, gently, that she must forget it. He would not speak of it again, he said. And he never did. After a while he left town; and later, it chanced that he was called to live abroad—and he was not sorry. After all, if you can't eat your cake, there is no particular happiness in just looking at it. So he settled down in a small consulate in Italy. When his party went out of office he found European life so much to his taste that he stayed on. And he enjoyed himself very well in his way. He certainly was not a blighted being. The wounds had healed. If he had scars, as he said, they never throbbed or stung. They did not throb now as he walked along in the drizzling November twilight, thinking of what Mrs. Strong had told him. In a kindly, impersonal way, it occurred to him that he would like to see Adèle again, and little Dora. Dear little slip of a girl Dora was, with pleasant eyes the color of a November leaf; a gentle, honest child, very adoring of her mother. Well, he would like to see them both again.

"Yes," he said to himself, as he sat down at dinner in his club and opened his napkin, thoughtfully—"yes, Adèle was a charmer. *Is*, Jane Strong says. And yet she must be fifty. Well, that's the right age for a woman, when one no longer desires to sport with Amaryllis. Charles, you may bring me—the best you've got."

But as he regarded Charles's best, Austin, with comfortable, impersonal interest, continued to reflect upon the story Mrs. Strong had told him. He was inclined to think slightly of the man who depended upon his mother-in-law for artistic inspiration, and yet he admitted

that Ware was really a personage, in his way. "But he ought to stand on his own legs," he thought. He said to himself that sometime he would observe the Ware situation at first hand. "But I wish they didn't live so confoundedly far out of town!" Still, he would call some day. However, the day was still deferred, and before it came he met his old charmer at Mrs. Strong's. There she was, the same erect, slender creature, with beautiful, interested eyes that looked out with eager seriousness from under her soft gray hair; her mouth, a little cold, was large and beautifully cut; there was still a faint color in her cheek. She was, of course, not young, and yet one's first impression was of youth; perhaps because of a certain gayety of carriage and a buoyant movement of her head; but, most of all, because of the extraordinary interest of her glance.

"Why, Henry Austin!" she said, holding out her two hands, as eagerly impulsive as a girl. "Why, this is perfectly *delightful*!" In her pleasure she did not release his hand for a moment, but stood holding it in both of hers, smiling, with candid eyes, and saying again, "This is charming, dear Mr. Austin!"

There was such a beautiful friendliness in this honest hand-clasp, that suddenly the gray-haired man was conscious of his scars. After that they sat down on the yellow sofa by the fire and talked—or rather, he talked; that was the power of the creature!—a gentle, lovely power of making people interested because they talked about themselves. He told her—Heaven knows what he did not tell her!—of the death of a relative which had called him back to America; of his affairs; of his health, even; of those pleasant, trivial European experiences. Nothing great, nothing tragic, nothing noble; just the pleasant, harmless experiences of a pleasant, harmless man. And then her eye hardened and her mouth grew grave.

"And have you written your book?"

"My book?" he said, a little blankly, and then laughed the pleasant laugh of the person who is believed in. "Oh yes; you always said I would write a book!"

"I said you could," she corrected him, coldly; "not you would. You are lazy, you know."

He felt himself grow hot at the roots

of his hair at the compliment of her displeasure and confidence. He was suddenly ashamed of all his easy years, in which the purpose of achievement had gradually dried up and blown away. And the scars stung a little.

"I had nothing to write about," he said, easily jocose.

"Yes, you had," she said, calmly.

And then somebody came up to speak to her, and Henry Austin watched her as she moved about, always with that young air of buoyant expectation. Yes, a charmer and a creator. . . . Look at the girl with the voice, and the painter-man, and—Harris! He wondered if she wore one of Harris's dresses. It was a mighty handsome dress anyhow; even to his untutored male eye it was handsome. She plainly had plenty of money now. The son-in-law's success meant ease and even wealth to his household, and she was a part of his household. It came over Austin, with a ludicrous sense of his own fatuousness, that he had not said a word about that household, nor the son-in-law, nor little Dora, nor the baby! She had made him talk so much about himself that he never thought of her. And the scars stung a good deal.

"I'm an old fool," he said to himself, smiling. "But that is the secret of it—her charm is that she makes us find ourselves charming. Well, I must go and see little Dora."

The very next day he went.

"Yes, Mrs. Ware was at home," the man said, "but Mrs. Wharton was not receiving. Would he come this way?" Henry Austin went that way, and found himself in a pleasant room, with a chuckling wood-fire on the hearth. On a round table full of books, there was a green bowl of violets, and a prickly bronze dragon, supporting on his scaly coils the great blue and white vase of the shaded lamp; near by, sunk in a deep chair, a girl, trying to read, was keeping a delicate, detaining hand on a little being in white, who was tumbling about on her lap, and snatching at the book, and laughing and gurgling, and being told to keep still—"mother's precious!" The girl looked up, a little blindly, narrowing her near-sighted brown eyes, and the child, instantly stern and suspicious, subsided on her shoulder.

"Of course you don't know me, Dora; it is twelve years—"

"Why, yes, I do," she said; "of course I do!" She got up, eagerly, the sulky baby hiding its head in her neck, and held out her pretty hand. "Mamma told me she saw you at Mrs. Strong's yesterday."

He sat down on the other side of the fire and laughed. "Well, upon my word! Dora—and a baby! It's absurd; I believe it's a doll."

"A doll!" she said, indignantly. "Amy, look at the gentleman! Come, goosie, look at him—"

Amy silently burrowed in her shoulder, and she gave up in despair. "You little monkey!" she said. "Mr. Austin, she isn't always so silly. And she's the dearest thing that ever was. Well, you shall have some tea, even if Amy won't speak to you."

"And your mother? She is well?" he said, taking his tea and looking at her with his kind, amused eyes. "And your husband? Of course I have seen him. My dear, how does it seem to have married a famous man?"

Her face was suddenly illuminated. "You have seen Augustine? In what? Oh, Mr. Austin, isn't he wonderful? You won't mind my saying that he is wonderful, will you? And yet you can't know *how* wonderful he is, until you see him playing with Amy. I will let him know you are here. Oh yes, of course I will. Mamma told him all about you last night, and what talent you had. She said that some time you would write a great book. What is it to be about, Mr. Austin? Mamma has a headache, and Amy is such a little horse-marine when she gets going that it worries her—when she has a headache. So she has gone to sit in the library, and Augustine went in to cheer her up. Wait; I'll call him. There! Amy darling, do be good and let mother go."

She put the child—a fluff of white and rose and gold—down in her chair, and it gazed solemnly over the cushioned arm at the stranger, while she went to call her husband, who came immediately; the same large, gentle creature, with the wonderful face, whom Austin had seen on the stage. It was a strange face, at once luminous and frank, and

without self-consciousness; yet, lying behind the simplicity, there was the most profound emotional complexity, held always in the leash of simple goodness. He sat down and took his little girl on his knee, and as he and Austin talked he hugged the child furtively, whispering to her once or twice, and Amy chuckled loudly and whispered back again. Dora looked on like a Madonna.

A moment later Adèle Wharton entered, and, somehow, they all turned to her as people turn to the sun—except, indeed, the baby, who was displeased at being placed hastily on the floor while her father got up to fetch a footstool for grandmamma, and her mother rose to put a little silk shawl over her shoulders, and Henry Austin moved the bowl of violets towards her,—he had the feeling that he must do something, and the violets were nearest to hand.

"Does Amy bother you, Mrs. Wharton?" Augustine said. "I'll carry her up-stairs."

"Bless her little heart, no! If she won't suddenly roar," she said; but the husband and wife exchanged an uneasy glance, and Dora slipped away with the child in her arms. When she came back the other three were talking about Augustine's last part; or rather, his mother-in-law was talking—very calmly, with extraordinary insight into the character, but with a cold-blooded incisiveness that made Henry Austin wince. The actor did not wince; he stood, his elbow on the mantelpiece, listening. "Yes," he agreed—"yes; you are right; but if—" And then they fell into argument.

Dora and Henry Austin listened—she, humbly; he, with a sense of watching something grow—watching clay take immortal form under the modeller's hands!

"You won't mind our talking about it?" Augustine said, turning apologetically to his guest. "I didn't mean to get into it, but I don't dare to lose Mrs. Wharton's idea, even when I don't quite agree with her."

"You will agree with me," she said, simply, "when you think it over. I maintain, Mr. Austin, that where Augustine is confronted by the fact of his own complicity in the crime—you remember, he has not been conscious of complicity?—I mean in the Prince's part,—

his astonishment will keep him silent for a perceptible space of time. The Prince will not instantly cry out. Augustine vociferates at once in his astonishment. That is a false note. Unless the Prince is silent—while he is taking it in, so to speak—he has *not* been unconscious that he had been treacherous. Do you see?"

"How do you know so much about crimes?" Henry Austin said, frivolously. "Are you an unconscious pickpocket, dear lady?"

"If I were not unconscious I would declaim when you found me out," she said, laughing, "as Augustine does."

A week later, when Henry Austin saw Ware again in this part, it was obvious that he had come to agree with his mother-in-law, for in the Prince's silent second of horrified self-revelation, Augustine's creator's hand was obvious.

"It's just what Jane Strong said," Mr. Austin reflected; "she makes the part for him. Yes; that silence is great art!"

Austin, with a grin at his own absurdity, did actually begin that winter the long-delayed book; and consequently he saw very much of the Ware household. The intimacy began in his going often out to Augustine's house to ask Mrs. Wharton's advice about his writing; but twice she went off "on the road," as she expressed it, gayly, to see her son-in-law in one or another part, so that, finally, the author had to plod along by himself. But the habit of going out to Linden Hill had been started, and he kept it up, even when his critic was not there. By February he went almost daily to see Dora and Amy, and considering that the distance was such as to make a cab too expensive and reduce him to the detested cable-cars, this implied devotion. Dora had not gone with her husband on his tour, for Amy could not be pulled about the country in zero weather. And when Augustine, in a fever of anxiety for criticism, summoned Mrs. Wharton, she had to go alone.

"So behold me!" Adèle Wharton said, with one archly lifted eyebrow, and drawing down the corner of her lip: "I am to be a grandmotherly first-nighter! Isn't it absurd? I start to-night."

"Mamma is so good to Augustine and me," Dora said, the next day, when

Henry Austin found her on the hearth-rug, alone, playing with the baby.

"I see by the morning paper that he is going to bring out one of the old comedies in St. Louis," Austin said. "Which one?"

"Oh," Dora said, "dear me! how stupid I am; I meant to ask mamma, but she went off in such a hurry she forgot to tell me, and I forgot to ask her. I really am ashamed. She just said he had written 'about the old comedy scheme.' I must remind him to tell me."

"And she has actually gone to St. Louis?" Austin said; "she is as energetic as she was twenty years ago. My dear, I doubt if you will ever be as young as your mother."

Dora pulled Amy's frock straight, and put her cheek against the little yellow head. "I guess not," she said. "I'm not clever, you know."

"You are better than clever," he told her, smiling: "you are good."

At that she raised her head and said, sharply, but laughing, "Well, but mamma is good *and* clever; I don't see why I couldn't have combined them both, too!"

Then she pulled herself up from the floor, a little wearily, and sitting down in her low chair, began to make tea for her visitor; then she noticed that he looked tired, and when he confessed to a cold, her maternal anxiety was delicious. Austin laughed, but he liked it. All men like it; they like to be coddled—and they despise the man who is coddled. Dora shook her head, anxiously, and went upstairs and brought back a small bottle, and counted out into the pink palm of her young hand four two-grain quinine pills.

"You will take one now, and three when you go to bed. And—well, I think I'll give you three for to-morrow, too; one at breakfast, one at noon, one at night."

"Oh, I guess I'll just take a drink of whiskey when I go to bed—" he began, meekly.

"Quinine is much better for you," she told him, sternly. "And telephone me in the morning, so I can see whether you ought to go out. Now, you will be careful, won't you, Mr. Austin?"

When he went away she insisted upon calling a carriage, and wanted to bundle him up in one of Augustine's overcoats. But there he drew the line. He went



SHE USED TO TALK OF HER HUSBAND

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

back to town, amused, but, somehow, warmed about his heart. When you are a bachelor, and fifty-five, pretty and serious young women do not often concern themselves with your quinine pills. He was housed for a day or two, and when he went back to report himself cured, she was very stern with him about the care of his health.

"What does Augustine do without his head nurse?" he said, kindly.

Dora sighed. "I often worry a good deal about him. Mamma doesn't know anything about sickness; and, of course, Augustine is just a man. But I gave him a little medicine-case, and wrote out directions as to what he was to do if he took cold or anything. But I do worry."

She used to talk to this kind old friend very simply and intimately of her husband and his goodness and his greatness. And sometimes, after such a talk, he would hear her sigh.

"I don't know anything about art, Mr. Austin," she said, humbly, "but I know Augustine is wonderful."

"Yes, he is wonderful," he would assure her heartily. "But it's hard for him to have to be away from you and Amy so much. I know that must be a great trial to him."

She would look at him when he said things like this, with wistful eyes, and say, "Yes, of course."

Dora did not know many people, though her mother's circle was very large. She was too shy to make acquaintances readily; and as for making friends, she did not want any; Amy and Amy's father filled her little heart. But by and by she made room in it for Henry Austin. Indeed, she could hardly help it, for the silent elderly man, with those amused eyes, somehow would not be denied; he came to see her, and sat by her fireside like a faithful, grizzled old dog. His regularity in calling began about the middle of January, during Mrs. Wharton's first absence. He had dropped in after dinner one night, and found Amy half asleep, in her mother's arms.

"I ought to have put her to bed," she said, rather shamefacedly, "but the evenings are so long."

After that Henry Austin came certainly four nights out of seven.

And so the winter slipped away, and

the girl and the baby sat by the fire and thought and talked of the husband and father's triumphs. The little wife carried Augustine's letters about with her in a small gray bag lined with pink silk and sweet with orris; she would take them out and read them over and over; when it was too dark to see to read, just before the lamps were lighted, she would bend down to catch the firelight on the brief pages, or else repeat them to herself out of her heart. He told her in every letter how much he owed her mother; and he kept Mrs. Wharton so constantly with him that she told his manager she belonged to the troupe, and should presently begin to draw her salary. Then, in April, the company came back to town for a month's engagement. But long before that Henry Austin had grown to feel a great tenderness for Dora—the little, lonely mother, hearing in the silent winter days the echoes of the extraordinary applause that followed her husband's progress through the country. Sometimes Austin had felt a vague anger at his old love; yet when she came back from the East in the spring, a week or two before her son-in-law, and took her pleasant place in her little world, he forgot his anger. Why should he be angry? She took so seriously and nobly her great responsibility; she knew, without any false flutter of negations, that Augustine Ware would probably have been in his barn-yard yet if she had not divined his genius—and now, here he was, a man truly great in his profession, a man of real moment in his world. She spoke of him often to Henry Austin, yet not so often that Austin felt himself forgotten, or his own possibilities overlooked. And as there was always the compliment of severity and displeasure at his indolence, he felt, somehow or other, as if he were as important to her as was her famous son-in-law. And in spite of Dora's lonely little face, those scars, quiescent during the winter, stung very perceptibly.

In the fortnight before Augustine's return, Mrs. Wharton was busy making plans for his London season, certain arrangements for which had been left in her hands. She spoke of these plans, but only very briefly, to Dora. "Not yet," she would say, with shining eyes. "Wait



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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

DORA HELD OUT TWO SHAKING HANDS TO AUSTIN

till I get things clear in my own mind. Then I'll tell you all about it."

And Dora waited.

When Ware came home, the first thing he said was that Dora was thinner; but he had hardly time to speak of it and scold her for it, a worried wrinkle coming between his eyebrows, and kiss Amy, and say she was a villain to have let her mother get thin, when Adèle called him into the library to write an answer to a despatch.

"I think you had better decline," she said, "because—" and then the door closed.

Dora picked up a bit of sewing, and Henry Austin saw that she put the needle in with uncertain fingers. He got up abruptly, and said good night, and betook himself to his club.

"Mormonism!" he said to himself, as old Mrs. Strong had said six months before. "And yet they are both such good people. And what are *you* going to do about it, Henry Austin?"

And the scars did not throb at all.

Well, as far as he was concerned, there was, of course, one thing he could try to do, and very likely he would not succeed. He had failed before when he had more to offer. Still, he could try. . . . So the very next afternoon he gathered together the manuscript on which he had worked all winter—a pleasing, well-bred, ineffective manuscript, much like the pleasing, well-bred man himself,—and he took it to the creator out at Linden Hill.

She was in the library writing notes at Augustine's long mahogany table, with its clutter of silver furnishings, and its orderly piles of docketed papers and letters—the orderliness was hers. She looked up at Henry Austin over her glasses, with charming welcome.

"How nice this is! What! did you bring your manuscript? Good. I want to talk to you about it."

Austin let her talk, and bore the relentless surgery of her criticism without flinching, for the reason that he hardly heard it. She was genuinely interested, however, and after the first ruthless slashes, she found herself able to praise and to appreciate. But in the midst of it, Henry Austin suddenly pushed the manuscript aside, and leaning over the table that was between them, he said,

"Adèle, I think you had better marry me."

Her dumfounded look was not flattering, but the momentary speechlessness of her astonishment gave him the opportunity to explain.

"You know I wanted you years ago, and I want you now. But never mind that. I think you'd better marry me for other reasons—that is, if you don't dislike me, Adèle?"

"Of course I don't dislike you," she said, when she could get her breath, "but, my dear Henry, you are raving crazy! I am a *grandmother*. Have you forgotten that?"

"Not at all. That's the reason we had better get married. Adèle, you are robbing Augustine, and you've got to stop it."

In her bewilderment she was not at once angry. She repeated, vaguely: "*Robbing?* Augustine? Harry, you are certainly mad!"

"No, I'm not mad—at least not in the sense you mean. It's like this: You've made Augustine;—well and good. You dug him up out of a barn-yard and put him on his feet on the stage. Well and good. Now let him alone! He has a right to be let alone. Stop being a crutch to the fellow. Let him walk; let him run; let him fly if he can. Or else let him tumble down in the ditch. But do, for Heaven's sake, let him alone!"

By this time the anger in his eyes had kindled a flame in hers; a dark color came up into her face.

"Mr. Austin, I am at a loss to understand—"

"I think I could make you understand," he said, dryly, "but I'd rather not."

"Rather not?"

"Let me make what I said about Ware clearer. You know, Adèle, how profoundly I admire his genius, and how entirely I know that his genius would never have found expression without you? Well, there has come a point in his development when your personality is dominating it, and limiting it, and—"

Austin paused, in a cold perspiration of effort. To tell a small truth and keep quite clear of a large truth was not easy to a temperamentally truthful man. "You are cramping the man fearfully—"

ah,—I should say a good deal. You know I speak as an old friend, Adèle?"

There was a pause. Anger died out of her eyes, and her face whitened.

"You think I am—injuring Augustine?" she said, in a low voice.

"My dear Adèle, there is not the slightest doubt of it."

"Henry, do—do other people—think so?"

"Indeed they do!"

She put her hands over her face in silence, while Austin cruelly repeated certain illuminating gossip that he had heard. He saw her shiver.

"You mean to be a true friend," she said, brokenly. "I know you do. I thank you."

At that he winced; but he said, cheerfully: "Well, then, we'll go off, you and I; we'll go abroad and leave him. He'll land on his feet. He is the right stuff. But if you stay—"

"I will go," she said, in a low voice.

"Of course," he said. "Well, we'll get married at once, and—"

"Oh no. No, I don't mean that. I'll just go away."

"You can't do that, Adèle," he told her, bluntly. "Augustine and Dora would never consent to it. You know they wouldn't. But if they think you are going to be married, and have your own life,—if you undertake me, Adèle, and create me, as you might say,—they will never see through it; they will never understand why you do it."

She was silent.

"Well, now, it's all settled," he said, keeping, with an effort, the note of interrogation out of his voice. "You consent—" He stopped abruptly, for the door opened and Dora entered. "Oh," he said, getting rather red, as an elderly lover might well do—"Oh, here's Dora; Dora, listen":

"Don't," her mother said, faintly; but Henry Austin went on, glibly, though with a little fright in his voice.

"Dora, I say—where's Augustine? Oh, there you are, old man; and Amy, too. Good. Well, my dear people, I have a piece of news for you—"

"Henry!" Adèle Wharton interrupted.

"Dora, my dear, your lovely moth-

er has promised to marry me, and we are going abroad."

There was a moment's silence. Augustine Ware blenched, suddenly.

"What?" he said, under his breath. "What?"

Dora sat down, quickly, as if faint; then there were confused outcries and exclamations.

"But—" Ware began, violently, and stopped, for Dora rose and ran to him, sobbing as she ran. She put her arms about his neck in a storm of tears.

"Oh, Augustine; oh, Augustine," she said, and cried so that Ware lifted her in his arms and carried her to a chair, into which she tumbled in a sobbing heap. They all stood about her in helpless distress, Adèle saying, reproachfully:

"Oh, Henry! how could you? Dora—darling!—I won't do it; I won't leave you. Oh, Henry, how could you frighten her so? I won't leave you, Dora, child."

At that Dora lifted her head from Augustine's shoulder, and stared, catching her lip between her teeth, and shaking very much. The mother knelt beside her, stroking her poor little thin hand.

"Darling, Henry didn't understand; I had not said *yes*; he thought I did, but I didn't; and I—"

Dora looked up at Austin and held out two shaking hands to him. "Oh, Mr. Austin! yes—she will. Augustine, you will make her? Yes, mother, yes. I am glad to—to—to have you happy. Say yes! Augustine, tell her, *tell her* to say yes!"

Augustine, very pale, stammered something, ending with a vague "Of course, we want you to be happy; but—"

Henry Austin swore under his breath; then, setting his jaw, he looked from Ware to Dora, and back again to Ware. Instantly Augustine's face crimsoned.

But the other man turned away, and stooping down to help Adèle to her feet, said, angrily, in her ear:

"Tell the child you will, for Heaven's sake! *Can't you understand?*"

She, looking at the husband and wife, stood dumb before them.

"We're going to be married next month, Dora, my dear," Austin said.

Adèle, still speechless and very white, smiled, and gave him her hand.

Some Natural-History Doubts and Conclusions

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IN observing the ways of nature how prone we are to read our own thoughts into what we see; to make the animals rational because they do rational things; to make them human because they show human traits! We even ascribe intelligence to the trees because they at times do things which, paralleled in man, would indicate intelligence. Behold the wild apple-tree, and the red thorn-tree in the pasture as described by Thoreau, how they triumph over the cattle that year after year browse them down. Something almost like human tactics is suggested. The cropped and bruised tree spreads, not being allowed to shoot upward—spreads more and more laterally, thus pushing its enemies farther and farther away, till, presently, a shoot starts up from the top of the thorny, knotted cone, and in one season, protected by this *cheval-de-frise*, attains a height beyond the reach of the cattle, and the victory is won. Now the whole push of the large root system goes into its central shoot and the tree is rapidly developed.

It almost looks like a well-laid scheme on the part of the tree to defeat its enemies. But see how inevitable the whole process is. Check the direct flow of a current and it will flow out at the sides; check the side issues and they will push out on their sides, and so on. The tree or seedling does the same. The more it is cropped, the more it branches and rebranches, pushing out laterally as its vertical growth is checked, till it has surrounded the central stalk on all sides with a dense thorny hedge. Then this stalk is no longer cropped, and it leads the tree upward. The lateral branches are starved, and in a few years the tree stands with little or no evidence of the ordeal it has passed

through. Was this a survival of the fittest? No; it was the survival of the most lucky; the one shoot the cattle could not reach made the tree. May not something like this have played a part in the origin of the species, and the luckiest instead of the fittest have survived?

Nature strives in all directions; the indwelling force pushes out all around the circle, or on all sides of the sphere, and at some point is successful and a new step is taken. But think of the failures or abortive attempts. In some cases they help along the final success; in others they do not. The seedlings that fail in the forest do not help the ones that become trees; they simply give way to them or are crowded out by them; that is competition and a survival of the strongest and luckiest. In human progress the failure of one man often points out the road of success to another, as in many mechanical inventions.

Some of our wild birds have changed their habits of nesting, coming from the woods and the rocks to the protection of our buildings. The phoebe-bird and the cliff-swallow are marked examples. We ascribe the change to the birds' intelligence, but to my mind it only shows their natural adaptiveness. Take the cliff-swallow, for instance; it has largely left the cliffs for the eaves of our buildings. How naturally and instinctively this change has come about. In an open farming country insect life is much more varied and abundant than in a wild unsettled country. This greater food-supply naturally attracts the swallows. Then the protecting eaves of the buildings would stimulate their nesting instincts. The abundance of mud along the highways and other places would also no doubt have its effect, and the birds would adopt the new sites as a matter of course. Or

take the phœbe that originally built its nest under ledges, and does so still to some extent. It, too, would find a more abundant food-supply in the vicinity of farm-buildings and bridges. The protected nesting-sites afforded by sheds and porches would likewise stimulate its nesting instincts, and it would react in the manner we see it every spring.

Nearly everything an animal does is the result of an inborn instinct acted upon by an outward stimulus. The margin wherein intelligent choice plays a part is very small. But it does at times play a part—perceptive intelligence, but not rational intelligence. The insects do many things that look like intelligence, yet how these things differ from human intelligence may be seen in the case of one of our solitary wasps—the mud-dauber,—which sometimes builds its cell with great labor, then seals it up without laying its egg and storing it with the accustomed spiders. Intelligence never makes that kind of a mistake, but instinct does. Instinct acts more in the invariable way of a machine. Certain of the solitary wasps bring their game—spider, or bug, or grasshopper—and place it just at the entrance of their hole, and then go in their den apparently to see that all is right before they carry it in.

Fabre, the French naturalist, experimented with one of these wasps, as follows: While the wasp was in its den he moved its grasshopper a few inches away. The wasp came out, brought it to the opening as before, and went within a second time; again the game was removed, again the wasp came out and brought it back and entered her nest as before. This little comedy was repeated over and over; each time the wasp must enter her hole before dragging in the grasshopper. She was like a machine that would work that way and no other. Step must follow step in just such order. Any interruption of the regular method and she must begin over again. This is instinct, and the incident shows how widely it differs from conscious intelligence. Or if you have a tame chipmunk, turn him loose in an empty room and give him some nuts. Finding no place to hide them, the chances are that he will carry them into

one corner and pretend to cover them up. You will see his paws move quickly about them for an instant as if in the act of pulling leaves or mould over them. His machine, too, must work in that way. After the nuts have been laid down, the next thing in order is to cover them, and he makes the motions all in due form. Intelligence would have omitted this useless act.

Animals have keen perceptions—keener in many respects than our own,—but they form no conceptions, have no powers of comparing one thing with another. They live entirely in and through their senses. To all that inner world of reflection, imagination, comparison, reason, they are strangers. They never return upon themselves in thought. They have sense memory, sense intelligence, and they profit in many ways by experience, but they have not soul memory, or rational intelligence. All the fundamental emotions and appetites men and the lower animals share in common, such as fear, anger, love, hunger, jealousy, cunning, pride, curiosity, play, but the world of thought and thought experience, and the emotions that go with it, belongs to man alone.

It is as if the psychic world were divided into two planes, one above the other—the plane of sense and the plane of spirit. In the plane of sense live the lower animals, only now and then just breaking for a moment into the higher plane. In the world of sense man is immersed also; this is his start and foundation; but he rises into the plane of spirit, and here lives his proper life. He is emancipated from sense in a way that beasts are not.

Thus, I think, the line between animal and human psychology may be pretty clearly drawn. It is not a dead-level line. Instinct is undoubtedly often modified by intelligence, and intelligence is as often guided or prompted by instinct, but one need not hesitate long as to which side of the line any given act of man or beast belongs. When the fox resorts to various tricks to outwit and delay the hound (if he ever consciously does so), he exercises a kind of intelligence—the lower form which we call cunning,—and he is prompted to this by an instinct of self-preservation. When the birds set up a hue and

cry about a hawk or an owl, or boldly attack him, they show intelligence in its simpler form, the intelligence that recognizes its enemies, prompted again by the instinct of self-preservation. When a hawk does not know a man on horseback from a horse, it shows a want of intelligence. When a crow is kept away from a corn-field by a string stretched around it, the fact shows how masterful is its fear and how shallow its wit. When a cat or a dog or a horse or a cow learns to open a gate or a door, it shows a degree of intelligence—power to imitate, to profit by experience. A machine could not learn to do it. If the animal were to close the door or gate behind it, that would be another step in intelligence. But its direct wants have no relation to the closing of the door, only to the opening of it. To close the door involves an afterthought that an animal is not capable of. A horse will hesitate to go upon thin ice or upon a frail bridge, even though it has never had any experience with thin ice or frail bridges. This, no doubt, is an inherited instinct, which has arisen in its ancestors from their fund of general experience with the world. How much with them has depended upon a secure footing! A pair of house-wrens had a nest in my well-curb; when the young were partly grown and heard any one enter the curb, they would set up a clamorous calling for food. When I scratched against the sides of the curb beneath them like some animal trying to climb up, their voices instantly hushed; the instinct of fear promptly overcame the instinct of hunger. Instinct is intelligent, but it is not the same as acquired individual intelligence; it is untaught.

When the nuthatch carries a fragment of a hickory-nut to a tree and wedges it into a crevice in the bark, it is not showing an individual act of intelligence: all nuthatches do this; it is a race instinct. It is intelligent—that is, it adapts means to an end,—but it is not like human or individual intelligence, which adapts new means to old ends, or old means to new ends, and which springs up on the occasion. Jays and chickadees hold the nut or seed—they would peck under the foot, but the nuthatch makes a vise to hold it of the bark of the tree, and one act is just as intel-

ligent as the other; both are the promptings of instinct. But when man makes a vise or wedge or a bootjack, he uses his individual intelligence. When the jay carries away the corn you put out in winter and hides it in old worms' nests and knot-holes and crevices in trees, he is obeying the instinct of all his tribe to pilfer and hide things—an instinct that plays its part in the economy of nature, as by its means many acorns and chestnuts get planted and large seeds widely disseminated. By this greed of the jay the wingless nuts take flight, oaks are planted amid the pines, and chestnuts amid the hemlocks.

Speaking of nuts reminds me of an incident I read of the deer (or white-footed) mouse—an incident that throws light on the limitation of animal intelligence. The writer gave the mouse hickory-nuts, which it attempted to carry through a crack between the laths in the kitchen wall. The nuts were too large to go through the crack. The mouse would try to push them through; failing in that, he would go through and then try to pull them after him. All night he or his companion seems to have kept up this futile attempt, fumbling and dropping the nut every few moments. It never occurred to the mouse to gnaw the hole larger, as it would instantly have done had it been too small to admit its own body. It could not project its mind that far; it could not get out of itself sufficiently to regard the nut in its relation to that hole, and it is doubtful if any vertebrate animal is capable of that degree of reflection and comparison. Nothing in its own life or in the life of its ancestors had prepared it to meet that kind of a difficulty with nuts. And yet the writer who made the above observation says that when confined in a box the slides of which are of unequal thickness, the deer-mouse, on attempting to gnaw out, almost invariably attacks the thinnest side. How does he know which is the thinnest side? Probably by a delicate and trained sense of feeling or hearing. In gnawing through obstructions from within, or from without, he and his kind have had ample experience.

Now when we come to insects we find that the above inferences do not hold. It has been observed that when a solitary

wasp finds its hole in the ground too small to admit the spider or other insect which it has brought, it falls to and enlarges it. In this and in other respects certain insects seem to take the step of reason that quadrupeds are incapable of.

Lloyd Morgan relates at some length the experiments he tried with his fox-terrier, Tony, trying to teach him how to bring a stick through a fence with vertical palings. The spaces would allow the dog to pass through, but the palings caught the ends of the stick which the dog carried in his mouth. When his master encouraged him he pushed and struggled vigorously. Not succeeding, he went back, lay down, and began gnawing the stick. Then he tried again, and stuck as before, but by a chance movement of his head to one side finally got the stick through. His master patted him approvingly and sent him for the stick again. Again he seized it by the middle, and of course brought up against the palings. After some struggles he dropped it and came through without it. Then, encouraged by his master, he put his head through, seized the stick, and tried to pull it through, dancing up and down in his endeavors. Time after time and day after day the experiment was repeated with practically the same results. The dog never mastered the problem. He could not see the relation of that stick to the opening in the fence. One time he worked and tugged three minutes trying to pull the stick through. Of course if he had had any mental conception of the problem or had thought about it at all, a single trial would have convinced him as well as a dozen trials. Mr. Morgan tried the experiment with other dogs with like result. When they did get the stick through it was always by chance.

It has never been necessary that the dog or his ancestors should know how to fetch long sticks through a narrow opening in a fence. Hence he does not know the trick of it. But we have a little bird that knows the trick. The house-wren will carry a twig three inches long through a hole of half that diameter. She knows how to manage it because the wren tribe have handled twigs so long in building their nests that this knowledge has become a family instinct. What we call the intelligence of animals is

limited for the most part to sense perception and sense memory. We teach them certain things, train them to do tricks quite beyond the range of their natural intelligence, not because we enlighten their minds or develop their reason, but mainly by the force of habit. Through repetition the act becomes automatic. Who ever saw a trained animal, unless it be the elephant, do anything that betrayed the least spark of conscious intelligence? The trained pig or the trained dog or the trained lion does its "stunt" precisely as a machine would do it—without any more appreciation of what it is doing. The trainer and public performer find that things must always be done in the same fixed order; any change, anything unusual, any strange sound, light, color, or movement, and trouble at once ensues.

I read of a beaver that cut down a tree which stood or was held in such a way that it did not fall, but simply dropped down the height of the stump. The beaver cut it off again; again it dropped and refused to fall; he cut it off a third and a fourth time; still the tree stood. Then he gave it up. Now, so far as I can see, the only intelligence the animal showed was when it ceased to cut off the tree. Had it been a complete automaton, it would have gone on cutting—would it not?—till it made stove-wood of the whole tree. It was confronted by a new problem, but after a while it took the hint. Of course it did not understand what was the matter, as you and I would have done, but it evidently concluded that something was wrong. Was this of itself an act of intelligence? Though it may be that its ceasing to cut off the tree was simply the result of discouragement, and involved no mental conclusion at all. It is a new problem, a new condition, that tests an animal's intelligence. How long it takes a caged bird or a beast to learn that it cannot escape! What a man would see at a glance it takes weeks or months to pound into the captive bird or squirrel or coon. When the prisoner ceases to struggle, it is probably not because it has at last come to understand the situation, but because it is discouraged. It is checked, but not enlightened.

Even so careful an observer as Gilbert White credits the swallow with an act of

judgment to which it is not entitled. He says that in order that the mud nest may not advance too rapidly and so fall of its own weight, the bird only works at it in the morning, and plays and feeds the rest of the day, thus giving the mud a chance to harden. Had not the genial parson observed that this is the practice of all birds during nest-building, that they work in the early morning hours and feed and amuse themselves the rest of the day? In the case of the mud-builders, this interim of course gives the mud a chance to harden, but are we justified in crediting them with this forethought?

Such skill and intelligence as a bird seems to display in the building of its nest, and yet at times such stupidity! I have known a phoebe-bird to start four nests at once, and work more or less upon all of them. She had deserted the ancestral sites under the shelving rocks and come to a new porch, upon the plate of which she started her four nests. She blundered because her race had had little or no experience with porches. There were four or more places upon the plate just alike, and whichever one of these she chanced to strike with her loaded beak she regarded as the right one. Her instinct served her up to a certain point, but it did not enable her to discriminate between those rafters. Where a little original intelligence should have come into play she was deficient. Her progenitors had built under rocks where there was little chance for mistakes of this sort, and they had learned through ages of experience to blend the nest with its surroundings, by the use of moss the better to conceal it. My phoebe brought her moss to the new timbers of the porch, where it had precisely the opposite effect to what it had under the gray mossy rocks.

An intelligent man once told me that crabs could reason, and this was his proof: In hunting for crabs in shallow water he found one that had just cast its shell, but the crab put up just as brave a fight as ever, though, of course, was powerless to inflict any pain; as soon as the creature found that its bluff game did not work it offered no further resistance. Now I should as soon say a wasp reasoned because a stingless drone, or male, when you capture him, will make

all the motions with its body, curving and thrusting, that its sting-equipped fellows would do. This action is from an inherited instinct and is purely automatic. The wasp is not putting up a bluff game; it is really trying to sting you, but has not the weapon. The shell-less crab quickly reacts at your approach, as is its nature to do, and then quickly ceases its defence because in its enfeebled condition the impulse of defence is feeble also. Its surrender was on physiological, not upon rational grounds.

Thus do we without thinking impute the higher faculties to even the lowest forms of animal life. So much in our own lives is purely automatic—the quick reaction to appropriate stimuli, as when we ward off a blow or dodge a missile, or make ourselves agreeable to the opposite sex; and so much is inherited or unconsciously imitative.

Because man, then, is half animal, shall we say that the animal is half man? This seems to be the logic of some people. The animal man, while retaining much of his animality, has evolved from it higher faculties and attributes, while our four-footed kindred have not thus progressed.

The biological tree of life suggests one of those native apple-trees we often see in the pasture, to which I have already referred, with a thorny, scrubby, conical-shaped base, from the apex of which rises a stalk that unfolds and blooms in the free air and sunshine above. Of course this is only a comparison and not a real analogy. Any part of the cropped and thwarted base of the apple-tree would send up the tree if it had the chance, but no biologist now believes that any class of the lower animals could give rise to man, had it time and a free field to do so. Man is undoubtedly of animal origin, but his rise occurred when the principle of variation was much more active, when the forms and forces of nature were much more youthful and plastic, when the seething and fermenting of the vital fluids were at a high pitch in the far past, and it was high tide with the creative impulse. The world is aging, and, no doubt, the power of initiative of nature is becoming less and less. I think it safe to say that the worm no longer aspires to be man.



Jonathan and David

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS



N old man came out of his door and sat down on the ragged porch. It would be more exact to say that he sank down, for he dropped upon his broken chair heavily, as if from real physical weakness, or that agitation of mind and heart which creates it.

At first impression he seemed to be a very old man; but on the second, one would have judged him to be still something under seventy, and would have concluded that age had chased him down before his time because trouble had disarranged the schedule. He was a poor person, beyond a doubt; his threadbare clothes were those of a man for whom no woman cares. Several of the buttons were missing from his black coat and vest, and of those which remained two were sewed on with blue thread and one with white. His collar was raw at the edge, and his lean, cuffless wrists shook as he shut his hands together upon the piazza rail and dropped his face upon them.

He was not altogether bald, but had a considerable tonsure of clear white hair, which was neatly brushed. Of the untidiness of age and solitude Jonathan Perch had so little that this circumstance alone distinguished him. He was scrupulously clean, and his wasted hands were those of a man who might have passed for something of a gentleman in his youth and vigor. These, now clasped, or, it

might be, clenched, upon the porch rail, beneath his deeply wrinkled forehead, were not unlike the famous praying hands of Albert Dürer; they had a little of the delicacy and much of the pathos of that touching picture of which it has been said, "It lifts the cry of the ages from humanity to Heaven."

If Jonathan Perch had been told, thirty years before, that he should become at sixty-eight a pensioner upon his native town, he would have resented the impertinent prophecy as hotly as would any comfortable young man who may read this episode in the history of a lonely and neglected age.

By what subtle stages old Jonathan had fallen upon the fate of a man who has not succeeded, nobody knew; perhaps he himself least of all. America plays whimsical games of chance with the surest and the safest of us, and the loaded dice drop easily against the unfriended and the weak; most easily against the sick and the sensitive. However it happened, Jonathan Perch was a beaten soldier in the battle of industrial life. He could hardly remember when last he earned a hundred dollars a year.

His shabby cottage had long ago been sold for taxes over his head. It had been bought in by a chance divinity—a summer lady of kindly and unorganized impulses, who had left the village after one season, without evicting him, without collecting rent, without even a personal interview with her puzzled beneficiary. Jonathan had stayed on in his old home because he had been given to understand that his benefactress (of whom he knew nothing except that, by a pretty accident, she bore the name of Mersey) expected him to do so "for the present." This phrase, which flagellates the anxious temperament even in a tolerable situation, tormented Jonathan at first. But now he had ceased to forecast, as he had ceased to fear. For the past two years he had existed like a shell-fish, under the old roof to which his organism had conformed. He planted corn and vegetables behind his house, and picked apples in front of it. He had a few hens and lived a good deal on eggs. The neighbors gave him milk. The overseer of the town poor, with a certain consideration for his faded gentility, such as occasionally illuminates

the hard-headed public guardians in our kindly New England villages, had refrained from forcing him into the almshouse. He cut down an oak-tree now and then, or a pine—it took him a good while,—and contrived to keep from freezing. The town saw to it that he did not starve. But Jonathan had ceased to be a wage-earner. It was a good while since he had handled money. People, according to their individual tastes, gave him almost anything else—a pig, or cold potatoes, a bantam chicken, cream-of-tartar biscuits, or grape jelly, darned flannels, or mince pie, cheap tea, or rubbers that leaked. One inspired lady presented him with a crêpe tissue-paper lamp-shade, and three had sent him Bibles.

Five years ago an imaginative woman who had eight children, four cats, and six dogs had contributed, as her share of the public responsibility in Jonathan's behalf, a puppy.

This donation had become in the life of the desolate old man an epoch beside which everything else that he often thought about retreated into an episode. His youth, his friendships, his marriage, and his release from it by the unexpected death of his wife in middle life; the summer when his daily paper had to stop; the year when he sold his little library; the winter when he had pneumonia; the year when his house was sold over his head—all retreated into mistiness before the date when David became his dog.

David had been a fall puppy, and that threw him for the first winter of his life closely into the society of his master, who cherished the kissing, clawing creature with the devotion of a solitary man.

Jonathan shared his fire, his food, his bed, his mind, his heart, his past, his future, with the puppy; guarded him anxiously from every snow-storm, covered the shivering little body with his own ragged comforter a dozen times a night, brooded over him like a mother through distemper and teething, and patiently educated the growing dog with the passion and the opportunity of love and leisure.

"Why, you're nothing but a baby—you!" he used to say. Beyond the lot of most of his race, David had been distinguished by the friendship of man. For five years he had been the comrade of a

lonely and intelligent master. He drew without check upon the resources of age, of desolation, and of sensitiveness.

Unlike most human spendthrifts of affection, David had respected his privilege. As an intellect he had developed vividly, but as a heart he was supreme. More cannot be said of his passionate fidelity than that it was the passion and the fidelity of his race presented in something like a typical form.

As Jonathan sat in the hot June afternoon with his face upon his shut hands, David came up the walk. He had been gone for some time—longer than usual. He had his own affairs (the most subject soul has) and occasionally attended to them; whether calls of a social or business nature, political duties, private detective work, or sheer mental recreation detained him, Jonathan often wondered, but never asked. He respected David's individuality. The dog had never voluntarily remained away from his master an hour in his life. To-day he had exceeded his precedent. Jonathan's face came up abruptly from his clasped fingers and regarded David over the porch rail.

"Why, David!" he said. "It's an hour and twenty minutes!"

David stood still and returned the look protestingly. He showed signs of agitation. He was panting heavily, and his tail deprecated his master with swiftly repeated strokes. These, as he started up the steps, thumped on the porch rail. David was a collie—a sable collie of fine proportions and with a kingly head. His ruff was white, and his paws. He had a white part in the middle of his forehead. His eyes were at once thoughtful and happy. His demeanor was dignified. The shape of his head was irreproachable, and all his points were excellent—he was clearly of good birth,—but he had one defect. He was badly marked. A white spot over his left eye disfigured him for the taste of fanciers. It was a singular mark, like a small star. This fortunate disfigurement had preserved him for his humble and happy lot.

"You see, David," Jonathan would explain, "she couldn't sell you. If you'd been as handsome as the rest of your family you and I would never—"

But Jonathan finished the sentence

with a big hug. It was impossible to imagine what life would have been if he and David had never met and loved.

The star-marked collie sprang up the steps and rapturously embraced the old man. David's ardor did not offend: he kissed delicately—not all over, but only behind his master's ear. He had the air of trying to say something out of the common course. Jonathan listened attentively and with respect; but his face and that of the collie both showed that the man failed to catch the dog's meaning.

"David," said Jonathan, sadly, "I've been worrying about you. I suppose you know you're a tax-dodger?"

With an air of mortification the dog promptly hung his head before this accusation.

"It isn't your fault, David," proceeded Jonathan. "You're not to blame."

David's fine head came up from his ruff as quickly as it had fallen.

"It's my fault, David. I can't pay. I can't get together two dollars—not any way. I've only got seventy-six cents. Your taxes are most two months overdue. I've been so worried I can't sleep. I'd go around with a hat for you, David. I *would* for you—but if I did . . . I don't know! I can't say. You have a pretty good appetite, you know, David. And if the Town should take it into its head . . . Why, David! What's this on your neck? Where have you been, sir? What's happened to you?"

The clouded face of the dog cleared swiftly as his master's long, thin hands strayed to the broken end of a rope which hung from David's collar. The collar was an old skate-strap, neatly marked in indelible ink with the name of Jonathan Perch. But the face of the master darkened as visibly as that of the collie had lightened.

"You've been tied up and kept!" cried Jonathan, with agitation. The dog barked excitedly.

"Somebody kept you! You gnawed off and got away!"

David's fine head nodded like a man's.

"David! David!" cried Jonathan Perch. "Was it the Town did it?"

David whirled and barked shrilly.

"Yes or no?" demanded the old man. "Bark no?—One? Bark yes?—Two? Yes or no, David? Answer, sir!"



"LORD, I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING BUT THIS DOG"

And David barked twice.

"Oh," groaned Jonathan, "that's what my worrying meant! I always find there's reason for it when I *have* to worry. They'll take you, David—see if they don't! Your poor old master is too poor to help it. . . . I should think you'd be ashamed of him, David. Ain't you?"

By this time the dog was whimpering like a child. He stood up and put his fore paws about the old man's neck and began to kiss passionately.

"Yes or no?" quavered Jonathan. "Ashamed of me, David? Yes or no?"

Then David punctuated the air with staccato barks, single and sharp—No! No! No!

"If I were the Almighty," protested Jonathan Perch, "or if I were the Town, I wouldn't do such a thing, not if I died for it, David!"

He lifted his trembling hands from the dog's neck and put the tips of his fingers together (as one sees them in the great picture). Was he praying to God? or to the Town? In the mind of the old village pensioner the two may have been a little confused.

"Say your prayers, David," commanded Jonathan Perch. "Guess they're worth as much as most Christians'. Maybe He's the kind of a God would hear a dog's prayer—no telling, David. If you don't want 'em to take you away from your master, say your prayers, sir!"

The dog dropped, put his fore paws upon his master's knee, and his chin upon them. The old man still sat with his trembling hands raised—the tips of the fingers put together. Tears were storming down his cheeks. He spoke in a low and solemn tone.

"Lord," said Jonathan Perch, "I haven't got anything but this dog. I'm convinced they're going to take him away from me. I can't bear it—I can't bear it anyway in the world. Lord, I'm a poor old fellow. Life has gone pretty hard. It's beaten me. I'm not enough of a man now to pay his taxes. I haven't got anybody else to talk to but this collie and You—that is, Thee. I'm rather a lonesome old man. I couldn't begin to tell You—I mean Thee,—Lord, how I feel about my dog David. . . . I haven't been much of a praying man. I don't excuse myself. That's my fault, too. I don't

know how to express myself . . . to a Person like You—Thee. But if there is any Thou, Lord God who made man-love and dog-love . . . it appears to me as if some attention would be paid to this matter—" Jonathan paused. "Amen," he said, abruptly.

At the sound of the word David sprang from his knees (as he had been taught), and looking now quite happy, stood to his hind feet once more and replaced his arms about his master's neck. As he did so he kissed the tears from the old man's wet cheek.

The two were in this position when a clattering team stopped in front of the house. Its driver, a man in a soiled seersucker coat, threw the reins over the dashboard of the wagon, and came up the walk towards the porch with an impatient step.

At the sound of the first advancing footfalls a portentous change took possession of the collie. His hair bristled; his ears shot backwards; he planted himself before his master, fore paws firmly fixed, back arched, head lowered; in his eyes a slumbering rage, like that of a man with a cherished enmity, waked fiercely. He made no effort to approach the visitor, either in greeting or in hostility; the dog had the attitude of a garrison.

"Hello!" cried the man in the soiled coat. "I've come after your dog."

David's upper lip wrinkled wickedly; he made no other reply.

"The blamed critter got away from me," complained he of the seersucker. "He chewed his rope and put, lickity-split. The Town don't allow that sorter thing. When I get a critter into my Pound I expect him to stay there. Come here, you darned deserter, you! You won't get away *this* time, you bet!"

From some hitherto unexplored depth in David's throat issued a formidable sound,—he was not a growling dog; neither he nor his master knew that he was capable of a roar like that.

"Better be a little careful," quavered Jonathan Perch. "I never knew him do anybody any harm—but he doesn't seem to like you exactly. I can't answer for the consequences if you got too near."

David echoed this feeble protest with another mighty roar; this one came from

between his clenched teeth; he stood like a statue of a collie, rigid and menacing.

"Hand him over to me, then!" commanded the intruder.

"Who are you, anyhow?" cried Jonathan Perch, getting to his feet. The old man trembled like one of his own poplar-trees which stood silver and quivering beside the front gate.

"Me? I'm the dog-catcher. That's what I am. Hand me over that there dog! You ain't paid his taxes. Hand him over!"

"I'll see you in hell first," replied Jonathan, steadily. David advanced a little and took up his position at the head of the porch steps. He retained the same attitude, and showed as yet no intention to spring; but beneath the collie's wrinkled upper lip the tooth which reminds us most of a wolf and least of a housemate in our desert dog gleamed so that Jonathan slipped a finger through David's collar.

"I don't know's I blame ye," remarked the dog-catcher, unexpectedly; he retreated a step or two and stood uncertain. "Folks says you set a sight by the critter. Why don't you pay up, then?"

"I've got seventy-six cents towards it," pleaded the old man. His shaking hands went to his pocket.

"The Town don't receipt on account," said the dog-catcher, with an accent of marked disgust. "I'll call again," he added, looking David in the glaring eyes. "I—I won't take the critter to-day."

Then David laughed.

"You'd better pay up," advised the dog-catcher, not unkindly. "'R else you'd better let me have him and have it over. We kill 'em easy. We ain't Apaches—not if we be the Pound! I'll give ye till come a Chuseday—that's three days—to think it over, Jonathan." The dog-catcher turned. "Besides," he continued, thoughtfully, "it mought be better for ye, come to long run o't. There is folks that says ye hadn't orter to be feedin' so big a critter, and you dependin' on the Town. See? If the Town should get to thinkin' that way—an' come to stoppin' yer aid—where'd you be, I'd like to know? Or the critter, either. See? He'd come up in our hands anyhow you fix it. See?"

"I see," replied Jonathan, in a very

low voice. "Thank you. Good morning. David! *No, sir!—David!* Let that man *alone*, sir!"

For David had reared and stood—roaring, and defying the feeble old finger which retained him.

"He's no fool of a dog," admitted the dog-catcher with reluctant professional admiration. "Why don't ye sell him?"

The man in the seersucker climbed into his wagon without further remark, and drove noisily away. Once he looked back. David, straining on the skate-strap, was using mighty language. The June afternoon echoed with the dog's adjectives and substantives. The dog-catcher smiled with grim appreciation as he drove away.

But Jonathan did not smile. He shook from head to foot. He could with difficulty keep his fingers on David's collar. He felt himself suddenly very faint, and brokenly appealed to the dog:

"Don't, Davie—don't, dear! I can't hold you, David. You stay with master. Master feels sick, David—he—"

His head drooped and fell over upon the head of the collie, whose mood and manner changed immediately. He began to lap the old man's face, whining the while, but retaining such a position as to support the weight which had fallen against him until Jonathan somewhat recovered himself.

"Thank you, David," he said, catching his breath, feebly. "You always were a good nurse. David! David! What *shall* we do?"

At this moment Jonathan perceived that wheels had stopped again in front of his house. They belonged to an empty victoria driven by a liveried coachman who was exercising a smart black pair.

"How much will you take for your dog?" demanded the coachman, without preliminaries.

"Who are you?" gasped Jonathan, "and what do you want of him?"

"These are Mrs. Mersey's horses," replied the coachman, haughtily. "I thought everybody knew *that*. She wants a dog—a good dog. I'm looking about for her."

"Oh, *she*?" quavered Jonathan. "I never met the lady, but I suppose—I've reason to think she must be a kind lady. Do you think she would treat him—"



JONATHAN'S FACE HAD FALLEN OVER UPON DAVID'S HEAD

David has never had anybody but me. He is a good deal spoiled. I— There isn't money enough in the State to buy my dog, sir."

"Then what do you waste my time foolin' for?" cried the coachman, crossly. He took up his whip and would have driven off. But Jonathan stayed him.

"I can't pay his taxes, sir," he said, deprecating the servant. "I'm too poor. The dog-catcher has given me till Tuesday. Then they will kill him. I have only seventy-six cents. Besides, he says the Town ain't likely to let me keep him very long, anyhow, he's so big. Would you—" Jonathan summoned his sinking voice, and in a tone of anguish too fine for the ears that heard it, desperately faced his fate and David's. "Would you give as much as two dollars for him? I—I can't take money for David. I can't make money out of David. But—if his taxes were paid—if he weren't a pauper—like me—and had a kind home—perhaps I'd consider it. I don't see how I *can* let them kill *David*."

"I'll pay them taxes on the spot," answered the coachman, eagerly, "and bring you the receipt inside of twenty minutes."

Snapping the long whip about the ears of the pair, the fellow whirled away. In half an hour he returned with the tax receipt.

The old man and the dog were precisely as he had left them, sitting silently. David's head was upon his master's knee. Jonathan's face had fallen over upon David's head. Neither stirred as the coachman, who had brought a footman back with him, gave the reins to the boy and sprang down from the box.

"Here it is," he said, hurriedly, holding out the receipt. Jonathan did not reply.

"What's the matter with you, old fellow, anyhow?" demanded the coachman. "Why don't you wake up? It's a fair bargain. The dog's mine now. Here!"

Disregarding the protests of David, who was now alive to the emergency, the fellow tucked the tax receipt into the old man's cold hands, dexterously leashed and muzzled the dog, and pulled him away. Jonathan sat where and as he was. When the dog was taken from him, his gray head had fallen—or perhaps the

purchaser of David had laid it over—upon the piazza rail. The old man did not stir. He was spared the separation. The coachman stopped at the nearest neighbor's and left word that old Jonathan was in a kind of a fit or a faint, and some woman better go see to him. Then he carried David home to his employer, to whom he sold the collie for twenty-five dollars.

The nearest neighbor came over. She was a young wife with a baby in her arms, and, thus encumbered, she did all she could for the old man. She made him some tea and got him to his room. In the morning she came in again, but he told her that he was perfectly well and needed nothing and wanted nobody; so she put bread and milk and water within his reach, asked him if he didn't want to kiss the baby, and went away. Jonathan lay as she had left him in the evening, and as she had found him in the morning, fallen upon the outside of his bed, silent and still.

She had tried to throw something over him, but when he found what it was, the old man flung it away—then fell to weeping, and drew it back—then pushed it from him, with a groan. It was the ragged coverlet under which or on which, according to the season, David had slept since he was a fall puppy and shivered the first winter through, a clawing, wobbling dependent on his master's tireless care and tenderness.

That first night Jonathan did not sleep at all. Sometimes his mind strayed and his trembling hand went down to pat the dog; the emptiness at the foot of the bed smote him cold and weak; his pulse fell and his breath shortened. When day came he must have got some broken sleep, perhaps not knowing it, for his dreaming and his waking ran together like the tints in a prism, so that it was difficult to say where one ended and another began. He tried to eat, but could not; he drank the water, and some of the milk, and turned his face to the wall. The dreadful hollowness of the room, the aching silence in the house, seemed to the lonely old man like a destiny which he had been denied the strength to face—the last buffet of a life which had worsted him everywhere. He retained

a subconsciousness that his suffering would not be generally understood by other men.

"He was all I had," he muttered, apologetically. "I'm rather a lonely old man. I hadn't anybody else."

Then again:

"I might stand it better if it weren't for what David is undergoing. David won't understand it. He'll think I sold him. Oh me! Oh me! He'll think I *wanted* him to go."

On the second day he crawled up and moved about a little, but he was so weak that he came back to bed, and there he remained, half adoze and half awake, and did not try to get up again. No one came to inquire for him; his door remained unlocked, and his window, with the rude mosquito-bar that he had made for it, was open.

The soft June nights looked in gently, and the gleaming June days flashed brilliantly by the solitary man; he regarded both indifferently, for he was not any longer strong enough to care what happened; and so it came to be the fifth night since David and he were parted.

On this night, at a little past midnight, Jonathan started from a happy dream. He thought that he and David were together in a large house, among many people, and that David was showing off some of his pretty tricks, and that when he said: "Are you your master's dog, David? Bark once?—No? Bark twice?—Yes?" David, mad for joy, barked twice, and twice, and twice again, and clung to him and kissed him rapturously, and was never to be taken from him again till death, that separates the man and the wife, the child and the mother, the lover and the beloved, that spares no life and has mercy upon no love, should part the master and the dog; but nothing less—no, nothing else should come between them.

He woke to a tremendous fact. It was the voice of David barking at the door.

"Oh, my God!" cried Jonathan. "*David!* And I haven't got the strength to get there. *David!* Wait a minute till I try to get to you."

But David did not, could not, would not wait. While the old man, panting and shaking, was trying to get to his feet and stand on them, the collie came

crashing through the window—glass and screen and all splintered around him—and with a mighty cry the two were in each other's arms.

It was not until noon of the next day that the lawful owner of David interrupted the rapturous reunion of the man and the dog. Jonathan, who had dreaded the reappearance of the coachman, received Mrs. Mersey with a forced composure which touched her instantly. Mrs. Mersey was a round, middle-aged, mother-hearted woman—not in the least the ideal Lady Bountiful that her old pensioner had pictured her; he had thought her to be some fashionable young lady, slender and remote. When Jonathan looked into her warm brown eyes, he thought, "Why, she's just a woman!"

"Madam," he began, tremulously, "I know the dog is yours. I—have had him a good while, that's all. And we love each other, madam. David couldn't—He *had* to run away, you see. . . . Look at the window where he broke in to get to me last night."

Jonathan's unsteady finger pointed proudly to the broken glass.

"He was in such a hurry," he said. "Madam—I would have returned him to you this morning. I know David is your property now. There, David! there, sir! Don't touch the lady. She's a kind lady, David. She'll do—the right thing." With both arms around the dog's neck the old man repeated the phrase confusedly:

"She will do—the right—thing. . . . You see, madam, I wasn't *able* to walk over to your house—with David. I haven't been very well since I lost David!"

His head fell back upon the pillow, and David's went beside it.

"When did you eat last?" cried Mrs. Mersey. The tears were driving down her cheeks. She did not offer to touch the dog, but moved about quickly in her rich, embroidered, thin dress, dexterously making a fire, tea, and toast, and cooking eggs, as if she had been some plain, experienced housewife. When she brought Jonathan the food he tried to swallow it, but put it down.

"Could I keep him—about a half an hour longer, madam?" he asked, humbly.

"You shall keep him forever!" blazed

Mrs. Mersey. "You don't suppose—you couldn't suppose— Why, what do you think I am made of? Nobody can take the dog from you—*nobody*, if I say so."

"Not even the Town?" gasped Jonathan. "You hadn't thought, had you, about the Town? They say he eats so much."

"Not even the Town!" cried the lady, hotly. "Let him eat. I'll see to that. Let him eat all he can—and you, too. The dog is yours. Don't you understand?"

"Oh, madam!" gasped Jonathan. "Oh, *madam!*"

He turned his face upon the collie's neck and cried like a child. And David lifted up his voice and cried too. And the summer lady did as much. For she was a woman of quite unorganized, kindly impulses, as we have said. She did not care whether she made people happy in the usual way or not. She only cared to make them happy.

The chance divinity—as is the way of such divinities—took Jonathan's case warmly to heart. Within an hour beef tea, cold fowl, strawberries, sugar, fresh milk, and coffee tempted the starving old man to the first sufficient meal that he had eaten for six days. When Jonathan found in the hamper a package of dog-biscuit and a portly mutton bone, he brought the tips of his fingers together in the touching Albert Dürer way, as if he were asking grace over David's supper.

"I said she was just a woman, David!" he muttered, with wet and happy eyes.

She was woman enough to follow her pretty benefaction in person the next day. It was rather early in the morning, but she found the old man up and dressed, and tottering about the house in his clean, worn, black coat—two buttons sewed on with blue thread and one with white. David hung on Jonathan's every motion, head on master's knee, paws around his neck, kisses on his cheek. The dog's fine eyes had a frightened look. He regarded Mrs. Mersey with suspicion, but in silence. David's faith in humanity had received a terrific shock. The only fact in life of which the collie felt any assurance was that his master was not to be blamed for the existence of dog-catchers and coachmen.

"Madam," began old Jonathan, flushing with pleasure, "you do me an honor. I was about to try to call upon you to say—if you will permit me, madam—that I should take it as a favor if you will allow me to pay back David's price, on the instalment plan. I have seventy-six cents towards it—" His hand went to his pocket. "That leaves him in your debt one dollar and twenty-four cents. I think David would feel happier if he were *really* my dog again. I hope I have not offended you, madam?" he broke off, anxiously, when he saw the expression of doubt or displeasure which brushed the face of his benefactress.

"But Peter said— How much did you sell the dog to Peter for, Jonathan?"

"Two dollars," said Jonathan, promptly, "the amount of his tax bill."

The lady challenged the old man's candid eyes for an instant only. This was but the second time that she had seen Jonathan Perch; but she knew Peter Sweeney.

"Very well," she said, quietly, "I will take that money—if you wish me to."

Shining with joy, Jonathan placed seventy-six cents in the lady's white-gloved hand. She had rather a small hand for a large lady.

"David!" cried Jonathan, ecstatically, "are you your master's dog? Bark once?—No? Bark twice?—Yes?"

Then David pierced the June morning with double barks, doubly repeated, and reiterated still again.

"That's no ordinary dog," observed Mrs. Mersey. "Can he do anything else as clever as that?"

"Why, that's *nothing*, madam!" boasted Jonathan. "David has a vocabulary of two hundred English words that he understands, and twelve French ones. But my French is pretty rusty now, so his polite education has been neglected. He can spell several sentences. And he can count—let me see—he can count up to twenty."

"I should like to see some of these miracles, if you please," suggested the lady. She sat back on Jonathan's crumbling old lounge, and David sat before her and studied her critically. David had not yet satisfied himself whether the lady was an accessory after the fact to Peter Sweeney.

The front door was open into the sitting-room, and the silver poplar showed, tall and slim, beyond the shining space. The tree did not tremble more than Jonathan's happy hands when he brought them together in his favorite, unconscious gesture.

"Ah," said Mrs. Mersey, smiling, "the Albert Dürer!"

"Madam?" asked the old man, with quickly troubled perplexity.

"Sometime I will show you. Are you fond of pictures, Jonathan? Did you ever care for them?"

"My training was in mathematics, madam. My education in art was deficient."

"Ah!—Do you mind telling me what you were, Mr. Perch, in your younger life? What was your business—or—profession?" Jonathan's gray head lifted a little. He could not remember when any one had called him Mr. Perch.

"I was a teacher of algebra and geometry at the Normal School," he answered, gently.

"Let me see what the dog can do," replied the lady, brusquely. But her white glove stole to her wet lashes. So Jonathan showed the summer divinity what David could do.

The sable collie, as his master had averred, was not a common dog. When Jonathan said, "Bring your blocks, David," David found his blocks and spread them out upon the bare floor.

"Give us the alphabet, David." And David arranged the alphabet.

"Spell dog, David." And David spelled dog.

"Master, David." And David spelled master.

The lady, absorbed, sat leaning forward, silently. The old man's face had grown serious and studious. He stood opposite the collie and regarded him fixedly. The dog's face indicated a close intellectual strain, not unmixed with anxiety.

"Spell lady, David," commanded Jonathan, slowly. "L-a-d-y. L-a-d-y."

David lifted his head, hesitated, shoved his blocks about uncertainly. He had for a moment an expression of distress. Evidently this was a lesson never learned before. The star on his forehead showed more than usual, and the dog

seemed to be at a disadvantage, and to be aware of it.

Jonathan, fixing his eyes upon the dog, repeated firmly,

"L-a-d-y, David."

The dog pushed the blocks impatiently. L—A— He stopped and whined.

"D," repeated his master.

David uttered a sound between a bark and a gasp, but slowly finished spelling lady.

"Rest a minute," said his master, patting him with a proud and loving hand, "and then we'll count a little, David."

When the collie had rested, he began to count; this he did with ease and pleasure, for it was plainly an accustomed task. He counted to five. He counted to ten. He counted to twenty.

"He can add and subtract," cried the old man, proudly.

"I'll believe it when I see it!" protested the lady. She was as much excited now as the man and the dog.

"Two and two are how many, David?" demanded Jonathan, in a loud, firm voice.

David barked four times.

"Six from nine leaves how many, David?"

And David did bark thrice.

"It is astounding! Incredible! How do you do it? How do you do it?" exclaimed Mrs. Mersey. She drew her breath hard.

"That is my secret," replied the old mathematician, with dignity. "You have a right to it, madam, if you insist," he added, quickly and contritely.

"I insist on nothing, Mr. Perch," said the lady, impetuously,—“except that you shall become a self-supporting, self-respecting citizen. And—give me three days to think it over—I think—I am not sure—that I see a way.”

She vanished from his cottage as wonderfully as she had entered it; and for three days Jonathan saw her no more.

On the fourth morning her victoria and black pair appeared at the old man's gate. Peter had a repressed and melancholy expression, and the footman, with considerable manner, brought Jonathan a note.

"Dear Mr. Perch," it ran, "a few



"YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO IT, MADAM, IF YOU INSIST"

friends of mine have expressed a wish to see your extraordinary dog. Will you kindly bring him to my house on receipt of this? It might be well to brush that handsome silky coat of his a little. Peter will drive you over.

Very truly yours,

MARY B. MERSEY.

"To Jonathan Perch, Esq."

But when Jonathan, perplexed but obedient, prepared to get into the victoria, David utterly and magnificently refused. For gods nor men nor master would David ride with Peter Sweeney. The nearest neighbor, who stood on her porch with her baby in her arms, was disappointed to see that Jonathan and David had to walk.

It was not a long walk, however, perhaps half a mile, and the two arrived at Mrs. Mersey's summer home in good spirits, and not more dusty than was to be expected. The lady herself came out on the piazza to meet them. She was dressed in something black, and thin, and elegant, which gave her a slender look, and which to Jonathan's refined taste seemed to qualify her perfectly.

He heard the hum of voices in the drawing-room. "My dream!" thought Jonathan. "My dream!"

He stood before his hostess patiently in his old, clean, black clothes, one button sewed on with white thread and two with blue; his cuffless wrists extended from his too short sleeves. David, watchful and anxious, sat stolidly at his master's feet. David felt that the drama of life had gone beyond his comprehension. He sat with one ear up, the other down, as a collie will when he is perplexed.

"Mr. Perch," said the lady, in a voice so low that no one could overhear it, "my man will show you to one of the guest-rooms, where you will find something which you may like to put on before you meet my friends. No. This is no charity, sir. You will have earned them; they will be your own—like David. Oh yes, David may go too. And here—

Tickets for seeing David have been sold for a dollar apiece. An audience of sixty people is waiting—if you will be so good—to see some of David's remarkable mathematical feats.

"Allowing something for the new suit," proceeded Mrs. Mersey, with the tone of a philanthropist who, however unorganized her impulses, sometimes had views about pauperizing people, "that will leave you—" She held out to the trembling old village pensioner fifty fresh one-dollar bills.

"And I have arranged," continued the divinity, quickly, for her own lips quivered and her brown eyes suddenly blurred, "if you will be so good, Mr. Perch, for you and David to give three or four more entertainments at the homes of the neighbors, before the season is over. And next winter—I am quite sure that next winter we can find plenty of people in town who will be delighted to see you and David—if—that is, if you think well of my plan? And David? Do you think David will like it?"

"Oh, madam!" said Jonathan, as he had said before—"oh, *madam!*"

But David stole up with slowly swishing tail and for the first time kissed Mrs. Mersey's hand. David was now quite ready to spell l-a-d-y.

The large rooms were both full when Jonathan came down in his ready-made black suit. He held himself tall and straight. His sunken eyes were brilliant, and his fingers did not tremble.

David walked beside him with dignity and quite composedly, and the two friends—the dog who had gained so much of the human, and the lonely man who had acquired something of the beautiful canine—came out together upon the little stage.

Above it, half hidden with drapery and silver-poplar boughs, there had been hung a copy of the "Praying Hands." But Jonathan did not see this; and the summer people, such as noticed it, wondered why it was there.



At San Gimignano

BY A. HUGH FISHER

SOFT gentle wind of warm Italian night,
Go hence and carry through a colder zone
This greeting to my loved one; let the might
Of all the passion that thy land has known
Urge thee to speed in recollection sweet
And guide thee to her chamber; enter there—
Enfold her sleeping in a dream of bliss,
Caress her little feet,
Her lips and all the wonder of her hair,
And lose thyself forever in one kiss.

Beloved with the dear Madonna eyes,
My last thought waking is of that young Love
That leapt full sturdy from two souls' surprise
Their union in his lusty strength to prove.
They were two souls that knew not what they knew,
And yours was fairer than a god's bright form,
While mine was little blessed
Save in the colors that it caught from you.
What new days hold of sunshine or of storm
Sleep, dear, to-night with love warm in thy breast.

Wake, love, and watch the dawn that slowly grows
From gray to gold above the distant wall
Of silent mountains ere they flood with rose
Dumb fervent benedictions over all.
The fair towered city sleeps—a carven stone:
A deep vast quiet hangs upon the air.
The little hills peep out of warm white mist,
Surprised that night has flown—
Drowsed heads with vine-leaves clinging in their hair
And languorous faces pouting to be kissed.



"WE HAD HIM OUT BEFORE A FILE OF SOLDIERS"

The Heart of Kings

BY A. RUSSELL WEEKES

The heaven for height, and the earth for depth, and the heart of Kings is unsearchable.

"SO," said the Prince, softly. He leaned back in his great chair, propping his elbows on his arms, and gazed through the arch of his joined finger-tips into the mellow light of the fire. "So. . . . That is the end of business for the day. You have done well, Paul—admirably well. One must not be too merciful to these recalcitrants. It is a crime to have mercy. Do you think me cruel, Paul?"

The secretary smiled uneasily, conscious that he was being played with like a mouse by the handsome, feline Prince, whose voice was never more caressing than when he pronounced sen-

tence of death. "As cruel, Monseigneur, as the Archangel Michael when he shuts the door of hell."

"What a fine answer, Paul! Take care you do not grow too clever: it is a vice which I never tolerate. To the true patriot tolerance is a forbidden luxury. No sentiment of affection would prevent me from having you hanged if you were clever enough to be dangerous. And yet I am very fond of you. Do you remember how we played together by the fountain of St. Barbara, when we were children? We were two ragged little dirty children then, and one was as good as the other; and now I am a great ruler, and you are my secretary and my slave. How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" the Prince concluded, fixing his

eyes on Paul's face. His unctuous piety was pervaded by a strong tinge of irony, and he seemed to be enjoying himself more than his secretary.

"True, Monseigneur, and yet—"

"And yet?"

"Even in those days I had the honor to draw the water for Monseigneur!"

The Prince laughed softly, with an Italian subtlety of intonation. "Faith, Paul, I love thee for that," he said. "You were ever an endearing little coward. But as to this plot: what has been done with the prisoner?"

"We have tried to persuade him—"

"To give up the names of his accomplices. His own, I think, is Rohan de Lusignan."

"Your memory, Monseigneur—"

"Send him to the rack," interrupted the Prince, blandly.

"We have already—"

"Still obdurate? Poor little child! But this is dangerous, Paul; his accomplices are still at large. They may strike at any moment: now, while I sit here, a shot fired through the window might wreck all my plans. Stand between me and the window, Paul."

The secretary obeyed, whitening; he feared the bullets sorely, but he feared his master more.

"I and my country are one: you are glad, aren't you, to have a chance of giving your life for your country? That's my brave Paul! So torture won't make him speak? Have you threatened him with death?"

"We had him out before a file of soldiers this morning, and shot him with blank cartridges."

"What suffering, and what heroism! We'll try a different measure: bring him in to me."

The secretary retired, and the Prince was alone in the firelit darkness. A supple, slender form, and richly dressed, he sat gazing into the flames with the eyes of a dreamer, his lips parted in a winning and subtle smile. The fierce ambition which had marked him even in the days of his peasant childhood had set no traces on the sensuous oval of his face; and yet he was no actor, but simply a man of dual nature, in whom the ruthless temperament of Florentine intrigue yielded at times to the caprices of a

luxurious tenderness. His was the true adventurer's spirit, which set the lust of dominion first, but had separate niches for all the passions, including the softest feminine sentiment. He turned with a look of pity at the sound of stumbling footsteps in the corridor without; a voice said, "Drag the fool along; he can't walk."

"Fresh from the rack," said the Prince to himself, "poor child!" His eyes were luminous with tears.

The door opened, and Paul came in, half carrying and half dragging the body of a young man, whose clothes were stained here and there with wet, red patches that widened.

"Monseigneur, I have brought the traitor whose nefarious hand—" he began, consequentially.

"Ah, yes," the Prince interrupted him. "Lay him down and leave him."

The secretary obeyed. He had learnt through long practice to bear the mutilation of his periods without a murmur. As soon as he had gone the Prince came and knelt beside his captive. He was young, scarcely more than a boy: dark, with blunt, strong features that suggested Gascon birth; but his eyes were dark blue and wonderfully insolent and romantic. He lay quite still, conscious, but seemingly disabled; he returned the pitying glance of the Prince with a watchful, hostile gaze.

"You are hurt, my child," said the Prince, in his caressing voice.

"Why, yes," he answered coolly. "I am chiefly sorry I failed to kill you."

"You love your country?"

"I do not speak of what I love to *canaille*."

"No. Forgive me; I must hurt you worse, I fear. You will permit me to touch you?" He lifted his enemy with strong and careful hands and laid him on a couch beside the fire; then getting linen and a basin of water, he did what he could for the tortured man. Very still lay Rohan, very cold and quiet, yielding nothing to the Prince's entreating eyes. When all was done that could be done, the Prince spoke again, throwing himself down on a rug before the fire. He leaned his cheek on his hand, and the two faces in firelight and shadow were very close to each other.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HE SAT GAZING INTO THE FLAMES

"You were on the rack this morning?"

"I have to thank you for that; believe me, I prefer it to your kindness."

"Do you? And yet it is ill work to be set on the rack. I can pity you, for I also have been under torture."

"You? What a fool you must think me, to trick me with that easy lie."

"If it is a lie, at least my flesh lies as well as my spirit. See!"

He bared his wrists. De Lusignan could not well mistake those ghastly scars.

"Do you think you are the only man that has ever suffered for his country?"

"I don't know nor care. What is it to me what you have done? Except, indeed, that I'm sorry my shot missed you."

"Poor little enemy!" said the Prince, smiling down into the dark, pain-clouded eyes.

"What can be your purpose in this farce?"

"No farce, Rohan, and no purpose. I did not know they had sent you to the rack; had I known I would have stopped it. For you tried to do me a great service, and though you failed, still I am grateful."

"Did I?" de Lusignan answered. "I did not mean to."

"That I believe. And yet in a way you did mean to; you meant to kill me, didn't you?"

"With all my heart."

"Do you think I should not be glad to die? Do you think it is not a weary, weary fight? See now, Rohan: is this a palace for whose sake a wise man would go in fear of murderers?"

De Lusignan glanced round the bare room and marvelled inwardly. Here was no sign, indeed, of the magnificence of which he had heard so many stories; of the luxury, wrung from the sweat of the people, which was said to be the Prince's guerdon. This seemed rather the room of a soldier; and the Prince's wrists were scarred, and the eyes of the Prince were very sad.

"Do you think," said the Prince, "that it is for this I fight? For lust of gold—I, who am often in want of money? For lust of power—I, whom chance saves from the assassin's hand? Rohan, they've lied to you."

"It's you are the liar."

"Well, . . . perhaps so." Even the Prince flinched slightly before that unremitting contempt. "My little prisoner, my younger brother—may I call you that, or is it an insult to your brother?"

De Lusignan reddened swiftly, and did not answer.

"May I tell you a few more lies? Just people always hear both sides, you know: and my brother is always just. Listen, Rohan: I've stories to tell you. You need not believe them unless you like, and yet they're all true. They are about a man who was very poor, and lonely, and yet he was a Prince. People hated him because he had not always been a Prince, but had been born a poor lad, like any other child. I do not know if it was quite fair for them to hate him, because it was they themselves who had made him Prince, in the old days when they thought they loved and trusted him. Of course, he loved his kingdom; still, I think he would have been glad to give it up, only he was afraid to."

"Afraid?"

"Afraid for the sake of the kingdom. He was afraid if he gave it up to the rebels they would quarrel among themselves, and many of his people would be killed."

"Yes, that is quite true," broke in Rohan, eagerly. "Our leaders can never agree—" He checked himself, flushing at his indiscretion.

"No? So the Prince thought, and therefore he had to fight. It was a hard fight; it is a hard fight still. And what made it hard was this, just this: that he had no friends, no one who loved or trusted him. They called him a tyrant, a robber, a—liar, and what not—"

"Sire!" cried out Rohan, sharply. He could scarcely bear the look in the grand, imperturbable eyes of the Prince.

"They thought he did it for his own sake, because he wanted the crown; they did not know how heavy and sharp is the crown of such a kingdom as his. Really and truly, he only wanted to do them good, to help them, and make their lives a little more free, a little less intolerably bitter. They tried to kill him—hush, child—they tried to kill him, and failed; and he was glad for his country's sake, and very, very sorry for his own. For he was very tired: he would not



"CHILD," HE SAID, SOFTLY, "SLEEP IS BEST"

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give up the work, because there was no one else to do it, but he would gladly have been called to rest. Still, he went on fighting."

"And in the end?"

"The end is not yet. But I think—in the end—they broke his heart."

The vibrating tones ceased. Rohan did not look up; he fancied that the eyes of the Prince were full of tears, and he was afraid to meet them.

"I will tell you what was worst of all," said the Prince, quietly. "It was that he had to be very cruel when he would rather have been kind: those whom he loved he had to make suffer."

"But, Monseigneur—"

"Well, my brother?"

"You tried—to betray—our country."

It was horribly hard to say, for the Prince did not look like a traitor. And then there was silence: a silence that made de Lusignan wish he had never been born. At last the rich voice went on again. How long it spoke, the younger man did not know, for he found that the Prince was telling him all the plans of his past, present, and future. And, strange to say, the Prince's aims were the very same which Rohan's friends were seeking to attain, only the Prince was often forced to disguise his designs and so lay himself open to misconception. Freedom, justice, equality, liberty of the press, distribution of taxation—all the idols of the popular party were the Prince's idols, too, which at present he could only serve in secret; but at no distant date they were to take their true place as vital points of his great policy. It was a wonderful story, and not the least wonderful thing in it was the part played by the narrator. It seemed that the Prince was a hero, brave and gentle and sad: not the luxurious tyrant of common report, but just a sinning, suffering, blundering hero, ready to give up all, even life, for his country. When it was over, de Lusignan said simply, "I tried to kill you; what can I do?"

"Love me a little, Rohan; I love you, and I'd have tried to save you if I could."

"I'm so glad I missed!"

"And I am sorry;—no, I'm glad; it's selfish to be sorry. But perhaps your friends will yet set me at peace."

"Monseigneur—!"

"You do not like that? You see, they do not know; they hate me."

Rohan's eyes dilated with horror. "I will tell them not to shoot you!" he cried.

"And you think they will obey you?"

Knowing that they were not at all likely to obey him, Rohan shuddered, and sank back. "But you will protect yourself, sire?" he pleaded.

"Oh yes, I will do all I can," said the Prince, smiling. "But I should be glad to die, Rohan."

"I cannot bear it, sire!"

"Hush! I do not ask you to tell me their names. We are both gentlemen; and one gentleman cannot ask another to betray his friends."

"*Merci!*" said Rohan. "You have shown me what I can do. Ah, you are generous, my Prince; but you forget it is for your country: you and your country are one."

"For my country—yes," said the Prince. "Poor little Rohan!"

"Hush!" said Rohan, smiling. "I give one brother to the other, my Prince. One was my brother, François. The rest—" he recited a list of half a dozen names. "I ask no terms," he said, "but this: may they die without torture? François is younger than I am, and delicate. I could not bear to see him on the rack."

"Does he know any secrets which you yourself cannot tell me?"

"Some, no doubt, since I have been in prison; but—" the dark eyes pleaded for mercy.

"If I were to promise more than that? If I were to give you their lives?"

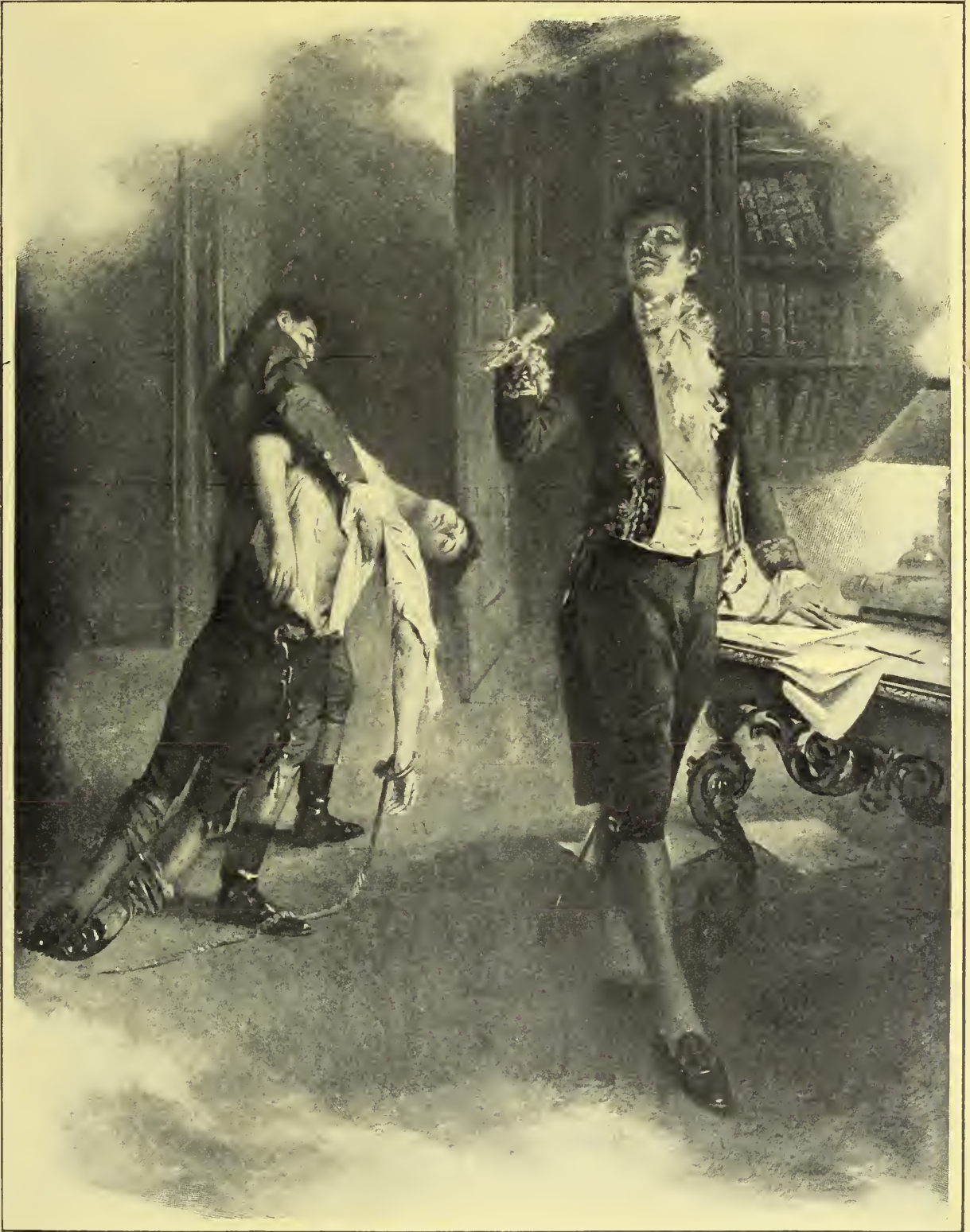
Rohan caught his hand and kissed it; his face was illuminated.

"They shall swear fidelity, that is all. Those who will not swear must lie in prison for a while; but François will swear, I think. Will he not?"

"He will adore you, Monseigneur—as I do."

"Will he? How young you are, child! And you have beauty, also. Oh! never you be too clever, Rohan, or you'll pay for it! I sometimes think that there is no need of hell to punish Mefistofele: his reward is worked out in the fruit of his own acts."

He stood up. Rohan lay still and



See page 382

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"TAKE AWAY THAT CHILD"

watched him with the look of one at peace. The Prince wrote down a list of the names de Lusignan had given him; then he came and knelt down again beside the couch.

"You have done a hard thing," he said, softly. "There are many hard and cruel things in life, Rohan: for example, little wounded hands and feet." He touched Rohan's wrists very lightly, and Rohan flushed.

"They will say I did it to save my life; but then they say worse things of you. I can bear it; yes, I can bear it. And by and by, when they see you doing all that you have told me you mean to do—"

"When? When they see me giving freedom to the press, and liberty to the people? When they see that they will cease to taunt you? My little Rohan, I'm sorry."

"I'm glad," said the boy, proudly.

The Prince smiled down at him. "How pale you are!" he said. "I will give you some of my wine; it will send you to sleep, and that will be good for you." He went into the farther corner of the room and got a flask of wine and a glass. He made ready in silence, with dexterous feline movements; his eyes were dark with pity, and his lips were parted in a little tender smile. He brought the wine

to Rohan, and touched the glass first with his own lips. "Drink my health, as I drink yours, child," he said, softly. "Sleep is best."

"And when I wake, may I see François?" asked de Lusignan. He essayed to take the glass, but his crippled hands failed him, and the Prince himself held it to his lips.

"Of course you shall see François, when you wake," he said, smiling. "Sleep sweetly, Rohan; all shall be well with my two new brothers."

Wine is a powerful narcotic. Very soon Rohan de Lusignan slept quietly, his head resting upon the Prince's shoulder.

An hour later the Prince rang his bell; the secretary came in haste. The Prince handed him a slip of paper.

"Have these men arrested and shot, Paul," he said, in his tone that brooked no delay. "Get it done quickly: this insurrection is mischievous and must be stamped out at once. And put François de Lusignan on the rack before you shoot him; he has information to give, and as he is young and weakly you will probably have little trouble with him." He added over his shoulder, as he sat down at his *escritoire*, "Take away that child's body, and when you have done with François, bury them together."

August

BY E. S. MARTIN

WHEN vagrant clouds drift in the summer sky,
 And in the heavy air,
 The odors and the fruitful heat supply
 Sensation everywhere,
 And zephyrs that caress, and sounds that lull,
 And colors, fill the senses' measure full.

Blessed is the man whose thoughts from effort cease,
 While pass such golden hours;
 Who saturates his spirit with the peace
 That healing Nature pours.
 A soothing, charming, vivifying flood.
 Through every sense, to prove that life is good.

Electric Theory of Matter

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

ELECTRICITY is of two kinds, positive and negative, each repels itself and attracts the other. So begins or might begin every text-book of Electricity since the era of Gilbert of Colchester in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

The most freely movable kind of electricity is the negative variety: a body containing an excess of negative is said to be negatively charged; a body with a defect of negative is what we are accustomed to call positively charged. Anything which possesses the two kinds in equal quantities is not charged at all, but is neutral. So virtually taught that eminent man Benjamin Franklin a century and a half ago.

Electricity is not a form of energy, any more than water is a form of energy. Water may be a vehicle of energy when at a high level or in motion: so may electricity. Electricity cannot be manufactured, as heat can, it can only be moved from place to place, like water; and its energy must be in the form of motion or of strain. Electricity under strain constitutes "charge"; electricity in locomotion constitutes a current and magnetism; electricity in vibration constitutes light. What electricity itself is we do not know, but it may perhaps be a form or aspect of matter. So have taught for thirty years the disciples of Clerk-Maxwell.

Now we can go one step further and say, Matter is composed of electricity, and of nothing else,—a thesis which I wish to explain and partially justify.

First we must ask what is positive electricity? and the answer is still we do not know. For myself I do not even guess,—beyond supposing it to be a mode of manifestation, or a differentiated portion, of the continuous and all-pervading Ether. It seems to exist in lumps the size of the atoms of matter; and no por-

tion of it less in bulk than an atom has ever been isolated, nor appears likely to be isolated. But although it may have bulk, it appears as if it had no appreciable mass: the massiveness or inertia of the atom is probably due to something else, in fact to the possession of negative charges in equal amount. This part of the doctrine is not yet certain. More investigation is urgently needed into the meaning and properties of positive electricity. Meanwhile we shall only be following the lead of Professor J. J. Thomson if we assume that a unit of positive electricity has a massiveness (or what is often inaccurately called "weight") either zero or very small, most probably very small; perhaps about one per cent. of the mass of some atoms of matter may be due to the positive electricity which they contain. At the same time it appears probable that the space occupied by a unit of positive electricity is not small compared with the size of a material atom. Its range, or sphere of influence, may be said to determine that size.

But concerning negative electricity we know a great deal more. This exists in excessively minute particles, sometimes called electrons and sometimes called corpuscles: these are thrown off the negatively charged terminal in a vacuum tube, and they fly with tremendous speed till they strike something. When they strike they can propel as well as heat the target, and they can likewise make it emit a phosphorescent glow: especially if it be made of glass or precious stones. If the target is a very massive metal like platinum, the sudden stoppage of the flying electrons which encounter it causes the production of the ethereal pulses known as X-rays. Electrons are not very easy to stop however; and a fair proportion of them can penetrate not only wood and paper, but sheets of such metals as

aluminium, and other moderately thin obstacles. That is because they are extremely small, much smaller than the atoms of matter.

If a magnet be brought near a stream of flying electrons they are deflected by the magnetic force, as a rifle-bullet is deflected by a wind; they will then miss the target at which they were aimed, and may strike another. By measuring their deflection when their speed is known it is possible to estimate the mass of each particle; and if any stream consisted of particles of different masses it would be possible thus to sort or fan or winnow them out: the massive ones keeping nearly straight and the lighter ones being blown aside, somewhat as a cork projectile is more easily deflected than a bullet.

Determinations made in this sort of way, supplemented by many other refined and most ingenious measurements conducted in the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, England, have resulted in the following knowledge:—

(1) Each electron has a definite charge of electricity, viz. the same charge as is conveyed by each single atom when a current is passed through a chemically conducting liquid. Every electron has also a definite and uniform mass, which is about 1-800th of that of an atom of hydrogen—hitherto the lightest known form of matter.

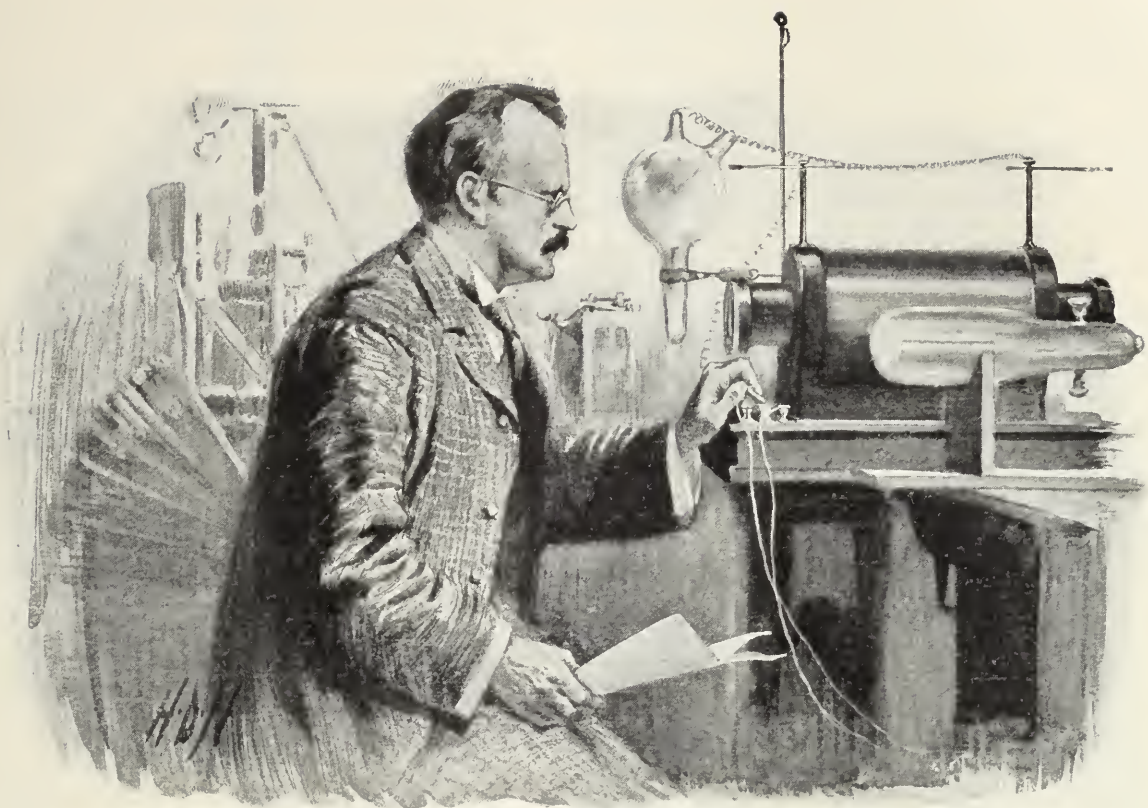
(2) From every kind of material the same and no other kind of electron can be obtained, and we have reason for asserting that no other kind exists.

(3) Electric currents are always due to the locomotion of these little electric charges, they permeate and make their way through metals, being handed on from one atom to the next, as a fire-bucket is passed from hand to hand. This is metallic conduction. Liquid conduction is different: the electrons travel *with* the atoms in liquids, and hence travel slowly, being jostled by the crowd, and being laden with the heavy atom which they convey or propel, as a pony (or a flea—in mass a pony, but in bulk a flea) might drag a heavy wagon through crowded streets; until, at the terminal station, it is unharnessed and allowed to trot into its stable: which is what happens when the boundary between liquid

and metallic conductors is reached. Electrons become still more emancipated however in rarefied gases, which act as a cleared race-course or like a free range for flight; and then it is possible to find them flying at prodigious speed, even as high as a hundred thousand miles per second, and sometimes faster still, but never quite so fast as light.

(4) Whenever an electron is suddenly started or stopped, or made to turn a corner, it disturbs the ether through which it had been quietly moving, and excites a ripple in it. These ethereal ripples constitute radiation, and the best-known variety of them we call "light." With this we have been familiar for a long time, because of our happening to possess eyes—instruments for the ready appreciation of ethereal ripples. We used not to know the reason however for the production of light, we know now that it is due to the sudden change of motion, either in speed or direction, of an electron; and probably to no other cause.

(5) An electric charge possesses the extraordinary property of self-induction, by reason of the magnetic field which it generates wherever it moves; and so far back as 1881 J. J. Thomson showed that this was equivalent to the possession of mass or inertia, and calculated its value. The mass or massiveness of an electric charge depends upon its concentration, the more concentrated it is the greater is its effective inertia. The charge in an electron is very small but is extremely concentrated, that is to say it exists only as a very minute nucleus; and in order to explain the manifestation of the observed mass of 1-800th part of a hydrogen atom, by so trifling a quantity of electricity, it is necessary to suppose that it is concentrated into a space one-hundred-thousandth of the diameter of a material atom. This is the size which is at present accepted for an electron. It is quite the smallest thing known. Eight hundred of them would, so to speak, "weigh" as much as a hydrogen atom, and would deal the same blow if stopped, and generally be equivalent to it; but they have remarkably little bulk, for if they were packed tightly together—an amount of packing probably quite impossible even to approach—a thousand million million of them would be required



JOSEPH JOHN THOMSON, D.SC., F.R.S., IN THE CAVENDISH LABORATORY, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

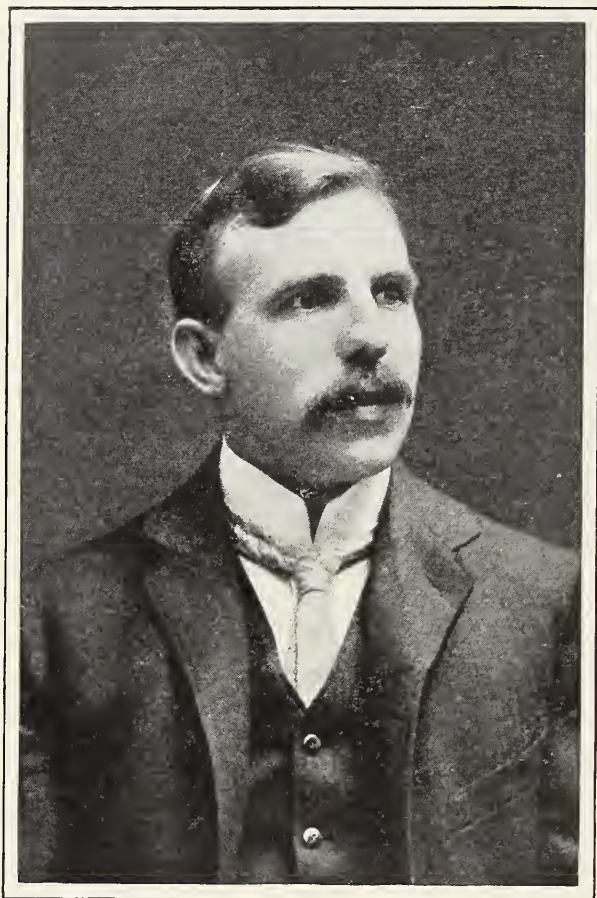
to fill completely the space occupied by a hydrogen or any other atom.

Inside a hydrogen atom electrons are therefore very sparsely distributed, for there is manifestly plenty of room for 500; more room indeed than there is in the solar system for the sun and planets; but some atoms contain many more than this number, and the tightest packing known exists in the atoms of the radioactive substances, Uranium, Radium, and the like, each atom of which contains something like two hundred thousand electrons. Even this is very far from tight packing, the intervening spaces are still very great compared with their size, but they are getting too crowded to be comfortable, and nature does not seem to have evolved any permanent atom more tightly packed than these. Moreover even these are not quite stable and permanent, every now and then a particle escapes and flies away, from one or another atom, into space; so that if we take a perceptible quantity of the substance—which of course consists of many billion atoms—a considerable number of particles are always being shot off from

it; hence a substance composed of these heavy atoms maintains a continuous bombardment, emitting rays analogous to those which Crookes had so strikingly exhibited in 1879 in an exceptionally high vacuum tube. The experimental discovery of spontaneous radioactivity is due to M. Henri Becquerel in Paris in the year 1896, one year after Roentgen's singular discovery of the existence and electrical generation of X-rays.

Our present view of an atom of matter therefore is something like the following:—Picture to one's self an individualized mass of positive electricity, diffused uniformly over a space as big as an atom.—say a sphere of which two hundred million could lie edge to edge in an inch, or such that a million million million million could be crowded tightly together into an apothecary's grain. Then imagine, disseminated throughout this small spherical region, a number of minute specks of negative electricity, all exactly alike, and all flying about vigorously, each of them repelling every other, but all attracted and kept in their orbits by the mass of positive electricity in

which they are embedded and flying about. In so far as an atom is impenetrable to other atoms, its parts act on the sentinel principle, not on the crowd principle. There are two ways of keeping hostile people out of an open building: one is to fill it with your own supporters,



ERNEST RUTHERFORD, F.R.S.

another is to place an armed policeman at every door. The electrons are extremely energetic and forcible, though in bulk mere specks or centres of force. Every speck is exactly like every other, and each is of the size and weight appropriate to the electron. Different atoms, that is atoms of different kinds of matter, are all believed to be composed in the same sort of way; but if the atoms of a substance are such that each possesses 23 times as many electrons as hydrogen has, we call it sodium. If each atom has 200 times as many as hydrogen, we call it lead or quicksilver. If it has still more than that, it begins to be conspicuously radioactive.

It would seem as if the excessive radia-

tion which follows upon an overcrowded condition were caused by the probability of collision or encounter between the parts of an atom: just as every now and then among the stars in the sky two bodies encounter each other, and a great blaze of radiation, or temporary star, results. Even in atoms of which the parts are sparsely distributed such occurrences are not impossible, though they are less frequent, and accordingly it is to be expected that *every* kind of matter may be radioactive to a very small extent: a probability which is now justified for most metals, by direct experiment with very sensitive means of detection.

Indeed so far as radiation necessarily accompanies any change of motion of an electron, and in so far as in every atom some electrons are describing orbits and are therefore subject to centripetal acceleration, a certain amount of atomic radiation is inevitable, on the electric theory of matter. In most cases it is imperceptibly small, but it must be there, and accordingly an atom must be slowly undermining its own constitution by the gradual emission of its internal or intrinsic energy in the form of ether-waves.

Thus then it is reasonable to expect that, every now and then, an atom will break up or collapse or divide into parts. This process has been observed by Rutherford of Montreal. The radiation from

many of the radioactive substances, on being analyzed by a magnet, is found to be separable into three parts:— (1) the so-called β rays, which are the shot-off electrons already mentioned; (2) some γ rays, which appear to represent an ethereal pulse,—an analogue as it were of the sound-wave caused by the explosion or act of firing; and (3), more important than either, a third kind of projectile called the α rays, which are newly formed atoms of foreign matter or new substance. These are pitched away with extraordinary violence as the atom breaks up, they produce by their bombardment of zinc sulphide the bright little flashes seen in Crookes's spinthariscopes, and they likewise generate heat when

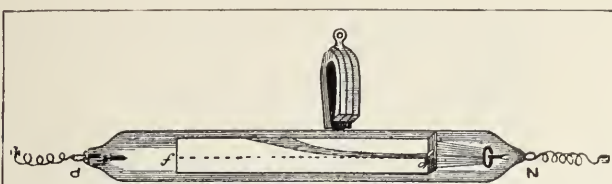


Diagram showing the well-known deflection of cathode or Crookes rays in an ordinary high-vacuum tube by a steel magnet held near; their path being traced by a phosphorescent lateral screen, as arranged by Crookes. A measure of the deflection by a known magnetic field enables the mass of each particle to be determined, when its charge and speed are known. To measure the speed, another kind of deflection must be likewise measured, viz. the one caused by the presence of an electrified body acting upon the same charged particles. J. J. Thomson first showed how to produce this kind of deflection. The magnetic curvature was first measured by Schuster. To determine the charge, the particles are caught in a hollow vessel, and their aggregate charge measured,—as was first done by Perrin; but a *counting* of the particles is also necessary, and this is effected by a curious and most interesting method of mist-production applied by C. T. R. Wilson, of Cambridge.

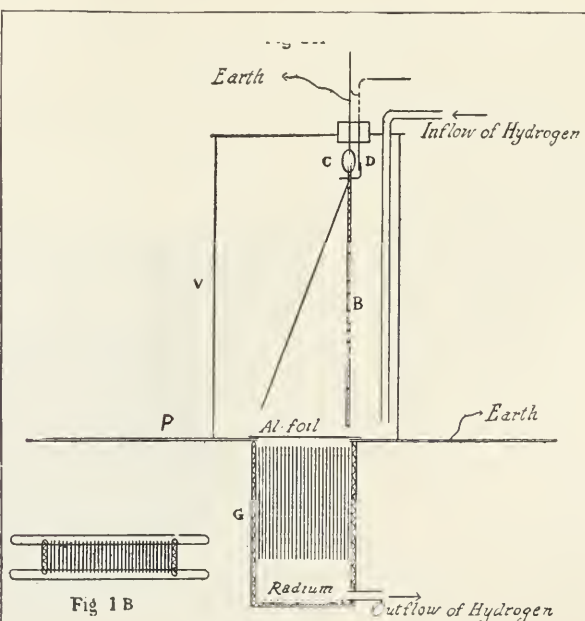
they are stopped by any obstacle. They thus keep the vessel in which they are enclosed at a temperature a degree or two above surrounding bodies, at least in the case of the most active known substances, radium and its emanation. For radium converts its own intra-atomic energy into heat at so surprising a rate that it could, if all of the heat were economized and none allowed to escape, raise its own weight of water from ordinary temperature to the boiling-point every hour.

The number of atoms breaking up in any perceptible portion of radium salt must be reckoned in millions per second; nevertheless the *proportion* of atoms which are thus undergoing transformation at any one time is extremely small. If they could be seen individually most of them would appear quiescent and stable. Of every ten thousand atoms, if a single one breaks up and flings away a portion of itself once a year, that would be enough to account for all the activity observed, even in the case of so exceptionally active a substance as radium; hence the apparent stability of ordinary matter is not surprising.

The thus-projected atomic fragments were measured by Rutherford, who found them deflected by a magnet in the opposite direction to the electron projectiles, and were therefore proved to be positively charged; but they are deflected so slight-

ly that they must be very massive bodies, 1600 times as massive as an electron, or twice the atomic weight of hydrogen. A substance with this atomic weight is known, viz. Helium; and surely enough the discoverer of Helium, Sir W. Ramsay, working with Mr. Soddy, a recent colleague of Rutherford, has witnessed the Helium spectrum gradually develop in a tube into which nothing but radium-emanation had been put.

Matter then appears to be composed of positive and negative electricity and nothing else. All its newly discovered, as well as all its long-known, properties can thus be explained:—even the long-standing puzzle of “cohesion” shows signs of giving way. The only outstanding still-intractable physical property is “gravitation,” and no satisfactory theory of the nature of gravitation has been so far forthcoming. I doubt however if it is far away. It would seem to be a slight but quite uniform secondary or residual effect due to the immersion of a negative electron in a positive atmosphere. It is a mutual force between one atomic sys-



Apparatus by which Professor Rutherford, of Montreal, measured the atomic weight of the substance flung upwards by a layer of radium at the bottom of a vessel placed below a gold-leaf electroscope. It possessed a grid of thin plates, between which the projectiles had to make their way through a current of rarefied hydrogen gas. A strong magnetic field curved them into the plates, and diminished their action on the charged electroscope by a measured amount.

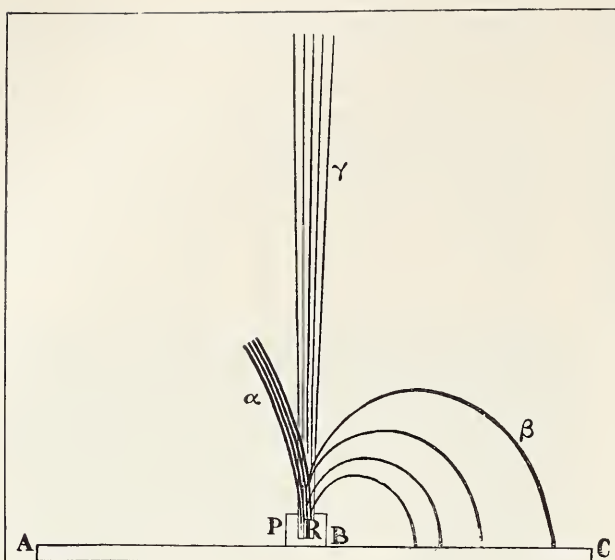


Diagram of magnetic analysis of radiation from radium, or other radioactive substance, embedded in a cavity in a block of lead with aperture upwards, above which they are exposed to a strong magnetic field. The β rays or flying electrons or Crookes rays, being negatively charged, are bent strongly to the right. The γ rays or ethereal pulses are not bent at all, and the α rays or exploded fragments of atoms, being positively charged but massive, are bent slightly to the left—much less bent in reality than the diagram shows. If the diameter of the β ray circle of bending is a quarter-inch, the diameter of the α ray circle of bending is eleven yards. This is how Rutherford rendered it almost certain that either helium or hydrogen, or both, was among the products of disintegration of a radium atom.

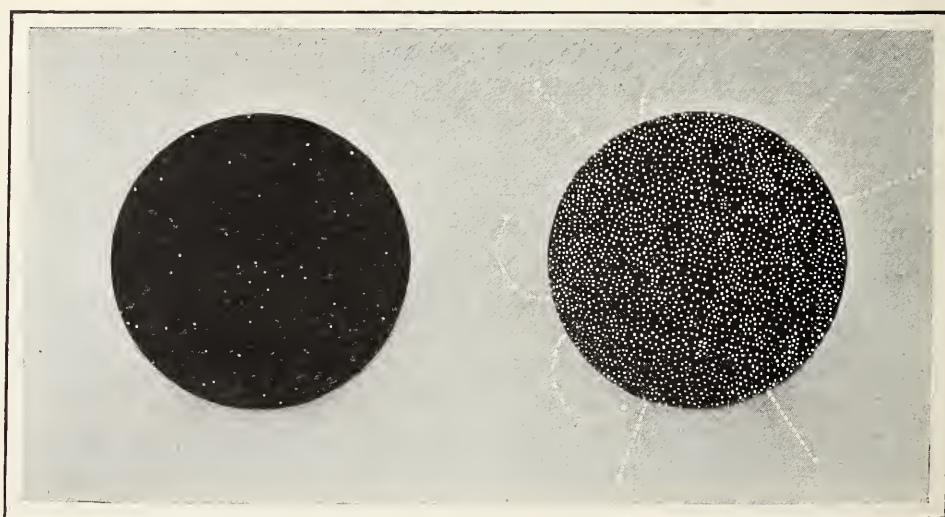
tem and another, which is proportional to the number of electrons in each. It is quite doubtful whether it is displayed by an isolated or disembodied electron, but the act of immersing an electron in its attracting atmosphere may develop it. We know too little about electricity, especially about positive electricity, to be able to justify or expand such a guess; but, as a guess and no more, I venture to throw it out: believing it to be a static residual strain effect, not due

even to corpuscular motion, or to any other modifiable circumstance, but inherent in the constitution of each atom, whether it be an entire complex or be broken up into simpler substances.

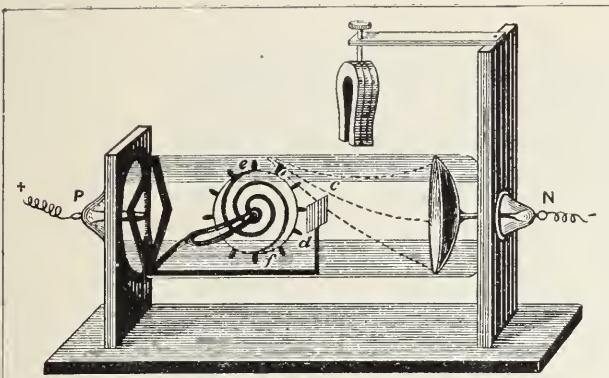
If it be true that every atom occupies the same volume of space, then gravitation might seem to be an effect depending on the crowdedness of electrons; but when an atom breaks up into unequal parts, the smaller portion must in that case undergo considerable expansion, and that would be inconsistent with the constancy of gravitation, if it depended on crowdedness: hence I think it more probable that it depends on some interaction between positive and negative electricity, and that it is generated when these two come together,—that is whenever an atom of matter is formed.

The formation of an atom of matter out of electricity is a new idea, and has as yet no experimental justification. The breaking up of complex atoms into simpler forms, and the partial resolution of an atom into dust or constituent electrons, is all that is as yet experimentally justifiable and all therefore that ought to be mentioned; but the inverse process

seems to me naturally to follow, and I look to the time when some laboratory workers will exhibit matter newly formed from stuff which is not matter, instead



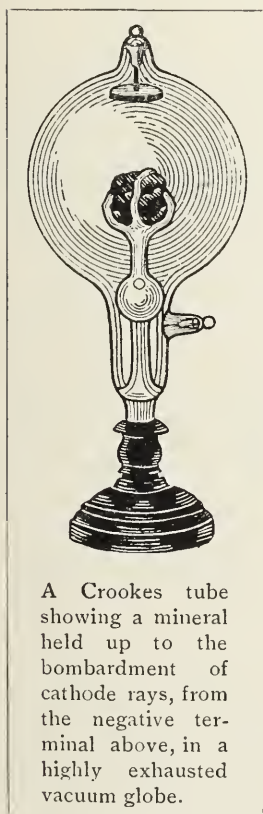
Hypothetical portrait of a hydrogen and of a radium atom, absurdly magnified. The dark region is supposed to represent positive electricity, whatever that may be; the dots are intended for electrons, and are necessarily drawn much too big, or they could not be seen even in a high-power microscope. They are careering about in orbits all of the same period, except in so far as they perturb each other; and some are represented as occasionally escaping, either temporarily or permanently, from the attractive sphere of influence of the positive electricity.



One of Crookes's appliances of 1879, showing the propulsion of a wheel by the impact of the cathode rays when they are deflected by a horseshoe magnet so as to impinge on its vanes.

of as now only recognizing the transmutation of some preexisting complex atoms into simpler forms. The evolution of matter was glimpsed as a brilliant dream by Sir W. Crookes, when he presided over the Chemical Section of the British Association in Birmingham in 1886: he may yet live to see his dream come true.

The family relationship between the atomic weights of the elements, described by Mendeleeff and others, paved the way for and suggested the vision: scientific progress ever since has brought it nearer to realization; and the splendid mathematical theories of J. J. Thomson and Larmor, concerning the properties and powers of electric charges, have now rendered possible a far greater precision of imagination than was then possible, and have engendered the conception of an atom of matter



A Crookes tube showing a mineral held up to the bombardment of cathode rays, from the negative terminal above, in a highly exhausted vacuum globe.

composed wholly of electricity:—which thus steps on to the stage as the fundamental and really atomic substance.

The Physical basis of life still eludes

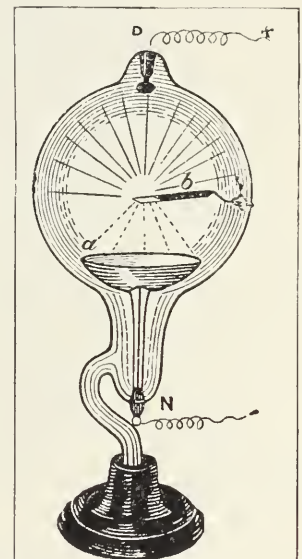
us; and until we are willing to look outside our material environment into another order of things, the full truth concerning life and mind will I believe continue to be unrecognizable. But let us always remember that both life and mind have a physical basis, a complete material aspect: it may be possible for the mechanism of this aspect to be dragged to the light of day and displayed, perhaps as clearly and definitely

as we hope before long to be able to display the constitution of

matter itself. Let not the reader of this article assume that it represents more than the gropings of a searcher after knowledge, illuminated by the light of his brethren, trained quickly to seize and understand, and trying to act as an instructed guide or interpreter amid the haze; though he recognizes, and would have others recognize, that the haze has not yet lifted, and that accordingly his statements must be understood as nothing more than an approximation to the truth.

A FEW SALIENT DATES

Crookes, Cathode Rays.....	1879
Roentgen, X-rays.....	1895
Becquerel, Radioactivity.....	1896
Madame Curie, Radium.....	1898
Curie, Heat-production.....	1903
Larmor, Electrons.....	1895
J. J. Thomson, Electrons.....	1899
Rutherford, Disintegration.....	1903



A Crookes tube (1879) showing a piece of platinum made red hot by the concentrated impact of the cathode rays from a bowl-shaped negative terminal inside a vacuum globe not too highly exhausted. If the exhaustion is carried further, the platinum does not get so hot, but emits X-rays, as discovered by Roentgen, Porter, and Jackson (1885).

Trouble for Two

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

NOW although Harroll had been refused a dozen times—not by Miss Delancy, but by her father,—his naturally optimistic spirits suffered only temporary depression; and a few evenings later he asked for her again, making it a bakers' dozen—an uncanny record.

"Won't you let me try?" he persisted.

"No, I won't," said Mr. Delancy.

"Won't you let me try when I become tenth vice-president of the Half-Moon Title Guarantee and Trust—"

"No, I won't."

"When will you let me try?"

There was no reply.

"Well, sir," said the young man, cheerfully, "there must be some way, of course."

"Really, Jim, I don't see what way," said Mr. Delancy, without emotion. "I don't want you for a son-in-law, and I'm not going to have you. That's one of the reasons I allow you the run of the house. My daughter sees too much of you to care for you. It's a theory of my own, and a good one, too."

"Why don't you want me for a son-in-law?" asked the young man, for the hundredth time.

"Can you give me one single reason why I should want you?" asked Mr. Delancy, wearily.

Harroll stood buried in meditation for a few moments. "No," he said, "I can't recall any important reasons at the moment."

"I can supply you with one—your sense of honor,—but it doesn't count in this case, because you wouldn't be in my house if you didn't have it."

Harroll looked at the fire.

"I've told you a hundred times that when my little girl marries, she marries one of her own kind. I don't like Englishmen. And that is all there is to it, Jim."

"Don't you like me?"

"I'm not infatuated with you."

"Well," said Harroll, slowly pacing the rug in front of the fire, "it's curious, isn't it?—but, do you know, I think that I am going to marry Catharine one of these days?"

"Oh, I think not," replied Mr. Delancy, amiably. "And perhaps this is a good opportunity to say good-by for a while. You know we go to Palm Beach to-morrow?"

"Catharine told me," said the young man, placidly. "So I've wired for quarters at The Breakers—for two weeks."

The two men smiled at one another.

"You take your vacation late," said Mr. Delancy.

"Not too late, I trust."

"You think you can afford Palm Beach, Jim?"

"No; but I'm going."

Mr. Delancy rose and stood thoughtfully twirling his monocle by the string. Then he threw away his cigar, concealed a yawn, and glanced gravely at the clock on the mantel.

"May I go in and say good night to Catharine, sir?" asked young Harroll.

Mr. Delancy looked bored, but nodded civilly enough.

"And, Jim," he drawled, as the young man started toward the drawing-room, "I wouldn't go to Palm Beach if I were you."

"Yes, you would, sir—if you were I."

"My boy," said Mr. Delancy, mildly, "I'm damned if I have you for a son-in-law! Good night."

They shook hands. Harroll walked into the drawing-room and found it empty. The music-room, however, was lighted, and Catharine Delancy sat tucked up in a deep window-seat, studying a map of southern Florida and feeding bonbons to an enormous white Persian cat.

"Jim," she said, raising her dark eyes as he sauntered up, "you and father have lately fallen into the disreputable habit



J. W. M. TITCHEL.
1883

"I THOUGHT I'D BETTER TELL YOU," SHE SAID

of sitting behind closed doors and gossiping. You have done it thirteen times in three months. Don't be such pigs; scandal, like other pleasures, was meant to be shared."

At a gesture of invitation he seated himself beside her and lifted the Persian pussy to his lap.

"Well," she inquired, "are you really going with us?"

"I can't go when you do, but I'm going to The Breakers for a week or two—solely to keep an eye on your behavior."

"That is jolly!" she said, flushing with pleasure. "Was father pleased when you told him?"

"He didn't say he was pleased."

"He is always reticent," she said, quickly. "But won't it be too jolly for words! We'll travel miles and miles together in bicycle-chairs, and we'll yacht and bathe and ride and golf, and catch amber-jack and sharks, and—you'll persuade father to let me copper just once at the club—won't you?"

"Copper? Indeed! Not much! Where did you hear that sort of talk, Catharine?"

"Don't tweak Omar's tail and I'll tell you,—there! you've done it again, and I won't tell you."

He fell to stroking the cat's fur, gazing the while into space with an absent eye that piqued her curiosity. For a year now he had acquired that trick of suddenly detaching himself from earth and gazing speculatively toward heaven, lost in a revery far from flattering to the ignored onlooker. And now he was doing it again under her very nose. What was he thinking about? He seemed, all at once, a thousand miles removed from her. Where were his thoughts?

Touched in her amour propre, she quietly resumed the map of southern Florida; but even the rustle of the paper did not disturb his self-centred and provoking meditation.

She looked at him, looked at the map, considered him again, and finally watched him.

Suddenly, for the first time in her life, she thought him attractive. Surprised and interested, she regarded him in this new light, impersonally for the moment. So far away from her had he apparently drifted in his meditation that it seemed

to her as though she were observing a stranger—a most interesting and most attractive young man.

He turned and looked her straight in the eyes.

Eighteen, and her first season half over, and to be caught blushing like a schoolgirl!

There was no constraint; her self-possession cooled her cheeks;—and he was not looking at her, after all: he was looking through her, at something his fancy focussed far, far beyond her.

Never had she thought any man half as attractive as this old friend in a new light—this handsome, well-built, careless young fellow absorbed in thoughts which excluded her. No doubt he was so habituated to herself in all her moods that nothing except the friendliest indifference could ever—

To her consternation another tint of warm color slowly spread over neck and cheek. He rose at the same moment, dropped the cat back among the cushions, and smiling down at her, held out his hand. She took it, met his eyes with an effort; but what message she divined in them Heaven alone knows, for all at once her heart stood still and a strange thrill left her fingers nerveless in his hand.

He was saying, slowly, "Then I shall see you at Palm Beach next week?"

"Yes. . . . You will come, won't you?"

"Yes, I will come."

"But if you—change your mind?"

"I never change. Good night."

"Good night. . . . You may write me if you wish."

"I will write, every day—if you don't mind."

"No—I don't mind," she said, faintly.

She withdrew her hand and stood perfectly still as he left the room. She heard a servant open the door, she heard Harroll's quick step echo on the stoop, then the door closed.

A second later Mr. Delancy in the library was aroused from complacent meditation by the swish of a silken skirt, and glancing up, beheld a tall, prettily formed girl looking at him with a sober and rather colorless face.

"Father," she said, "I'm in love with Jim Harroll, and I've just found it out!"

Mr. Delancy groped for his monocle,

screwed it into his left eye, and examined his daughter.

"It's true, and I thought I'd better tell you," she said, breathlessly.

"Yes," he agreed, "it's as well to let me know. Ah—er—how did it occur?"

"Why, I don't know, father. I was feeding Omar bonbons and looking over the map of South Florida, and thinking about nothing in particular, when Jim came in. He said he was going to Palm Beach, and I said, 'How jolly!' and he sat down and picked up Omar, and—I don't know how it was, but I began to think him very attractive, and the first thing I knew I—it—happened!"

"Oh! So that's the way it happened?"

"I think it was, father."

"No doubt you'll outgrow it."

"Do you think so, father?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, little daughter."

"I have."

Mr. Delancy dropped his monocle and looked at the fire. The fire was all right.

"Do you—do you suppose that Jim is—does—thinks—knows—" she faltered.

"I never speculate on what Jim is, does, thinks, or knows," said her father, thoughtfully, stirring the embers and spoiling a perfectly good fire. When he looked up again she had gone.

"One theory smashed!" observed Mr. Delancy. "I'll try another, with separation as the main ingredient."

He sat down before the fire and lighted a fresh cigar, which wasn't good for him.

"Must avoid making a martyr of Jim or there will be trouble," he mused. "There remains another way—make a martyr of myself."

He sat swinging his monocle around his forefinger, gazing vacantly at the pattern the shadows cast across the hearth.

"Avalon!" he said, abruptly. "Avalon! The 'back-to-nature' business, 'grass-cure' and all. It can't harm either Catharine or me, I fancy,—or any other pair of donkeys!"

A Note found by young Harroll on his Dresser the Evening of his Arrival at Palm Beach.

"11.30 A.M.

"DEAR JIM.—Everything is spoiled, after all! Father's failing health has suddenly become a serious matter, and we

are going to try the 'nature cure,' or whatever they call it, at Avalon Island. I had no idea he was really ill. Evidently he is alarmed, for we have only been here six days, and in a few minutes we are to start for Avalon. Isn't it perfectly horrid? And to think that you are coming this evening and expecting to find us here!

"Father says you can't come to Avalon; that only invalids are received (I didn't know I was one, but it seems I'm to take the treatment too!), and he says that nobody is received for less than a month's treatment, so I suppose that bars you even if you were self-sacrificing enough to endure a 'nature cure' for the pleasure of spending two weeks with [*me, crossed out*] us.

"I'm actually on the verge of tears when I think of all we had planned to do together! And there's my maid at the door, knocking. Good-by. You will write, won't you?"

CATHARINE DELANCY."

Mr. James Harroll to Miss Catharine Delancy, Avalon, Balboa County, Florida.

"HOLY CROSS LIGHT, February 15, 1903.

"DEAR CATHARINE,—Your father was right: they refuse to take me at Avalon. As soon as I found your note I telegraphed to Avalon for accommodations. It seems Avalon is an island, and they have to wait for the steamers to carry telegrams over from the mainland. So the reply has just reached me that they won't take me for less than a month; and my limit from business is two weeks or give up my position with your father.

"Yesterday I came out here to Holy Cross Spring to shoot ducks. I'd scarcely begun shooting, at dawn, when along came a couple of men through the fog, rowing like the mischief plump into my decoys, and I shouted out, 'What the deuce are you about?' and they begged my pardon, and said they had thought the point unoccupied, and that the fog was thicker than several things,—which was true.

"So I invited them into the blind to—oh, the usual ceremony—and they came, and they turned out to be Jack Selden—the chap I told you about who was so decent to me in Paris—and his guide.

"So we had—ceremonies—several of them,—and Selden stayed to shoot with me over my decoys, and our bag was fifty-three, all big duck except fifteen bluebills.

"Selden is a godsend to me. We're going to stay out here to-night at the lighthouse, and shoot all to-morrow if it doesn't blow too hard. It's blowing great guns now. I'm here in the lighthouse, writing in the glow of a lamp in the keeper's living-room, with his good little wife sewing by the fire and a half-dozen of his kids tumbling about on the floor. It's a pretty sight; I love children and firesides and that sort of thing. They've got hold of Selden now, and are making him tell stories of adventure. He's been all over the world, and is perfectly crazy to get married. Says he should prefer a widow with yellow hair and blue eyes. Do you know any? He's a nice chap.

"Catharine, I wish I were in Avalon. They could put me in a strait-jacket and I wouldn't care as long as [*you were*, crossed out] I could be with [*you*, crossed out] your father and you in Avalon.

"It's growing late, and Selden and I should be on the ducking-grounds to-morrow before dawn. The keeper's wife says it will blow too hard, but Selden only smiles. He's a cool one, and if he has the nerve to go out I'll go too.

"With sincere regards to your father and every wish for his speedy recovery, I remain

Yours faithfully,

JAMES HARROLL."

Lines scribbled on the Leaf of a Notebook and found in a Bottle in the Pocket of an old Shooting-coat a Year later.

"ATLANTIC OCEAN,
MILES SOUTH OF HOLY CROSS LIGHT,
February 16, 1903.

"CATHARINE,—I think this is the end. Selden and I have been blown out to sea in a rowboat, and it's leaking. I only want to say good-by. Telegraph Selden's mother, Lenox, Massachusetts. I have nobody to notify. Good-by. JAMES HARROLL."

Telegram to James Harroll, received and opened by the Keeper while Search-boats were still out after Mr. Harroll and Mr. Selden, two Days missing.

"James Harroll, Holy Cross Light, Florida, East Coast:

"Don't run any risks. Be careful for our sakes. Terrible storm on the coast reported here. Wire me that you are safe

CATHARINE DELANCY,
Avalon, Florida."

Telegrams addressed to young Harroll, and opened by the Keeper of the Lighthouse after the Search-boats had returned.

No. 1.

"Why don't you telegraph us? Your silence and the reports of the storm alarm us. Reply at once.

CATHARINE."

No. 2.

"Wire Catharine, Jim. You surely were not ass enough to go out in such a storm.

S. DELANCY."

No. 3.

"For pity's sake telegraph to me that you are safe. I cannot sleep.

CATHARINE."

Telegram to Miss Catharine Delancy, Avalon, Florida.

"HOLY CROSS LIGHT

"Miss Catharine Delancy:

"Rowboat containing Mr. Harroll and Mr. Selden blown out to sea. Search-boats returned without finding any trace of them.

CASWELL, Keeper."

Telegram from Mr. Delancy to Keeper of Holy Cross Light.

"Caswell:

"Charter a fast ocean-going tug and as many launches as necessary. Don't give up the search. Spare no expense. Check mailed to you to-day.

"I will give ten thousand dollars to the man who rescues James Harroll. You may draw on me for any amount. Keep me constantly informed of your progress by wire.

STEPHEN DELANCY."

In from the open sea drifted the castaways, the sun rising in tropic splendor behind them, before them a far strip of snowy surf edging green shores.

Selden sat in the bow, bailing; Harroll

dug vigorously into the Atlantic with both oars; a heavy flood-tide was doing the rest. Presently Selden picked up the ducking-glass and examined the shore.

Harroll rested on his oars, took a pull at the mineral water, and sighed deeply. "Except for the scare and the confounded leak it's been rather amusing, hasn't it?" he said.

"It's all right. . . . Hope you didn't set that farewell message afloat."

"What message?"

"Oh—I thought I saw you scribbling in your note-book and—"

"And what?"

"And stick the leaf into the bottle of gun-oil. If I was mistaken, kindly give me my bottle of gun-oil."

"Pooh!" said Harroll. "The storm was magnificent. Can't a man jot down impressions? Open a can of sardines, will you? And pass me the bread, you idiot!"

Selden constructed a sandwich and passed it aft. "When we near those ducks," he said, "we'd better give them a broadside;—our larder's getting low. I'll load for us both."

He fished about among the cartridge-sacks for some dry shells, loaded the guns, and laid them ready.

"Bluebills," observed Harroll, as the boat drew near. "How tame they are! Look, Selden! It would be murder to shoot."

The boat, drifting rapidly, passed in among the raft of ducks; here and there a glistening silver-breasted bird paddled lazily out of the way, but the bulk of the flock floated serenely on either side, riding the swell, bright golden eyes fearlessly observing the intruders.

"Oh, a man can't shoot at things that act like that!" exclaimed Selden, petulantly. "Shoo! Shoo—o!" he cried, waving his gun in hopes that a scurry and rise might justify assassination. But the birds only watched him in perfect confidence. The boat drove on; the young men sat staring across the waves, guns idly balanced across their knees. Presently Harroll finished his sandwich and resumed the oars.

"Better bail some more," he said. "What are you looking at?"—for Selden, using the ducking-glass, had begun to chuckle.

"Well, upon my word!" he said, slowly,—“of all luck! Where do you suppose we are?”

"Well, where the devil are we?"

"Off Avalon!"

"Avalon!" repeated Harroll, stupidly. "Why, man, it's a hundred miles south of Holy Cross!"

"Well, we've made it, I tell you. I can see one of their dinky little temples shining among the trees. Hark! There go the bells ringing for meditation!"

A mellow chime came across the water.

"It can't be Avalon," repeated Harroll, not daring to hope for such fortune. "What do you know about Avalon, anyway?"

"What I've heard."

"What's that?"

"Why, it's a resort for played-out people who've gone the pace. When a girl dances herself into the fidgets, or a Newport matron goes to pieces, or a Wall Street man begins to talk to himself, hither they toddle. It's the fashionable round-up for smashed nerves and wibbly-wobbly intellects,—a sort of 'back-to-nature' enterprise run by a 'doctor.' He makes 'em all wear garments cut in the style of the humble bed-sheet, and then he turns 'em out to grass; and they may roll on it or frisk on it or eat it if they like. Incidentally, I believe, they're obliged to wallow in the ocean several times a day, run races afoot, chuck the classic discus, go barefooted and sandalshod, wear wreaths of flowers instead of hats, meditate in silence when the temple bells ring, eat grain and fruit and drink milk, and pay enormous bills to the quack who runs the place. It must be a merry life, Harroll. No tobacco, no billiards, no bridge. And hit the downy at nine-thirty by the curfew!"

"Good Lord!" muttered Harroll.

"That's Avalon," repeated Selden. "And we're almost there. Look sharp! Stand by for a ducking! This surf means trouble ahead!"

It certainly did; the boat soared skyward on the crest of the swell; a smashing roller hurled it into the surf, smothering craft and crew in hissing foam. A second later two heads appeared, and two half-suffocated young men floundered up the beach and dropped, dripping and speechless, on the sand.



DAZED, SHE ROSE TO HER SANDALLED FEET

They lay inert for a while, salt water oozing at every pore. Harroll was the first to sit up.

"Right?" he inquired.

"All right. Where's the boat?"

"Ashore below us." He rose, dripping, and made off toward the battered boat, which lay in the shoals, heeled over. Selden followed; together they dragged the wreck up high and dry; then they sat down on the sand, eying one another.

"It's a fine day," said Selden, with a vacant grin. He rolled over on his back, clutching handfuls of hot sand. "Isn't this immense?" he said. "My! how nice and dry and solid everything is! Roll on your back, Harroll! You'll enjoy it more that way."

But Harroll got up and began dragging the guns and cartridge-sacks from the boat.

"I've some friends here," he said, briefly. "Come on."

"Are your friends hospitably inclined to the shipwrecked? I'm about ready to be killed with hospitality," observed Selden, shouldering gun and sack and slopping along in his wet boots.

They entered a thicket of sweet-bay and palmetto, breast-high, and forced a path through toward a bit of vivid green lawn, which gave underfoot like velvet.

"There's a patient now—in his toga," said Selden, in a low voice. "Better hit him with a piteous tale of shipwreck, hadn't we?"

The patient was seated on a carved bench of marble under the shade of a live-oak. His attitude suggested ennui; he yawned at intervals; at intervals he dug in the turf with idle bare toes.

"The back of that gentleman's head," said Harroll, "resembles the back of a head I know."

"Oh. One of those friends you mentioned?"

"Well—I never saw him in toga and sandals, wearing a wreath of flowers on his head. Let's take a front view."

The squeaky, sloppy sound of Selden's hip-boots aroused the gentleman in the toga from his attitude of bored meditation.

"How do you do, sir?" said Harroll, blandly. "I thought I'd come to Avalon."

The old gentleman fumbled in his

toga, found a monocle, screwed it firmly into his eye, and inspected Harroll from head to heel.

"You're rather wet, Jim," he said, steadying his voice.

Harroll admitted it. "This is my old friend Jack Selden—the Lenox Seldens, you know, sir." And he reverently named Mr. Delancy.

"How do?" said Mr. Delancy. "You're wet too."

There was a silence. Mr. Delancy executed a facial contortion which released the monocle. Then he touched his faded eyes with the hem of his handkerchief. The lashes and furrowed cheeks were moist.

"You're so devilish abrupt, Jim," he said. "Did you get any telegrams from us?"

"Telegrams? No, sir. When?"

"No matter," said Mr. Delancy.

Another silence, and Harroll said: "Fact is, sir, we were blown out to sea, and that's how we came here. I fancy Selden wouldn't mind an invitation to dinner and a chance to dry his clothes."

Selden smiled hopefully and modestly as Mr. Delancy surveyed him.

"Pray accept my hospitality, gentlemen," said Mr. Delancy, with a grim smile. "I've been ass enough to take a villa in this forsaken place. The food I have to offer you might be relished by squirrels, perhaps; the clothing resembles my own, and can be furnished you by the simple process of removing the sheets from your beds."

He rose, flung the flap of his toga over one shoulder, and passed his arm through Harroll's.

"Don't you like it here?" asked Harroll.

"Like it!" repeated Mr. Delancy.

"But—why did you come?"

"I came," said Mr. Delancy, slowly, "because I desired to be rid of you."

Selden instinctively fell back out of ear-shot. Harroll reddened.

"I thought your theory was—"

"You smashed that theory; now you've shattered this,—you and Catharine between you."

Harroll looked thoughtfully at Selden, who stood watching two pretty girls playing handball on the green.

"Young man," said Mr. Delancy, "do

you realize what I've been through in one week? I have been obliged to wear this unspeakable garment, I've been obliged to endure every species of tomfoolery, I've been fed on bird-seed, deprived of cigars, and sent to bed at half past nine. And I'm as sound in limb and body as you are. And all because I desired to be rid of you. I had two theories; both are smashed. I refuse to entertain any more theories concerning anything!"

Harroll laughed; then his attention became concentrated on the exquisite landscape, where amid green foliage white villas of Georgia marble glimmered, buried in blossoming thickets of oleander, wistaria, and Cherokee roses,—where through the trees a placid lake lay reflecting the violet sky,—where fallow-deer wandered, lipping young maple buds,—where beneath a pergola heavily draped with golden jasmine a white-robed figure moved in the shade;—a still, sunny world of green and gold and violet exhaling incense under a cloudless sky.

"I should like to see Catharine," he said, slowly, "with your permission—and in view of the fate of the theories."

"Jim," said Mr. Delancy, "you are doubtless unconscious of the trouble you have created in my family."

"Trouble, sir?" repeated the young man, flushing up.

"Trouble for two. My daughter and I believed you drowned."

Harroll stood perfectly still. Mr. Delancy took a step or two forward, turned, and came back across the lawn. "She is sitting under that pergola yonder, looking out to sea, and I'm afraid she's crying her eyes out for something she wants. It's probably not good for her, either. But—such as it is—she may have it."

The two men looked at one another steadily.

"I'm rather glad you were not drowned," said Mr. Delancy, "but I'm not infatuated with you."

They shook hands solemnly, then Mr. Delancy walked over and joined Selden, who appeared to be fascinated by an attractive girl in Greek robes and sandals who was playing handball on the green.

"Young man," said Mr. Delancy,

"there's always trouble for two in this world. That young woman with yellow hair and violet eyes who is playing handball with her sister, and who appears to hypnotize you, is here to recuperate from the loss of an elderly husband."

"A widow with blue eyes!" murmured Selden, entranced.

"Precisely. Your train, however, leaves to-night—unless you mean to remain here on a diet of bird-seed."

Selden smiled absently. Bird-seed had no terror for him.

"Besides," he said, "I'm rather good at handball."

A moment later he looked around, presumably for Harroll. That young man was already half-way to the jasmine-covered arbor, where a young girl sat, dry-eyed, deathly pale, staring out to sea.

The sea was blue and smiling; the soft thunder of the surf came up to her. She heard the gulls mewing in the sky and the hum of bees in the wind-stirred blossoms; she saw a crested osprey plunge into the shallows and a great tarpon fling its mass of silver into the sun. Parquets gleaming like living jewels rustled and preened in the china-trees; black and gold butterflies, covered with pollen, crawled over and over the massed orange bloom. Ah, the mask of youth that the sly world wore to mock her! Ah, the living lie of the sky, and the false, smooth sea fawning at her feet!

Little persuasive breezes came whispering, plucking at the white hem of her robe to curry favor; the surf purred, blinking with a million iridescent bubbles. The smug smile of nature appalled her; its hypocrisy sickened her; and she bent her dark eyes fiercely on the sea and clenched her little hands.

"Give up your dead!" she whispered. "Give up your dead!"

"Catharine!"

Dazed, she rose to her sandalled feet, the white folds of her robe falling straight and slim.

"Catharine!"

Her voiceless lips repeated his name; she swayed, steadying herself by the arm around her waist.

Then trouble for two began.

Italian with Grammar

BY MARK TWAIN

I FOUND that a person of large intelligence could read this beautiful language with considerable facility without a dictionary, but I presently found that to such a person a grammar could be of use at times. It is because, if he does not know the *Were's* and the *Was's* and the *May-be's* and the *Has-been's* apart, confusions and uncertainties can arise. He can get the idea that a thing is going to happen next week when the truth is that it has already happened week before last. Even more previously, sometimes. Examination and inquiry showed me that the adjectives and such things were frank and fair-minded and straightforward, and did not shuffle; it was the Verb that mixed the hands, it was the Verb that lacked stability, it was the Verb that had no permanent opinion about anything, it was the Verb that was always dodging the issue and putting out the light and making all the trouble.

Further examination, further inquiry, further reflection, confirmed this judgment, and established beyond peradventure the fact that the Verb was the storm-centre. This discovery made plain the right and wise course to pursue in order to acquire certainty and exactness in understanding the statements which the newspaper was daily endeavoring to convey to me: I must catch a Verb and tame it. I must find out its ways, I must spot its eccentricities, I must penetrate its disguises, I must intelligently foresee and forecast at least the commoner of the dodges it was likely to try upon a stranger in given circumstances, I must get in on its main shifts and head them off, I must learn its game and play the limit.

I had noticed, in other foreign languages, that verbs are bred in families, and that the members of each family have certain features or resemblances that are common to that family and distinguish

it from the other families—the other kin, the cousins and what not. I had noticed that this family-mark is not usually the nose or the hair, so to speak, but the tail—the Termination,—and that these tails are quite definitely differentiated; inso-much that an expert can tell a Pluperfect from a Subjunctive by its tail as easily and as certainly as a cowboy can tell a cow from a horse by the like process, the result of observation and culture. I should explain that I am speaking of legitimate verbs, those verbs which in the slang of the grammar are called Regular. There are others—I am not meaning to conceal this; others called Irregulars, born out of wedlock, of unknown and uninteresting parentage, and naturally destitute of family resemblances, as regards all features, tails included. But of these pathetic outcasts I have nothing to say. I do not approve of them, I do not encourage them; I am prudishly delicate and sensitive, and I do not allow them to be used in my presence.

But, as I have said, I decided to catch one of the others and break it to harness. One is enough. Once familiar with its assortment of tails, you are immune; after that, no regular verb can conceal its specialty from you and make you think it is working the past or the future or the conditional or the unconditional when it is engaged in some other line of business—its tail will give it away. I found out all these things by myself, without a teacher.

I selected the verb *Amare*, to love. Not for any personal reason, for I am indifferent about verbs; I care no more for one verb than for another, and have little or no respect for any of them; but in foreign languages you always begin with that one. Why, I do not know. It is merely habit, I suppose; the first teacher chose it, Adam was satisfied, and there hasn't been a successor since with originality enough to start a fresh one.

NOTE.—This article was written during the winter of 1903-1904.

For they *are* a pretty limited lot, you will admit that? Originality is not in their line; they can't think up anything new, anything to freshen up the old moss-grown dulness of the language lesson and put life and "go" into it, and charm and grace and picturesqueness.

I knew I must look after those details myself; therefore I thought them out and wrote them down, and sent for the *facchino* and explained them to him, and said he must arrange a proper plant, and get together a good stock company among the *contadini*, and design the costumes, and distribute the parts, and drill the troupe, and be ready in three days to begin on this Verb in a shipshape and workmanlike manner. I told him to put each grand division of it under a foreman, and each subdivision under a subordinate of the rank of sergeant or corporal or something like that, and to have a different uniform for each squad, so that I could tell a Pluperfect from a Compound Future without looking at the book; the whole battery to be under his own special and particular command, with the rank of Brigadier, and I to pay the freight.

I then inquired into the character and possibilities of the selected verb, and was much disturbed to find that it was over my size, it being chambered for fifty-seven rounds—fifty-seven ways of saying *I love* without reloading; and yet none of them likely to convince a girl that was laying for a title, or a title that was laying for rocks.

It seemed to me that with my inexperience it would be foolish to go into action with this mitrailleuse, so I ordered it to the rear and told the *facchino* to provide something a little more primitive to start with, something less elaborate, some gentle old-fashioned flint-lock, smooth-bore, double-barrelled thing, calculated to cripple at two hundred yards and kill at forty—an arrangement suitable for a beginner who could be satisfied with moderate results on the offstart and did not wish to take the whole territory in the first campaign.

But in vain. He was not able to mend the matter, all the verbs being of the same build, all Gatlings, all of the same calibre and delivery, fifty-seven to the volley, and fatal at a mile and a half.

But he said the auxiliary verb *AVERE*, to *have*, was a tidy thing, and easy to handle in a seaway, and less likely to miss stays in going about than some of the others; so, upon his recommendation I chose that one, and told him to take it along and scrape its bottom and break out its spinnaker and get it ready for business.

I will explain that a *facchino* is a general-utility domestic. Mine was a horse-doctor in his better days, and a very good one.

At the end of three days the *facchino*-doctor-brigadier was ready. I was also ready, with a stenographer. We were in the room called the Rope-Walk. This is a formidably long room, as is indicated by its facetious name, and is a good place for reviews. At 9.30 the F.-D.-B. took his place near me and gave the word of command; the drums began to rumble and thunder, the head of the forces appeared at an upper door, and the "march-past" was on. Down they filed, a blaze of variegated color, each squad gaudy in a uniform of its own and bearing a banner inscribed with its verbal rank and quality: first the Present Tense in Mediterranean blue and old-gold, then the Past Definite in scarlet and black, then the Imperfect in green and yellow, then the Indicative Future in the stars and stripes, then the Old Red Sandstone Subjunctive in purple and silver—and so on and so on, fifty-seven privates and twenty commissioned and non-commissioned officers; certainly one of the most fiery and dazzling and eloquent sights I have ever beheld. I could not keep back the tears. Presently—

"Halt!" commanded the Brigadier.

"Front—face!"

"Right dress!"

"Stand at ease!"

"One—two—three. In unison—*recite!*"

It was fine. In one noble volume of sound all the fifty-seven Haves in the Italian language burst forth in an exalting and splendid confusion. Then came the commands—

"About—face! Eyes—front! Helm alee—hard aport! Forward—march!" and the drums let go again.

When the last Termination had disap-

peared, the commander said the instruction drill would now begin, and asked for suggestions. I said:

"They say *I have, thou hast, he has*, and so on, but they don't say *what*. It will be better, and more definite, if they have something to have; just an object, you know, a something—anything will do; anything that will give the listener a sort of personal as well as grammatical interest in their joys and complaints, you see."

He said:

"It is a good point. Would a dog do?"

I said I did not know, but we could try a dog and see. So he sent out an aide-de-camp to give the order to add the dog.

The six privates of the Present Tense now filed in, in charge of Sergeant AVERE (*to have*), and displaying their banner. They formed in line of battle, and recited, one at a time, thus:

"*Io ho un cane*, I have a dog."

"*Tu hai un cane*, thou hast a dog."

"*Egli ha un cane*, he has a dog."

"*Noi abbiamo un cane*, we have a dog."

"*Voi avete un cane*, you have a dog."

"*Eglino hanno un cane*, they have a dog."

No comment followed. They returned to camp, and I reflected a while. The commander said,

"I fear you are disappointed."

"Yes," I said; "they are too monotonous, too singsong, too dead-and-alive; they have no expression, no elocution. It isn't natural; it could never happen in real life. A person who has just acquired a dog is either blame' glad or blame' sorry. He is not on the fence. I never saw a case. What the nation do you suppose is the matter with these people?"

He thought maybe the trouble was with the dog. He said:

"These are *contadini*, you know, and they have a prejudice against dogs—that is, against marimane. Marimana dogs stand guard over people's vines and olives, you know, and are very savage, and thereby a grief and an inconvenience to persons who want other people's things at night. In my judgment they have taken this dog for a marimana, and have soured on him."

I saw that the dog was a mistake, and not functionable: we must try something

else; something, if possible, that could evoke sentiment, interest, feeling.

"What is cat, in Italian?" I asked.

"Gatto."

"Is it a gentleman cat, or a lady?"

"Gentleman cat."

"How are these people as regards that animal?"

"We-ll, they—they—"

"You hesitate: that is enough. How are they about chickens?"

He tilted his eyes toward heaven in mute ecstasy. I understood.

"What is chicken in Italian?" I asked.

"Pollo, *podere*." (*Podere* is Italian for master. It is a title of courtesy, and conveys reverence and admiration.) "Pollo is one chicken by itself; when there are enough present to constitute a plural, it is *polli*."

"Very well, *polli* will do. Which squad is detailed for duty next?"

"The Past Definite."

"Send out and order it to the front—with chickens. And let them understand that we don't want any more of this cold indifference."

He gave the order to an aide, adding, with a haunting tenderness in his tone and a watering mouth in his aspect,

"Convey to them the conception that these are unprotected chickens." He turned to me, saluting with his hand to his temple, and explained, "It will inflame their interest in the poultry, sire."

A few minutes elapsed. Then the squad marched in and formed up, their faces glowing with enthusiasm, and the file-leader shouted,

"*Ebbi polli*, I had chickens!"

"Good!" I said. "Go on, the next."

"*Avesti polli*, thou hadst chickens!"

"Fine! Next!"

"*Ebbe polli*, he had chickens!"

"Moltimoltissimo! Go on, the next!"

"*Avemmo polli*, we had chickens!"

"Basta-basta aspettatto avanti—last man—*charge*!"

"*Ebbero polli*, they had chickens!"

Then they formed in echelon, by column of fours, refusing the left, and retired in great style on the double-quick. I was enchanted, and said:

"Now, doctor, that is something *like*! Chickens are the ticket, there is no doubt about it. What is the next squad?"

"The Imperfect."

"How does it go?"

"*Io aveva*, I had, *tu avevi*, thou hadst, *egli aveva*, he had, *noi av—*"

"Wait—we've just *had* the hads. What are you giving me?"

"But this is another breed."

"What do we want of another breed? Isn't one breed enough? *Had* is HAD, and your tricking it out in a fresh way of spelling isn't going to make it any hadder than it was before; now you know that yourself."

"But there is a distinction—they are not just the same Hads."

"How do you make it out?"

"Well, you use that first Had when you are referring to something that happened at a named and sharp and perfectly definite moment; you use the other when the thing happened at a vaguely defined time and in a more prolonged and indefinitely continuous way."

"Why, doctor, it is pure nonsense; you know it yourself. Look here: If I have had a had, or have wanted to have had a had, or was in a position right then and there to have had a had that hadn't had any chance to go out hadding on account of this foolish discrimination which lets one Had go hadding in any kind of indefinite grammatical weather but restricts the other one to definite and datable meteoric convulsions, and keeps it pining around and watching the barometer all the time, and liable to get sick through confinement and lack of exercise,

and all that sort of thing, why—why, the inhumanity of it is enough, let alone the wanton superfluity and uselessness of any such a loafing consumptive hospital-bird of a Had taking up room and cumbering the place for nothing. These finical refinements revolt me; it is not right, it is not honorable; it is constructive nepotism to keep in office a Had that is so delicate it can't come out when the wind's in the nor'west—I won't have this dude on the pay-roll. Cancel his exequatur; and look here—"

"But you miss the point. It is like this. You see—"

"Never mind explaining, I don't care anything about it. Six Hads is enough for me; anybody that needs twelve, let him subscribe; I don't want any stock in a Had Trust. Knock out the Prolonged and Indefinitely Continuous; four-fifths of it is water, anyway."

"But I beg you, *podere!* It is often quite indispensable in cases where—"

"Pipe the next squad to the assault!"

But it was not to be; for at that moment the dull boom of the noon gun floated up out of far-off Florence, followed by the usual softened jangle of church-bells, Florentine and suburban, that bursts out in murmurous response; by labor-union law the *colazione** must stop; stop promptly, stop instantly, stop definitely, like the chosen and best of the breed of Hads.

* *Colazione* is Italian for a collection, a meeting, a séance, a sitting.—M. T.

In the Market-place

TO J. P. P.

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

THEY used to wait the favor of our eyes,
Shining and lovely things.
We heeded not if birds or butterflies;—
What mirth of silver wings
Should long outlive the stifling, clamorous day?

Lo, one in singing robes with lifted hands;
And circling into view
Above her head, soft-moving, white-winged bands.
Singer! from out the blue,
Woo back to us our vanished Dreams, we pray.



THE ONE MAN OF THE ESTABLISHMENT, THE EX-CLERGYMAN

Monsieur le Bébé

BY MRS. CHARLES TERRY COLLINS

MONSIEUR PLANCHE, the proprietor of a highly respectable pension on one of the Swiss lakes, sat in his office considering a letter that lay open before him. The letter contained a request that he would receive into his establishment a child of eighteen months and its nurse, an elderly, responsible woman. The request came from a former pensionnaire upon whose recommendation he could place perfect reliance.

The child had never been strong, the letter stated, and it was hoped that the air of the mountains would build him up.

Neither father nor mother would accompany him, for the sad and sufficient reason that neither of them was living.

The obstacle that confronted monsieur, in answering the letter favorably, was that there existed a tacit understanding between him and his clientèle that no small children, to say nothing of babies, were to be received by him. He had never made a promise to that effect, nevertheless it was a plank in his platform.

Gradually—because of it—the pension had become a favorite one with elderly women. It might, indeed, have passed

muster as an old ladies' home, save for one clergyman—an ex-clergyman with a weak throat, who had taken up his residence there. He was, however, we grieve to state, a good deal of an old woman himself.

It was a very unjust as well as sacrilegious person who said that there are three sexes in the world—men, women, and clergymen. Nevertheless, there are isolated cases that justify the aspersion, and it is to be feared that this particular clergyman was one of them.

Had Monsieur Planche been as the average of pension proprietors, he would not have been in the slightest perplexity. All his temporal interests lay in refusing the application. But he was not as they.

To begin with, as to his outer man, he was slight of build, with sparse gray hair, and a gentle refinement of feature and manner that would not have done discredit to an earl.

As to his inner man, he was shrewd of observation and judgment, but simple and kindly to a degree. He was devout also. Every Sunday he worshipped in the old cathedral on the hill, above the lake and the vineyards.

It was, perhaps, because of these Sundays in the atmosphere of the cathedral that for a long time monsieur's conscience had been ill at ease about his vocation in life. One would think, on the face of the thing, that an old lady's home, fairly and justly conducted, with never a candle charged that had not been burned, was about as innocent an occupation as a man could indulge in.

Nevertheless, monsieur was troubled. And what troubled him was that, care for his old ladies as wisely and as kindly as he might, they invariably deteriorated morally upon his hands.

Not that they grew bad and wild—far from it! They would hardly have known how to go to work to be bad and wild, even had they wanted to be. What they did do, in the care-free comfort with which he hedged them about, was to grow narrow, selfish, small, and comfort-seeking in a thousand petty ways for which it distressed him that he must feel himself responsible. Exacting they were, moreover, and childishly conscious of imposition.

One old lady had, for instance, only

the day before, deposed to putting a pin in the upper side of her mattress every morning, that she might know absolutely whether the maid had turned it over.

Another had come to him possessed of the childish conviction that there were canned vegetables mixed with the fresh to make them go around. He could not disabuse her mind of the absurdity.

The table conversation of his guests had, indeed, degenerated into a discussion of each dish as it was set before them, its proper preparation, and its probable gastronomic effect. They had been well-bred women when they came to him, and there was no one to open their eyes to the depths to which they had sunk.

The tenor of their conversation over their afternoon coffee in each other's rooms was even more to be deplored. They gossiped—how they gossiped!—and backbit, too, it must be confessed. To such a pass, indeed, had matters come that no one of them felt safe except in open conclave with all the others, and even then was on the alert for disparagement and innuendo.

Monsieur felt dimly, though he could not have put it into words, that they were losing their grip on all the great worth-while things of existence—the things of which the cathedral spoke to him. They had no charities, no broad interests, no family duties and claims.

Every year that they spent under his roof he saw the belittling of the original intention of their natures go on, and, in most instances, the years that they spent were many. Already two of them had so outstayed themselves that they had died upon his hands. Having no near friends or relatives, it had fallen to his share to oversee their last illnesses and to bury them tenderly and respectfully in the God's acre behind the cathedral.

As far as he could foresee, it seemed probable that he would have, in the end, to bury the majority of the survivors.

It gave him a feeling of responsibility as to their fitness for the ordeal—or, more strictly speaking, for the existence which he, good Catholic that he was, believed in beyond the grave. Somehow, he could not imagine the angels in authority in the next world putting up with a great deal, at the old ladies' hands, that he had

learned to put up with in this. His eyes twinkled under their gray lashes as he pictured to himself the Archangel Michael, for instance, trying to seat them on the heavenly benches to their satisfaction, so that no one of them should be in a draught and so that each should have the best view that was to be had of all that was going on. Unless every seat was a front seat, he saw great trouble in store for the Archangel Michael.

They twinkled again when, at length, at the end of his deliberation, he took up his pen and, in his most precise, stilted English, with queer French crooks and pothooks to every letter, informed his correspondent that he felt himself honored in being able to comply with his request.

Mrs. Abner Robinson, a well-to-do widow of New England extraction, was monsieur's most prominent pensionnaire. Madame Ro-ban-son he called her, with a strong accent on the second syllable. By reason of her wealth and a certain dignified force of exaction that some women have, the most coveted seat at the table was hers, as well as the corner rooms on the first story commanding the best view of the lake and the mountains.

Madame had chosen these rooms partly because of the outlook and partly because of the quiet that she could secure to herself in them.

Noise jarred upon her inexpressibly, and she had pampered herself in her sensitiveness until it had become a mania.

Once, indeed, in her earlier days, in America, she had entered complaint against her neighbor's roosters—not because they *had* crowed at unearthly hours, but because she had kept awake expecting them to.

She congratulated herself that, at length, in her beautiful, sunny corner-room in the Swiss pension, she had found a haven of silence.

On the one side she was separated from her neighbors by broad, deep linen-closets. On the other was the one man of the establishment, the ex-clergyman. He did, to be sure, clear his weak wind-pipes every morning, early, with most rasping, grating, wall-piercing persistency. But that demonstration over for the day, he might have been in a state of coma, for all the noise that he made. Madame

hugged herself hourly, she was so contented with him, and her satisfaction bade fair to be permanent.

Her state of mind can be better imagined than described when the news descended upon her out of a clear sky that the clergyman had been called back to his native heath of London by the death of a connection; that he would be absent for several months, and that in his absence his rooms would be occupied by a child of eighteen months and its nurse. Really one feels sorry for her, even in thinking about it.

Being a woman of action, she bearded monsieur in his office at once. His very soul twinkled as he saw her coming. "There will be doings," was the free translation of what he said to himself in French. His courtesy, however, was more courtly even than was customary with him. He was desolated to have caused madame, so valued a pensionnaire, such inconvenience. If he had known,—but now the apartment had been definitely promised. The letter had stated that it must be upon the first story, and there was no other vacant. Monsieur le Bébé was already *en route*. He said "Monsieur le Bébé," not simply "the baby" or "the child," from a whimsical respect for the fact that the little invalid was the male head of his family. Poor little soul! he was both head and foot, for he had not a single near living relative. If madame would like to change her room, temporarily, he continued, it should be done—no trouble would be too great. Perhaps, however, if madame would wait, she might not find the inconvenience so great as she anticipated. Perhaps madame would find it advisable to consider the matter for a day or two.

Madame did not change her room. Monsieur knew quite well that she would not. The clothes-press of the one of which she was in possession was altogether too commodious, and her bonnet-boxes fitted the upper shelf exactly. It would have been madness to change.

Her state of mind, however, did not improve; it was only equalled by that of her companions, the other elderly women. Over their coffee-cups of an afternoon, they grew quite red in the face, their heads shook and their hands trembled

with nervous, impotent rage. They even spoke of migrating in a body to a pension a little farther back upon the hill, as a covey of partridges rises with a clack and a whir and settles down somewhere else. Each one knew in her heart of hearts that not for worlds would she, to use a homely old proverb, "bite off her own nose to spite her face" in such reckless fashion. Nevertheless, it did her a world of good to threaten.

It goes without the saying that Monsieur le Bébé and his nurse, descending upon such a state of feeling, were boycotted from the first.

Nobody can boycott like respectable women. It was not to be expected, of course, that they should receive into their social bosom a North-country serving-woman; but they might at least have asked how her little charge had passed the night, and whether the air was agreeing with him. It was really not decently Christian of them not to.

A month of the boycotting went past and Monsieur le Bébé disappointed all expectations concerning him. He never turned night into day for his hostile neighbors. Madame, kept awake as she had been in the matter of the roosters, by her anticipation of what he *would* do, was forced to admit that he did nothing. If possible, he was quieter even than his predecessor the clergyman. His quiet, in fact, was unnatural, and would have been suggestively pitiful save that every heart was hardened against him.

Then one day, in the midst of the boycotting, an idea transferred itself straight from the father of all evil into one of the old ladies' brains. The transfer was effected while she was mending her stockings. She was not, be it said in passing, mending them because of a hole in them, or of a thin place even; merely because of a place that she feared might in time, if left to itself, become thin. If only old ladies' brains could shut down while they are mending prospective holes in their stockings, as factories shut down in dull seasons, so much mischief would be saved in the world!

"Of course, of course!" this particular old lady exclaimed excitedly to herself. Why had she never thought of it before? No wonder that child was superhumanly good! It was drugged, without a doubt,

by its nurse, to keep it quiet and to save herself trouble. How had she—that is, the old lady—been so blind as not to see it before? How had they all been so blind?

If she had suddenly had it revealed to her over her mending that the earth was an octagon, rather than a sphere, she could not have felt a greater impatience to divulge the secret.

It was an unwritten law of the pension that morning calls from room to room were not to be expected before eleven. That gave time for any really arduous and unhandsome duties—such as clear-starching of neck-pieces and pressing of handkerchiefs. One's heavy work it was always best to get out of the way while one was fresh. Rather than to burst, however, it was better to break any number of laws.

Within an hour the new and terrible suspicion against the child's nurse had found its way into every room in the pension. Indignation ran high. What was not said against the poor creature, over afternoon coffee that day, really was not worth the saying. In crusading against her they almost forgot to crusade against the baby. The only way to make women of a certain order of mind stop hating any one person is to make them hate some one else enough more, to make up the sum total of the venom at their disposal.

"Paregoric! Paregoric!" was the word that was tossed from mouth to mouth, over the coffee-cups, interspersed with such interjections as "The hard-hearted hussy! the jade! the Jezebel!" The old ladies were hardly reasonable, or stopped to look up the meaning of the language they used.

Madame, dredging about in her memory for parallel instances, called to mind a woman whom she had known who had been a paregoric drunkard. She drank a pint a day. From every fold of her garments, meantime, there exuded a mild, all-pervading, half-tangible odor of the drug. The old ladies had not noticed this odor about the child, as yet, but it would not be their fault, now, if they did not. From that time on, fired by the detective instinct that is so strong in all of us, instead of passing by on the other side when they met him with his nurse, they passed as near to them as they could, and lingered—and sniffed for paregoric.



INDIGNATION RAN HIGH

Not a trace nor a whiff of it, nor of any other drug, could they detect; their scandalous theory was, of necessity, abandoned. The old lady who was responsible for it fell down, with a resounding bang, from the pedestal upon which her astuteness had placed her.

What did greet their nostrils, in place of the paregoric, was the sweetest odor imaginable, of fresh linen and of dainty soaps and baby-powders—such an odor as every mother knows when she kisses her baby, fresh from his bath, right in the nape of his neck, between the down of his hair and the dimples under the frill of his gown. If Monsieur le Bébé had been what is called in nursery phraseology “a sour baby” this tale would never have been written.

As it was, drawn on by the seductive fragrance, there was not a woman in the pension who did not, when she thought no one was watching her, stop the nurse with a civil word—civil, if not cordial,—and peering in under the laces of the parasol that shielded the little fellow, look long and searchingly at him. If each had been asked to describe her first impression of what she saw, she would have answered, in one word, “Eyes.” Nothing but “eyes”—great, wistful, pleading blue eyes, looking at her as though all the submissive, unresisting sorrow the world had ever known was pouring itself out through them. Then she would have borne witness that she became conscious of a little white wan face surrounding the eyes, of curling yellow hair, and of a mouth that smiled up sweetly at her as she gazed, and that with the smile the look of wistfulness changed to one of utterly irresistible childish friendliness and trust.

Each woman who met this smile and this look went away with the consciousness brooding over her of a hundred sweet and womanly things of which she had lost sight in her belittling, self-comforting life.

Another month went by, after the confounding, in this fashion, of Monsieur le Bébé's enemies. His carriage was seen no more on the quay by the lake; the old nurse never walked with him under the trees of the garden—the strange artificially pruned and stunted trees that made a matted, impervious shade over the gar-

den walks. Instead, his little bed, dainty as everything else about him, was rolled out on to the balcony upon which his room opened. The cool, green-striped awnings were drawn; the little birds hopped about him; the sun, even, of a warm afternoon, stole by as gently as he could, seeming to call out as he did so: “If I could only set! If I could only set! Believe me that I will as soon as I can! I am aiming for the highest peak on the mountain yonder and I shall get there soon. I do not like to be disagreeable, but I cannot help myself. It is a terrible thing to be of an all-consuming majesty and of an accommodating disposition as well.”

Monsieur le Bébé was growing rapidly worse. It was noised abroad in the pension that he was. The old ladies did not dare to be left alone with their consciences. A little, fatherless, motherless child, stricken with illness, had come among them, and how had they treated him? How had they treated the woman who was carrying him in her strong arms over the rough places of illness and pain?

A week went by. The August moon poured down one night in a flood of glory upon the lake, upon the arborlike trees of the garden, and upon the balconies. With it came a subtle restlessness upon the world. The birds called to each other from their nests; they were not sure if it were night or day.

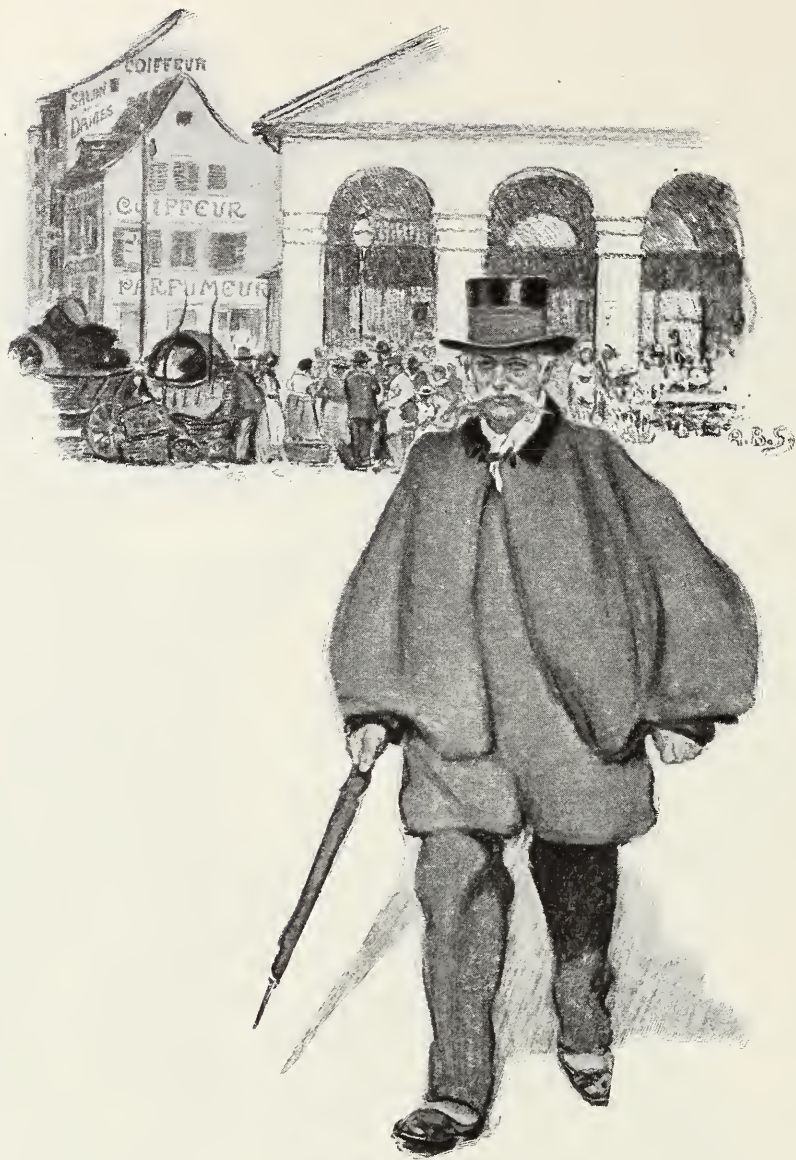
Madame, like the birds, was wakeful. Her conscience was disturbed. It troubled her more, even, than those of the other old ladies because there was more of her to trouble. She was of a larger, nobler make. That was what had given her her supremacy over them.

From the neighboring room, as she lay waking, she could hear hushed and smothered sounds; some one moving gently about; now and then a tender crooning word. She knew that Monsieur le Bébé was waking also, and that the old nurse, weary as she must be unto death, was watching over him.

Madame knew little of the care of babies. She had never had a child of her own. Her most intimate experience of them had come to her through her niece Eliza Marshall's twins, and there had been nothing in their short cometlike passage through this world of woe to aid

THEY PASSED AS NEAR AS THEY COULD, AND SNIFFED





HE COULD HAVE YODELLED, HE WAS SO HAPPY

her in the present emergency. They had been born, poor souls, weighing three pounds each, and had died of measles when they were six weeks old, weighing respectively a pound and a half.

A sense of futility in their having been born at all had always hung over madame in her remembrance of them.

Nevertheless, in spite of her inexperience, she felt, with a throb of genuine relief, that here was a chance for atonement—she must do what she could.

She rose and threw on the flannel double-gown that lay every night on exactly the same chair, at exactly the same distance from her hand.

It was one of madame's maxims, confirmed by her rigid pension routine, always, upon retiring for the night, to leave her room in such perfect order that

a doctor, called in suddenly, would not fall over anything.

Another of her maxims, akin to this in its pessimistic grasp upon possibilities, was always to dress for the street with a view to being brought home dead. Her grandmother, before her, had done so.

After fastening her double-gown, madame stole out of her room and along the corridor, and knocked at Monsieur le Bébé's door. The old nurse opened it.

"You are alone," madame said to her. "You need help. May I help you?"

Every night after this the two women shared their watch.

Farther and farther into the Valley of Death poor little Monsieur le Bébé made his way—thicker and thicker the shadows grew about him; until suddenly, where they were blackest, as if affrighted

by them, he turned himself about and—once having turned—fairly scrambled back into the upper world of life and of health again. He would live—and not only live, but grow to be a man, a strong man in God's great sunshiny world. That was the verdict that was given one morning just as the wonderful Swiss day was breaking over the mountains.

Madame's dainty breakfast—coffee and rolls and honey—was daintily spread that morning, as usual, by the open window of her sitting-room. She could see the mists that festooned the mountains and hung low over the quivering lake turning from snowy white to opal; but she could not eat, for very joy. The tears were streaming down her face.

She rose and stood by the window. "This must be a new world," she thought within herself, marvelling, a world that she had never seen—it must have been made in the night—a world in which there was no room for littleness and all uncharitableness, but only room for love, and service of things smaller and weaker and more helpless than one's self—the love and service of a child.

When Monsieur le Bébé was no longer even convalescent, but had grown as rosy and rugged as one of the little peasants on the hills, when the scales of the spectacled German apothecary in the village told fairy-tales of his increasing weight, madame announced her intention of returning to her ancestral home in America and of taking the child and his nurse with her. The bond between the three

had grown too strong ever to be broken. Moreover, the little fellow was fatherless and motherless—friendless, too, save for the old nurse. Madame was childless and rich and alone.

Desolation amounting to consternation fell upon the old ladies who were to be left behind. But madame was firm. If she was to answer, as his foster-mother, for Monsieur le Bébé's soul, here and hereafter, the soul of a man, the enervating, irresponsible ease of foreign living was not for her. She must go back and put herself in touch with the life of her native land.

When the day and the hour came for her to go, Monsieur Planche escorted her and her retinue to the railway station himself, a duty he was generally only too glad to leave to his porters. He was very foggy and misty about his kind old eyes as he bade them good-by.

After they had gone, he stood upon the empty platform watching the billows of smoke roll back from the engine of the receding train. He realized for an instant that he had done a very foolish thing from a worldly standpoint. Only for an instant. As he took his way homeward through the market-place with its quaint pillared market-house, and through the narrow, clean, cobbled streets of the little town, he could have yodelled, fairly yodelled, in memory of his youth, he was so happy; for now his Sunday mornings in the cathedral would bring him peace—lasting, genial peace. His conscience was at ease.

Enchantment

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

AS when a flower holds my eyes enchained
By its impassioned beauty, so thy face
Holds me, beloved, till I have attained
Full knowledge of its grace;

And all the muted music of thy breath,
Tone upon tone, the thirsty silence seems
To drink, while I to some narcotic death
Drift on in perfect dreams.

Good Queen Bess?

BY MARTIN HUME

IT might be advanced with some show of reason by a deductive historian whose retrospect covered a large field that a general rule existed by which political eras succeed each other with attributes alternately virile and feminine: that a period of largeness, during which policies are generated and circumstances created, must be followed by an age of nimble wit and small chicanery, in which the best advantage is made of conditions already existing. Certain it is that the sixteenth century in Europe was sharply divided into two such contrasted periods: the first half when Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I., with such subsidiary factors as Luther, Calvin, and Wolsey, made policies; and the second half, when Elizabeth of England, Catharine de' Medici, Mary Stuart, Philip II., and William of Orange juggled and gyrated, in order to make the most of such policies for their respective objects. The qualities which tended to success in statesmanship from 1500 to 1550 were strength and boldness in arms and council; what was needed in the following fifty years was unblushing effrontery, cold-blooded cynicism, and a complete absence of scruple, religious or moral.

Of all the contending personages representing principles who played the great game during that half-century, the one who could turn most rapidly, lie most glibly, and bewilder opponents most completely by swift alternation of curses and caresses stood to win the stakes; and posterity has usually been content to applaud the result of success by raising the winner upon a pinnacle as the embodiment of the national virtues professed by each successive age, oblivious of changing standards of morality. Philip II. of Spain saw the vast empire of his father doomed to inevitable decay because his principles were fixed, and he was no match for rivals who could change theirs as often as suited them. He, looking

upon himself as the executor and junior partner of the Most High, scorned the petty shifts and complacencies that might have given him victory, as in the pursuit of his ends he scorned human sacrifice and suffering; and he failed because of his steadfast faith and humble conscientiousness. Mary Stuart was beaten, even more disastrously, because in her breast there was room for love and trust in men, when a heart of ice alone could save her. Though they failed politically because in some particular respect they were not bad enough, both Philip II. and Mary Stuart, judged impartially by the standard of to-day, would nevertheless be considered monsters of wickedness. If this is the case, as it is, with the personages who lost the game most signally in consequence of the incompleteness of their reprehensible equipment, how much more remarkable must have been the turpitude of the Queen who beat them, and whose possession of every faculty and defect tending to her triumph enabled her to raise her country from poverty and impotence to unparalleled riches and power!

In all ages the first quality for a successful politician has been unscrupulous egotism overcoming other human passions, and in the battle of wits by which a great England was made in the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth was of all the competitors the most selfish. In cold-blooded aloofness from humanity Philip II. was fully her match, but he was the most self-sacrificing of men. Catharine de' Medici was as insincere in religion as Elizabeth, but ambition for herself and her children was her motive, not love for France, and all her children failed her.

Mary Stuart was as selfish as her cousin, but the Stuart and Guise blood in her was hot and tumultuous, and she was very human. Elizabeth alone was armed at all points for the fray, and the

loving legend of "Good Queen Bess" has lasted for three centuries, not because she was a good woman, but because she was a great Queen.

It was impossible for her to be both; and most Englishmen are content to take her greatness as proved, and her goodness for granted. Her enduring popularity is owing not a little to the haughty self-assertive patriotism which the circumstances of her birth almost forced upon her. She dared not allow herself or her country to be patronized by the great powers, all of which were Catholic, or submit for a moment to the suggestion that her sovereign status was irregular, or the whole basis upon which her greatness rested would have crumbled beneath her. If at any moment she had been drawn or cajoled—and many were the attempts made to snare her—into an admission of the power of the Pope, she would only have been Queen of England by sufferance of the Catholic powers, and to this her haughty spirit could never bend, and her people loved her for it; though to thousands of their fellows it meant cruel persecution, exile, and death. It may at once be granted that Elizabeth was one of the most successful, if not one of the greatest, monarchs that ever sat upon the English throne; the first to arouse in her people the proud spirit of national predestination that has since remained their heritage; and it is in no spirit of detraction from her achievement that an attempt will be made in this brief article to exhibit the tergiversation, the falsity, and the treachery of the methods by which that achievement was attained. The methods were, it is true, to a great extent, those considered legitimate in the sixteenth century, when the interests and life of the individual citizen were of no account in comparison with the well-being of the state, as personified by the sovereign. But whilst the standard of political morality was everywhere low—and that of Elizabeth was certainly not higher than that of her compeers,—the Queen of England was able with impunity to resort to expedients even then considered illegitimate, by reason of her real and assumed frivolity attenuating her responsibility, by her ungenerous and cowardly shifting of blame from herself to her instruments,

which was a regular system with her, and, finally, as a last resource, when she was driven into a corner, by her appeal to the chivalry of her opponents in consideration of her sex and unmarried condition. Everything, from her dubious religion to her much-debated chastity, from her patriotism to her pruriency, from her comely body to her crooked spirit, was utilized to the very utmost for the furtherance of the policy that was to place in her hands the balance of power, and secure her personal triumph and her nation's invulnerability.

Within the limits of an article it would be impossible to follow, however cursorily, the infinite mutability of her religious professions throughout her career; but a few instances may be given to show how purely mundane a thing her religion was, for all the sanctimoniousness of her demeanor on occasions. She had of course been brought up in the somewhat amorphous Protestantism that had after her birth formed the faith of her father; but she had seen the champion of religious reform, Northumberland, thrust aside both her sister and herself from their inheritance, and she can have borne no very good will to the time-serving nobles who had greeted Jane Grey as the Protestant sovereign, to her own exclusion. Young as she was, however, on Mary's accession, she understood that it would be policy for her to keep a hold on the Protestant party that had treated her so badly; and when Mary, the new Queen, summoned her on the 9th of August, 1553, to attend the requiem mass in the Tower of London for the soul of their brother Edward VI., Elizabeth resisted all her sister's persuasions to be present. But having thus apparently done enough to show the Protestants that they might look towards her as a leader in the coming religious changes, she made but little further resistance to Mary's devout attempts to win her. She had, it is true, a convenient stomach-ache when she was asked to attend the mass in honor of Courtenay's creation as Earl of Devon, but when she learned that a continuance of her recalcitrancy would lead to her banishment from court, she changed her tone promptly; and within a month of her first refusal she agreed to conform to Catholicism. Seeking

audience of her sister at Whitehall, she threw herself, bathed in tears, at the Queen's feet, and deplored that she was estranged from her. If it was because of her religion, she was willing to learn better and become a Catholic. When the moment came, however, for her to make her formal recantation, her stomach-ache was so bad as to wring groans and cries of suffering from her, destined, we may be sure, to reach Protestant ears, and to be interpreted as signs of spiritual anguish.

The Spanish agents at the ear of the Queen did not trust Elizabeth, who whilst attending mass took care to impress the reformers with her Protestant sympathies; and Mary, at her wit's end how to deal with her sister, sent for her, and prayed her earnestly to say whether she really believed in the Catholic doctrine of the sacrament or not. She might speak, said the Queen, with perfect freedom, and say whether, as the Protestants avowed, she attended mass from dissimulation or fear. The Princess hesitated not at all. She was ready, she said, to announce solemnly in public that she attended the Catholic service at the bidding of her own conscience and free will alone, uninfluenced by fear or duplicity. How she played fast and loose with consummate skill during her sister's short reign cannot here be told; but to the dying Mary's messengers sent to ask about her religion she answered fervently: "Is it not possible that the Queen will be persuaded that I am a Catholic, having so often protested it?" and thereupon she did swear and vow that she was a Catholic." This protestation she renewed to Count Feria, Philip's ambassa-

dor, who went to salute the rising sun just before Mary died.

But on the accession of Elizabeth all was changed. The mask was cast aside, and though on many occasions the Queen, to serve temporary political ends, pretended that there was little or no difference between her faith and that of Philip of Spain, and she alternately persecuted

Puritans and Catholics alike, she knew that her strength lay in a negation of the papal authority and foreign religious dictation; and Protestantism was thenceforward her ostensible faith. And yet no words could be too abusive for her to use towards the Protestant Netherlands when first they rose against the religious oppression of Spain. "If the leaders came to her for help," she said, "she would answer



THE DUKE OF ALENÇON

them in a way that would make them understand how she held your Majesty's (*i. e.*, Philip's) interests, and she cursed subjects who did not recognize the mercy of God in sending them a Prince of so much clemency and humanity as your Majesty." If any counsellor of hers, she swore on another occasion, dared to advise her to such a wicked course as to help them (the Dutch Protestants), she would hang him as a traitor; and yet at that very time, and until the Netherlands finally shook off the yoke, it was Elizabeth's money, support, and countenance that alone made their struggle against Spain possible. At one time images and crucifixes adorned her altars, but when a turn of the political wheel made it unnecessary for her to curry favor with the Catholics, the sacred emblems were cast into the lumber-rooms, only to be set on high again when need



QUEEN ELIZABETH SIGNING THE DEATH-WARRANT OF MARY STUART
From the painting by Julius Schrader, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

arose. At one period the Protestants who resisted the wearing of ritual vestments at service, which they thought savored of Rome, were ruthlessly harried; at another, Catholic priests and laymen were driven in scores to death or ruin for their faith. But the Queen herself still ostentatiously clung to the Scriptures as her guide of life, and was exceedingly devout in the form of worship which for the moment seemed most expedient to her. It is true that she was fighting for her life and for the independence of her people. Conspirators thronged around her, and in every Catholic court in Europe plotters were compassing her murder and the enslavement of England, by means of Mary Stuart or Philip of Spain. Against such weapons as those employed against her it may be urged with some reason that Elizabeth might legitimately oppose all the weapons that craft could furnish, just as the imprisoned Mary Stuart might conspire, as she did, for eighteen years with those who sought the Queen of England's life. But whilst admitting this in both cases, as being according to the political ethics of the time, it destroys, for once and for all, the claim of the Queen of Scots to be regarded as a saint unjustly sacrificed, and that of Elizabeth to be accepted as the eminently "Good" Queen, whose pure Protestant piety conquered the Catholic ogre.

It is an extraordinary story, that of the cruel and heartless manner in which the Queen, during a series of years, played with the Duke of Alençon, and ultimately drove him to despair and death. No woman but one whose heart vanity and ambition had turned to stone could have carried on the long juggle as she did with the amorous young French prince, to the amazement, and often the disgust, of her closest councillors. Swearing with awful oaths her promise to marry him and her eternal affection for him, sighing, languishing, and drawing him into compromising situations by her pretended love for him, she deceived not only her lover, but the keenest politicians in Europe: and yet, with her private correspondence now before us, we see that the whole comedy was a lie, so far as she was concerned; and that in what seemed her moments of utter self-abandonment in

her love she was coolly calculating how to wriggle out of her compromise whilst leaving her suitor in the mire. When at length the poor lad was cajoled into leaving England with the fulfilment of his marriage still deferred, the Queen travelled to Gravesend with him to see him fairly on the way, for he tearfully resisted going to the last moment. In feigned grief at leaving "her husband," as she called him, she wept and wailed at the parting; but an eye-witness of the scene tells us that as soon as her persistent lover's back was turned she sought the privacy of her chamber, not to indulge in her grief, but to dance for very joy at having got rid of him so easily; and scoffed at his simplicity to his own false servant Simier. When later it served her political purpose to extort terms from the King of France by again pretending her intention immediately to marry his brother, she called down curses upon her own head in such appalling language if she did not fulfil her promise this time that so seasoned a vessel as the elderly French ambassador declared that it made his blood run cold; and solid old Cecil himself, who was deeper in the plot than any one, whispered in awe-stricken tones to Lady Stafford that "if the Queen failed to keep this pledge, surely God would send her to hell for such blasphemy."

As specimens of epistolary mystification and deception nothing equals the letters, now at Hatfield, sent by Elizabeth in answer to Alençon's desperate prayers from France and Flanders. Frantic appeals from the young man to the elderly coquette that he should not be abandoned, now that he had broken with every one else for her sake, were answered by obscure and involved replies, in which hypocrisy, suggestiveness, and professions of undying love are cunningly used to wrap up the cold cynicism that really inspired the communication. To the very end the farce was played. When in 1584 Alençon died, miserably conscious that he had been all along but a puppet used to serve the political ends and pander to the vanity of a heartless woman, it still suited Elizabeth to be friendly with France; and she mourned ostentatiously in widow's garb and with drawn hypocritical countenance the loss

of the "husband" she had beguiled to disaster and to death. "Your sorrow," she wrote to his mother, "cannot exceed mine, although you were his mother. You have another son, but I can find no other consolation than death, which I hope will soon enable me to rejoin him. If you could see a picture of my heart, you would see a body without a soul." And yet at this very time Elizabeth was driving her lover Hatton frantic with jealousy, because of her ostentatious philandering with a more brilliant favorite still, Walter Raleigh, upon whom she was piling favors and grants unparalleled, and would hardly allow out of her sight. So far from dying for Alençon, who had truly died for her, she continued for well-nigh twenty years yet to feed her vanity by ogling and trifling with mere lads, like Essex and Blount, until her very courtiers blushed for shame. In truth, her avidity for male admiration, which her position enabled her to command, was without limit, and she was especially fortunate in being so constituted as to be able, whilst enjoying it to the full, to make her weakness subserve her ambition and her great political objects. But in all probability she was, so far as active immorality is concerned, less blameworthy than she is usually believed to have been.

The evidence which leads me to this conclusion can hardly be stated at length here, but an almost sufficient surface reason may be found in the egotistical personal vanity which obviously inspired her—as much as her political ambition. So long as her lovers were simply pursuers she was always mistress of the situation: the moment she had surrendered herself to any one of them her supreme domination and attraction, at least so far as he was concerned, would have been destroyed. It was because her cold-heartedness, which shows so clearly in her lean, proud face, enabled her to curb her passions before they overcame her that she could keep herself, as she did, in the position of being always sought and never entirely won, which was the secret of her success.

That everybody at court was expected to keep up to the last the tradition of the Queen's supreme beauty and goodness is evident from the testimony

of courtiers and diplomatists innumerable, and to the end of her life much of her conversation was framed with the object of extorting compliments from her interlocutors, Essex alone, to his ruin, being sometimes bold enough to refuse to play the courtly game when it suited the Queen to begin it. When she was nearly sixty-five years of age, in 1597, De Maise, the French ambassador, described the extraordinary magnificence of her dress and the calculatedly immodest way in which the garments were worn—all opening down the front, and held together at the waist by a simple girdle. The advice of a long-headed judge to Hatton with regard to his bearing towards the Queen shows also how thoroughly understood it was that the pretence of her goodness was to be kept up by those who surrounded her—the pretence of which we still see the result in the general tradition of her character. "Never," wrote Dyer to Hatton, "seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as if they were in her indeed."

But a far blacker record stands against Elizabeth's name than that of a domineering love of adulation and personal worship. She was doubtless right in regarding Mary Stuart as her enemy, who would stick at nothing to destroy her; and the duplicity, the heartlessness, and the cruelty she used toward the Scottish Queen may on these grounds, and considering the ethics of the time, perhaps be justified. But what can never be excused or pardoned is the cowardly treachery by which Elizabeth sought to avoid the odium of her cousin's death, and to ruin her instrument for doing her bidding. The Queen's Council and the English Parliament were unanimously of opinion that Mary's execution alone could secure Elizabeth's safety, and they had more than once officially represented this to the Queen. Elizabeth, after the discovery of the Babington conspiracy and the Spanish complicity in it, was of the same opinion. If the action of Mary and her friends was such as to constitute a standing peril to the English state, as I, for one, believe that it was, then the sacrifice of the Scottish Queen, who had been legally condemned and sentenced, was

justified, and should have been effected openly, as had been urged by Parliament.

But Elizabeth hated personal responsibility, and though she was as eager as any one for Mary's death, she was determined if possible to have a scapegoat to relieve her of the blame of executing judgment on an anointed sovereign—a woman of her own family and her own royal caste. Elizabeth resisted all pressure for the regular execution, but caused Walsingham and Davison, her two secretaries, to write to Sir Amyas Paulet, Mary's keeper and a strong Puritan: "Her Majesty doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal of her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time of yourselves, without other provocation, found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen, considering the peril she is subject to hourly, so long as the said Queen shall live. Wherein, besides a lack of love towards her, she noteth greatly that you have not that care of your particular safeties, or rather the preservation of religion and the public good and prosperity of your country, that reason and policy commandeth. . . . She taketh it most unkindly towards her that men professing that love towards her that you do should in any kind of sort, for lack of the discharge of your duties, cast the burden upon her, knowing, as you do, her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near to her in blood as that Queen is." The men who wrote this letter for the Queen distrusted her, and urgently prayed Paulet to burn it. They were right in their distrust, as we shall see; but Paulet knew his mistress, too, and replied almost indignantly, "God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as to shed blood without a warrant." And when the Queen learned that Paulet declined to become her catspaw, she exclaimed with an oath against "such precise fellows," and sought another scapegoat.

Soon after the sentence on Mary had been pronounced (December 6, 1586), Elizabeth had directed Burghley to have the warrant ready for signature, and he, after drafting it in rough, gave it to the Junior Secretary of State, William

Davison, to have engrossed, clever Walsingham being laid up with a diplomatic illness at the moment. When Davison laid the document before the Queen for signature she spoke petulantly about it, and told him to keep it back for the present. Thus passed six weeks, and there was some murmuring and complaint amongst the Puritan and court parties about the delay in carrying out the sentence. It was then that the hint was given to Paulet to kill the Queen of Scots privately without a warrant.

On the morning of the same day that the letter to Paulet, already quoted, was written (February 1, 1587), Elizabeth told Lord Admiral Howard to send for Davison and direct him to lay the warrant before her for signature. Davison promptly carried the document to the Queen, whom he found full of smiles and amiability, asking him, as if surprised, what he had in his hand. The Secretary told her, and she appended her signature to the warrant, explaining to him whilst doing so that she had thitherto delayed it for the sake of her own reputation. Then with a joke she handed him the signed warrant, and, according to Davison's story, bade him carry it at once to the Lord Chancellor, to have it sealed with the Great Seal as privately as possible, and send it without delay to the commissioners who were with Mary, in order that she (Elizabeth) might hear no more about it. She said some angry words as Davison left about the laxity of Paulet that had made a warrant necessary at all, and told Davison to call on Walsingham, who was still sick, and with him draft the letter to Paulet which has been mentioned. Davison then went to Burghley and Walsingham, and, in accordance with the Queen's message, every detail of the execution was arranged in writing; whilst it was settled that "the lords and court are to give out that there will be no execution."

From Burghley's papers, now at Hatfield, it is clear that not the Queen alone, but her council also, had entered into a plot to make Davison the scapegoat of Mary's death. On the morning of the 2d of February the Queen sent a message telling Davison not to go with the warrant to the Lord Chancellor yet. When he entered her chamber,

to his surprise she asked him if the warrant was sealed.

"Yes, your Majesty," he replied, "according to your instructions."

"Why so much haste?" asked the Queen. To which Davison replied that she had ordered him to use despatch.

"Does your Majesty," he continued, "wish the warrant executed or not?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I like not the form of it;" and suggested that poison might be better: all of which meant that she preferred to await Paulet's definite reply before engaging her own responsibility.

Davison began to grow alarmed, and he went to Burghley to say that he declined further responsibility in the matter, having carried out his orders. Burghley summoned the council for the next day; and after repeating to them Davison's story, Burghley despatched the warrant post-haste to Fotheringay, by Beale. The next morning, February 4, Davison entered the Queen's room, where she was gayly chatting with Raleigh. Turning to the Secretary, she told him she had dreamed that the Queen of Scots had been executed, and that the dream had made her so angry that it was a good thing for Davison that he had not been near her at the time. This naturally frightened the poor man, and he tremblingly asked her if she really did not want the warrant executed. She replied with an oath that she did, but repeated what she had said before about the responsibility and "another way."

The train that was to destroy Davison was already prepared; and when, a day or two later, he told the Queen that Paulet declined to poison Mary without a warrant, his doom was sealed. On the evening of the 9th of February, Elizabeth learned that the head of the Queen of Scots had fallen at Fotheringay the day before. Her simulated rage knew no bounds. All her councillors, accomplices though they were, agreed to bear a share of the pretended disgrace, but upon Davison the real blow fell. The Queen stormed and swore to foreigners that the Puritan knave had disobeyed her, and that it was not her intention to have Mary put to death. One by one the councillors crept back into the Queen's favor when it was found that no foreign sovereign would avenge Mary's death;

but the sun of Davison had sunk to rise no more. Ruined, disgraced, and in prison, he suffered for the rest of his life, and not even the indignant championship of Essex availed in his behalf.

"Good Queen Bess" has come down to us in history as the embodiment of a great tradition—that of the first rise of England as a world power. In a forceful and unscrupulous age, and in a country youthfully self-conscious of the growing power which enabled the English nation to strike from the nerveless hands of Spain the sceptre of the sea, this woman, by happy circumstance the Queen of the people in whom these new hopes were bred, was herself a concentration of the forces which gave to England the victory. Careless of the rights or feelings of others so long as her own end was served; supremely vain, violent, and greedy, and absolutely self-centred, yet steadfast in the pursuit of her objects, good and bad. These were the qualities which enabled Elizabeth to triumph, and the English nation to rise on the ashes of weaker or more scrupulous peoples. They were the qualities of youth, for the English nation was young; but if a monarch of another mould than Elizabeth had ruled over England at that crucial time of its history, the nation's youthful development might have been retarded or stopped. That the Queen and her people marched together, and aided each other by the exercise of similar qualities, has invested Elizabeth with the character of a really national Queen, and made her one of the most successful of sovereigns. When England began to truckle and cringe at the bidding of base King James, no wonder that her people, looking back to the time when, thanks to Elizabeth's character, Englishmen were allowed and encouraged to trample underfoot all interests but their own, they should build around her fame the tradition of "Good Queen Bess." Good she was to them, because like unto themselves in the age in which they lived; "good" to England for all time because of the brilliant national results of her personal rule; whether "good" to the world, or in the abstract, let those decide who hold that truth and uprightness shall always in the end prevail, and that no permanent good ever came of evil doing.

The American and Brescia

BY W. L. ALDEN

FEW tourists go to Brescia. Personally I know of only two Anglo-Saxons, besides myself, who have visited the place. One was the late Mr. Augustus Hare, who went to Brescia with his prolific scissors in his hand, intending to write up the place elaborately. But he probably met with no person of title in Brescia, and therefore he recorded his impression that there was very little to see in the place. The other Anglo-Saxon was an American whom I met at the Brescia station.

I had just descended from the Milan train, when I saw a tall, gaunt American, wearing a travelling-cap, and leaning in a limp and despairing attitude against the station wall. In front of him stood subdued and apologetic porters, with the American's hand-luggage, humbly suggesting in their native tongue that the traveller should see the station-master. Suddenly, and with a fierce gesture, the American exclaimed: "I ain't talking about that! I'm talking about a hat, a hat, a HAT!"

Yielding to a weak impulse to do a kind action, I approached my fellow countryman and asked if I could be of any assistance to him. He looked at me as if I were speaking some unknown language, and made no reply. With the conviction that I had been served as I deserved for interfering with another traveller's concerns, I turned away; but before I had emerged from the station I felt a strong grasp on my arm, and heard a repentant voice saying: "Guess I was a little rude just now, but I've lost a first-class New York hat, and I was considerable mad. Thank you all the same for your politeness."

"You left the hat in the train, I presume," said I.

"Just so," he replied. "You see, I'm travelling with a friend, and we came from Venice this morning. I wanted to get out here and see them make carpets,

but my friend wouldn't stop. So, being a little mad at him, I let him go on to Milan alone, and got out in a hurry and forgot my hat. That porter kept jabbering at me till I was ready to kill him. It's a shame that they don't have men on these Eytalian railroads that can speak a decent language."

"I was not aware that they made carpets in Brescia," I remarked.

"They make Brussels carpets here, don't they?" asked the American. "I always thought that Brussels carpets came from Brussels, and having a brother in the carpet trade, I felt some interested in the matter."

"But this isn't Brussels," said I. "It is Brescia."

"My friend told me this was Brussels, only the natives called it Brushia, just as they miscall all their towns. A nation that don't know the proper names of its towns don't amount to much, in my opinion. My friend knows Europe down to the ground. He's in the elevator business, and he ought to know whether this is Brussels or not."

I could not quite see how familiarity with the elevator business made a man an authority in geography, but I did not say so. "Your friend," I remarked, gently, "was not quite right in this instance. Brussels is at least eight hundred miles from here. However, now that you are here, you had better come with me and have a look at Brescia."

"All right," he replied. "I've got to get rid of the time somehow, and I'm used to disappointments since I came to Italy. I haven't seen anything yet that hasn't disappointed me,—except the beer in Venice, and that don't come up to the Milwaukee standard."

So we took a carriage and drove for the next three hours through Brescia, stopping at churches and other buildings of interest. My companion strongly resented the fact that Brescia was not

Brussels, and was inclined to divide the blame between the Brescians and his friend in the elevator business.

He was the only man I ever met who associated Brescia with carpets. Most English-speaking people who have heard of Brescia associate it either with Haynau or with Browning. A legend dating from the year 1848 charges Haynau, the Austrian general, with having flogged patriotic Brescian ladies, and it was the belief in this legend which led the draymen of Barclay and Perkins to mob Haynau when he visited London. That Haynau suppressed an insurrection in Brescia with stern severity is true. It was his duty as an Austrian general to suppress it, and he can hardly be blamed for so doing, no matter how warmly we may sympathize with the patriotic impulse which spurred the Brescians into revolt against their Austrian masters. Haynau shot men freely, but men who engage in an insurrection that fails must expect to pay the penalty. That he ever flogged women there is no sufficient evidence. The story was believed because, at the time, the hatred of Austria was so intense in Lombardy that the Italians were ready to believe anything against them. Still, until sufficient evidence that Haynau flogged women is forthcoming, it is unfair to charge him with that outrage.

Readers of Browning associate Brescia with the poem which describes a patriot on his way to be hanged, amid the applause of the delighted Brescian population. He had entered Brescia just a year previous to the date of his exit, and had been welcomed with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. What he had done during the

twelve months that reconciled the people to his death on the gallows is not mentioned. Possibly he wanted to introduce electric lights and automobiles and female suffrage into Brescia. At any rate, the Brescians had evidently had enough of him. Of course he was a purely imaginary patriot, and hence we are justified in saying that many people know Brescia only as the site of one or two mythical incidents. But that is not the fault of Brescia.

The guide-books inform us that Brescia is called "Brescia Armata," or Armed Brescia, and that it is so called because arms are manufactured there. I very much doubt this interpretation. Bologna has the title of "Bologna la Grassa," or Bologna the Fat. Does this mean that Bologna is celebrated for the manufacture of fat, instead of bologna sausages? Like many other Italian towns, Brescia is built on a hill, and is crowned with a castle which in medieval days must have been exceptionally strong. Perhaps Brescia was called the armed because she was always armed against her enemies. In the good old times when every Italian city fought against its neighbors, Brescia must have been a place which judicious generals left alone, while they sacked the cities of the plain.

The first thing which strikes the observant visitor to Brescia is the excessive



THE TALL AMERICAN AND THE APOLOGETIC PORTERS



THE MUSHROOMS PROVED TO BE IMMENSE UMBRELLAS

companion. The latter had done nothing whatever to merit such language, but wherever we went in Brescia the cats eyed him with strong disapproval. In the case of the cathedral cat this may have been due to the man's dislike of churches, but as the average cat is notoriously an agnostic, this would not explain the conduct of the other cats.

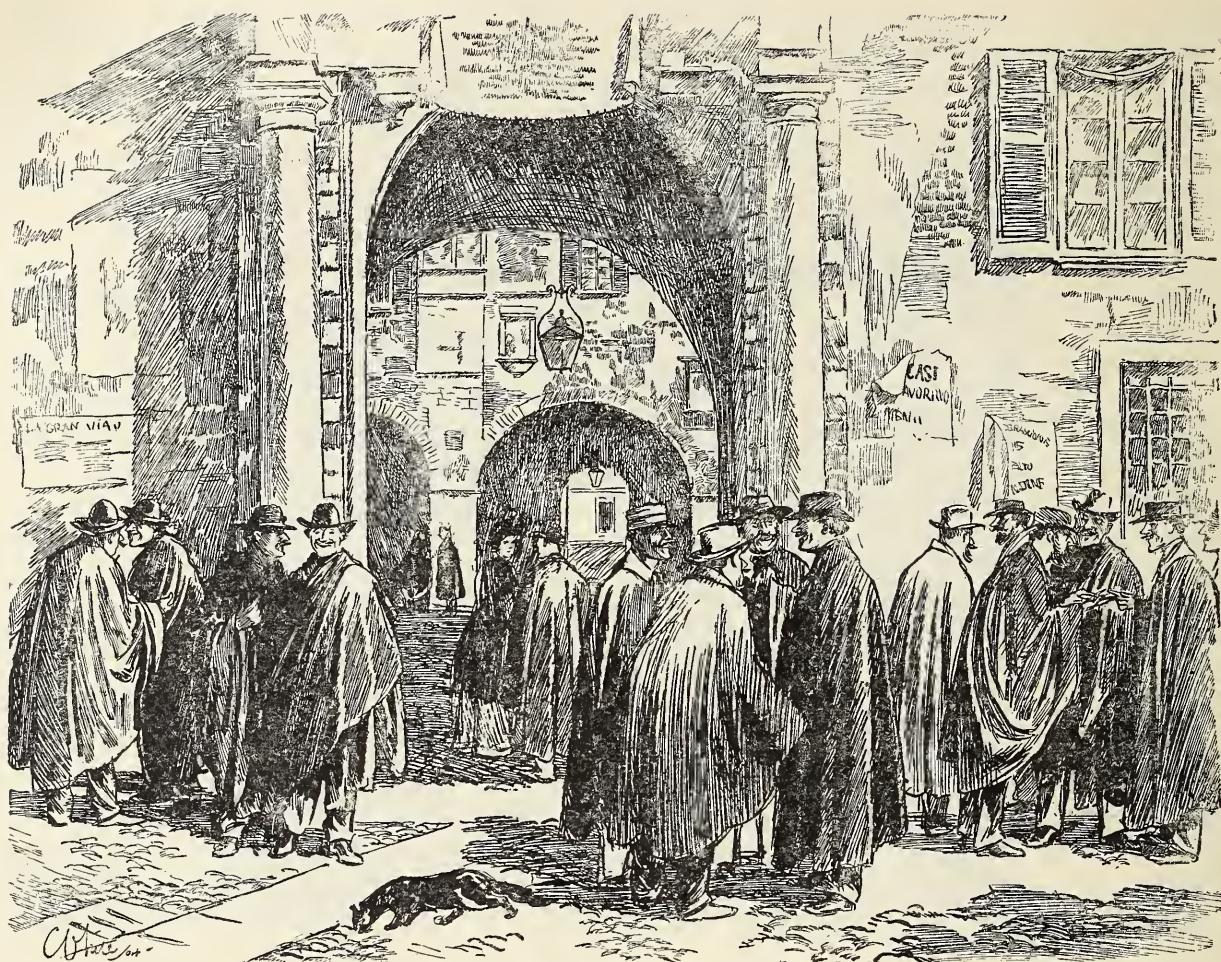
After we had glanced through the cathedral, and had emerged into the street once more, my acquaintance said:

"If you're going into any more churches, you must excuse me. I'll sit in the carriage till you come out again, but I don't want any more churches in mine. When we landed in Genoa, my friend made me go and see every church in the place. I don't believe there was a Catholic, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or a Mormon church in Genoa that he didn't drag me into. After that I struck, and this is the first church I've been inside of since I left Genoa. These Italian churches don't deserve the name. They are nothing but big, cold barns. Every one I've seen

yet has been lit with candles, and nothing else. No lamps, no gas, no electric lights! Why, you couldn't get one of our Cyrusville preachers to preach in them, no matter what salary you might offer him."

I went into every church in Brescia that the guide-book told me I ought to visit, and I had so little time to give to each one that I felt that I was even as the traditional American who saw Rome in twenty-four hours. My companion sat in the carriage while I was in the churches, and I am afraid that there was something in his manner that failed to please the human as well as the cat population of Brescia, for twice I rejoined the carriage just in time to prevent him from using strong measures with certain men and boys, who approached too closely to the carriage in order to stare at him. .

The municipal palace is a picturesque specimen of medieval architecture, and although the American compared it most unfavorably with the city hall of Cyrusville, Minnesota, he could not spoil it for me. Also the ancient Roman temple, which has been transformed into a mu-



THEY WORK AT WEARING LONG CLOAKS AND GENERAL CONVERSATION

seum, has been so judiciously restored that the most captious sentimentalist could not find fault with it. The marketplace, which at first sight seemed to be covered with a monstrous growth of white and yellow mushrooms of gigantic size, under each one of which was seated a woman with a collection of fruit and vegetables, was also a delight. The mushrooms, which on nearer inspection proved to be immense umbrellas, filled my companion with inextinguishable mirth. He laughed in a low, choking way at the sight of them, and half a dozen times that day the recollection of them moved him to solemn laughter. I could not understand why the umbrellas amused him so much. Several times he said softly to himself, "Those darned umberels!" and then chuckled. The memory of his laughter haunts me to this day. What on earth was the man laughing at? I shall never know, for he gave me no explanation, and now he has vanished from my world forever, taking the secret of the umbrellas with him.

The painter upon whom Brescia prides herself—and with good reason—is Moretto. There are a great many of his works in the churches and galleries, private and public, of Brescia. I induced my companion to enter the chief gallery with me, although he insisted that he detested pictures. However, there was one canvas that interested him. It was a St. Sebastian with rather more than the usual quantity of arrows, and my companion stopped before it and asked me what it represented. I told him the legend of the saint, and he laughed scornfully.

"So they set him up for a target and shot at him, did they?" he remarked, gazing at the picture. "Well! All I have to say is that they were mighty poor shots in those days. Just look at those arrows. There are about fifty of them, and only two have made a bull's-eye. The others are mostly outers, and bad outers at that. Why, there ain't a boy of twelve years old in the whole State of Minnesota who wouldn't be ashamed of

such shooting as that. It's disgraceful: that's what it is."

That was all the comment he made on the art treasures of Brescia, until after we were again in the carriage. Then he said: "What you fellows can see in pictures I can't make out. I never took no stock in them. Why should I want to look at a lot of angels in nightgowns doing a walk-around, or a man stuck as full of arrows as a pincushion, or a woman holding a fat baby, or a tramp with a big stick, and nothing on in the way of clothes except a bit of buffalo-hide? It's all nonsense to pretend that folks really do take interest in such things. Give me a portrait of James G. Blaine or of John L. Sullivan, and I can take interest in it, for it means something; but these old masters, as my friend calls them, ought to have been set to painting barns and fences."

Brescia is a busy town. The inhabitants are, as a rule, tall and robust, and they are always hard at work. The main streets are full of men employed in wearing large cloaks and talking to other men with the utmost energy. No matter how tired they may be, the Brescians scorn to rest, but they work at wearing cloaks and general conversation with an indefatigable earnestness that does them infinite credit. In the chemists' shops the local doctors are hard at work from morning to night, sitting on chairs and discussing politics with one another and with the chemist and his assistants. In front of the chief *caffès* there are dozens of young men who, from their dress, belong to the upper classes, but they work as hard as the rest of the people. They stand for hours at their post, tirelessly watching the ladies who pass. Some of these young men struck me as looking rather thin and worn, as if they had overworked themselves. But I presume that they hold that it is better to wear out than to rust out.

There is a superb view of the Lombard plain from the castle which crowns

the summit of Brescia. To the south, east, and west stretches the plain, dotted with cities and isolated bell-towers. On the north rises the vast wall of the Alps, and in the far southwest the Apennines are dimly outlined.

My companion seemed interested in the view, but nevertheless it displeased him. Said he: "This country would make the best wheat-growing country in the world—that is, for its size. What the Italians want to do is to pull down all those miserable dirty little towns that they call cities, and to put all the inhabitants into one decent-sized city. Then they could grow wheat all over the country, and make big money. But you can't get any sense into an Italian. I know them all the way through, for we had gangs of them working on our new railroad last year."

I bade good-by to my acquaintance at the railway station. He was going on to Milan, and I was bound for Cremona. We parted in the most friendly way, and he thanked me warmly for having shown him Brescia, and said that if ever I came to Cyrusville he would show me a town worth seeing. "And," he added, "just you chuck away all that rubbish that folks talk about pictures and architecture, and such, and take interest in things that amount to something. Come over to Cyrusville, and see how business is hustling with us. It will just make your head swim, and you'll wonder how you ever had the patience to stay overnight in this miserable Italy."

As the Milan train rolled out of the station my late companion thrust his head out of the window of his carriage, and in a stentorian voice yelled to me, "Think of those umberels!" Then his laughter rose above the noise of the train, and presently I saw him no more.

On reflection I mean to go again to Brescia, alone, and try to see it. At present it is hopelessly mixed up in my mind with Cyrusville, Minnesota, and the mixture is far from satisfactory.



My Letters

A Monologue

By Alice Brown



MARJORIE! Marjorie! In here, dear. In your uncle's room. What is it, child? Some of those nourishing decoctions you follow me about with?

Good little niece! Good little daughter! A niece is as good as a daughter, when it's Marjorie. Your uncle always said so. Give me the stuff, child. I'll take a bit of it, and by and by we'll have a Christian cup of tea. Lonesome in here? Here with his books, his desk, his picture hanging there to smile at me? Why, it's the spot where I feel nearest him. The picture is a comfort. Yes, indeed. I talk to it a lot. "Good morning, Tom," I say. "It looks like rain." Or, "The sun's out, Tom." [A



knock.] Come! What is it, Wilkins? Oh, a letter! Thank you. That's all. Ah, from Ralph Gilbert, your uncle's chum. I wondered I didn't hear. In Egypt, now. Yes, travelling about. Just travelling. I cabled him. He says he can realize better than anybody else what I have lost. That's true! that's true! He says he knew from your uncle's letters how happy we were, the kind of life we lived together. Ah, but he couldn't know, Marjorie, could he? Nobody could really know. He says—Oh, I don't like this. It's only a form of words, but I don't like it. He says, "The world will be a different place now Tom has gone away from us." Ralph won't say *died*. He's afraid of hurting me. But that word never hurts me. It's a beautiful, dear, simple word—"died"—worth all their weak phrases to avoid it. I say it over and over. It means, "My husband has been promoted

to some noble company." The glorious dead! the mighty, the immortal dead! And then I find myself whispering that majestic line,

"O eloquent, just, and mightie Death!"

What is it, dear? Morbid? Bless your heart, no! I might be morbid over some weakling who had died,—not a big, splendid fellow like your uncle Tom. Why, he laughed all his life, and he went smiling out of it. I must be as robust as he. I must act nobly in my grief. I'm an old woman, but, bless you! we old folks can be more gallant than you children, with all your hot blood to back you. Well! well! run away, dear, now. I'm going to be busy. There is one last bundle of letters to burn. Then we shall be in order, ready to fight out our life without him. No! no! I can't put it off. I've done that too long already. Dear heart, I'm strong enough. I wish I wasn't. I wish I could start to-day on the road Tom went. It wouldn't be even lonesome. I should find his footprints in it. I don't know where it leads; but I don't care. Tom Huntington's there, and that's enough for me. No, I mustn't put it off. If I did, it never would be done at all. Why, dear, I had that lesson when I was a child of ten. My father died. It was sweet spring weather. We sat on the door-stone in the dark, my brother and I, and the whippoorwill called in the orchard. We wondered why mother cried and why everybody was so good to us, so pitiful in a still, strange way. They said father had "gone." But we were children, and we knew that he would come back.

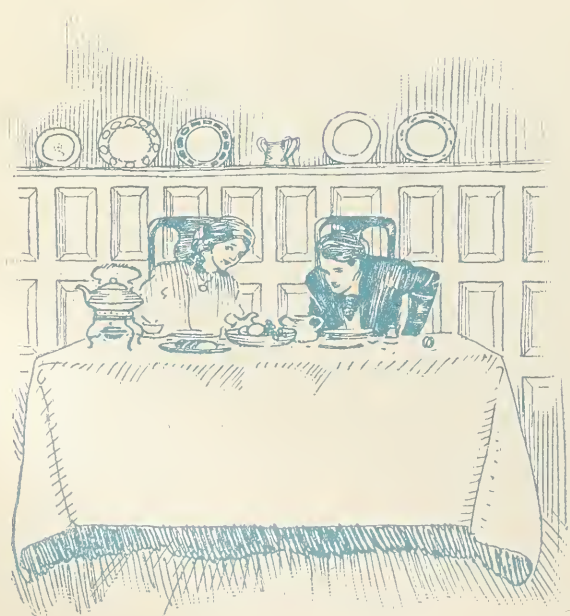
In spite of that mysterious room with the closed blinds, in spite of mother's crying, we knew he'd come. In a week I found mother putting away his clothes,—father's clothes. I cried. I almost fought her. I loved my father.

"But he'll need them," I kept saying. "He'll need them when he comes."

Mother took both my hands and drew me close. She made me sit down on a little stool in front of her, and she looked into my eyes.

"Listen," said she. "Father is not coming back. We shall go to him, but he will not return to us."





I can see now, Marjorie, how it comforted her to use the stately Bible words. Death brings a different atmosphere. We even want to lay aside our ordinary speech. I begged her again not to put away his clothes.

"It's easier, dear," she said. "If we don't do it at once, we can't do it at all."

That's true, Marjorie. We must do it now, while the first excitement of our grief is on us, while we are buoyed above the things of life. So then when mother told me that, I helped her. I thought I was doing something for father. Strange! strange!—you weren't born then, and now your turn has come, and you are helping me. Oh yes, yes, dear, you have helped me just by being here. I couldn't let you *do* things. I couldn't let you touch his clothes—even you. I had to do that myself. You see, I'm a jealous creature, dear. I've been spared real jealousy, because Tom— Well, nobody knows what Tom and I have been to each other. Even you don't know. Not a thistledown of doubt between us. Nothing to regret? My dear child, I believe you are right. There isn't one cloud to remember in all the years we spent together. We fought. Oh yes, we fought like cats and dogs! but we laughed all through it. Regret! Yes, I've just one regret. We had our youth apart. We didn't meet till I was thirty-five and he was thirty-eight. Still, I hadn't made any hideous mistake and married the wrong man. Thank God for that! As for him—well, Marjorie, I hated those years when he didn't know me. I wouldn't hear of them. If he'd looked at a woman—yes, yes, the chances are he did, with a microscope, too; he always had a way of magnifying us—I'd have hunted her out and slain her with my scissors. You don't believe we quarrelled? You don't believe it? Indeed, we did! Why, one winter there were three days when we didn't speak. I never had such fun in all my life. We went to drive together, and confided in the horses. We sat at table, and addressed the crockery. Kiss? Of course we did. Kissing isn't talking, is it? Who spoke first? Well, it's no use pretending, dear; I did. He swore that I would. He prophesied it only that morning, to the sugar-bowl.

"Mark my words, Sugar Bowl," said

he, "before night she'll be talking a blue streak. She can't help it, poor child! it's her one infirmity."

"Never you mind, Cream Pitcher," said I; "I hope you'll be alive and uncracked to see the end of this. For when I open my lips to that man there, you'll be an older and a wiser pitcher."

Now what did we quarrel about? There were so many things. I know! I know! It was the Centennial Ball. Tom hadn't told me he could dance, and when the committee invited us to be in the opening minuet, he said, as gravely as you please—Tom could be perfectly owlsh when he was vicious,—

"Why, yes, I should be delighted; only I might fall over things."

But they wanted him because he was so splendid, and I undertook to coach him. My dear, if you could have seen us! I'd curtsy, and then make him bow. He'd imitate the bow—and tumble over nothing. I coaxed, and scolded, and bowed till I was faint. He said I acted like a frantic mother bird. I wore a train, so he could get used to it. He wound himself up in it. When we were to rehearse with the others, it always happened Tom couldn't go, and Larry Upham took his place. When I couldn't go, Tom did; but I never dared to ask the others how he performed with them. He always came home hot and tired, and told me he'd disgraced himself.

Well, the night of the ball we were dressed at eight. I insisted on it.

"Come into the parlor, Tom," said I, "and go through the steps."

There we were, he in his knee-breeches and gold lace, I in my brocade. Powdered hair, dear?—yes, and patches; mine was a star here on the chin. Yes, my dear, we *were* a good-looking couple. Your uncle was magnificent, and I—well! well! well! Yes, there we were in the parlor.

"Now, Tom," said I, "that chair is Mrs. Arthur Bush. This is Harry Lake. This is Helen. You are you, and I am I."

"Oh!" said he, like a zany. "I am I, am I?"

Then I began humming the Minuet from Don Giovanni [hums it and dances, talking]—you know, dear.

"Now! *now*, Tom!" said I. "Bow!"

My dear, he bowed—and fell over a chair—Mrs. Arthur Bush. He got up—and fell over another.

"Tom," said I, "it's no use. Larry Upham must take your place."

"All right, dear," said he. "I'll speak to him."

I never saw your uncle so de-





pressed. Well, we went to the ball,—yes, we went,—and the minuet began. And what did I see, large as life and twice as handsome, but your uncle Tom and *not* Larry Upham. Bow? His bows were perfection. Step? He walked on rose-leaves. My dear, he was adorable. I glared at him. Proud? Of course I was, but you don't suppose I'd let him know it. We met, face to face, in the dance. I curtsied.

"I hate you," said I.

"I love you," said Tom.

Then he took my hand—so.

"I'll never forgive you!" said I.

"Oh yes, you will!" said he.

"I'm ashamed of you!"

"No, you're proud of me!"

"I'll never speak to you again!"

"Oh yes, you will! You'll speak first."

And I did, Marjorie. I spoke first. Ha! ha! ha!
[The laugh drops into sobbing.]

But it's over, Marjorie, isn't it? quite over. All the fun and foolishness, all the scoffing at age and wrinkles—all over! Why, it's like the old song. Don't you remember? [Sings.]

"Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing!

Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!

Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,

Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon."

He used to sing it. I thought it made me sad, but I didn't know then what sadness was. My dear! my dear! my dear!

There! run away, child, now, and leave me. I must do—what I've—got to do. No! no! I'll call you if I need you. And if—Marjorie, one moment! Come back. If I seem not to be able to bear it, be patient with me. Don't talk to me. Only let me be.

Now! haven't I the nerve to open a desk and take out a packet of letters? O life! life! life! How strange you are, how cruel, how revengeful, after all these years! You let me love a man. You let him grow as near to me as my own blood. He dies, and when I live only by thinking how he loved me, you let me find a little packet of a woman's letters, sacredly cherished in an inner drawer,—sealed, marked, in his own hand, "Her Letters." Once I might have thought them mine; but mine are gone. Tom, you remember. It was that summer when I was sick and melancholy. I said:

"Let's burn our letters for fear some-



body finds them when we are dead. Neither of us could bear to do it alone."

You hesitated. Then you laughed and said, "All right."

We brought our little bundles to this very room, and stood hand in hand before the fire while they shrunk and flamed. Then we kissed, and you said there should be no more letters. We must always be together.—But these! these were too sacred to be burned. He kept them.

[Musing.] Let me remember this: Whoever she was, if he ever loved her, he had stopped loving her for me. I was his wife. Let me remember all it meant. It meant no more to me than it did to him. Let me remember all the laughing hours, at the table, in the garden, the silences in sweet spring dawns, the twilights when we sat together, my hand in his. O my love! my love!—Whatever she was to him, I was his wife. If her name were on them, her initials, I could bear it better. I could burn them without a thought. But "Her Letters"! He singled her out from other women. At some time she was more to him than any woman in the world. "Her Letters"! Tom, Tom, I am so afraid of having even the memory of these between us. If I burn them—oh, if I read them now it will be easier! There might be a grain of comfort in them. She might say—What could she say? She might reproach him for some coldness— He was never cold to me. She might say— [Resolutely] *I will not burn them.* Tom, Tom, if you were here! Why, I know what you'd say: "Open 'em, bless you! I've no secrets from you."

[Opens the packet.] O dear God! I am so thankful! They are my letters to him,—mine! What has he written here? "Dear, if you ever find these, you'll forgive me. Those were old bills and things I burned with yours. But you won't find them. I shall destroy them sometime. Only I can't this summer while you're sick."

My own letters! O Marjorie! Marjorie! Nothing, dear, nothing! Only it's so beautiful! it's all so beautiful! I've heard from him. He loved me, dear, he always loved me. Marjorie, listen. It doesn't matter whether he's here with us or there in heaven—he loves us, dear, he's ours!



The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER V

THE effect of the few sobbing words, with which Kitty Bristol had greeted his presence beside her, upon the feeling of William Ashe was both sharp and deep, for they seemed already to imply a peculiar relation, a special link between them. Had it not indeed begun in that very moment at St. James's Place, when he had first caught sight of her, sitting forlorn, in her white dress?—when she had “willed” him to come to her, and he came? Surely—though as to this he had his qualms—she could not have spoken with this abandonment to any other of her new English acquaintances?—to Darrell, for instance, who was expected at Grosville Park that evening? No! From the beginning she had turned to him, William Ashe; she had been conscious of the same mutual understanding, the same sympathy in difference that he himself felt?

It was, at any rate, with the feeling of one whose fate has most strangely, most unexpectedly, overtaken him that he sat down beside her. His own pulses were running at a great rate; but there was to be no sign of it for her. He tried, indeed, to calm her by that mere cheerful strength and vitality of which he was so easily master. “Why should you be in despair?” he said, bending towards her. “Tell me. Let me try and help you. Was your sister unkind to you?”

Kitty made no reply at once. The tears that brimmed her large eyes slipped down her cheeks without disfiguring her. She was looking absently, intently, into a dark depth of wood as though she sought there for some truth that escaped her,—truth of the past or of the present.

“I don't know,” she said, at last, shaking her head—“I don't know whether it was unkind. Perhaps it was only what we deserve, Maman and I.”

“You!” cried Ashe.

“Yes,” she said, passionately. “Who's

going to separate between Maman and me? If she's done mean, shocking things, the people she's done them to will hate me too. They *shall* hate me! It's right.”

She turned to him violently. She was very white, and her little hands as she sat there before him, proudly erect, twisted a lace handkerchief between them, that would soon be in tatters. Somehow Ashe winced before the wreck of the handkerchief: what need to ruin the pretty, fragile thing?

“I am quite sure no one will ever hate you for what you haven't done,” he said, steadily. “That would be abominably unfair. But, you see, I don't understand,—and I don't like—I don't wish to ask questions.”

“*Do* ask questions!” she cried, looking at him almost reproachfully. “That's just what I want you to do. Only,” she added, hanging her head in depression—“I shouldn't know what to answer. I am played with, and treated as a baby! There is something horrible the matter—and no one trusts me—every one keeps me in the dark. No one ever thinks whether I am miserable or not.”

She raised her hands to her eyes and vehemently wiped away her tears with the tattered lace handkerchief. In all these words and actions, however, she was graceful and touching, because she was natural. She was not posing or conscious; she was hiding nothing. Yet Ashe felt certain she could act a part magnificently; only it would not be for the lie's sake, but for the sake of some romantic impulse or imagination.

“Why should you torment yourself so?” he asked her kindly. Her hand had dropped and lay beside her on the bench. To his own amazement he found himself clasping it. “Isn't it better to forget old griefs? You can't help what happened years ago—you can't undo it. You've got to live your own life—*happily!* And I just wish you'd set about it!”



"WHY SHOULD YOU TORMENT YOURSELF SO?" HE ASKED

He smiled at her—and there were few faces more attractive than his when he let his natural softness have its way, without irony. She let her eyes be drawn to his, and as they met he saw a flush rise in her clear skin and spread to the pale gold of her hair. The man in him was marvellously pleased by that flush—fascinated, indeed. But she gave him small time to observe it,—she drew herself impatiently away.

“Of course, you don’t understand a word about it,” she said, “or you couldn’t talk like that. But—I’ll tell you!” Her eyes, half miserable, half audacious, returned to him. “My sister—came here—because I sent for her. I made Mademoiselle go with a letter. Of course, I knew there was a mystery—I knew the Grosvilles did not want us to meet—I knew that she and Maman hated each other. But Maman will tell me nothing—and I have a *right* to know.”

“No—you have no right to know,” said Ashe, gravely.

She looked at him wildly.

“I have—I have!” she repeated passionately. “Well—I told my sister to meet me here—I had forgotten, you see, all about you! My mind was so full of Alice. And when she came I felt as if it was a dream—a horrible tragic dream. You know!—she is so like me,—which means, I suppose, that we are both like papa. Only her face—it’s not handsome,—oh no!—but it’s stern—and—yes, noble! I was proud of her. I would like to have gone on my knee and kissed her dress. But she would not take my hand—she would hardly speak to me. She said she had come because it was best, now that I was in England, that we should meet once,—and understand that we *couldn’t* meet,—that we could never, never be friends. She said that she hated my mother—that for years she had kept silence,—but that now she meant to punish Maman—to drive her from London. And then”—the girl’s lips trembled under the memory—“she came close to me, and she looked into my eyes—and she said, ‘Yes—we’re like each other—we’re like our father—and it would be better for us both if we had never been born—’”

“Ah! cruel!” cried Ashe, involuntarily, and once more his hand found Kitty’s small fingers and pressed them in his.

Kitty looked at him with a strange exalted look.

“No. I think it’s true. I often think I’m not made to be happy. I can’t ever be happy—it’s not in me.”

“It’s in you to say foolish things, then!” said Ashe, lightly, and crossing his arms, he tried to assume the practical elder-brotherly air, which he felt befitted the situation—if anything befitted it. For in truth it seemed to him one singularly confused and ugly. Their talk floated above tragic depths, guessed at by him, wholly unknown to her. And yet her youth shrank from it knew not what—“as an animal shrinks from shadows in the twilight.” She seemed to him to sit enwrapped in a vague cloud of shame, resenting and hating it, yet not able to escape from thinking and talking of it. But she must not talk of it.

She did not answer his last remark for a little while. She sat looking before her, overwhelmed, it seemed, by an inward rush of images and sensations. Till, with a sudden movement, she turned to him and said, smiling, quite in her ordinary voice:

“Do you know why I shall never be happy? It is because I have such a bad temper.”

“Have you?” said Ashe, smiling.

She gave him a curious look.

“You don’t believe it? If you had been in the convent, you would have believed it. I’m mad sometimes—quite mad; with pride, I suppose, and vanity. The Sœurs said it was that.”

“They had to explain it somehow,” said Ashe. “But I am quite sure that if I lived in a convent, I should have a furious temper.”

“You!” she said, half contemptuously. “You couldn’t be ill-tempered anywhere. That’s the one thing I don’t like about you—you’re too calm—too—too satisfied. It’s—well! you said a sharp thing to me, so I don’t see why I shouldn’t say one to you. You shouldn’t look as though you enjoyed your life so much. It’s *bourgeois*! It is indeed.” And she frowned upon him with a little extravagant air that amused him.

By some prescience, she had put on that morning a black dress of thin material, made with extreme simplicity. No flounces, no fanfaronade. A little

girlish dress, that made the girlish figure seem even frailer and lighter than he remembered it the night before, in the splendors of her Paris gown. Her large black hat emphasized the whiteness of her brow, the brilliance of her most beautiful eyes; and then all the rest was insubstantial sprite and airy nothing, to be crushed in one hand. And yet what untamed, indomitable things breathed from it—a self surely more self, more intensely, obstinately alive, than any he had yet known.

Her attack had brought the involuntary blood to his cheeks, which annoyed him. But he invited her to say why cheerfulness was a vice. She replied that no one should look success—as much as he did.

"And you scorn success?"

"Scorn it!" She drew a long breath, clasped both her hands above her head, then slowly let the thin arms fall again. "Scorn it! What nonsense! But everybody who hasn't got it hates those who have."

"Don't hate me!" said Ashe, quickly.

"Yes," she said, with stubbornness. "I must. Do you know why I was such a wildcat at school? Because some of the other girls were more important than I—much more important—and richer—and more beautiful—and people paid them more attention. And that seemed to *burn* the heart in me;"—she pressed her hands to her breast with a passionate gesture. "You know the French word *panache*? Well, that's what I care for—that's what I *adore*! To be the first—the best—the most distinguished. To be envied—and pointed at—obeyed when I lift my finger—and then to come to some great, glorious, tragic end!—"

Ashe moved impatiently.

"Lady Kitty—I don't like to hear you talk like this. It's wild, and it's also—I beg your pardon—"

"In bad taste?" she said, catching him up, breathlessly. "That's what you meant—isn't it? You said it to me before—when I called you handsome."

"Pshaw!" he said, in vexation. She watched him throw himself back and feel for his cigarette-case; a gesture of her hand gave him leave; she waited, smiling, till he had taken a few calming whiffs. Then she gently moved towards him.

"Don't be angry with me!" she said,

in a sweet, low voice. "Don't you understand how hard it is—to have that nature—and then to come here out of the convent—where one had lived on dreams—and find oneself—"

She turned her head away. Ashe put down his new-lit cigarette.

"Find yourself?" he repeated.

"Everybody scorns me!" she said, her brow drooping.

Ashe exclaimed.

"You know it's true. My mother is not received. Can you deny that?"

"She has many friends," said Ashe.

"She is *not received*. When I speak of her no one answers me. Lady Gros-ville asks me here—*me*—out of charity. It would be thought a disgrace to marry me—"

"Look here, Lady Kitty!—"

"And I"—she wrung her small hands, as though she clasped the necks of her enemies—"I would never *look* at a man who did not think it the glory of his life to win me! So you see I shall never marry. But then the dreadful thing is—"

She let him see a white stormy face.

"—that I have no loyalty to Maman—I—I don't think I even love her."

Ashe surveyed her gravely.

"You don't mean that," he said.

"I think I do," she persisted. "I had a horrid childhood. I won't tell tales; but, you see, I don't *know* Maman. I know the Sœurs much better. And then for some one you don't know—to have to—to have to bear—this horrible thing—"

She buried her face in her hands. Ashe looked at her in perplexity.

"You sha'n't bear anything horrible," he said, with energy. "There are plenty of people who will take care of that. Do you mind telling me?—have there been special difficulties just lately?"

"Oh, yes," she said, calmly, looking up, "awful! Maman's debts are—well—ridiculous. For that alone I don't think she'll be able to stay in London—apart from—Alice."

The name recalled all she had just passed through, and her face quivered. "What will she do?" she said, under her breath. "How will she punish us?—and why?—for what?"

Her dread—her ignorance—her fierce bruised vanity—her struggling pride—her

helplessness, appealed amazingly to the man beside her. He began to talk to her very gently and wisely, begging her to let the past alone, to think only what could be done to help the present. In the first place, would one not let his mother be of use to her? He could answer for Lady Tranmore. Why shouldn't Lady Kitty spend the summer with her in Scotland? No doubt Madame d'Estrées would be abroad—

"Then I must go with her," said Kitty. Ashe hesitated.

"Of course, if she wishes it."

"But I don't know that she will wish it. She is not very fond of me," said Kitty, doubtfully. "Yes, I would like to stay with Lady Tranmore. But will your cousin be there?"

"Miss Lyster?"

Kitty nodded.

"How can I tell? Of course, she is often there."

"It is quite curious," said Kitty, after reflection, "how we dislike each other. And it is so odd. You know most people like me?"

She looked up at him, without a trace of coquetry, rather with a certain timidity that feared possible rebuff. "That's always been my difficulty," she went on, "till now. Everybody spoils me. I always get my own way. In the convent I was indulged and flattered, and then they wondered that I made all sorts of follies! I want a guide—that's quite certain; somebody to tell me what to do."

"I would offer myself for the post," said Ashe, "but that I feel perfectly sure that you would never follow anybody's advice in anything."

"Yes, I would," she said, wistfully, "I would—"

Ashe's face changed.

"Ah, if you would—"

She sprang up. "Do you see—" she pointed to some figures on a distant path. "They are coming back from church. You understand?—*nobody* must know about my sister. It will come round to Aunt Lina, of course; but when I'm gone. If she knew now, I should go back to London to-day!"

Ashe made it clear to her that he would be discretion itself. They left the bench; but as they began to ascend the steps, Kitty turned back.

"It was here I saw her first," she said, in a miserable tone, the tears flooding once more into her eyes.

Ashe looked at her with great kindness, but without speaking. The moment of sharp pain passed, and she moved on languidly beside him. But there was an infection in his strong handsome presence, and her smiles soon came back. By the time they neared the house, indeed, she seemed to be in wild spirits again.

"Did he know," she asked him, "that three more guests were coming that afternoon—Mr. Darrell, Mr. Louis Harman, and—Mr. Geoffrey Cliffe." She laid an emphasis on the last name, which made Ashe say, carelessly—

"You want to meet him so much?"

"Of course. Doesn't all the world?"

Ashe replied that he could only answer for himself, and as far as he was concerned he could do very well without Cliffe's company at all times.

Whereupon Kitty protested with fire that other men were jealous of such a famous person, because women liked him—because—

"Because the man's a coxcomb, and the women spoil him?"

"A coxcomb!"

Kitty was up in arms.

"Pray, is he not a great traveller?—a *very* great traveller?" she asked with indignation.

"Certainly—by his own account."

"And a most brilliant writer?"

"Macaulayese," said Ashe perversely—"and not very good at that."

Kitty was at first struck dumb, and then began a voluble protest against unfairness so monstrous. Did not all intelligent people read and admire? It was mere jealousy, she repeated, to deny the gentleman's claims.

Ashe let her talk and quote and excite herself, applying every now and then a little sly touch of the goad, to make her still run on, and so forget the tragic hour which had overshadowed her. And meanwhile all he cared for was to watch the flashing of her face and eyes, and the play of the wind in her hair, and the springing grace with which she moved. Poor child!—it all came back to that—poor child!—what was to be done with her?

At luncheon—the Sunday luncheon—

which still, at Grosville Park, as in the Early-Victorian days of Lord Grosville's mother, consisted of a huge baronial sirloin, to which all else upon the varied table appeared as appurtenance and appendage, Ashe allowed himself the inward reflection that the Grosville Park Sundays were degenerating. Both Lord and Lady Grosville had been good hosts in their day; and the downrightness of the wife had been as much to the taste of many as the agreeable gossip of the husband. But on this occasion both were silent and absent-minded. Lady Grosville showed no generalship in placing her guests; the wrong people sat next to each other, and the whole party dragged—without a leader.

And certainly Kitty Bristol did nothing to enliven it. She sat very silent, her black dress changing her a good deal, to Ashe's thinking, bringing back, as he chose to fancy, the pale convent girl. Was it so that she went through her pious exercises?—by the way, she was, of course, a Catholic?—said her lessons, and went to her confessor? Had the French cousin with whom she rode stag-hunting ever seen her like this? No; Ashe felt certain that "Henri" had never seen her, except as a fashion-plate, or *en amazone*. He could have made nothing of this ghost in black—this distinguished, pitious, little ghost.

After luncheon it became tolerably clear to Ashe that Lady Grosville's pre-occupation had a cause. And presently catching him alone in the library, whither he had retired with some official papers, she closed the door with deliberate care and stood before him.

"I see you are interested in Kitty, and I feel as if I must tell you,—and ask your opinion. William—do you know what that child has been doing?"

He looked up from his writing.

"Ah!—what have you been discovering?"

"Grosville told you the story last night."

Ashe nodded.

"Well—Kitty wrote to Alice this morning—and they met. Alice has kept her room since—prostrate—so the Sowerbys tell me. I have just had a note from Mrs. Sowerby. Wasn't it an extraordinary, an indelicate thing to do?"

Ashe studied the frowning lady a moment—so large and daunting in her black silk and white lace. She seemed to suggest all those aspects of the English Sunday for which he had most secret dislike,—its Pharisaism and dulness and heavy meals. He felt himself through and through Lady Kitty's champion.

"I should have thought it very natural," was his reply.

Lady Grosville threw up her hands.

"Natural!—when she knows—"

"How can she know?" cried Ashe, hotly. "How can such a child know or guess anything? She only knows that there is some black charge against her mother, on which no one will enlighten her. How can they? But meanwhile her mother is ostracized, and she feels herself dragged into the disgrace, not understanding why or wherefore. Could anything be more pathetic—more touching?"

In his heat of feeling, he got up and began to pace up and down. Lady Grosville's countenance expressed first astonishment—then wavering.

"Oh—of course, it's very sad," she said—"extremely sad. But I should have thought Kitty was clever enough to understand at least that Alice must have some grave reason for breaking with her mother—"

"Don't you all forget what a child she is," said Ashe indignantly—"not quite eighteen!"

"Yes, that's true," said Lady Grosville, grudgingly. "I must confess I find it difficult to judge her fairly. She's so different from my own girls."

Ashe hastily agreed. Then it struck him as odd that he should have fallen so quickly into this position of Kitty's defender with her father's family; and he drew in his horns. He resumed his work, and Lady Grosville sat for a while, her hands in her lap, quietly observing him.

At last she said—

"So you think, William, I had better leave Kitty alone?"

"About what?" Ashe raised his curly head with a laugh. "Don't put too much responsibility on me. I know nothing about young ladies."

"I don't know that I do—much," said Lady Grosville, candidly. "My own daughters are so exceptional."

Ashe held his peace. Distant cousins

as they were, he hardly knew the Grosville girls apart, and had never yet grasped any reason why he should.

"At any rate, I see clearly," said Lady Grosville after another pause, "that you're very sorry for Kitty. Of course it's very nice of you, and I find it's what most people feel."

"Hang it! dear Lady Grosville, why shouldn't they?" said Ashe, turning round on his chair. "If ever there was a forlorn little person on earth, I thought Lady Kitty was that person at lunch to-day."

"And after that absurd exhibition last night!" said Lady Grosville, with a shrug. "You never know where to have her. You think she looked ill?"

"I am sure she has got a splitting headache," said Ashe, boldly. "And why you and Grosville shouldn't be as sorry for her as for Lady Alice I can't imagine. *She's* done nothing."

"No, that's true," said Lady Grosville, as she rose. Then she added: "I'll go and see if she has a headache. You must consult with us, William; you know the mother so well."

"Oh, I'm no good!" said Ashe, with energy. "But I'm sure that kindness would pay with Lady Kitty."

He smiled at her, wishing to Heaven she would go.

Lady Grosville stared.

"I hope we are always kind to her," she said, with a touch of haughtiness. And then the library door closed behind her.

"Kindness" was indeed that afternoon the order of the day, as from the Grosvilles to Lady Kitty. Ashe wondered how she liked it. The girls followed her about with shawls. Lady Grosville installed her on a sofa in the back drawing-room. A bottle of sal-volatile appeared, and Caroline Grosville, instead of going twice to Sunday-school, devoted herself to fanning Kitty, though the weather—which was sunny, with a sharp east wind—suggested, to Ashe's thinking, fires rather than fans.

He was himself carried off for the customary Sunday walk, Mr. Kershaw being now determined to claim the sacred rights of the Press. The walkers left the house by a garden door, to reach which

they had to pass through the farther drawing-room. Kitty, a picturesque figure on the sofa, nodded farewell to Ashe, and then, unseen by Caroline Grosville, who sat behind her, shot him a last look which drove him to a precipitate exit lest the inward laugh should out.

The walk through the flat Cambridge-shire country was long and strenuous. Though for at least half of it the active journalist who was Ashe's companion conceived the poorest opinion of the new minister. Ashe knew nothing; had no opinions; cared for nothing, except now and then for the stalking of an unfamiliar bird, or the antics of the dogs, or tales of horse-racing, of which he talked with a fervor entirely denied to those high political topics of which Kershaw's ardent soul was full.

Again and again did the journalist put them under his nose in their most attractive guise. In vain; Ashe would have none of them. Till suddenly a chance word started an Indian frontier question, vastly important, and totally unknown to the English public. Ashe casually began to talk; the trickle became a stream, and presently he was holding forth with an impetuosity, a knowledge, a matured and careful judgment, that fairly amazed the man beside him.

The long road, bordered by the flat fen meadows, the wide silver sky, the gently lengthening day, all passed unnoticed. The journalist found himself in the grip of a *mind*—strong, active, rich. He gave himself up with docility, yet with a growing astonishment, and when they stood once more on the steps of the house he said to his companion:

"You must have followed these matters for years. Why have you never spoken in the House, or written anything?"

Ashe's aspect changed at once.

"What would have been the good?" he said, with his easy smile. "The fellows who didn't know wouldn't have believed me; and the fellows who knew didn't want telling."

A shade of impatience showed in Kershaw's aspect.

"I thought," he said, "ours was government by discussion."

Ashe laughed, and turning on the steps, he pointed to the splendid gardens and finely wooded park.

"Or government by country houses—which? If you support us in this—as I gather you will—this walk will have been worth a debate,—now won't it?"

The flattered journalist smiled, and they entered the house. From the inner hall Lord Grosville perceived them.

"Geoffrey Cliffe's arrived," he said to Ashe, as they reached him.

"Has he?" said Ashe, and turned to go up-stairs.

But Kershaw showed a lively interest. "You mean the traveller?" he asked of his host.

"I do. As mad as usual," said the old man. "He and my niece Kitty make a pair."

CHAPTER VI

WHEN Ashe returned to the drawing-room he found it filled with the sound of talk and laughter. But it was a talk and laughter in which the Grosville family seemed to have itself but little part. Lady Grosville sat stiffly on an Early-Victorian sofa, her spectacles on her nose, reading the *Times* of the preceding day, or appearing to read it. Amy Grosville, the eldest girl, was busy in a corner, putting the finishing touches to a piece of illumination; while Caroline, seated on the floor, was showing the small child of a neighbor how to put a picture puzzle together. Lord Grosville was professedly in a farther room, talking with the Austrian Count. But every other minute he strolled restlessly into the big drawing-room, and stood at the edge of the talk and laughter, only to turn on his heel again and go back to the Count,—who meanwhile appeared in the opening between the two rooms, his hands on his hips, eagerly watching Kitty Bristol and her companions, while waiting, as courtesy bade him, for the return of his host.

Ashe at once divined that the Grosville family were in revolt. Nor had he to look far to discover the cause.

Was that astonishing young lady in truth identical with the pensive figure of the morning? Kitty had doffed her black, and she wore a "demi-toilette" gown of the utmost elegance, of which the expensiveness had, no doubt, already sunk deep into Lady Grosville's soul. At Grosville Park the new fashion of "tea-

gowns" was not favorably regarded. It was thought to be a mere device of silly and extravagant women, and an "afternoon dress," though of greater pretensions than a morning gown, was still a sober affair, not in any way to be confounded with those decorative effects that nature and sound sense reserved for the evening.

But Kitty's dress was of some white silky material; and it displayed her slender throat and some portion of her thin white arms. The Dean's wife, Mrs. Winston, as she secretly studied it, felt an inward satisfaction; for here at last was one of those gowns she had once or twice gazed on with a covetous awe in the shop-windows of the Rue de la Paix, brought down to earth, and clothing a simple mortal. They were then real, and they could be worn by real women; which till now the Dean's wife had scarcely believed.

Alack! how becoming were these concoctions to minxes with fair hair and sylphlike frames! Kitty was radiant, triumphant; and Ashe was certain that Lady Grosville knew it, however she might barricade herself behind the *Times*. The girl's slim fingers gesticulated in aid of her tongue; one tiny foot swung lightly over the other; the glistening folds of the silk wrapped her in a shimmering whiteness, above which the fair head—negligently thrown back—shone out on a red background, made by the velvet chair in which she sat.

The Dean was placed close beside her and was clearly enjoying himself enormously. And in front of her, absorbed in her, engaged, indeed, in hot and furious debate with her, stood the great man who had just arrived.

"How do you do, Cliffe?" said Ashe as he approached.

Geoffrey Cliffe turned sharply; and a perfunctory greeting passed between the two men.

"When did you arrive?" said Ashe as he threw himself into an armchair.

"Last Tuesday. But that don't matter," said Cliffe, impatiently,—“nothing matters—except that I must somehow defeat Lady Kitty!"

And he stood looking down upon the girl in front of him, his hands on his sides, his queer countenance twitching with suppressed laughter. An odd fig-

ure,—tall, spare, loosely jointed,—surmounted by a pale parchment face, which showed a somewhat protruding chin, a long and delicate nose, and fine brows under a strange overhanging mass of fair hair. He had the dissipated, battered look of certain Vandyck cavaliers, and certainly no handsomeness of any accepted kind. But, as Ashe well knew, the aspect and personality of Geoffrey Cliffe possessed for innumerable men and women, in English "society" and out of it, a fascination it was easier to laugh at than to explain.

Lady Kitty had eyes certainly for no one else. When he spoke of "defeating" her, she laughed her defiance; and a glance of battle passed between her and Cliffe. Cliffe, still holding her with his look, considered what new ground to break.

"What is the subject?" said Ashe.

"That men are vainer than women," said Kitty. "It's so true, it's hardly worth saying,—isn't it? Mr. Cliffe talks nonsense about our love of clothes—and of being admired. As if that were vanity! Of course it's only our sense of duty."

"Duty?" cried Cliffe, twisting his mustache. "To whom?"

"To the men, of course! If we didn't like clothes, if we didn't like being admired,—where would you be?"

"Personally, I could get on," said Cliffe. "You expect us to be too much on our knees."

"As if we should ever get you there if it didn't amuse you!" said Kitty. "Hypocrites! If we don't dress, paint, chatter, and tell lies for you, you won't look at us,—and if we do—"

"Of course, it all depends on how well it's done," threw in Cliffe.

Kitty laughed.

"That's judging by results. I look to the motive. I repeat, if I powder and paint, it's not because I'm vain,—but because it's my painful duty to give you pleasure!"

"And if it doesn't give me pleasure?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Call me stupid then,—not vain. I ought to have done it better."

"In any case," said Ashe, "it's your duty to please us?"

"Yes—" sighed Kitty. "Worse luck!"

And she sank softly back in her chair, her eyes shining under the stimulus of the laugh that ran through her circle. The Dean joined in it uneasily, conscious no doubt of the sharp crackling movements by which in the distance Lady Grosville was dumbly expressing herself—through the *Times*. Cliffe looked at the small figure a moment, then seized a chair, and sat down in front of her, astride.

"I wonder why you want to please us?" he said, abruptly, his magnificent blue eyes upon her.

"Ah!" said Kitty, throwing up her hands,—“if we only knew!”

"You find in it the tragedy of your sex?"

"Or comedy," said the Dean, rising. "I take you at your word, Lady Kitty. To-night it will be your duty to please me. Remember!—you promised to say us some more French." He lifted an admonitory finger.

"I don't know any *Athalie*," said Kitty, demurely, crossing her hands upon her knee.

The Dean smiled to himself, as he crossed the room to Lady Grosville, and endeavored by an impartial criticism of the new curate's manner and voice, as they had revealed themselves in church that morning, to distract her attention from her niece.

A hopeless task—for Kitty's personality was of the kind which absorbs, engulfs attention, do what the bystander will. Eyes and ears were drawn perforce into the little whirlpool that she made—their owners yielding them now with delight, now with repulsion.

Mary Lyster, for instance, came in presently, fresh from a walk with Lady Edith Manley. She, too, had changed her dress. But it was a discreet and reasonable change, and Lady Grosville looked at her soft gray gown with its muslin collar and cuffs—delicately embroidered, yet of a unlike cut and air notwithstanding—with a hot energy of approval, provoked entirely by Kitty's audacities. Mary meanwhile raised her eyebrows gently at the sight of Kitty. She swept past the group, giving a cool greeting to Geoffrey Cliffe, and presently settled herself in the farther room, attended by Louis Harman and Darrell, who had just

arrived by the afternoon train. Clearly she observed Kitty and observed her with dislike. The attitude of her companions was not so simple.

"What an amazing young woman!" said Harman, presently, under his breath,—yet open-mouthed. "I suppose she and Cliffe are old friends."

"I believe they never met before," said Mary.

Darrell laughed.

"Lady Kitty makes short work of the preliminaries," he said; "she told me the other night life wasn't long enough to begin with talk about the weather."

"The weather?" said Harman. "At the present moment she and Cliffe seem to be discussing the *Dame aux Camélias*. Since when do they take young girls to see that kind of thing in Paris?"

Miss Lyster gave a little cough, and bending forward, said to Harman: "Lady Tranmore has shown me your picture. It is a dear, delicious thing! I never saw anything more heavenly than the angel."

Harman smiled a flattered smile. Mary Lyster referred to a copy of a Filippo Lippi "Annunciation" which he had just executed in water-color for Lady Tranmore, to whom he was devoted. He was, however, devoted to a good many peeresses, with whom he took tea, and for whom he undertook many harmless and elegant services. He painted their portraits, in small size after Pre-Raphaelite models, and he occasionally presented them with copies—a little weak, but charming—of their favorite Italian pictures. He and Mary began now to talk of Florence with much enthusiasm and many caressing adjectives. For Harman most things were "sweet"; for Mary, "interesting" or "suggestive." She talked fast and fluently; a subtle observer might have guessed she wished it to be seen that, for her, Lady Kitty Bristol's flirtations, be they in or out of taste, were simply non-existent.

Darrell listened intermittently, watched Cliffe and Lady Kitty, and thought a good deal. That extraordinary girl was certainly "carrying on" with Cliffe, as she had "carried on" with Ashe on the night of her first acquaintance with him in St. James's Place. Ashe apparently took it with equanimity, for he was still

sitting beside the pair, twisting a paper-knife and smiling,—sometimes putting in a word, but more often silent, and apparently of no account at all to either Kitty or Cliffe.

Darrell knew that the new minister disliked and despised Geoffrey Cliffe; he was aware too that Cliffe returned these sentiments, and was not unlikely to be found attacking Ashe in public before long on certain points of foreign policy, where Cliffe conceived himself to be a master. The meeting of the two men under the Grosvilles' roof struck Darrell as curious. Why had Cliffe been invited by these very respectable and strait-laced people, the Grosvilles? Darrell could only reflect that Lady Eleanor Cliffe, the traveller's mother, was probably connected with them by some of those innumerable and ever-ramifying links that hold together a certain large group of English families; and that, moreover, Lady Grosville, in spite of philanthropy and evangelicalism, had always shown a rather pronounced taste in "lions"—of the masculine sort. Of the women to be met with at Grosville Park, one could be certain. Lady Grosville made no excuses for her own sex. But she was a sufficiently ambitious hostess to know that agreeable parties are not constructed out of the saints alone. The men, therefore, must provide the sinners; and of some of the persons then most in vogue she was careful not to know too much. For, socially, one must live; and that being so, the strictness of to-day may have at any moment to be purchased by the laxity of to-morrow. Such at any rate was Darrell's analysis of the situation.

He was still astonished, however, when all was said. For Cliffe, during the preceding winter, on his return from some remarkable travels in Persia had paused on the Riviera, and an affair at Cannes with a French Vicomtesse had got into the English papers. No one knew the exact truth of it; and a small volume of verse by Cliffe published immediately afterwards, verse very distinguished, passionate, and obscure, had offered many clues, but no solution whatever. Nobody supposed, however, that the story was anything but a bad one. Moreover, the last book of travels—which had had an enormous success—contained one of the most



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

CLIFFE AND LADY KITTY AT THE PIANO

malicious attacks on Foreign Missions that Darrell remembered. And if the missionaries had a supporter in England, it was Lady Grosville. Had she designs—material designs—on behalf of Miss Amy or Miss Caroline? Darrell smiled at the notion. Cliffe must certainly marry money and was not to be captured by any Miss Amys,—or Lady Kittys either, for the matter of that.

But— Darrell glanced at the lady beside him, and his busy thoughts took a new turn. He had seen the greeting between Miss Lyster and Cliffe. It was cold; but, all the same, the world knew that they had once been friends. Was it some five years before that Miss Lyster, then in the height of a brilliant season under the wing of Lady Tranmore, had been much seen in public with Geoffrey Cliffe? Then he had departed eastwards, to explore the upper waters of the Mekong, and the gossip excited had died away. Of late her name had been rather coupled with that of William Ashe.

Well, so far as the world was concerned, she might mate with either—with the mad notoriety of Cliffe or the young distinction of Ashe. Darrell's bitter heart contracted as he reflected that only for him and the likes of him—men of the people, with average ability and a scarcely average income—were maidens of Mary Lyster's dower and pedigree out of reach. Meanwhile he revenged himself by being her very good friend, and allowing himself at times much caustic plainness of speech in his talks with her.

"What are you three gossiping about?" said Ashe, strolling in presently from the other room to join them.

"As usual," said Darrell. "I am listening to perfection—Miss Lyster and Harman are discussing pictures."

Ashe stifled a little yawn. He threw himself down by Mary, vowing that there was no more pleasure to be got out of pictures, now that people would try to know so much about them. Mary meanwhile raised herself involuntarily to look into the farther room, where the noise made by Cliffe and Lady Kitty had increased.

"They are going to sing," said Ashe, lazily—"and it won't be hymns."

In fact, Lady Kitty had opened the

piano, and had begun the first bars of something French and operatic. At the first sound of Kitty's music, however, Lady Grosville drew herself up; she closed the volume of evangelical sermons for which she had exchanged the *Times*; she deposited her spectacles sharply on the table beside her.

"Amy!—Caroline!"

Those young ladies rose. So did Lady Grosville. Kitty meanwhile sat with suspended fingers and laughing eyes, waiting on her aunt's movements.

"Kitty, pray don't let me interfere with your playing," said Lady Grosville with severe politeness,—“but perhaps you would kindly put it off for half an hour. I am now going to read to the servants—”

"Gracious!" said Kitty, springing up. "I was going to play Mr. Cliffe some Offenbach."

"Very charming, no doubt. But the piano can be heard in the library, and your cousin Amy plays the harmonium—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Kitty—"we will be as quiet as mice. Or—" she made a quick step in pursuit of her aunt. "Shall I come and sing, Aunt Lina?"

Ashe in his shelter behind Mary Lyster fell into a silent convulsion of laughter.

"No, thank you!" said Lady Grosville, hastily. And she rustled away, followed by her daughters.

Kitty came flying into the inner room, followed by Cliffe.

"What have I done?" she said, breathlessly, addressing Harman, who rose to greet her. "Mayn't one play the piano here on Sundays?"

"That depends," said Harman, "on what you play."

"Who made your English Sunday?" said Kitty, impetuously. "*Je vous demande—who?*"

She threw her challenge to all the winds of heaven—standing tiptoe, her hands poised on the back of a chair, the smallest and most delicate of furies.

"A breath unmakes it, as a breath has made," said Cliffe. "Come and play billiards, Lady Kitty. You said just now you played."

"Billiards!" said Harman, throwing up his hands. "On Sunday—*here?*"

"Can they hear the balls?" said Kitty, eagerly, with a gesture towards the library.

Mary Lyster, who had been perfunctorily looking at a book, laid it down.

"It would certainly greatly distress Lady Grosville," she said, in a voice studiously soft, but on that account perhaps all the more significant.

Kitty glanced at Mary, and Ashe saw the sudden red in her cheek. She turned provokingly to Cliffe. "There's quite half an hour, isn't there, before one need dress—"

"More," said Cliffe. "Come along."

And he made for the door, which he held open for her. It was now Mary Lyster's turn to flush—the rebuff had been so naked and unadorned. Ashe rose as Kitty passed him.

"Why don't you come, too?" she said, pausing. There was a flash from eyes deep and dark beneath a pair of wilful brows. "Aunt Lina would never be cross with *you*!"

"Thank you! I should be delighted to play buffer, but unfortunately I have some work I must do before dinner."

"Must you?" She looked at him uncertainly, then at Cliffe. In the dusk of the large, heavily furnished room the pale yet brilliant gold of her hair, her white dress, her slim energy and elegance, drew all their eyes—even Mary Lyster's.

"I must," Ashe repeated, smiling. "I am glad your headache is so much better."

"It is not in the least better!"

"Then you disguise it like a heroine."

He stood beside her, looking down upon her, his height and strength measured against her smallness. Apparently his amused detachment, the slight dryness of his tone, annoyed her. She made a tart reply and vanished through the door that Cliffe held open for her.

Ashe retired to his own room, dealt with some Foreign Office work, and then allowed himself a meditative smoke. The click of the billiard-balls had ceased abruptly about ten minutes after he had begun upon his papers; there had been voices in the hall, Lord Grosville's, he thought, amongst them; and now all was silence.

He thought of the events of the afternoon with mingled amusement and annoyance. Cliffe was an unscrupulous fellow, and the child's head might be turned.

She should be protected from him in future—he vowed she should. Lady Tranmore should take it in hand. She had been a match for Cliffe in various other directions before this.

What brought the man, with his notorious character and antecedents, to Grosville Park—one of the dwindling number of country houses in England where the old Puritan restrictions still held? It was said he was on the lookout for a post—Ashe indeed happened to know it officially; and Lord Grosville had a good deal of influence. Moreover, failing an appointment, he was understood to be aiming at Parliament and office; and there were two safe county seats within the Grosville sphere.

"Yet even when he wants a thing he can't behave himself in order to get it," thought Ashe. "Anybody else would have turned Sabbatarian for once, and refrained from flirting with the Grosvilles' niece. But that's Cliffe all over—and perhaps the best thing about him."

He might have added that as Cliffe was supposed to desire an appointment under either the Foreign Office or the Colonial Office, it might have been thought to his interest to show himself more urbane than he had in fact shown himself that afternoon to the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But Ashe rarely or never indulged himself in reflections of that kind. Besides, he and Cliffe knew each other too well for posing. There was a time when they had been on very friendly terms, and when Cliffe had been constantly in his mother's drawing-room. Lady Tranmore had a weakness for "influencing" young men of family and ability; and Cliffe in fact owed her a good deal. Then she had seen cause to think ill of him; and moreover his travels had taken him to the other side of the world. Ashe was now well aware that Cliffe reckoned on him as a hostile influence, and would not try either to deceive or to propitiate him.

He thought Cliffe had been disagreeably surprised to see him that afternoon. Perhaps it was the sudden sense of antagonism acting on the man's excitable nature that had made him fling himself into the wild nonsense he had talked with Lady Kitty!

And thenceforward Ashe's thoughts

were possessed by Kitty only,—Kitty in her two aspects, of the morning and the afternoon. He dressed in a reverie, and went down-stairs, still dreaming.

At dinner he found himself responsible for Mary Lyster. Kitty was on the other side of the table, widely separated both from himself and Cliffe. She was in a little Empire dress of blue and silver, as extravagantly simple as her gown of the afternoon had been extravagantly elaborate.

Ashe observed the furtive study that the Grosville girls could not help bestowing upon her,—upon her shoulder-straps and long bare arms, upon her high waist, and the blue and silver bands in her hair. Kitty herself sat in a pensive or proud silence. The Dean was beside her, but she scarcely spoke to him, and as to the young man from the neighborhood who had taken her in, he was to her as though he were not.

"Has there been a row?" Ashe inquired, in a low voice, of his companion.

Mary looked at him quietly.

"Lord Grosville asked them not to play—because of the servants."

"Good!" said Ashe. "The servants were, of course, playing cards in the housekeeper's room."

"Not at all. They were singing hymns with Lady Grosville."

Ashe looked incredulous.

"Only the slaveys and scullery-maids that couldn't help themselves. Never mind. Was Lady Kitty amenable?"

"She seems to have made Lord Grosville very angry. Lady Grosville and I smoothed him down."

"Did you?" said Ashe. "That was nice of you."

Mary colored a little, and did not reply. Presently Ashe resumed:

"Aren't you as sorry for her as I am?"

"For Lady Kitty? I should think she managed to amuse herself pretty well."

"She seems to me the most deplorable, tragic little person," said Ashe, slowly.

Miss Lyster laughed.

"I really don't see it," she said.

"Oh yes, you do," he persisted—"if you think a moment. Be kind to her!—won't you?"

She drew herself up, with a soft, cold dignity. "I confess that she has never attracted me in the least."

Ashe returned to his dinner, dimly conscious that he had spoken like a fool.

When the ladies had withdrawn, the conversation fell on some important news from the Far East contained in the Sunday papers that Geoffrey Cliffe had brought down, and presumed to form part of the despatches which the two ministers staying in the house had received that afternoon by Foreign Office messenger. The government of Teheran was in one of its periodical fits of ill temper with England; had been meddling with Afghanistan, flirting badly with Russia, and bringing ridiculous charges against the British minister. An expedition to Bushire was talked of, and the Radical press was on the war-path. The cabinet minister said little. A Lord Privy Seal reverentially credited with advising royalty in its private affairs need have no views on the Persian Gulf. But Ashe was appealed to and talked well. The minister at Teheran was an old friend of his, and he described the personal attacks made on him for political reasons by the Shah and his ministers with a humor which kept the table entertained.

Suddenly Cliffe interposed. He had been listening with restlessness, though Ashe, with pointed courtesy, had once or twice included him in the conversation. And presently, at a somewhat dramatic moment, he met a statement of Ashe's with a direct and violent contradiction. Ashe flushed, and a duel began between the two men, of which the company were soon silent spectators. Ashe had the resources of official knowledge; Cliffe had been recently on the spot, and pushed home the advantage of the eyewitness with a covert insolence, which Ashe bore with surprising carelessness and good temper. In the end Cliffe said some outrageous things, at which Ashe laughed; and Lord Grosville abruptly dissolved the party.

Ashe went smiling out of the dining-room, caressing a fine white spaniel, as though nothing had happened. In crossing the hall Harman found himself alone with the Dean, who looked serious and preoccupied.

"That was a curious spectacle," said Harman. "Ashe's equanimity was amazing."

"I had rather have seen him angrier," said the Dean, slowly.

"He was always a very tolerant, easy-going fellow."

The Dean shook his head.

"A touch of *sæva indignatio* now and then would complete him."

"Has he got it in him?"

"Perhaps not," said the little Dean, with a flash of expression that dignified all his frail person. "But without it he will hardly make a great man."

Meanwhile Geoffrey Cliffe, his strange twisted face still vindictively aglow, made his way to Kitty Bristol's corner in the drawing-room. Mary Lyster was conscious of it; conscious also of a certain look that Kitty bestowed upon the entrance of Ashe, while Cliffe was opening a battery of mingled chaff and compliments that did not at first have much effect upon her. But William Ashe threw himself into conversation with Lady Edith Manley, and was presently to all appearance happily plunged in gossip, his tall person wholly at ease in a deep arm-chair, while Lady Edith bent over him with smiles. Meanwhile there was a certain desertion of Kitty on the part of the ladies. Lady Grosville hardly spoke to her, and the girls markedly avoided her. There was a moment when Kitty, looking round her, suddenly shook her small shoulders, and like a colt escaping from harness gave herself to riot. She and Cliffe amused themselves so well and so noisily that the whole drawing-room was presently uneasily aware of them. Lady Grosville shot glances of wrath, rose suddenly at one moment and sat down again; her girls talked more disjointedly than ever to the gentlemen who were civilly attending them; while on the other hand Miss Lyster's flow of conversation with Louis Harman was more softly copious than usual. At last the Dean's wife looked at the Dean, a signal of kind distress, and the Dean advanced.

"Lady Kitty," he said, taking a seat beside the pair, "have you forgotten you promised me some French?"

Kitty turned on him a hot and mutinous face. "Did I? What shall I say? Some Alfred de Musset?"

"No—" said the Dean. "I think not."

"Some—some—" she cudgelled her memory—"some Théophile Gautier?"

"No, certainly not!" said the Dean, hastily.

"Well, as I don't know a word of him—" laughed Kitty.

"That was mischievous," said the Dean, raising a finger. "Let me suggest Lamartine!"

Kitty shook her head obstinately. "I never learnt one line!"

"Then some of the old fellows," said the Dean, persuasively. "I long to hear you in Corneille or Racine. That we should *all* enjoy."

And suddenly his wrinkled hand fell kindly on the girl's small, chilly fingers and patted them. Their eyes met, Kitty's wild and challenging, the Dean's full of that ethereal benevolence which blended so agreeably with his character as courtier and man of the world. There was a bright sweetness in them which seemed to say: "Poor child! I understand. But be a *little* good,—as well as clever—and all will be well."

Suddenly Kitty's look wavered and fell. All the harshness dissolved from her thin young beauty. She turned from Cliffe, and the Dean saw her quiver with submission.

"I think I could say some *Polyeucte*," she said, gently.

The Dean clapped his hands and rose.

"Lady Grosville," he said, raising his voice—"ladies and gentlemen, Lady Kitty has promised to say us some more French poetry. You remember how admirably she recited last night. But this is Sunday, and she will give us something in a different vein."

Lady Grosville, who had risen impatiently, sat down again. There was a general movement; chairs were turned or drawn forward, till a circle formed. Meanwhile the Dean consulted with Kitty and resumed:

"Lady Kitty will recite a scene from Corneille's beautiful tragedy of *Polyeucte*—the scene in which Pauline, after witnessing the martyrdom of her husband, who has been beheaded for refusing to sacrifice to the gods, returns from the place of execution so melted by the love and sacrifice she has beheld, that she opens her heart then and there to the same august faith and pleads for the same death."

The Dean seated himself, and Kitty

stepped into the centre of the circle. She thought a moment, her lips moving as though she recalled the lines. Then she looked down at her bare arms and dress, frowned, and suddenly approached Lady Edith Manley.

"May I have that?" she said, pointing to a lace cloak that lay on Lady Edith's knee. "I am rather cold."

Lady Edith handed it to her, and she threw it round her.

"Actress!" said Cliffe, under his breath, with a grin of amusement.

At any rate her impulse served her well. Her form and dress disappeared under a cloud of white. She became in a flash, so to speak, evangelized—a most innocent and spiritual apparition. Her beautiful head, her kindled and transfigured face, her little hand on the white folds, these alone remained to mingle their impression with the austere and moving tragedy which her lips recited. Her audience looked on at first with the embarrassed or hostile air which is the Englishman's natural protection against the great things of art; then for those who understood French the high passion and the noble verse began to tell, while those who could not follow were gradually enthralled by the gestures and tones with which the slight vibrating creature, whom, but ten minutes before, most of them had regarded as a mere noisy flirt, suggested and conveyed the finest and most compelling shades of love, faith, and sacrifice.

When she ceased, there was a moment's profound silence. Then Lady Edith, drawing a long breath, expressed the welcome commonplace which restored the atmosphere of daily life:

"How *could* you remember it all?"

Kitty sat down, her lip trembling scornfully.

"I had to say it every week at the convent."

"I understand," said Cliffe in Darrell's ear, "that last night she was Doña Sol. An accommodating young woman!"

Meanwhile Kitty looked up to find Ashe beside her. He said, "Magnificent!"—but it did not matter to her what he said. Her face told her that she had moved him, and that he was incapable of any foolish chatter about it. A smile of extraordinary sweetness sprang into

her eyes; and when Lady Grosville came up to thank her, the girl impetuously rose, and, in the foreign way, kissed her hand, curtsying. Lord Grosville said, heartily, "Upon my word, Kitty, you ought to go on the stage!"—and she smiled upon him too in a flutter of feeling, forgetting his scolding and her own impertinence, before dinner. The revulsion indeed throughout the company—with two exceptions—was complete. For the rest of the evening Kitty basked in sunshine and flattery. She met it with a joyous gentleness, and the little figure, still bedraped in white, became the centre of the room's kindness.

The Dean was triumphant.

"My dear Miss Lyster," he said, presently, finding himself near that lady, "did you ever hear anything better done? A most remarkable talent!"

Mary smiled.

"I am wondering," she said, "what they teach you in French convents—and why! It is all so singular—isn't it?"

Late that night Ashe entered his room—before his usual time, however. He had tired even of Lord Grosville's chat, and had left the smoking-room still talking. Indeed he wished to be alone, and there was that in his veins which told him that a new motive had taken possession of his life.

He sat beside the open window reviewing the scenes and feelings of the day—his interview with Kitty in the morning—the teasing coquette of the afternoon—the inspired poetic child of the evening. Rapidly, but none the less strongly and steadfastly, he made up his mind. He would ask Kitty Bristol to marry him, and he would ask her immediately.

Why? He scarcely knew her. His mother, his family, would think it madness. No doubt it was madness. Yet, as far as he could explain his impulse himself, it depended on certain fundamental facts in his own nature,—it was in keeping with his deepest character. He had an inbred love of the difficult, the unconventional in life, of all that piqued and stimulated his own superabundant consciousness of resource and power. And he had a tenderness of feeling, a gift of chivalrous pity, only known to the few, which was in truth always hungrily on

the watch, like some starved faculty that cannot find its outlet. The thought of this beautiful child in the hands of such a mother as Madame d'Estrées, and rushing upon risks illustrated by the half-mocking attentions of Geoffrey Cliffe, did in truth wring his heart. With a strange imaginative clearness he foresaw her future, he beheld her the prey at once of some bad fellow and of her own temperament. She would come to grief; he saw the prescience of it in her already; and what a waste would be there!

No! he would step in,—capture her before these ways and whims, now merely bizarre or foolish, stiffened into what might in truth destroy her. His pulse quickened as he thought of the development of this beauty, the ripening of this intelligence. Never yet had he seen a girl whom he much wished to marry. He was easily repelled by stupidity, still more by mere amiability. Some touch of acid, of roughness in the fruit,—that drew him, in politics, thought, love. And, if she married him, he vowed to himself, proudly, that she would find him no tyrant. Many a man might marry her, who would then fight her and try to break her. All that was most fastidious and characteristic in Ashe revolted from such a notion. With him she should have *freedom*,—whatever it might cost. He asked himself deliberately whether after marriage he could see her flirting with other men, as she had flirted that day with Cliffe, and still refrain from coercing her. And his question was answered first by the confidence of nascent love,—he would love her so well and so royally that she would naturally turn to him for counsel; and then by the clear perception that she was a creature of mind rather than sense, governed mainly by the caprices and curiosities of the *intelligence*. Ungoverned imagination, combined with a rather cold indifferent temperament—he read her so. One moment throwing herself wildly into a dangerous or exciting intimacy; the next, parting with a laugh and without a regret,—it was thus he saw her in the future, even as a wife. “She may scandalize half the world,” he said to himself stubbornly,—“I shall understand her!”

But his mother? his friends? his

colleagues? He knew well his mother's ambitions for him, and the place that he held in her heart. Could he without cruelty impose upon her such a daughter as Kitty Bristol? Well!—his mother had a very large experience of life, and much natural independence of mind. He trusted her to see the promise in this untamed and gifted creature; he counted on the sense of power that Lady Tranmóre possessed, and which would but find new scope in the taming of Kitty.

But Kitty's mother? Here, too, however, Ashe's easy-goingness made sure of a solution. Kitty must, of course, be rescued from Madame d'Estrées,—must find a new and truer mother in Lady Tranmore. Money would do it; and money must be lavished.

Then, almost for the first time, Ashe felt a conscious delight in wealth and birth. *Panache*? He could give it her—the little, wild, lovely thing! Luxury, society, adoration,—all should be hers. She should be so loved and cherished, she must needs love in return.

His dreams were delicious; and the sudden fear into which he fell at the end lest after all Kitty should mock and turn from him was only in truth another pleasure. No delay! Circumstances might develop at any moment and sweep her from him. Now or never must he snatch her from difficulty and disgrace—let hostile tongues wag as they pleased—and make her his.

His political future? He knew well the influence which, in these days of universal publicity, a man's private affairs may have on his public career. And in truth his heart was in that career, and the thought of endangering it hurt him. Certainly it would recommend him to nobody that he should marry Madame d'Estrées' daughter. On the other hand, what favor did he want of anybody?—save what work and “knowing more than the other fellows” might compel? The cynic in him was well aware that he had already what other men fought for—family, money, and position. Society must accept his wife; and Kitty, once mellowed by happiness and praise, might live, laugh, and rattle as she pleased.

As for strangeness and caprice, the modern world delights in them; “the violent take it by force.” There is indeed a

dividing line; but it was a love marriage that should keep Kitty on the safe side of it.

He stood lost in a very ecstasy of resolve, when suddenly there was a sharp movement outside, and a flash of white among the yew hedges bordering the formal garden on which his windows looked. The night outside was still and veiled, but of the flash of white he was certain—and of a step on the gravel.

Something fell beside him, thrown from outside. He picked it up, and found a flower weighted by a stone, tied into a fold of ribbon.

"Madcap!" he said to himself, his heart beating to suffocation.

Then he stole out of his room, and down a small winding staircase which led directly to the garden and a door beside the orangery. He had to unbolt the door, and as he did so a dog in one of the basement rooms began to bark. But there could be no flinching, though the whole thing was of an imprudence which pricked his conscience. To slip along the shadowed side of the orangery, to cross the space of clouded light beyond, and gain the darkness of the ilex avenue was soon done. Then he heard a soft laugh, and a little figure fled before him. He followed and overtook.

Kitty Bristol turned upon him.

"Didn't I throw straight?" she said, triumphantly. "And they say girls can't throw."

"But why did you throw at all?" he said, capturing her hand.

"Because I wanted to talk to you. And I was restless and couldn't sleep. Why did you never come and talk to me this afternoon? And why"—she beat her foot angrily—"did you let me go and play billiards alone with Mr. Cliffe?"

"Let you!" cried Ashe. "As if anybody could have prevented you!"

"One sees, of course, that you detest Mr. Cliffe," said the whiteness beside him.

"I didn't come here to talk about Geoffrey Cliffe. I *won't* talk about him! Though of course you must know—"

"That I flirted with him abominably all the afternoon? *C'est vrai—c'est absolument vrai!* And I shall always want to flirt with him, wherever I am—and whatever I may be doing."

"Do as you please," said Ashe, dryly, "but I think you will get tired."

"No, no—he excites me! He is bad, false, selfish, but he excites me. He talks to very few women—one can see that. And all the women want to talk to him. He used to admire Miss Lyster, and now he dislikes her. But she doesn't dislike him. No! she would marry him to-morrow if he asked her."

"You are very positive," said Ashe. "Allow me to say that I entirely disagree with you."

"You don't know anything about her," said the teasing voice.

"She is my cousin, mademoiselle."

"What does that matter? I know much more than you do, though I have only seen her two days. I know that—well, I am afraid of her!"

"Afraid of her? Did you come out—may I ask?—determined to talk nonsense?"

"I came out—never mind! I *am* afraid of her. She hates me. I think"—he felt a shiver in the air—"she will do me harm if she can."

"No one shall do you harm," said Ashe, his tone changing—"if you will only trust yourself—"

She laughed merrily. "To you? Oh! you'd soon throw it up."

"Try me!" he said, approaching her. "Lady Kitty, I have something to say to you."

Suddenly she shrank away from him. He could not see her face, and had nothing to guide him.

"I have only known you ten days," he said, overmastered by something passionate and profound. "I don't know what you will say—whether you can put up with me. But I know my own mind—I shall not change. I—I love you. I ask you to marry me."

A silence. The night seemed to have grown darker. Then a small hand seized his, and two soft lips pressed themselves upon it. He tried to capture her, but she evaded him.

"You—you really and actually—want to marry me?"

"I do, Kitty, with all my heart."

"You remember about my mother—about Alice?"

"I remember everything. We would face it together."

"And you know what I told you about my bad temper?"

"Some nonsense, wasn't it? But I should be bored by the domestic dove. I want the hawk, Kitty, with its quick wings and its daring bright eyes."

She broke from him with a cry.

"You must listen. I *have*—a wicked, odious, ungovernable temper—I should make you miserable."

"Not at all," said Ashe. "I should take it very calmly. I am made that way."

"And then—I don't know how to put it—but I have fancies—overpowering fancies—and I must follow them. I have one now for Geoffrey Cliffe!"

Ashe laughed.

"Oh, that won't last."

"Then some other will come after it. And I can't help it. It is my head"—she tapped her forehead lightly—"that seems on fire."

Ashe at last slipped his arm round her.

"But it is your heart—you will give me."

She pushed him away from her and held him at arm's length.

"You are very rich, aren't you?" she said, in a muffled voice.

"I am well off. I can give you all the pretty things you want."

"And some day you will be Lord Transmore?"

"Yes, when my poor father dies," he said, sighing. He felt her fingers caress his hand again. It was a spirit touch, light and tender.

"And every one says you are so clever—you have such prospects. Perhaps you will be Prime Minister."

"Well, there's no saying," he threw out, laughing,—"if you'll come and help."

He heard a sob.

"Help! I should be the ruin of you.

I should spoil everything. You don't know the mischief I can do. And I can't help it; it's in my blood."

"You would like the game of politics too much to spoil it, Kitty." His voice broke and lingered on the name. "You would want to be a great lady and lead the party."

"Should I? Could you ever teach me how to behave?"

"You would learn by nature. Do you know, Kitty, how clever you are?"

"Yes," she sighed. "I am clever. But there is always something that hinders—that brings failure."

"How old are you?" he said, laughing.

"Eighteen—or eighty?"

Suddenly he put out his arms, enfolding her. And she, still sobbing, raised her hands, clasped them round his neck, and clung to him like a child.

"Oh! I knew—I knew—when I first saw your face. I had been so miserable all day—and then you looked at me—and I wanted to tell you all. Oh, I adore you—I adore you!"

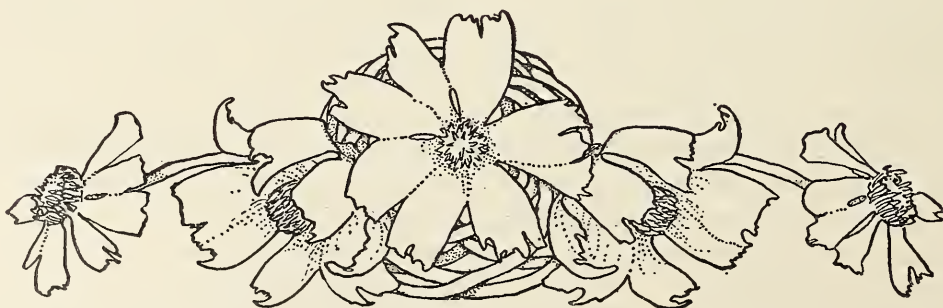
Their faces met. Ashe tasted a moment of rapture; and knew himself free at last of the great company of poets and of lovers.

They slipped back to the house, and Ashe saw her disappear by a door on the farther side of the orangery,—noiselessly, without a sound. Except that just at the last she drew him to her and breathed a scared whisper in his ear—

"Oh! what—what will Lady Transmore say?"

Then she fled. But she left her question behind her, and when the dawn came, Ashe found that he had spent half the night in trying anew to frame some sort of an answer to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Hyacinthus

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE group was seated on the flat door-stone and the gravel walk in front of it, which crossed the green square of the Lynn front yard. On the wide flat stone, in two chairs, sat Mrs. Rufus Lynn and her opposite neighbor, Mrs. Wilford Biggs. On a chair on the gravel walk sat Mr. John Mangam, Mrs. Biggs's brother—an elderly unmarried man who lived in the village. On the step itself sat Mrs. Samson, an old lady of eighty-five, as straight as if she were sixteen, and by her side, her long body bent gracefully, her elbows resting on her knees, her chin resting in the cup of her two hands, Sarah Lynn, her great-granddaughter. Sarah Lynn was often spoken of as "pretty if she wasn't so slouchy," in Adams, the village in which she had been born and bred. Adams people were not, generally speaking, of the kind who understand the grace which may exist in utter freedom of attitude and motion.

It was a very hot evening of one of the hottest days of July, and Mrs. Rufus Lynn wore in deference to the climate a gown of white cambric with a little black sprig thereon, but nothing could excel the smoothly boned fit of it. And she did not lean back in her chair, but was as erect as the very old lady on the door-step, who was her grandmother, and who was also stiffly gowned, in a black cashmere as straightly made as if it had been armor. The influence of heredity showed strongly in the two, but in Sarah showed the intervening generation.

Sarah was a great beauty with no honor in her own country. Her long softly curved figure was surmounted by a head wound with braids of the purest flax color, and a face like a cameo. She was very fair, with the fairness of alabaster. Her mother's face had a hard blondness, pink and white, but fixed, and her great-grandmother had the same.

Mrs. Samson often glanced disapprovingly at her great-granddaughter, seated by her side in her utterly lax attitude. "Don't set so hunched up," she whispered to her in a sharp hiss. She did not want Mr. John Mangam, whom she regarded as a suitor of Sarah's, to have his attention called to the girl's defects.

But Sarah had laughed softly, and replied, quite aloud, in a languid, sweet voice, "Oh, it is so hot, grandma!"

"What if it is hot?" said the old woman. "You ain't no hotter settin' up than you be slouchin'." She still spoke in a whisper, and Sarah had only laughed and said nothing more.

As for Mrs. Wilford Biggs and her brother, Mr. John Mangam, they maintained, as always, silence. Neither of the two ever spoke, as a rule, unless spoken to. John was called a very rich man in Adams. He had gone to the far West in his youth and made money in cattle.

"And how in creation he ever made any money in cattle, a man that don't talk no more than he does, beats me," Mrs. Samson often said to her granddaughter, Mrs. Lynn. She was quite outspoken to her about John Mangam, although never to Sarah. "It does seem as if a man would have to say somethin', to manage critters," said the old woman.

Mr. John Mangam and Mrs. Wilford Biggs grated on her nerves. She privately considered it an outrage for Mrs. Biggs to come over nearly every evening and sit and rock and say nothing, and often fall asleep, and for Mr. Mangam to do the same. It was not so much the silence as the attitude of almost injured expectancy which irritated. Both gave the effect of waiting for other people to talk to them, to tell them interesting bits of news, to ask them questions—to set them going, as it were.

Mrs. Lynn and her grandmother tried to fulfil their duty in this direction,

but Sarah did not trouble herself in the least. She continued to sit bent over like a lily limp with the heat, and she stared with her two great blue eyes in her cameo face forth at the wonders of the summer night, and she had apparently very little consciousness of the people around her. Her loose white gown fell loosely around her; her white elbows were quite visible from the position in which she held her arms. Her lovely hair hung in soft loops over her ears. She was the only one who paid the slightest attention to the beauty of the night. She was filling her whole soul with it.

It was a wonderful night, and Adams was a village in which to see a wonderful night. It was flanked by a river, upon the opposite bank of which rose a gentle mountain. Above the mountain the moon was appearing with the beauty of revelation, and the tall trees made superb shadow effects. The night also was not without its voices and its fragrances. Katydidids were shrilling from every thicket, and over somewhere near the river a whippoorwill was persistently calling. As for the fragrances, they were those of the dark, damp skirts and wings of the night, the evidences as loud as voices of green shrubs and flowers blooming in low wet places; but dominant above all was the scent of the lilies. The whole night was redolent with lilies. One breathed in lilies to that extent that one's thought seemed fairly scented with them. It was easy enough, by looking toward the left, to see where the fragrance came from. There was evident, on the other side of a low hedge, a pale florescence of the flowers. Beyond them rose, pale likewise, the great Ware house, the largest in the village, and the oldest. Hyacinthus Ware was the sole representative of the old family known to be living. Presently the group on the Lynn door-step began to talk about him, leading up to the subject from the fragrance of the lilies.

"Them lilies is so sweet they are sickish," said the old grandmother.

"Yes, they be dreadful sickish," said Mrs. Lynn. Mrs. Wilford Biggs and Mr. Mangam, as usual, said nothing.

"Hyacinthus is home, I see," said Mrs. Lynn.

"Yes, I see him on the street t'other

day," said the old woman, in her thick dialect. She sat straighter than ever as she gazed across at the garden of lilies and the great Ware house, and the cold step-stone seemed to pierce her old spinal column like a rod of steel; but she never flinched.

Mrs. Wilford Biggs and Mr. John Mangam said nothing.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," said Sarah Lynn, unexpectedly, in an odd, shamed, almost awed voice, as if she were speaking of a divinity.

Then for the first time Mr. John Mangam gave evidence of life. He did not speak, but he made an inarticulate noise between a grunt and a sniff.

"Well, if you call that man good-lookin'," said Mrs. Lynn, "you don't see the way I do, that's all." She looked straight at Mr. John Mangam as she spoke.

"I don't call him good-looking at all," said the old woman; "dreadful white-livered."

Sarah said nothing at all, but the face of the man, Hyacinthus Ware, was before her eyes still, as beautiful and grand as the face of a god.

"Never heerd such a name, either," said the old woman. "His mother was dreadful flowery. She had some outlandish blood. I don't know whether she was Eyetalian or Dutch."

"Her mother was Greek, I always heard," said Mrs. Lynn. "I dun'no' as I ever heard of any other Greek round these parts. I guess they don't emigrate much."

"I guess it was Greek, now you speak of it," said the old woman. "I knew she was outlandish on one side, anyhow. An' as fur callin' him good-lookin'—" She looked aggressively at her great-granddaughter, whose beautiful face was turned toward the moonlit night.

It was a long time that they sat there. It had been a very hot day, and the cool was grateful. Hardly a remark was made, except one from Mrs. Lynn that it was a blessing there were so few mosquitoes and they could sit outdoors such a night.

"I ain't heerd but one all the time I've been settin' here," said the old woman, "and I ketched him."

Sarah, the girl, continued to drink, to eat, to imbibe, to assimilate, toward her

spiritual growth, the beauty of the night, the gentle slope of the mountain, the wavering wings of the shadows, the song of the river, the calls of the whippoorwill and the katydids, the perfume of the unseen green things in the wet places, and the overmastering sweetness of the lilies.

At last Mrs. Wilford Biggs arose to go, and also John Mangam. Both said they must be goin', they guessed, and that was the first remark that had been made by either of them. Mrs. Biggs moved with loose flops down the front walk, and John Mangam walked stiffly behind her. She had merely to cross the road; he had half a mile to walk to his bachelor abode.

"I should think he must be lonesome, poor man, with only that no-account housekeeper to home," said the old woman, as she also rose, with pain, of which she resolutely gave no evidence. Her poor old joints, which needed for their comfort soft cushions, seemed to stab her, but she fought off the pain angrily. Instead she pitied with meaning John Mangam.

"It must be pretty hard for him," assented Mrs. Lynn. She also thought it would be a very good thing for her daughter to marry John Mangam.

Sarah said nothing. The old woman, after saying, like the others, that she guessed she must be goin', crept off alone across the field to her little house. She would have resented any offer to accompany her, and Mrs. Lynn arose to enter the house.

"Well, be you goin' to set there all night?" she asked, rather sharply, of Sarah. It had seemed to her that Sarah might have made a little effort to entertain Mr. John Mangam.

"No. I am coming in, mother," Sarah said. Sarah spoke differently from the others. She had had, as they expressed it in Adams, "advantages." She had, in fact, graduated from a girls' school of considerable repute. Her father had insisted upon it. Mrs. Lynn had rather rebelled against the outlay on Sarah's education. She had John Mangam in mind, and she thought that a course at the high school in Adams would fit her admirably for her life. However, she deferred to Rufus Lynn, and Sarah had her education.

The Lynn house was a large story-and-a-half cottage, the prevalent type of house in Adams. Mrs. Lynn slept in the room she had always occupied on the second floor. In hot weather Sarah slept in the bedroom opening out of the best parlor, because the other second-floor room was hot. Mrs. Lynn went up-stairs with her lamp and left Sarah to go to bed in the bedroom out of the parlor. Sarah went in there with her own little lamp, but even that room seemed stuffy. The heat of the day seemed to have become confined in the house. Sarah stood irresolute for a moment. She looked at the high mound of feather bed, at the small window at the foot, whence came scarcely a whiff of the blessed night air. Then she went back out on the doorstep and again seated herself. As she sat there the scent of the lilies came more strongly than ever, and now with a curious effect. It was to the girl as if the fragrance were twining and winding about her and impelling her like leashes. All at once an impulse of yielding which was really freedom came to her. Why in the world should she not cross the little north yard, step over the low hedge, and go into that lily-garden? She knew that it would be beautiful there. She looked forth into the crystalline light and the soft plummy shade,—she would go over into the Ware garden. With all this, there was no ulterior motive. She had seen the man who lived in the house, and she admired him as one from afar, but she was a girl innocent not only in fact, but in dreams. Of course she had thought of a possible lover and husband, and that some day he might come, and she resented the supposition that John Mangam might be he, but she held even her imagination in a curious respect. While she dreamed of love, she worshipped at the same time.

When she had stepped lightly over the hedge and was moving among the lilies in the strange garden where she had no right, she was beautiful as any nymph. Now that she was in the midst of the lilies, it was as if their fragrance were a chorus sung with a violence of sweet breath in her very face. She felt exhilarated, even intoxicated, by it. She felt as if she were drawing the lilies so into herself that her own person-

ality waned. She seemed to realize what it would be to bloom with that pale glory and exhale such sweetness for a few days. There were other flowers than lilies in the garden, but the lilies were very plentiful. There were white day-lilies, and tiger-lilies which were not sweet at all, and marvellous pink freckled ones which glistened as with drops of silver and were very fragrant. There were also low-growing spider-lilies, but those were not evident at this time of night, and the lilies-of-the-valley, of course, were all gone. There were, however, many other flowers of the old-fashioned varieties—verbenas sweet-williams, phlox, hollyhocks, mignonette, and the like. There was also a quantity of box. The garden was divided into rooms by the box, and in each room bloomed the flowers.

Sarah moved along at her will through the garden. Moving from enclosure to enclosure of box, she came, before she knew it, to the house itself. It loomed up before her a pale massiveness, with no lights in any of the windows, but on the back porch sat the owner. He sat in a high-back chair, with his head tilted back, and his eyes were closed and he seemed to be asleep, but Sarah was not quite sure. She stopped short. She became all at once horribly ashamed and shocked at what she was doing. What would he think of a girl roaming around his garden so late at night—a girl to whom he had never spoken? She was standing against a background of blooming hollyhocks. Her slender height shrank delicately away; she was like a nymph poised for flight, but she dared not even fly lest she wake the man on the porch if he were asleep, or arouse his attention were he awake.

She dared do nothing but remain perfectly still—as still as one of the tall hollyhocks behind her which were crowded with white and yellow rosettes of bloom. She had her long dress wound around her, holding it up with one hand, and the other hand and arm hung whitely at her side in the folds. She stood perfectly still and looked at the man in the porch, on whose face the moon was shining. He looked more than ever to her like something wonderful beyond common. The man had really a wonderful beauty. He was not very young, but no years could

affect the classic outlines of his face, and his colorless skin was as clear and smooth as a boy's. And more than anything to be remarked was the majestic serenity of his expression. He looked like a man who all his life had dominated not only other men, but himself. And there was, besides the appearance of the man, a certain fascination of mystery attached to him. Nobody in Adams knew just how or where he had spent his life. The old Ware house had been occupied for many years only by an old caretaker, who still remained. This caretaker was a man, but with all the housekeeping ability of a woman. He was never seen by Adams people except when he made his marketing expeditions. He was said to keep the house in immaculate order, and he also took care of the garden. He had always been in the Ware household, and there was a tradition that in his youth he had been a very handsome man. "As handsome as any handsome woman you ever saw," the old inhabitants said. He had come not very long before Joseph Ware, the father of Hyacinthus, had died. Joseph's wife had survived him several years. She died quite suddenly of pneumonia when still a comparatively young woman and when Hyacinthus was a boy. Then a maternal uncle had come and taken the boy away with him, to live nobody knew where nor how, until his return a few months since.

There was, of course, much curiosity in Adams concerning him, and the curiosity was not, generally speaking, of a complimentary tendency. Some young and marriageable girls esteemed him very handsome, but the majority of the people said that he was odd and stuck up, as his mother had been before him. He led a quiet life with his books, and he had a room on the ground-floor fitted up as a studio. In there he made things of clay and plaster, as the Adams people said, and curious-looking boxes were sent away by express. It was rumored that a statue by him had been exhibited in New York, but that the Adams people doubted.

Some faces show more plainly in the moonlight, or one imagines so. Hyacinthus Ware's showed as clearly as if carved in marble. He in reality looked so like a statue that the girl standing in the en-



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

NOW SHE WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE LILIES

closure of box with the background of hollyhocks had for a moment imagined that he might be one of his own statues. The eyes, either closed in sleep or appearing to be, heightened the effect.

But the girl was not now in a position to do more than tremble at the plight into which she had gotten herself. It seemed to her that no girl, certainly no girl in Adams, had ever done such a thing. Her freedom of mind now failed her. Another heredity asserted itself. She felt very much as her mother or her great-grandmother might have felt in a similar predicament. It was as horrible as dreams she had sometimes had of walking into church in her nightgear. She was sure that she must not move, and the more so because at a very slight motion of hers there had been a motion as if in response from the man on the porch. Then there was another drawback. Some roses grew behind the hollyhocks, and her skirt was caught. She had felt a little pull at her skirt when she essayed a slight tentative motion. Therefore, in order to fly she could not merely slip away; she would have to make extra motions to disentangle her dress. She therefore remained perfectly still in the attitude of shrinking and flight. She thought that her only course until the man should wake and enter the house; then she could slip away. She had not much fear of being discovered unless by motion; she stood in shadow. Besides, the man had no reason whatever to apprehend the presence of a girl in his garden at that hour, and would not be looking for her. She had an intuitive feeling that unless she moved he would not perceive her. Cramps began to assail even her untrammelled limbs. To maintain one pose so long was almost an impossible feat. She kept hoping that he would wake, that he must wake. It did not seem possible that he could sit there much longer and not wake; and yet the night was so hot—hot, probably, even in the great square rooms of the old Ware house. It was quite natural that he should prefer sleeping there in the cool out-of-doors if he could, but an unreasoning rage seized upon her that he should. She rebelled against the very freedom in another which she had always coveted for herself.

And still he sat there, as white and beautiful and motionless as a statue, and still she kept her enforced attitude. She suffered tortures, but she said to herself that she would not yield, that she would not move. Rather than have that man discover her at that hour in his garden, she would suffer everything. It did not occur to her that possibly this suffering might have consequences which she did not foresee. All that she considered was a simple question of endurance; but all at once her head swam, and she sank down at the feet of the hollyhocks like a broken flower herself. She had completely lost consciousness.

When she came to herself she was lying on the back porch of the old Ware house and a pile of pillows was under her head, and she had a confused impression of vanishing woman draperies, which later on she thought she must have been mistaken about, as she knew, of course, that there was no woman there. Hyacinthus Ware himself was bending over her and fanning her with a great fan of peacock feathers, and the old caretaker had a little glass of wine on a tray. The first thing Sarah heard was Hyacinthus's voice, evenly modulated, with a curious stillness about it.

"I think if you can drink a little of this wine," he said, "you will feel better."

Sarah looked up at the face looking down at her, and all at once a conviction seized upon her that he had not been asleep at all; that he had pretended to be so, and had been enjoying himself at her expense, simply waiting to see how long she would stand there. He probably thought that she—she, Sarah Lynn—had come into his garden at midnight to see him. A sudden fury seized upon her, but when she tried to raise herself she found that she could not. Then she reached out her hand for the wine, and drank it with a fierce gulp, spilling some of it over her dress. It affected her almost instantly. She raised herself, the wine giving her strength, and she looked with a haughty anger at the man, whose expression seemed something between compassion and mocking.

"You saw me all the time," she said. "You did, I know you did, and you let me think you were asleep to see how long I would stand still there, and you think

—you think— I was sitting on my door-step—I live in the next house—and it was very warm in the house, so I came out again and I smelled the lilies over the hedge, and—and—I did not think of you at all.” She was quite on her feet then, and she looked at him with her head thrown back with an air of challenge. “I thought I would like to come over here in the garden,” she continued, in the same angrily excusing tone, “and I did not dream of seeing any one. It was so late, I thought the house would be closed, and when I saw you I thought you were asleep.”

The man began to look genuinely compassionate; the half-smile faded from his lips. “I understand,” he said.

“And I thought if I moved you would wake and see me, and you were awake all the time. You knew all the time, and you waited for me to stand there and feel as I did. I never dreamed a man could be so cruel.”

“I beg your pardon with all my heart,” began Hyacinthus Ware.

But the girl was gone. She staggered a little as she ran, leaping over the box borders. When she was at last in her own home, with the door softly closed and locked behind her, and she was in the parlor bedroom, she could not believe that she was herself. She began to look at things differently. The influence of the intergeneration waned. She thought how her mother would never have done such a thing when she was a girl, how shocked she would be if she knew, and she herself was as shocked as her mother would have been.

It was only a week from the night of the garden episode that Mr. Ware came to make a call, and he came with the minister, who had been an old friend of his father’s.

She lay awake a long time that night, thinking with angry humiliation how her mother wanted her to marry John Mangam, and she thought of Mr. Hyacinthus Ware and his polished, gentle manner, which was yet strong. Then all at once a feeling which she had never known before came over her. She saw quite plainly before her, in the moonlit dusk of the room, Hyacinthus Ware’s face, and she felt that she could go down on her knees before him and worship him.

“Never was such a man,” she said to herself. “Never was a man so beautiful and so good. He is not like other men.”

It was not so much love as devotion which possessed her. She looked out of her little window opposite the bed, at the moonlit night, for the storm had cleared the air. She had the window open and a cool wind was blowing through the room. She looked out at the silver-lit immensity of the sky, and a feeling of exaltation came over her. She thought of Hyacinthus as she might have thought of a divinity. Love and marriage were hardly within her imagination in connection with him. But they came later.

Ware quite often called at the Lynn house. He often joined the group on the door-step in the summer nights. He often came when John Mangam occupied his usual chair in his usual place, and his graceful urbanity on such occasions seemed to make more evident the other man’s stolid or stupid silence. Hyacinthus and Sarah usually had the most of the conversation to themselves, as even Mrs. Lynn and the old woman, who were not backward in speech, were at a loss to discuss many of the topics introduced. One evening, after they had all gone home, Mrs. Lynn looked fiercely at her daughter as she turned, holding her little lamp, which cast a glorifying reflection upon her face, into the parlor whence led her little bedroom.

“You are a good - for - nothin’ girl,” she said. “You ought to be ashamed of yourself.”

“What do you mean, mother?” asked Sarah. She stood fair and white, confronting her mother, who was burning and coarse with wrath.

“You talk about things you and him know that the rest of us can’t talk about. You take advantage because your father and me sent you to school where you could learn more than we could. It wasn’t my fault I didn’t go to school, and ’twa’n’t his fault, poor man. He had to go to work and get all that money he has.” By the last masculine pronoun Mrs. Lynn meant John Mangam.

Sarah had a spirit of her own, and she turned upon her mother, and for the time the two faces looked alike, being swayed with one emotion. “If,” she said, “Mr. Ware and I had to regulate our conver-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SHE PEEPED THROUGH THE TALL FILE OF HOLLYHOCKS

sation in order to enable Mr. Mangam to talk with us, I am sure I don't know what we could say. Mr. Mangam never talks, anyway."

"It ain't always the folks that talks that knows the most and is the best," said Mrs. Lynn. Then her face upon her daughter's turned malevolent, triumphant, and cruel. "I wa'n't goin' to tell you what I heard when I was in Mis' Ketchum's this afternoon," she said. "I thought at first I wouldn't, but now I'm goin' to."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Sarah, in an angry voice; but she quailed.

"I thought at first I wouldn't," her mother continued, pitilessly, "but I see to-night how things are goin'."

"What do you mean by that, mother?"

"I see that you are fool enough to get to likin' a man that has got the gift of the gab, and that you think is good-lookin', and that wears clothes made in the city, better than a good honest feller that we have all known about ever since he was born, and that ain't got no outlandish blood in him, neither."

"Mother!"

"You needn't say mother that way. I ain't a fool, if I haven't been to school like some folks, and I see the way you two looked at each other to-night right before that poor man that has been comin' here steady and means honorable."

"Nobody asked or wanted him to come," said Sarah.

"Maybe you'll change your mind when you hear what I've got to tell you. And I'm goin' to tell you. *Hyacinthus Ware has got a woman livin' over there in that house.*"

Sarah turned ghastly pale, but she spoke firmly. "You mean he is married?" she said.

"I dun'no' whether he is married or not, but there is a woman livin' there."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"It don't make no odds whether you believe it or not, she's there."

"I don't believe it."

"She's been seed."

"Who has seen her?"

"Abby Jane Ketchum herself, when she went round to the back door day before yesterday afternoon to ask if Mr. Ware would buy some of her soap. You know she's sellin' soap to get a prize."

"Where was the woman?"

"She was sittin' on the back porch with Mr. Ware, and she up and run when she see Abby Jane, and Mr. Ware turned as white as a sheet, and he bought all the soap Abby Jane had left to git out of it, so she's got enough to get a side-board for a prize. And Abby Jane she kept her eyes open and she see a blind close in the southwest chamber, and that's where the woman sleeps."

"What kind of a looking woman was she?" asked Sarah, in a strange voice.

"As handsome as a picture, Abby Jane said, and she had on an awful stylish dress. Now if you want to have men like that comin' here to see you, and want to make more of them than you do of a man that you know is all right and is good and honest, you can."

There was something about the girl's face, as she turned away without a word, that smote her mother's heart. "I felt as if I had to tell you, Sarah," she said, in a voice which was suddenly changed to pity and apology.

"You did perfectly right to tell me, mother," said Sarah. When at last she got in her little bedroom she scarcely knew her own face in the glass. Hyacinthus Ware had kissed that face the night before, and ever since the memory of it had seemed like a lamp in her heart. She had met him when she was coming home from the post-office after dark, and he had kissed her at the gate and told her he loved her, and she expected, of course, to marry him. Even now she could not bring herself to entirely doubt him. "Suppose there is a woman there," she said to herself, "what does it prove?" But she felt in her inmost heart that it did prove a good deal.

She remembered just how Hyacinthus looked when he spoke to her; there had been something almost childlike in his face. She could not believe, and yet in the face of all this evidence! If there was a woman living in the house with him, why had he kept it secret? Suddenly it occurred to her that she could go over in the garden and see for herself. It was a bright moonlight night and not yet late. If the woman was there, if she inhabited the southwest chamber, there might be some sign of her. Sarah placed her lamp on her bureau, gathered her skirts

around her, and ran swiftly out into the night. She hurried stealthily through the garden. The lilies were gone, but there was still a strong breath of sweetness, a bouquet, as it were, of mignonette and verbenas and sweet thyme and other fragrant blossoms, and the hollyhocks still bloomed. She went very carefully when she reached the last enclosure of box; she peeped through the tall file of hollyhocks, and there was Hyacinthus on the porch and there was a woman beside him. In fact, the woman was sitting in the old chair and Hyacinthus was at her feet, on the step, with his head in her lap. The moon shone on them; they looked as if they were carved with marble.

Sarah never knew how she got home, but she was back there in her little room and nobody knew that she had been in the Ware garden except herself. The next morning she had a talk with her mother. "Mother," said she, "if Mr. John Mangam wants to marry me why doesn't he say so?" She was fairly brutal in her manner of putting the question. She did not change color in the least. She was very pale that morning, and she stood more like her mother and her great-grandmother than herself.

Mrs. Lynn looked at her, and she was almost shocked. "Why, Sarah Lynn!" she gasped.

"I mean just what I say," said Sarah, firmly. "I want to know. John Mangam has been coming here steadily for nearly two years, and he never even says a word, much less asks me to marry him. Does he expect me to do it?"

"I suppose he thinks you might at least meet him half-way," said her mother, confusedly.

That afternoon she went over to Mrs. Wilford Biggs's, and the next night, it being John Mangam's night to call, Mrs. Biggs waylaid him as he was just about to cross the street to the Lynn house.

After a short conversation Mrs. Biggs and her brother crossed the street together, and it was not long before Mrs. Lynn asked Mrs. Biggs and the old grandmother, who had also come over, to go in the house and see her new black silk dress. Then it was that John Mangam mumbled something inarticulate, which Sarah translated into an offer of

marriage. "Very well, I will marry you if you want me to, Mr. Mangam," she said. "I don't love you at all, but if you don't mind about that—"

John Mangam said nothing at all.

"If you don't mind that, I will marry you," said Sarah, and nobody would have known her voice. It was a voice to be ashamed of, full of despair and shame and pride, so wronged and mangled that her very spirit seemed violated.

John Mangam said nothing then. She and the man sat there quite still, when Hyacinthus came stepping over the hedge.

Sarah found a voice when she saw him. She turned to him. "Good evening, Mr. Ware," she said, clearly. "I would like to announce my engagement to Mr. Mangam."

Hyacinthus stood staring at her. Sarah repeated her announcement. Then Hyacinthus Ware disregarded John Mangam as much as if he had been a post of the white fence that enclosed the Lynn yard. "What does it mean?" he cried. "Sarah, what does it mean?"

"You have no right to ask," said she, also disregarding John Mangam, who sat perfectly still in his chair.

"No right to ask after— Sarah, what do you mean? Why have I no right to ask, after what we told each other?—and I intended to see your mother to-night. I only waited because—"

"Because you had a guest in the house," said Sarah, in a cold, low voice. Then John Mangam looked up with some show of animation. He had heard the gossip.

Hyacinthus looked at her a moment, speechless, then he left her without another word and went home across the hedge.

It was soon told in Adams that Sarah Lynn and John Mangam were to be married. Everybody agreed that it was a good match and that Sarah was a lucky girl. She went on with her wedding preparations. John Mangam came as usual and sat silently. Sometimes when Sarah looked at him and reflected that she would have to pass her life with this automaton a sort of madness seized her.

Hyacinthus she almost never saw. Once in a great while she met him on the street, and he bowed, raising his hat



"WON'T YOU?" WHISPERED THE STRANGE LADY

silently. He never made the slightest attempt at explanation.

One night, after supper, Sarah and her mother sat on the front door-step, and by and by the old grandmother came across the fields, and Mrs. Wilford Biggs across the street, and Mr. John Mangam from his own house farther down. He looked preoccupied and worried that night, and while he was as silent as ever, yet his silence had the effect of speech.

They sat in their customary places: Mrs. Lynn and Mrs. Biggs in the chairs on the broad step-stone, Sarah and the old woman on the step, and Mr. John Mangam in his chair on the gravel path,—when a strange lady came stepping across the hedge from the Ware garden. She was not so very young, although she was undeniably very handsome, and her clothes were of a fashion never seen in Adams. She went straight up to the group on the door-step, and although she had too much poise of manner to appear agitated, it was evident that she was very eager and very much in earnest. Mrs. Lynn half arose, with an idea of giving her a chair, but there was no time, the lady began talking so at once.

"You are Miss Sarah Lynn, are you not?" she asked of Sarah, and she did not wait for a reply, "and you are going to be married to him?" and there was an unmistakable emphasis of scorn in her rendering of the pronoun.

"I have just returned," said the lady; "I have not been in the house half an hour, and my father told me. You do not know, but the gentleman who has lived so long in the Ware house, the caretaker, is my father, and—and my mother was Hyacinthus's mother; her second marriage was secret, and he would never tell. My father and my mother were cousins. Hyacinthus never told." She turned to Sarah. "He would not even tell you, when he knew that you must have seen or heard something that made you believe otherwise, because—because of our mother. No, he would not even tell you."

She spoke again with a great impetuosity which made her seem very young, although she was not so very young. "I have been kept away all my life," she

said, "all my life from here, that the memory of our mother should not suffer, and now I come to tell, myself, and you will marry my brother, whom you must love better than that gentleman. You must. Will you not? Tell me that you will," said she, "for Hyacinthus is breaking his heart, and he loves you."

Before anything further could be said John Mangam rose, and walked rapidly down the gravel walk out of the yard and down the street.

Sarah felt dizzy. She bent lower as she sat and held her head in her two hands, and the strange lady came on the other side of her, and she was enveloped in a fragrance of some foreign perfume.

"My brother has been almost mad," she whispered in her ear, "and I have just found out what the trouble was. He would not tell on account of our mother, but poor mother is dead and gone."

Then the old woman on the other side raised her voice unexpectedly, and she spoke to her granddaughter, Mrs. Lynn. "You are a fool," said she, "if you wouldn't rather hev Serrah marry a man like Hyacinthus Ware, with all his money and livin' in the biggest house in Adams, than a man like John Mangam, who sets an' sets an' sets the hull evenin' and never opens his mouth to say boo to a goose, and beside bein' threatened with a suit for breach."

"I don't care who she marries, as long as she is happy," said Sarah's mother, with a sob.

"Well, I'm goin'," said the old woman. "I left my winders open, and I think there's a shower comin' up."

She rose, and Mrs. Wilford Biggs at the same time. Sarah's mother went into the house.

"Won't you?" whispered the strange lady, and it was as if a rose whispered in Sarah's ear.

"I didn't know that he—I thought—" stammered Sarah.

Sarah did not exactly know when the lady left and when Hyacinthus came, but after a while they were sitting side by side on the door-step, and the moon was rising over the mountain, and the wonderful shadows were gathering about them like a company of wedding-guests.

The Contest with Commercial Restrictions

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

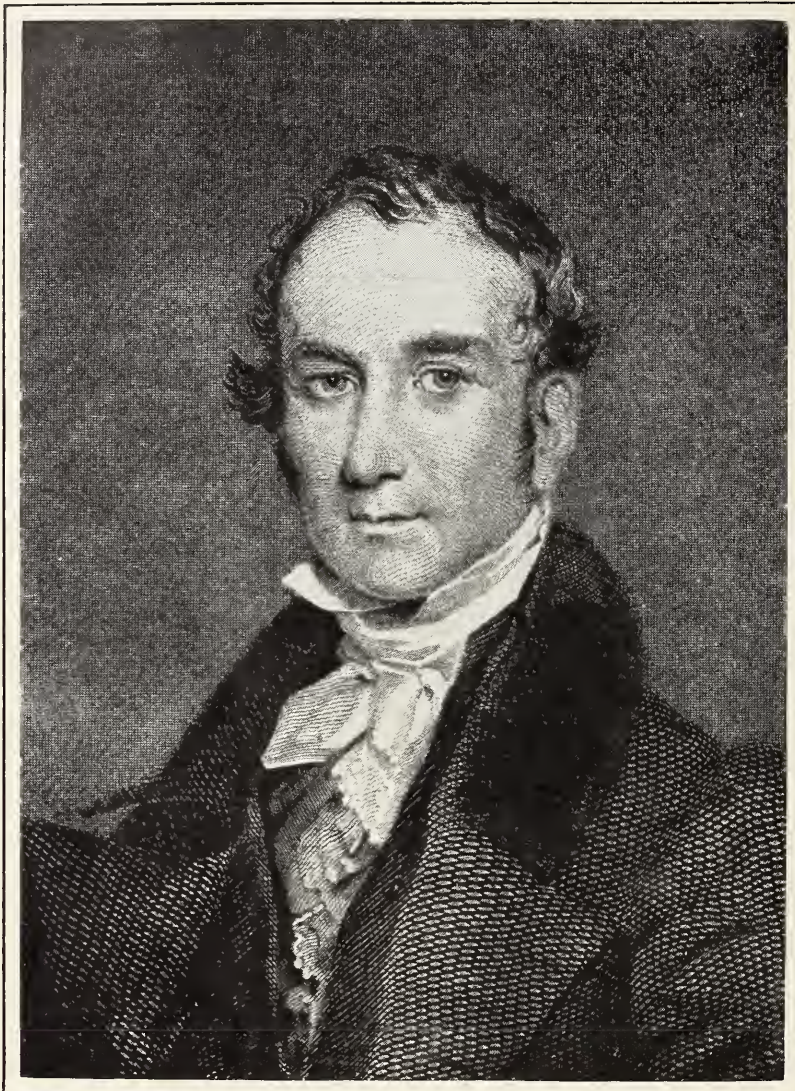
Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

WHEN viewed in their wider relations, the efforts of the United States to establish the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the seas are seen to form a part of the great struggle for the liberation of commerce from the restrictions with which the spirit of national monopoly had fettered and confined it. When the United States declared their independence, exclusive restrictions, both in the exchange of commodities and in their transportation, existed on every side. The system of colonial monopoly was but the emanation of the general principle, on which nations then consistently acted, of regarding everything "bestowed on others as so much withholden from themselves."

Such was the prospect on which the United States looked when they achieved their independence. With exceptions comparatively unimportant, there was not a single port in the Western Hemisphere with which an American vessel could lawfully trade, outside of its own country. But the exclusion most seriously felt was that from the British West Indies. Prior to the Revolution the burdens of the restrictive system were essentially mitigated by the intercolonial trade, the British colonists on the continent finding their best market in the British islands; but when the United States, by establishing their independence, became to Great Britain a foreign nation, they at once collided with her colonial system. American statesmen foresaw these things and endeavored to guard against them, but in vain. When the provisional articles of peace with Great Britain were later converted into a definitive treaty, without the addition of any commercial clauses, the hope of establishing the relations between the two countries at the outset on the

broad basis of mutual freedom of intercourse disappeared.

In the contest with commercial restrictions, the government of the United States adopted as the basis of its policy the principle of reciprocity. In its later diplomacy, the term "reciprocity" is much used to denote agreements designed to increase the interchange of commodities by mutual or equivalent reductions of duty. Tested by recent experience, the later "reciprocity" might not inaptly be described as a policy recommended by free-traders as an escape from protection, and by protectionists as an escape from free trade, but distrusted by both and supported by neither. It is, however, impossible to doubt that, in the efforts of the United States to bring about the abolition of the cumbersome and obstructive contrivances of the old navigation laws, the policy of reciprocity proved to be an efficient instrument in furthering the tendency towards greater commercial freedom. It was announced by the government at the very threshold of its existence. In the preamble to the treaty of commerce with France of 1778, it was declared that the contracting parties, wishing to "fix in an equitable and permanent manner" the rules that should govern their commerce, had judged that this end "could not be better obtained than by taking for the basis of their agreement the most perfect equality and reciprocity, and by carefully avoiding all those burdensome preferences which are usually sources of debate, embarrassment, and discontent; by leaving, also, each party at liberty to make, respecting commerce and navigation, those interior regulations which it shall find most convenient to itself; and by founding the advantage of commerce solely upon reciprocal utility and the



LOUIS MCLANE

United States Minister to England (1829)

just rules of free intercourse; reserving withal to each party the liberty of admitting at its pleasure other nations to a participation of the same advantages." John Quincy Adams, in 1823, while avowing the belief that this preamble was "the first instance on the diplomatic record of nations upon which the true principles of all fair commercial negotiation between independent states were laid down and proclaimed to the world," at the same time declared that it "was, to the foundation of our commercial intercourse with the rest of mankind, what the Declaration of Independence was to that of our internal government."

The progress of the United States, in the contest thus early begun with com-

mercial restrictions, was painful and slow. Soon after the establishment of independence, Congress took into consideration the entire subject of commercial relations, and on May 7, 1784, adopted a series of resolutions in which the principles by which American negotiators should be guided were set forth. By the first of these resolutions it was declared that, in any arrangements that might be effected, each party should have the right to carry its own produce, manufactures, and merchandise in its own vessels to the ports of the other, and to bring thence the produce and merchandise of the other, paying in each case only such duties as were paid by the most favored nation. The second resolution, which re-

lated to colonial trade, embodied the proposal that a direct and similar intercourse should be permitted between the United States and the possessions of European powers in America, or at any rate between the United States and certain free ports in such possessions; and that, if neither of these alternatives could be obtained, then each side should at least be permitted to carry its own produce and merchandise in its own vessels directly to the other. When the wars growing out of the French Revolution began, no progress had been made by the United States towards the attainment of the objects of the second resolution. American vessels laden with the produce of their own country, and in some cases when laden with the produce of other countries, were admitted into most of the European ports, including those of Great Britain, on condition of paying the customary alien dues; but the ports of the colonies continued to be closed against them, while some of the most important

American products were specifically excluded from the trade which even the vessels of the dominant country were permitted to carry on between its colonies and the United States. When authorizing Gouverneur Morris, as an informal agent, in 1789, to sound the views of the British ministry concerning relations with the United States, Washington said: "Let it be strongly impressed on your mind that the privilege of carrying our productions in our vessels to their islands, and bringing in return the productions of those islands to our own ports and markets, is regarded here as of the high-

est importance; and you will be careful not to countenance any idea of our dispensing with it in a treaty." In the following year Morris reported that no ar-



ANSON BURLINGAME

United States Minister to Peking (1861-67)

rangement on the subject could be made. The question was, however, revived in the instructions given to Jay, as special plenipotentiary to England, on May 6, 1794. He was directed to secure for American vessels the privilege of carrying between the United States and the British West Indies the same articles as might be transported between the two places in British bottoms, and unless he could obtain this, he was to do no more than refer to his government such concessions as might be offered. He submitted to Lord Grenville a proposal in this sense, but, although it was limited

to American vessels of not more than a hundred tons burden, it was rejected. So important, however, did Jay conceive it to be to obtain some relief from the

States itself, to any port not in the United States. It was argued that this condition, by which American vessels were to be forbidden to transport from their own country any of the specified commodities, even though produced there or in a third country, was essential as a safeguard against abuse of the treaty privilege. American vessels, it was said, might, after importing a cargo from the British islands, carry it on to Europe, under the guise of a feigned American product, and thus destroy the exclusive advantages which were to continue to belong to British shipping. But the price was deemed by the United States to be too high for the limited privilege that was gained. The Senate, in assenting to the ratification of the treaty, struck out the obnoxious article. The treaty, however, provided that the citizens of the two countries might freely pass and repass by land, or by inland navigation, into the territories of the one and the other on the



LORD CASTLEREAGH

colonial restrictions that, in spite of his instructions, he assented to the incorporation into the treaty, which was signed by him and Lord Grenville on November 19, 1794, of an article by which the privilege of trading between the United States and the British West Indies was for a term of years extended to American vessels of a burden of not more than seventy tons, but only on condition that, during the continuance of the privilege, the United States should prohibit and restrain the carrying of any molasses, sugar, coffee, cocoa, or cotton in American vessels, either from the British islands or from the United

continent of America (the country within the limits of the Hudson Bay Company only excepted), and carry on trade and commerce with each other in that way. American vessels were expressly excluded from any seaports in such territories; but, by another article of the treaty, they were admitted on certain conditions to a direct trade with the British dominions in the East Indies.

During the long wars that grew out of the French Revolution, colonial restrictions in America were from time to time suspended under military necessity. The home governments, when unable to carry on the trade under their own flag,

were at times reluctantly obliged to open it to neutral ships in order that it might not perish altogether. As early as March 26, 1793, the ports of the French colonies in America were opened on certain terms to the vessels of neutral countries. On June 9, 1793, Spain opened the ports of New Orleans, Pensacola, and St. Augustine to friendly commerce, but foreign vessels were required to touch at Corcubion, in Galicia, or at Alicante, and obtain a permit, without which no entry into the specified ports was allowed. Seventeen years later there began, in a conservative revolt against the Napoleonic domination in Spain, the movement in the Spanish colonies in America that was gradually to be transformed into a genuine struggle for independence—a struggle that was to end in the liberation of Spain's vast continental domain in the Western Hemisphere from the bonds of colonial monopoly. With the concurrent independence of Portugal's great colony, Brazil, the system for the most part disappeared from the American continents below the northern boundary of the United States. But, emerging from the long Napoleonic struggle triumphant, Great Britain retained her authority over her colonies, and had even added to their number. With her the question of colonial restrictions, therefore, still remain.

It had never ceased, except during the war of 1812, to be a subject of consideration. Monroe and Pinkney had vainly endeavored to settle it in 1806. After the ratification of the Treaty of Ghent the discussion was resumed. John Quincy Adams, with his accustomed energy and dialectic force; Richard Rush, with his wonted tact and wise judgment; and Albert Gallatin, with all his penetrating and persuasive reasonableness,—had all essayed to arrange it, but without avail. In 1817, Lord Castlereagh proposed to extend to the United States the provisions of the "free port" acts, the effect of which would have been to admit to a limited trade American vessels of one deck; but this proposal was rejected, and by the act of Congress of April 18, 1818, the ports of the United States were closed against British vessels coming from any British colony

which was, by the ordinary laws of navigation and trade, closed against American vessels; and British vessels sailing from the United States were put under bond to land their cargoes elsewhere than in such a colony. By an act of May 15, 1820, these restrictions were specifically made applicable to any British colonial port in the West Indies or America. In 1822 these restrictions were partially suspended, in reciprocal recognition of the opening of certain colonial ports to American vessels under certain conditions. By the act of Congress of March 1, 1823, this suspension was continued, but a claim was also put forth, which had previously been advanced by the United States in negotiation, but had always been resisted by Great Britain, that no higher duties should be imposed in the colonial ports on articles imported from the United States in American vessels than on similar articles when imported in British ships from any country whatsoever, including Great Britain and her colonies. This claim had been a favorite one with Mr. Adams, on the supposition that its acceptance was necessary to assure to American vessels their full share of the carrying trade; and it was now proposed to enforce it by means of discriminating duties. Its attempted enforcement immediately led to the imposition of countervailing duties by Great Britain. Such was the situation when, by the act of July 5, 1825, Parliament opened the trade with the British colonies in North America and the West Indies to the vessels of all nations, on specified conditions. The government of the United States failed to accept these conditions, with the result that on December 1, 1826, direct intercourse between the United States and the British-American colonies, in British as well as in American vessels, was almost wholly suspended.

In learning how an escape was found from this dilemma, we shall see how the unmaking of a minister contributed to the making of a President. When Andrew Jackson was inaugurated as President, in 1829, Martin Van Buren became his Secretary of State, and Louis McLane was sent as minister to the court of St. James's. In a speech in the Senate in February, 1827, Van Buren

had criticised the administration then in power for its omission to accept the conditions specified in the act of Parliament of 1825. The views which he then expressed he embodied, on July 20, 1829, in an instruction to McLane. In concluding a long and able review of the controversy with Great Britain, Van Buren declared that there were three grounds on which the United States was assailable. The first was "in our too long and too tenaciously resisting the right of Great Britain to impose protecting duties in her colonies"; the second, "in not relieving her vessels from the restriction of returning direct from the United States to the colonies, after permission had been given by Great Britain to our vessels to clear out from the colonies to any other than a British port"; and the third, "in omitting to accept the terms offered by the act of Parliament of July, 1825." McLane was authorized to say that the United States would open its ports to British vessels coming from the British colonies laden with such colonial products as might be imported in American vessels, on condition that Great Britain would extend to American vessels the privileges offered by that act.

In these instructions Van Buren only reechoed the views which Gallatin had strongly expressed to the Department of State in his despatches in 1826. But Van Buren did not stop here. He directed McLane not to "harass" the British cabinet by the repetition of prior discussions, but, if the course of the late administration should be brought up, to say that its views had been submitted to the people of the United States, that the counsels by which his own conduct was directed represented the judgment expressed by the only earthly tribunal to which the late administration was amenable for its acts, and that to set up those acts as the cause of withholding from the people of the United States privileges which would otherwise be extended to them, would be unjust in itself and could not fail to excite their deepest sensibility. McLane duly communicated to the British government the entire purport of his instructions. His negotiations were altogether successful. By a proclamation issued by President Jack-

son on October 5, 1830, under the authority of an act of Congress of the 29th of the preceding May, the ports of the United States were declared to be open to British vessels and their cargoes coming from the colonies, on payment of the same charges as American vessels coming from the same quarter. An order in council issued November 5, 1830, extended to American vessels reciprocal privileges. The last remnants of the vicious system that was thus broken down were removed in 1849.

In 1831 McLane resigned his post in London, and Van Buren was appointed by the President to fill the vacancy. He arrived in England in September, and entered upon the discharge of the duties of his office. On January 25, 1832, the Senate, of which he had so recently been a member, refused to confirm him. In the memorable debate that preceded his rejection, his pointed and censorious disavowal, in the instructions to McLane, of responsibility for the acts of the preceding administration, formed a principal ground of objection. It was eloquently declared by his Whig opponents that party differences should not be injected into international discussions. The criticism was essentially sound; but, in the popular estimation, the punishment was altogether disproportionate to the offence. A widespread impression that its infliction was inspired by resentment, occasioned by party defeat, greatly enhanced Van Buren's political strength.

While the contest with colonial restrictions was going on, steady progress was made towards the accomplishment of the design, propounded by the Continental Congress in 1776, of placing the foreigner, in respect of commerce and navigation, on an equal footing with the native, and to this end of abolishing all discriminating charges whatsoever. "This principle," once declared John Quincy Adams, "is altogether congenial to our institutions, and the main obstacle to its adoption consists in this: that the fairness of its operation depends upon its being admitted universally." Before the formation of the Constitution, the several States were driven for purposes of retaliation to impose discriminating duties on foreign vessels and their cargoes. The system was continued by the

government of the United States, for the same reason. By an act of March 3, 1815, however, Congress offered to abolish all discriminating duties, both of tonnage and of impost, on foreign vessels laden with the produce or manufactures of their own country, on condition of the concession of a reciprocal privilege to American vessels. By "discriminating duties" are meant all duties in excess of what would be charged in the particular country on one of its own vessels and the cargo imported in it. This principle first found conventional expression in the treaty of commerce and navigation with Great Britain of July 3, 1815; but its operation was therein confined, on the part of that power, to the British territories in Europe. By the act of Congress of March 1, 1817, the offer made in the act of 1815 was enlarged, by including vessels belonging to citizens either of the country by which the goods were produced or manufactured, or of the country from which they could only be, or most usually were, first shipped for transportation. The final step was taken in the act of March 24, 1828, which is still in force, and by which a standing offer was made for the reciprocal abolition of all discriminating duties, without regard to the origin of the cargo or the port from which the vessel came. The provisions of this statute have been extended to many countries by proclamation, and the principle on which they are founded is confirmed by numerous treaties.

With the passing away of the old system of exclusions and discriminations in the West, the activities of American diplomacy were directed more and more to the East, where the expansion of commerce was hindered by various conditions, presenting every phase of obstruction from general insecurity to positive non-intercourse. In 1830 a treaty of commerce and navigation was concluded with the Ottoman Empire, with which a trade had been carried on under the somewhat costly shelter of the English Levant Company. But a wider field awaited the spirit of enterprise in the Far East. In August, 1784, less than a year after the definitive peace with Great Britain, a New York ship, the *Empress of China*, bore the American flag into Canton. Before the close of the century,

American vessels had prosecuted their adventures in trading and in fishing into all parts of the Pacific. It was an American ship, fitted out at Boston for the fur trade, that entered and explored in 1792 the "River of the West" and gave to it its name, "Columbia." Even the stern barriers of Spanish colonial exclusion failed to withstand the assaults of American energy in the trade carried on between the shores of America and the shores of Asia. In time, private initiative was powerfully reenforced by the action of government. In 1832, Edmund Roberts, a sea-captain of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was appointed by President Jackson as "agent for the purpose of examining in the Indian Ocean the means of extending the commerce of the United States by commercial arrangements with the powers whose dominions border on those seas." Taking with him blank letters of credence, he embarked in March, 1832, on the sloop-of-war *Peacock* for his long voyage.

If we were to judge by the provision made for his comfort and remuneration, we should infer that little importance was attached to his mission. Rated on the *Peacock* as "Captain's clerk," his pay was barely sufficient to defray the cost of an insurance on his life for the benefit of his numerous children; and for three months he was obliged to lie on the sea-washed gun-deck with the crew, all the available space in the cabin being occupied by a *chargé d'affaires* to Buenos Ayres, whose name is now forgotten. He touched at all the important countries eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, except those on the Bay of Bengal. He visited Java three times, on one occasion remaining at Batavia nearly two months. On March 30, 1833, he concluded a treaty of amity and commerce with Siam, and on the 21st of September signed a similar treaty with the Sultan of Muscat. He returned to the United States in 1834 on the U.S.S. *Lexington*. His treaties were promptly approved by the Senate. He then returned to the East, sailing again in a man-of-war. His diplomatic career ended in 1836 at Macao, where he fell a victim to the plague. In 1839 Congress, recognizing the gross inadequacy of the recompense that had been made for his excep-

tional services, granted to his legal representatives a belated requital.

Roberts was empowered to negotiate a treaty with Cochin-China, but in this task he made no progress. In all the vast Chinese Empire only one port—that of Canton—was accessible to foreign merchants. The first permanent breach in the wall of seclusion was made by the treaty between Great Britain and China, signed at Nanking, August 29, 1842, at the close of the opium war. By this treaty the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shanghai were opened to British subjects and their commerce, and the island of Hongkong was ceded to Great Britain as an *entrepôt*. A supplementary treaty of commerce and navigation was concluded in the following year. The United States soon appeared in the breach. By the act of Congress of March 3, 1843, the sum of forty thousand dollars was placed at the disposal of the President to enable him to establish commercial relations with China on terms of "national equal reciprocity."

On the 8th of May, Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, was appointed to the mission, with the title of minister plenipotentiary and commissioner. The choice was fortunate. No public character in America has possessed a mind more versatile or talents more varied than Cushing. When he set out for China, a squadron of three vessels was placed at his disposal. On February 27, 1844, writing from the flag-ship *Brandywine*, in Macao Roads, he announced to the governor-general of the two Kwang provinces his arrival with full powers to make a treaty. He encountered the usual evasions; but, after an exchange of correspondence, he learned early in May that Tsiyeng, the negotiator of the treaties with Great Britain, had been appointed as Imperial commissioner to treat with him. A treaty was signed July 3, 1844. The point of diplomatic representation at Peking was yielded with the express understanding that in case it should be conceded to other Western powers the envoy of the United States should likewise be received. All the commercial privileges obtained by Great Britain for her subjects were, with some variations, extended to citizens of the United States; and Amer-

ican citizens were exempted from Chinese jurisdiction.

A new treaty was made in 1858; and ten years later a special Chinese embassy, headed by Anson Burlingame, signed at Washington the treaty that is known by his name. In entering the service of China, after a notable career of six years as American minister at Peking, Burlingame declared that he was governed by the interests of his country and of civilization; and his course was approved by his government. The rule that the United States will not receive as a diplomatic representative of a foreign power one of its own citizens was in his case gladly waived. As American minister at Peking he sought "to substitute fair diplomatic action in China for force," a policy which Mr. Seward "approved with much commendation." Through the vicissitudes of the years that have since elapsed the United States has, in its commercial dealings with China, uniformly adhered to that principle. In his celebrated circular of July 3, 1900, during the military advance of the powers for the relief of their beleaguered legations in Peking, Mr. Hay declared it to be the policy of the United States "to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve China's territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaties and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

This sums up what have been conceived to be the cardinal principles of American policy in the Far East. In the acquisition of the Philippines, the United States declared its purpose to maintain in those islands "an open door to the world's commerce." The phrase "open door" is but a condensed expression of "the principle of equal and impartial trade" for all nations. Its meaning was well illustrated by the stipulation in the treaty of peace with Spain that the United States would, for the term of ten years, "admit Spanish ships and merchandise to the ports of the Philippine Islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States."

When Edmund Roberts was despatched to the East, he was directed to obtain information respecting Japan and the value of its trade with the Dutch and the Chinese. Japan, like China, had been closed to intercourse with the Western powers in the seventeenth century, chiefly on account of foreign aggressions. The seclusion of Japan was, however, even more complete than that of China, since the only privilege of trade conceded to any Western power was that granted to the Dutch, who maintained a factory on the island of Deshima, at Nagasaki, and who were allowed to fit out two ships a year from Batavia to that port. In 1845, Alexander Everett, when he went as commissioner to China, took with him a full power to negotiate a treaty with Japan. This power he afterwards transferred to Commodore James Biddle, who in 1846 paid an ill-fated visit to the Bay of Yedo.

In 1849, Commander Glynn, of the United States navy, made a voyage in the *Preble* to Nagasaki to inquire as to the fate of certain American whalers, said to have been shipwrecked, who were reported to be held as prisoners by the Japanese. Commander Glynn found that the men were in reality deserters, but he obtained their release; and on his return to the United States he urged that another effort be made to open an intercourse between the two countries, especially with a view to the use of a Japanese port for the accommodation of a line of steamers which was then expected to be established between California and China. On June 10, 1851, Commodore Aulick was instructed to proceed to Yedo in his flag-ship, accompanied by as many vessels of his squadron as might be conveniently employed. His health, however, soon afterwards became impaired, and he was relieved of the mission. His powers were then transferred to Commodore Matthew C. Perry, by whom elaborate preparations were made for the expedition.

On July 8, 1853, Perry, in command of a squadron of four vessels, anchored in the Bay of Yedo. His proceedings were characterized by energy and decision. He had, as he said, determined to demand as a right, and not to solicit as a favor, those acts of courtesy

which are due from one civilized nation to another, and to allow none of the petty annoyances that had been unsparingly visited on those who had preceded him. He declined to deliver his credentials to any but an officer of the highest rank. When he was asked to go to Nagasaki, he refused; when ordered to leave the bay, he moved higher up; and he found that the nearer he approached the Imperial city, "the more polite and friendly they became." After delivering his letters to two princes designated by the Emperor to receive them, he went away, announcing that he would return in the following spring to receive a reply to his propositions. He returned with redoubled forces in February, 1854, and anchored not far below Yedo. The Emperor had appointed commissioners to treat with him, four of whom were princes of the empire. They desired him to return to Uraga, but he declined to do so. The commissioners then consented to treat at a place opposite the ships.

Here the Japanese erected a pavilion, and on the 8th of March Perry landed in state, with an escort of five hundred officers, seamen, and marines, embarked in twenty-seven barges. "With people of forms," said Perry, "it is necessary either to set all ceremony aside or to out-Herod Herod in assumed personal consequence and ostentation. I have adopted the two extremes." Perry submitted a draft of a treaty; and, pending the negotiations, he established a telegraph-line on shore, and laid down and put in operation a railway with a locomotive and cars, "carrying around the circle many of the astonished natives." A treaty was signed on March 31, 1854. American ships were allowed to obtain provisions and coal and other necessary supplies at Simoda and Hakodadi, and aid and protection in case of shipwreck were promised. No provision for commercial intercourse was secured, but the privilege was obtained of appointing a consul to reside at Simoda. Such was the first opening of Japan after two centuries of seclusion. On July 17, 1901, there was unveiled at Kurihama a monument in commemoration of Perry's advent. In Japan his name is to-day a household word, and is better known than that of any other foreigner.

On September 8, 1855, the government

of the United States, availing itself of the privilege secured by the Perry treaty, appointed Townsend Harris as consul-general to reside at Simoda. He was chosen in the hope that by reason of his knowledge of Eastern character and his general intelligence and experience in business, he might be able to induce the Japanese to enter into a treaty of commerce. On July 29, 1858, his efforts were crowned with success. A provision for diplomatic representation at Yedo was obtained; rights of residence and of trade at certain ports were secured; duties were regulated; the privilege of extraterritoriality was granted to Americans in Japan; and religious freedom in that country was promised. Harris's triumph was won by a firm, tactful, honest diplomacy, and without the aid of a fleet. Before the end of the year, the fleets of the allies appeared in Japanese waters, and treaties similar to that of the United States were obtained by France and Great Britain.

Harris's treaty provided for the exchange of ratifications at Washington. For this purpose the Japanese government sent a special embassy to the United States. Including servants, it comprised seventy-one persons. They were conveyed to America in a United States man-of-war, and Congress provided for their ex-

penses. The ratifications of the treaty were exchanged at Washington, on May 22, 1860, and the members of the embassy were afterwards conducted to some of the principal American cities. They were sent back to Japan on the man-of-war *Niagara*. To the shallow and sectarian reasoner, the Japan of to-day, once more possessed of full judicial and economic autonomy, and in the potent exercise of all the rights of sovereignty, presents an astounding spectacle of sudden if not miraculous development; but in reality Japan is an ancient and polished nation, the roots of whose civilization, though its outward forms may have changed, strike deep into the past.

Korea, the Land of the Morning Calm, continued, long after the opening of China and Japan, to preserve a rigorous seclusion. Efforts to secure access had invariably ended in disaster. On May 20, 1882, however, Commodore Shufeldt, U.S.N., invested with diplomatic powers, succeeded, with the friendly good offices of Li Hung-Chang, in concluding with the hermit kingdom the first treaty made by it with a Western power. The last great barrier of national non-intercourse was broken down, and, no matter what may be Korea's ultimate fate, is not likely to be restored.

The Caged Bird

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

A YEAR ago I asked you for your soul;
 I took it in my hands, it weighed as light
 As any bird's wing, it was poised for flight,
 It was a wandering thing without a goal.
 I caged it, and I tended it; it throve;
 Wise ways I taught it; it forgot to fly;
 It learnt to know its cage, its keeper; I,
 Its keeper, taught it that the cage was love.
 And now I take my bird out of the cage,
 It flutters not a feather, looks at me
 Sadly, without desire, without surprise;
 See, I have tamed it, it is still and sage,
 It has not strength enough for liberty,
 It does not even hate me with its eyes.

First Aid to Kittie James

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

SPRING was approaching St. Catharine's with flowery footsteps. The overarching sky was blue, and daisies sprinkled the surrounding meadows,—or, anyhow, if they didn't, we knew they would soon, so I'll just say they did, because it sounds so well. Literary artists are allowed a great deal of poetic license in writing descriptions—even Sister Irmingarde admits that. Therefore when I am writing about facts I keep to them, but when I am writing about Nature I improve on it all I can.

The great convent school hummed with our glad young voices, and any one who came there to visit would have thought we were happy. But, alas! alas! we were not! We had a care—we girls—the carking kind of a care you read about in real stories. Students of life would have observed this, but not the thoughtless visiting parent, who never sees anything but her own child, anyhow, and just comes to St. Catharine's to hear Sister Irmingarde or Reverend Mother tell her how bright and studious her daughter is. We have all too many such guests, and Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce and Mabel Muriel Murphy and I are tired of them. We never allow *our* parents to come. It is not good for them, and it is not good for us, for they make us forget all we know, besides dropping things about how difficult it is to manage us at home. So they have to get along with letters and monthly reports, which are indeed all any reasonable parent should demand. And if they want to know how bright we are, we can tell them about it ourselves. Of course we try to be affectionate and dutiful and considerate, and sometimes we write to each other's parents when one of us does anything special. Maudie wrote a beautiful letter to mamma the first time Sister Irmingarde read one of my stories aloud to the class, and Mabel Blossom wrote to Mabel Muriel Murphy's father once

after Mabel Muriel had improved so much. Mr. Murphy wrote back. He said:

“DEAR MADAM,—Yours of the 16th inst. received and contents noted. My wife and I hope our daughter ain't improved too much. We think she was about right as she was.

Your obt. servant,
JOHN J. MURPHY.”

Mabel was quite discouraged, for Mabel Muriel did not appreciate her noble act, either, and said something about people who rushed in where she had feared to tread. I will now explain that all these facts, interesting and vital though they are, have nothing to do with this story. I am not writing about parents who visit their children at school, though I could write some things that would surprise them if Sister Irmingarde would let me, for I have studied them all with keen, observant eyes when they little knew it. But I wished to utter a few thoughtful words concerning what happens when they come, and how the teachers have to ask girls all the easiest questions when their mothers are in the class-room, and this seemed the best place to do it. One of my literary mottoes is as follows: Whenever you think of a good thing put it right down, no matter where it comes. I will now take up the thread of this narrative.

We were unhappy. Under the smiles that curved our young lips lay heavy hearts. Spring was glad, but we were not. I will tell why:

Examinations were coming.

It is very queer about examinations. I suppose after one has graduated, and gone out into the big world, and listened to the trumpet-calls of fame, and sat on its pinnacle a while, one forgets about examinations. We know from our physiology that the sensibilities are dulled in age, anyhow. But when you are only

fourteen or so, as we girls are, it is different. Examinations are the most important things in the whole wide world, and we lie awake at night and think about them, and we know we are not going to pass, and a cold perspiration breaks out all over us. In the daytime we have headaches and our hearts act queer, and we forget all the things we thought we knew, and we make up our minds that if we do fail we will never, never, never go home to bring disgrace on our dear mothers and bow our fathers' white hairs with sorrow to the grave. Instead of going home we decide that we will stop eating and pine away and die, and then they'll grieve for us all their lives instead of sitting and looking at us with sorrowful reproach.

Some girls have all these symptoms every time, and others just have some of them. I had a few during this glad spring of which I write, but I did not feel entirely hopeless, for I was pretty sure of several things, rhetoric especially, and I thought perhaps I could cram on the others and get through. I had been devoting a great deal of time to literature and the study of life and human nature, and I suppose in one way Mabel and Maudie and Mabel Muriel and I had wasted many golden hours of our youth in our long talks about life and love and other vital subjects. Still, we all stood well in our classes, so we had moments of hope. But Kittie James had every symptom I have so graphically described. You remember Kittie James. It was her sister Josephine who married Mr. Morgan after Kittie arranged matters for them.

Well, as I said, Kittie had all the worst symptoms I have mentioned, and a lot more. She got so she could not eat, and she had to go to the Infirmary every morning for tonics, and they gave her raw eggs and things; but, alas! naught did any good. The beautiful girl was pining away before our anxious, loving eyes.

What I am going to say now may hurt Kittie's feelings if Sister Irmingerde reads this story aloud to the class, but the Literary Artist must write of Life as it is, when it isn't scenery, so I will say kindly but truthfully that Kittie was not a child of what Sister Edna would

call "exceptional mental powers." She was a dear thing, and blond and pretty and cunning, and you could cuddle her just like a little kitten if you wanted to, and you 'most always did,—but she was not bright. Mabel Blossom used to say, "Let's go to Kittie's room to-night and rest our intellects after the arduous strain of the day." And we would, and it always did rest them. You can see from this what kind of a girl Kittie was. When we talked about Life she went to sleep, and woke up in time for the "spread" we had before we went to bed. For growing girls need nourishment, and Kittie almost always had jam and pickles and things in her room. Sometimes Kittie would be studying when we got there, but she always looked so glad and relieved to see us that it was really touching. Then we would settle down cozily, and do our hair new ways, and talk and reveal the innermost recesses of our natures to each other the way we usually did when we were together. Sometimes Kittie would let us try on her new clothes. She always had lots, and of course that was interesting too, though we try to keep our mental plane above such worldly follies. When the bell rang and we had to leave, we used to feel sorry sometimes that we had taken up so much of Kittie's time, but she said it didn't matter, and I guess it didn't. She said she hardly ever knew what was in the book, anyhow, and that all the time she was trying to read she was thinking of Josephine and her mother and father and of George, and the fun at the Country Club, and wishing she was home. She got dreadfully homesick every little while, and especially before examinations. She said all she knew at school she learned in class, and that she could remember things when people talked about them and recited them, but not when she got them from printed pages. This was indeed strange, and most different from me, for books are my delight, and I can recite whole paragraphs where the hero crushes her to his breast—the heroine, I mean; not Kittie James. It isn't that I commit it to memory, either. It is just that it lingers in my mind. But poor Kittie could not remember anything, so she was worrying dreadfully about the ex-

aminations, and eating raw eggs, and writing to her mother that her constitution was wrecked and she'd better send for her to come home while there was yet hope. Mrs. James wasn't frightened, though, because Kittie always did that when examinations came round.

When Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce and Mabel Muriel and I saw how Kittie felt, we were very sorry we had taken up so much of her time, and we wanted to do something; but we couldn't think of anything that would help her much. Besides, we were beginning to "cram" ourselves, and that took most of our time—though this, as I pointed out to the others, was no excuse for deserting a dear companion in distress. Finally Mabel Blossom said we might do something, and couldn't we divide up the labor, and this gave me an idea, and I told Mabel to stop right off so I could express it. It is surprising how the ear rebels from frivolous chatter when the intellect is at work on a problem. That's what my brother Jack always tells me when he is thinking about the girl he is going to marry and I want to talk about things that are important. I asked Kittie which examinations she was most afraid of, and Kittie said she guessed algebra, history, rhetoric, physiology, Latin, and constitution would be the worst. Mabel Blossom giggled, because those were all there were; but I checked the frivolous girl with a reproving glance. Kittie was hurt, poor child. Then I lifted my voice and told them in measured tones what we would do.

I said we four—Mabel, Maudie, Mabel Muriel, and I—would each give Kittie private lessons in those branches. I said I would teach her rhetoric and Latin, and Mabel Muriel spoke right up and said she would take history (of course, because Sister Edna teaches that!), and Maudie said she would teach Kittie physiology and algebra, and Mabel Blossom said she would take constitution, and "it would have no secrets from Kittie by the time she got through." Mabel is always so sure of everything. Kittie was so grateful she cried, because she said it would be such fun and cheer her up so. Then we went into executive session and planned just how we would

do it. The gentle reader will forgive me if I say modestly that here again it was my brain, so artistic yet so strangely practical, that worked out all the details. The others agreed, of course, wisely knowing what was best for them; and then Kittie got out biscuits and jars of jam and chocolate and pickles and canned salmon and cheese and a chafing-dish, and we celebrated the rest of the evening, for of course it was not worth while to begin that night.

We had arranged that each of us should give Kittie one hour a day. That would make four hours a day for Kittie, besides her class work, and she began to look scared right off. But we encouraged her by telling her she was so far behind she couldn't succeed with any less, and we said if we were willing she ought to be. So Kittie sighed and looked grateful again.

Before I left I told Kittie I would give her rhetoric and Latin every morning from half after five to half after six, because I hadn't any other hour to spare, and it wouldn't hurt either of us to get up an hour earlier than usual. Mabel Blossom said she would give her the recreation hour immediately after the noon meal, and Maudie Joyce said she would come to her from eight to nine in the evening, and Mabel Muriel said she would coach her every night from nine to ten. And we all said we'd begin the next day, because there was only a month left before the examinations began and much must be accomplished. Kittie looked dreadfully worried, and not very grateful, but of course she couldn't say anything, and after she had eaten some of Maudie's Welsh rarebit she cheered up.

There is no bell at half after five in the morning, and I had no alarm-clock, so I had to set my mind on the hour, the way they do in books, but it didn't work very well. I woke at twelve and at a quarter of one and at half after two and at three and at four. Then I didn't dare to go to sleep again, for when we parted I had given my promise to Kittie to be there promptly at half after five, and she was quite grateful about it, because then she had just eaten the rarebit. I got up at five and took my bath and slipped on my kimono—the one that's so becom-

ing, Maudie says—and I stole along the halls to Kittie's room. If you have ever stolen along the wide halls of a great convent at half after five on a March morning, you will remember that it is not much fun. They are icy cold, and very dark, with little blinks of light very far apart; and they are so horribly, horribly still! I felt very noble, but kind of sorry I had promised to do it *every* morning.

When I got to Kittie's room she was awake, and quite cross. She said she had been awake all night waiting for me and that she didn't feel well. I thought the best thing to do was to divert her mind, so I opened the rhetoric right off and started in. I love rhetoric, so when I had really begun I enjoyed it, but, alas! it was different with Kittie. You can believe she learned her lesson, just the same. I told her the whole of the first three chapters, and then I made her tell it to me, and I asked questions, and kept at her till she knew it as well as I did, for I was very stern. And I did the same with the Latin. When the hour was up we were both tired out, but, as I remarked to Kittie, it was a worthy cause, and there was no doubt she knew more about rhetoric and Latin than she had ever known before. Kittie said that was true, and she added eagerly that she thought she knew 'most all there was now, and could learn the few remaining items by herself, but I checked her with a glance. A General's daughter never takes her hand from the plough after she has got it there. I said that to Mabel Blossom later in the day, and she said she guessed Kittie was going to be the plough, all right.

I could see that my example had inspired Mabel, for she hardly gave Kittie time to eat her lunch before she started her on the constitution. It was right after this, I think, that Kittie changed her mind about its being fun. When Mabel Muriel and Maudie saw how noble we had been, a look of grim determination settled on their brows, and they went at Kittie that night and fed her with history and algebra the way folks feed Strasburg geese to fatten their livers. I read about that once, and it is very interesting. You take very rich and fattening food, and a great deal of it—but

perhaps I'd better not tell that here, because it is not really part of the story, and I might get it mixed up with Kittie. I will only add that the people who feed the geese keep on feeding and feeding them, and that was indeed the way Maudie and Mabel Muriel and Mabel Blossom and I fed Kittie James with knowledge. We are all very conscientious girls, and we did it thoroughly. I went right to bed at eight o'clock every night, I was so tired, and I did not sleep very well, for of course I remembered I would have to be up by five the next morning. It was a troubled slumber, and I kept thinking it was five long before it was. When I got to Kittie's room the second morning at half after five, she gave me one look and turned her face to the wall and sobbed. She said it was so sweet of me to come, and she had kind of thought perhaps I wouldn't. She little knew about me and the plough.

Kittie was not a heroine. Mabel Blossom says she was the innocent victim, but I thought it sounded better to call her The Worthy Cause, so we did. The Worthy Cause made it pretty hard for us sometimes. She acted queer and almost ungrateful, and she telegraphed for her family to send for her, but they didn't; and she even got sick and went to the Infirmary for two days. But as soon as she came out we each gave her an extra half-hour—I went to her at five in the morning, and the others stayed later at night—till the lost time was made up. Kittie didn't go to the Infirmary again after that, for she saw clearly that she had no time to be ill, as we pointed out to her. She really did get thin and pale, though, and we were quite worried over her; but of course we remembered it was all for her good, which she kept forgetting, so we remained firm. Once she locked her door when Maudie and Mabel Muriel came, but they stayed till twelve the next night and made that up, too—the brave, dauntless souls!

The Sisters did not know anything about all this, and they kept wondering what was the matter with Kittie. They thought, I guess, that her disposition was being warped some way, but it was only that she was imbibing knowledge. Finally Kittie telegraphed to her sister Josephine, and Josephine came right off



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

WE FED KITTIE JAMES WITH KNOWLEDGE

with her husband, Mr. Morgan, to see what was the matter. Kittie told them all about it, and afterwards Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom told them all about it, too, and for some strange reason they thought it was funny, and George Morgan laughed till his sides ached. Josephine did too, but not so much, and she kept saying, "The poor child!" But George advised Kittie very earnestly to drink all she could at the fountain of learning, and take it up as fast as it came out, because if she didn't it might overflow and drown her. Kittie did not know what he meant, and neither did we—grown men and women say such silly things sometimes,—but it seemed to mean that she was to go right on with our lessons, because they didn't take her home and nothing happened. They did send her a lovely box, though, with a new silk waist in it and a whole cold turkey and a big cake, and lots of pickles and things; but it was not very comforting to Kittie, because she didn't have time to eat it. So we ate most of it for her, and the things were very good. Mabel Blossom wrote to George and told him they were and how we had enjoyed them, and she told him also of the gratifying progress Kittie was making in her studies. She knew that would please him.

It was true, too. I never saw any one improve the way Kittie James did. Of course we must remember that she had the benefit of special and kind of expert instruction, because each of us was teaching her the thing we liked best, and we all enjoyed doing it. We had watched the methods of our teachers, and we improved them wherever we could. Sister Irmingarde used to let us talk about other things in the rhetoric class, but I kept Kittie strictly to the book, for I was determined she should pass that examination. You see, it had got to be a vital matter with us. Each girl wanted Kittie to pass in *her* branch, anyhow—the one she was teaching her,—and I, for one, felt it would be a disgrace to me if Kittie failed in rhetoric and Latin. So Kittie was kept right at the kind of life President Roosevelt says so much about, the strenuous one, and when she complained we reminded her how he praised such living. By and by Kittie got so she stopped crying and complain-

ing, and just took her knowledge the way you take medicine—because you have to. But long before that she had spoiled whole chapters of my rhetoric, and the cover too, by crying on them; so I understood what Mabel Blossom meant when she said one day that constitution used to be the driest study at St. Catharine's, and had now become the wettest.

Thus the weary month passed by, and we hadn't a single good time in it. I was so tired every night that I continued to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Maudie and Mabel and Mabel Muriel slept as long as they dared in the morning because of the late hours they had to keep. Finally examination came.

It was a written examination, and the first subject was rhetoric. We had a morning on that, from nine to twelve, and we were given a list of ten questions to answer, and they covered the whole course we had taken. Kittie James sat just across from me, and, oh, how can I, young and inexperienced as I am, find words to tell the joy and pride that filled my heart when I saw the child writing away for dear life, with a smile of happiness on her sweet lips! I knew she knew every one of the answers, for I did myself, and we had gone over them again and again together. We both finished our papers at eleven o'clock, an hour before the others did, so we handed them in and were excused and went out in the hall and hugged each other hard, and Kittie was real grateful again—the first time she had been for weeks. Then we strolled about the grounds with our arms around each other, and we went all over the questions and our answers (you can, of course, after the papers have been handed in), and we saw that we were all right and sure to pass, so we sang and danced in our girlish joy. When the other girls came out they looked worried, and went right off to study history, which we were to have in the afternoon. They didn't say much to Kittie and me, but we did not mind. We were too happy.

At one o'clock we were in our seats again for the examination in history, and each of us got a slip with ten questions written out. I will admit at once, as I strive to be true to life, that those questions worried me dreadfully. They



Charles F. Johnson 1890

THERE WERE THREE QUESTIONS I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO ANSWER

sounded natural, and I knew I had known the answers once, but somehow I couldn't remember them now, and I felt all mixed up. So I chewed my penholder and thought and thought. Kittie James wrote as fast as she could, and every now and then she looked over at me and nodded and smiled the way she did in the morning, but I did not smile back. I was too busy. So at last she caught Mabel Muriel's eye, and Mabel Muriel smiled and nodded and wrote fast the way Kittie was doing; and at three they had both finished, and they handed in their papers and got excused and went out under the trees. I could see them through a window near me, and they were laughing and hugging each other. It made me feel almost bitter to realize how thoughtless some girls are when their dear companions are in trouble, but let us hope the careless children did not know.

The next morning we had constitution, and that was just as bad. I was not sure of a single answer, and I will admit right now that it did me good to see Mabel Muriel Murphy and Maudie Joyce chewing their penholders the way I was doing. They looked worried to death. But Kittie was writing away so hard you could have heard her pen if you were in the hall, and so was Mabel Blossom. Mabel's whole face shone, the way it does when she is interested, and all her teeth showed—both rows,—and she beamed on Kittie James, and their pens scratched away together like a duet. They finished at eleven, and were excused, and went out into the grounds and sat under a tree where we could all see them, and they told stories and laughed, and Kittie held Mabel's hand every minute. Somehow all I could think of was about how sharper than a serpent's tooth an ungrateful child is. I could not remember much of the constitution, but of course I did my best.

In the afternoon we had algebra, and I seemed to be rusty on that, too. You see, algebra is a thing you can't talk about in a general way in answer to questions, and that made it harder. I got bluer and bluer and bluer, and it was five o'clock when I handed in my paper and staggered from the room. Sister Irmingarde let me have the extra hour, and she let Mabel Blossom have it, and Mabel Muriel Murphy, too. Kittie

was through at four, and so was Maudie Joyce. They went off together, and Kittie patted my back and left three chocolate creams on my desk, but they did not help much. What are chocolate creams when the heart is breaking and disgrace stares one in the face!

That night I locked myself in my room and I studied and studied the subjects that were to come the next day. I was afraid the girls might come, but they did not. Kittie and Maudie Joyce were making a Welsh rabbit, and the other girls were studying just as I was. They told me so afterwards.

The next morning I cheered up a good deal, for the examination was in Latin, and as soon as I read the questions I saw I was all right. So then I remembered to sit properly in my seat and keep my features smoothed out, which I had forgotten about for two days, and by eleven my paper was finished. Kittie's was, too, so we went out together, and I realized that she was sweet and good at heart, though sometimes a thoughtless child. Just as I closed the door I looked back and saw all too plainly that despair had claimed for its very own my dear friends Mabel Blossom, Maudie Joyce, and Mabel Muriel Murphy. It was sad to see them suffer, so Kittie and I sat out on the rustic seat where they could see us and be cheered up by the sight of our happiness. And we laughed a great deal; for Kittie is very entertaining at times, and this was one of them.

In the afternoon we had physiology, and I got nervous again. It looked as if Sister Irmingarde had taken trouble to pick out questions we never heard of. I was pretty sure of two or three, and I guessed at several more, but there were three I didn't even try to answer. I chewed my penholder worse than ever, till there wasn't much left of it. By and by Sister Irmingarde came to my seat and handed me a fresh one. She smiled as she did it, in the sweetest way, and her eyes showed that she was sorry for me. A great big lump came into my throat, and at that very minute Maudie Joyce and Kittie James handed in their papers, and left the room, and sat on that old bench where we could see them. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my eyes. I couldn't help it. Then I remembered



THERE WAS AN UPROAR OF CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

that a General's daughter must be brave, and that moral courage is as commendable as physical, because papa says so, and I straightened up and wrote what I knew, which was not much, I can tell you. That ended the examination and I was glad, for however it was going to turn out, it was a comfort to have it over.

That evening Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel and Maudie all came to see me, but we didn't say much about the examination. Mabel's eyes showed that she had been crying, and Mabel Muriel looked pale as death. Maudie was very silent, but more queenly than ever. She said she had almost decided to go home at once, as she had a kind of feeling that her dear mother needed her. Mabel Muriel broke out suddenly and said she had disgraced Sister Edna, but she did not explain her enigmatic remark. Finally Mabel Blossom began to cry and ran from the room, and pretty soon the others went, too, and I was left alone with my sad, sad thoughts.

I will pass over the next few days. They haven't anything to do with this story. But the Monday after the examination Sister Irmingerde addressed the class. She said the examination had been one of surprises, and the results in some cases "were unprecedented in the history of St. Catharine's." She said the highest class average had been won by a student whose standing hitherto had been very low, and other students from whom much had been expected had failed ignominiously. She said she would read the standings first and add a few words of comment. Then she read them.

"The first and best," she said, "is Miss Katharine James, whose record, in view of her past work, is most remarkable and highly gratifying to us all. On a scale of 100, Miss James secured 98 in rhetoric, 97 in Latin, 97 in history, 96 in constitution, 96 in physiology, and 92 in algebra—giving her a general average, in the six studies, of 96 per cent. This average has never before been equalled at St. Catharine's."

Well, before I knew it I jumped to my feet and began to cheer, for I forgot all about my examination for a minute, and all I thought of was how well Kittie had done. At the same instant Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel

jumped up, too, and all the other girls joined in, and every girl was on her feet, and there was an uproar of cheers and applause. For a minute Kittie looked scared to death. Then she put her head down on her desk and cried—hard. Sister Irmingerde let us yell for a moment, and she waited with that lovely smile of hers. Then she lifted her hand, and a hush fell right off and we sat down. I tell you we mind her!

"The rest," she said, "is not so pleasant, and I fear it will disappoint some of you."

Then, in a very matter-of-fact voice, just as if it was not a tragedy at all, she read out our standings—Maudie's, Mabel Blossom's, Mabel Muriel's, and mine; and this, alas! alas! alas! is what they were:

Miss Maude Joyce:

Rhetoric	52
History	51
Latin	56
Constitution	56
Algebra	98
Physiology	95
General average, 68 per cent.	

Miss May Iverson:

Rhetoric	98
Latin	94
History	52
Constitution	50
Algebra	58
Physiology	53
General average, 67½ per cent.	

Miss Mabel Blossom:

Constitution	99
History	62
Latin	63
Algebra	59
Physiology	61
Rhetoric	60
General average, 67 1-3 per cent.	

Miss Mabel Muriel Murphy:

History	98
Constitution	56
Latin	54
Algebra	65
Physiology	61
Rhetoric	60
General average, 65 2-3 per cent.	

The lowest general average, of course, on which you can pass the examination is 70 per cent. None of us had reached it. None of us had passed!

You could have heard a clothes-pin drop. I tried to keep my shoulders straight and my head up while I was listening to my standing, but it was hard

work, and I did not dare to look at my dear, dear friends. But I could hear Kittie James sobbing all the time. Sister Irmingarde waited a moment, and then she spoke again.

"These four students, among our best in the past, as you all know, have all failed—two in four and two in five studies out of six. However"—and she paused for a very, very long time, I thought,—“in view of circumstances which have been brought to our attention, we have decided to give these students another opportunity to pass in these branches, if the class approves.”

Then she went on to explain how we had helped Kittie James, and she said, with her dear little smile, “You will admit that they did it thoroughly”; and she added that “probably unconsciously” we had failed to prepare for our own examination. She pointed out that each of us had passed “triumphantly” in the study in which we had coached Kittie, and Maudie and I passed in two branches because we had coached her in two. She said if the class as a whole felt that it would be just to give us a supplementary examination, say in six weeks, this would

be done. Then the girls cheered more than ever, and the resolution was put and carried by a rising vote. I felt a big lump in my throat, worse than during the examination, and I guess the others did, too.

Kittie felt dreadfully, poor dear. She was still crying when she stood up with the rest. Sister Irmingarde told us afterward that Kittie had told her all about us the night before, when Sister congratulated her on her splendid record and wondered why we had failed.

Well, we all felt better right away. The girls were lovely to us, and so were the Sisters, though they seemed to be tremendously amused about something for days and days. We knew we could pass in six weeks if we studied, and I will mention right here that we did study, too, and we passed in the eighties, all of us.

That night we had a spread and a beautiful time to celebrate Kittie's triumph, but poor Kittie was not in it. She was in the Infirmary. The doctor said it was “nervous exhaustion, due to the unaccustomed and long-continued mental strain.”

Snap-shot

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

A SWAN and cygnets, nothing more.
Background of silver, reedy shore,
Dim shapes of rounded trees, the high
Effulgence of a summer sky.

Only a snap-shot. Just a flash,
And it was fixed,—the mimic wash,
The parent bird on-oaring slow,
Her fussy little fleet in tow,
The all-pervading sultry haze,
The white lights on the waterways,—
A scene that never was before,
A scene that will be—nevermore!

Alas! for us. We look and wait,
And labor but to imitate;
In vain for new effects we seek . . .
Earth's briefest moment is unique!

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE acquisition of useless information is more or less the employ of every life that has been well lived. It adds the grace of a superfluity which is not of naughtiness, and imparts a sense of comfortable repletion which does not necessarily imply the swollenness of pride. To know too much is like having too much; one cannot perfectly respect one's self without it: in either case too much is far better than too little; it gives the difference from one's fellows which we call distinction; it inspires the pleasurable consciousness of being set apart in a high place with other people who know too much or have too much, and who are for that reason the best people. Is it not, in fact, in one case the condition which realizes ignorance to us, and in the other case the condition which realizes poverty? Without the one how should we know that we were not ignorant? Without the other, how should we be sure we were not poor? In these matters superfluity—that is to say, uselessness—is the only guaranty of our superiority. All the same, it cannot be indiscriminately praised.

At one time in a career which has not been at all times over roses, we may confide for the purposes of illustration, we were much concerned to know precisely when the night train left Florence for Rome. It might equally have been, for purposes of illustration, a night train leaving Boston for New York; but we are dealing with facts, and the fact is as we have put it. Perhaps it was the season when time-tables are changing, and when nobody, least of all the officials, can say just when a train will or will not leave. At any rate, the greatest difficulty attended our inquiry, both at our hotel and at the station; as for people who had recently been to Rome on the night train, they were of the lower animals as far as time-tabulary intelligence was concerned; one really had to pity them. The affair was all the more trying because we had to be accurate, for if you are not in the train at the moment it leaves Florence, you do not go to Rome.

It will not do to arrive at the platform *about* seven, or *about* nine; you must be there on the tick. We had this clearly in mind, and our inquiries were exact. By means of great persistence we learned at last that the train left at, say, eight o'clock and ten minutes; and then, strangely enough, we no longer wished to take it.

In fine, our plans had suffered one of those changes to which the plans of travellers are subject throughout the journey of life. We decided first not to go by the night train to Rome, and then we decided not to go to Rome at all, because we had been there twenty years before, and we argued that if Rome were eternal it must also be immutable, and we need not go. But there we were, left with a piece of useless information on our hands, which we had spent so much time and pains in acquiring, and which we found we could not even give away, for nobody else that we knew wished to take the night train for Rome. It was a purely decorative addition to our stock of general knowledge. We cherished it as such for a long time; then it frayed out and fell away. We totally forgot when the night train left Florence for Rome; for though we have said eight-ten, that was for purposes of illustration only; we would by no means affirm that eight-ten was actually the hour.

A piece of information is not entirely useless if you can use it even once only; and if we had taken the night train from Florence to Rome, as we expected, it would have been undeniably well to know when it started. But as we did not take it, the instance became a type of the hardship involved by the acquisition of useless information. Even at the best, we should have gone but once, and the fact of the train leaving Florence at eight-ten would simply have remained to lumber memory forever. The conclusion will suggest itself to the reader. One should think twice before acquiring any sort of information, for there are chances that it may turn out useless in the end if not the beginning.

What is quaintly called education is

largely a process of acquiring useless information. A little child

"That feels its life in every limb,"

and would so much rather be dancing about the meadows or the pavement, is cooped up in school and cruelly obliged to learn the length of the chief river of China. To what possible end? To be able to say, if asked? But who will ask it such an insensate question? Even in the imminence of a Yellow Peril to Western civilization, when the length of that river might be a fact of some importance to the American admiral considering whether to send his gunboats up it and shell the non-combatants on its banks, the chances are that few of the children who have learned it at school will be that admiral; certainly not if they are girls, and yet girls are obliged to learn it the same as boys.

No wonder so many children turn out badly; the sense of injury through the acquisition of useless information rankles in them, and turns them away from all knowledge, for they have never formulated their reason for preferring ignorance to false knowledge, which is what they really wish to escape. We must, in this matter, as in most others, begin with the young, if we would reform the old; and it could well be objected to much scientific information that it was permanently mistaken or only provisionally established in the form of an hypothesis. Indeed, this was the objection to it which we once heard made by an eminent man of science. He said that for the reason implied he wished the old-fashioned academic instruction for his children, rather than the modern scientific instruction. Latin and Greek did not change, nor living languages much; poetry, if it ever was poetry, remained so; drama was permanently dramatic in the fortunate instances when it was not melodramatic; the music of the spheres was perhaps not just the music imparted by the piano-teacher, yet it was the mother of this; and though it was not probable that the morning stars sang together in rag-time, the principles of melody and harmony were eternally the same. The perspective of the drawing-lessons was that which was discovered in the revival of the arts, and however

neglected or despised, was of the nature of an exact science. But the sciences so called were not only inexact; they were tentative, speculative, and so mutable that what they taught to-day they would often unteach to-morrow. They were not instruction; they were information, and apt to be useless information because they so rapidly denied and superseded themselves. He made out a strong case against them, as a means of education, but he may not have meant to discourage their cultivation altogether.

At one time there was much dispute in the learned world as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, not individually or as a proof of personal daring, but collectively, and as a proof of their multitudinous compressibility. The question was never satisfactorily settled. But if it had been, the fact would have become useless information, which years would have been wasted in acquiring, when in the lapse of centuries science came to doubt whether there were any angels at all, and their multitudinous compressibility was a matter of no concern. Now again when science refuses to deny that there may be angels, no inquirer troubles himself as to how many or how few of them can stand on the point of a needle. The fact, if it could have been ascertained, would be of no more actual interest than the fact that the night train for Rome used to leave Florence at eight-ten.

We must constantly guard ourselves against the acquisition of useless information, if we would not be heaped with unavailing knowledge. Better a free mind at the expense of an empty one than a mind stuffed with dead or dying facts which never have been or ever can be used,—hours from time-tables long superseded, eight-ten trains untaken after crucial inquiry for the moment of their departure. Yet you never can tell whether information is going to be useless or not; and you are often obliged to acquire the useless sort at your peril, or on the chance of its turning out useful. In fact, if we were to confine ourselves to the useful sort, or the sort that explicitly promises to be useful, we might cut ourselves off from a great deal that would prove advantageous or pleasant.

A friend of ours, in his rash youth, was at the pains, in his case the very great pains, to learn Spanish. He learned it altogether out of books, for he was seven or eight hundred miles away from any Spanish-speaking person, and he did not clearly imagine what he was doing it for. Though he came to read several Spanish authors, he did so without much joy in them, and he ended with the vain regret that he had not given the same study to some other language which would have been more immediately related to the noiseless tenor of his way in that cool sequestered vale of life where he kept it. But when his sober wishes had learned to stray, and he found himself much nearer the maddening crowd's ignoble strife than he had expected to be when he studied Spanish, an ambitious actor one day sighed out his regret to him that he could not get hold of the version of a Spanish play which he had seen fail, but which he felt sure he could make succeed. Then the acquirer of useless information bethought himself of the language on which he had wasted, as he had come to think, so much of his youth, and he said vaguely, "Why, *I* know Spanish," and the actor retorted: "You do! Then why don't you make me another version?" Said, done. The version was made, and became the actor's battle-horse, which carried him through the struggle of life while he lived, and remained for that term a means of honor and profit to both.

This fable—for of course it is not a true history—teaches that you cannot always be sure of the lasting uselessness of any piece of information. We should say that it would be well to exercise a wise improvidence in such matters, and even to gamble a little on the chances. To our friend who apparently learned Spanish so aimlessly, so almost wantonly, not only did profits accrue finally, but he experienced in time a high pleasure from it, for he found the language a distinct advantage in reading the modern Spanish novelists, who are among the most charming of all the novelists, ancient or modern. In our own case, we still have hopes that the painful inquiry which it cost us to learn the hour of the departure of the night train from Florence to Rome may have contributed to

form habits of close and exact thinking, though the proof of this is yet to appear.

On the other hand, there was once a young lady of tender feelings but firm resolves who was inflexibly determined to live unmarried, even at the risk of living an old maid, but who wished so much to spare the susceptibilities of her potential admirers that she long made it her study how to refuse them without wounding them. To this end she read all the novels she could lay her hands on, and as much poetry as she could bear. She went constantly to the theatre, and in the intervals of her social duties she took serious books, like biographies and memoirs, out of the libraries, and informed herself of the methods and manners of the heroines who declined offers from high motives. She was, upon the whole, a good deal disappointed, especially with the novels. These manuals of the impassioned emotions seemed to render in almost every case a blind allegiance to the law of ending well, which in the low conception of the author was getting the hero and heroine married, and then dropping them. In the very, very few cases where they suffered a girl to refuse a lover, it was that she might leave him to some other girl who secretly loved him, and who would probably pine away, or partly away, if she did not have him. This the young lady thought simply disgusting and idiotic; she was a young lady of strong expressions as well as tender feelings and fixed resolves; and she found the poets not much, if any, more instructive than the novelists. They gave examples enough of girls who did not marry, but it was because their lovers died, or did not ask them; when their lovers both survived and proposed the girls refused them from pride or from shame, or from want of presence of mind; and bitterly regretted it ever afterwards. The personal histories were largely those of women distinguished in the arts, letters, and sciences, whose courtships and marriages were dismissed in a few cold and indifferent phrases, as incidents of small consequence in their several careers. Where they did not marry they seemed not to have been courted; and where they were loved it was in a vague, tentative sort that never arrived at passion.

In spite of all, however, the young lady did evolve, though from the observation of life rather than her acquaintance with literature, a formula of sympathetic rejection which entirely suited her. We will not reveal it because it was so charming that if put in the possession of young girls generally, it would tempt them to its use in the case of every offer of marriage. But we may confide that the young lady, having lived to witness the comparative failure of marriage among her friends, and always liking her friends' husbands better than her friends themselves, though she blamed them for her friends' unhappiness, made such a study of their varying temperaments that she knew just where men's sensibilities would suffer most, and so contrived a form of refusal that would justly flatter their vanity and console their affections, and at last leave them grateful for having been rejected. The only difficulty she experienced was in the application of her formula. It happened that the very first man who offered himself was one whom she had long secretly loved, and she instantly accepted him, without, as it were, thinking. She never regretted what she had done, and did not even appear chagrined at the waste of the time she had spent in acquiring the useless information stored up for a contrary eventuality. Unless she should become a widow, hers must ever remain the most signal instance of misspent research that we could offer.

A vast deal of useless information is acquired in the course of any one's novel-reading, whether it is done with the set purpose of the young lady just in question, or from mere motives of curiosity. To what practical end does one learn so much as one does concerning the lives, fortunes, natures, characters, principles, impulses, desires, passions, of vast numbers of people who never existed, and are not like any people who ever did exist? One clings and clings, glued to the page till the last page is turned and one necessarily drops away, in order to learn whether the lovers marry. But of what

possible use is the fact when one has stored it up? If one is unmarried one's self it might possibly teach something, it might warn, or it might cheer, if the circumstances were like those of life, or if the lovers behaved like human beings in them; but as the case is in far the most novels, no rule of conduct is to be learned. In whatever event, you acquire a fact which can serve no turn of yours, a piece of useless information which cost a certain amount of your mind stuff, but was worth none at all.

Supposing you inform yourself of the climax in order to write about the novel afterwards, as some of us do; even then you ought not to give the climax away, in fairness or kindness to the author. Some critics think it wisest and mercifullest to know as little as possible of a book under review, for they can then treat it without prejudice. But upon whatever principle one reads books for review the permanent result from them is almost nothing. A useful piece of information is something that stays by you, that nourishes and edifies you, but the matter of a book that you read for review seldom does this. The reading that profits you is the reading you do for pleasure; and if the young studied more things for pleasure doubtless they would be more profited than they are now. We would like to have them try it; but mostly we think the blame for the acquisition of useless information lies with the instructors of youth. Of course one never can tell whether a thing is ever, if ever, going to come into play. It may be the Spanish language, or it may be the hour when the night train for Rome leaves Florence; you cannot be sure which it will be until long afterwards. But we think the instructors of youth might use more caution than they now do before allowing youth to learn things. Youth itself is in no hurry, and would not hasten their deliberations while they seriously asked themselves which of the several pieces of information they had acquired in earlier life had been of the least use to them.

Editor's Study.

COMPARATIVE estimates of different periods in the literature of any people are apt to be misleading, and never more so than when the present is contrasted with the past. Often, as in the case of Greek literature, the remote past seems brighter and fresher than all the after-time. The Homeric poems seem indeed so incomparable with anything in literature and art as to belong to neither. In truth, they do not belong to either. As the first myths are the spontaneous creations of a plastic imagination, so the early epic is the product of the imagination reacting upon the legends of heroic deeds, and is thus inseparable from the race type rather than belonging to any particular department of its development. Sometimes, as among the Finns, there is no significant sequel in the national growth, and the marvellous epic stands alone, the single manifestation of a people's genius.

No Greek ever thought of comparing Æschylus with Homer, although he was the master of a more developed art. It must be borne in mind that the Homeric like the great Hindu epics, as we know them, were the products of civilizations far in advance of those which produced the Kalevala or the Nibelungenlied, and that a long way behind them was the true morning, the creative font of the myths and legends which enriched them. Homer was not wholly unsophisticated. But to the Hellas of the fifth century B.C. he stood at the gates of Dawn, and was, moreover, invested with all the glamour of the Heroic Age. The great Hellenic tragedians modestly confessed that their plays were only crumbs from Homer's table, and it is true that their themes were in the main borrowed from him. But their operation—that for which we esteem them and which won the plaudits of their contemporaries—was in a field a world away from Homer.

Hardly more than a century removed from Æschylus the great orators of Greece flourished, Thucydides lifted history into the realm of art, and Plato laid the foundations of speculative philosophy. New conditions incident to the

enlargement and deepening of human thought brought into exercise new activities, developed new qualities, and disclosed a new order of excellences. Doubtless many critics in this advanced era regretted the past glories of a former and mightier generation. Already Euripides, then self-exiled from Athens, wise and complex beyond his time, had at once worried and fascinated an audience upon whose sensibility he had been over-exacting and in whose minds his plays must have suffered by comparison with the simple grandeur of Æschylus and the perfect art of Sophocles, though of this celebrated triad he was the greatest poet. Aristophanes, who in this period was at his best, had a richer and freer fancy than any other Greek poet, but in the critical estimate of his contemporaries he would have been dwarfed when contrasted with Pindar. If we go a little farther ahead in time so as to include Aristotle, we may say that this age had more influence upon human thought than any other in the history of civilization.

In the evolution of human culture as in that of the physical universe every advance involves at the same time a sacrifice of elemental force and a gain in structural excellence. It is in the lowest orders of organic life that the creative quality of that life is most conspicuous. So in literature the obvious and striking instances of creative power pass, giving place to a higher and more complex organization in which that power is veiled more and more in the progressive course of culture. Also, when the human imagination is most potently creative—that is, in the primitive and most plastic stage of the evolution—it is in its operation, whether of myth-making or of rhythmic expression, the movement of the mass rather than the manifestation of individual genius. No later manifestation can seem so nearly a divine operation as this. What is there in the whole range of art and science—of all human culture—more marvellous than the genesis of a language?

Yet we would not call back into being these prehistoric wonders or those of the

Heroic renaissance—nor those, indeed, of any age preceding our own—for our immediate delectation; we are quite well satisfied with such splendors as they show in our backward view, while pleased by their very remoteness.

Since the beginning of the individualistic development, which has been mainly Indo-European, and the first impulse of which was Hellenic, a few eminent writers stand for the times in which they lived—for their limitations as well as for their advantages,—and because of the durability of manuscript and of the printed page, though much has been lost, enough of their writings remain to us for our just estimate and appreciation. There is not one of them we would willingly lose from the retrospect, though for many an age before ours whole groups of them have been eclipsed, sometimes by wilful neglect, but more often by fateful oblivion. Whatever Dante may have meant to Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, or to such prose-writers as Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, he certainly meant nothing to Dryden and Addison, to Goethe or Voltaire. During the distinctively medieval period the great writers of Greece and Rome were hidden behind the barbaric veil; and, in turn, the wonders wrought inside that veil—the cathedrals, the chansons, the lyrics of troubadour and minnesinger, the Nibelungenlied, the poems of the Elder Edda, the heroic romances, and the mystery plays—were ignored in the ages which followed and which were illuminated by the revival of ancient culture, until the mighty reaction in the last half of the eighteenth century drew aside the veil and disclosed and magnified these wonders as a new inspiration to the imagination. In Queen Anne's reign all the great Elizabethan dramatists except Shakespeare and all the great poets who wrote before the middle of the seventeenth century except Milton were well-nigh forgotten. Even Spenser was scarcely read. Until the middle of the eighteenth century Shakespeare was but a *nominis umbra* on the Continent.

Our own age, including the last generation, may be said to be the only one which has the complete retrospect within the range of its clear vision and catholic appreciation. In another way the whole

past is peculiarly ours—that is, as a part and not the mere background of our culture. We have no present inseparable from this past. Yet there is a present which, as something which is passing into the future, has a note of its own so distinct and independent as in one sense to repudiate the past—that is, repudiate it as something standing alongside, as an explicit factor in what is going on.

Such is our indebtedness to the past that we are never inclined to boldly enough assert this exclusiveness. We would not welcome Spenser's *Faerie Queene* as a poem of to-day. Plato's *Republic* or Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* or his *Arcadia* would fall upon dull ears for any present appeal. Scott's romances, widely as they are read, for the romantic interest that endures, would be no more welcome as present productions than Milton's epics or Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*. All the great works of the past which we delight in as past would as works of to-day encounter that kind of resentment, mingled with wonder, which is aroused by what is alien, by things born out of their time.

Imaginative values are everlasting, but every age has its own form and habit which seem alien to another, and are only tolerated out of their time because of the essential excellence which they invest.

The merely outward costume and custom are attractive to us when reproduced for us in painting, play, or story, because of their novelty and picturesqueness, but we would not suffer them in the familiar intercourse of every-day life. Even the graceful minuet of the eighteenth century does not win its way with us except on the stage or as a contrived spectacle.

But the style of a writer is something nearer to his individual spirit and to the spirit of his time than any outward form. It cannot pass from age to age (an age in this connection, of course, not being limited to a generation) and still seem native to the time. Whatever its heritage of precious possessions, every age has its own work to do, creatively. No future development can give us another Dante or Shakespeare, or even another Scott. The world has had these in their own proper time and still has them as inalienable treasures; therefore it does not need their reincarnation.

If in some ways we of to-day seem less than those who have preceded us, in many ways we are more. If we do not loom up in so singular and striking eminences, we strike deeper and have a broader vision. Culture with us seems to be developed largely on the side of our sensibility. We are quickly receptive of impressions, direct and vital, and have tempted writers to meet us on this ground—to break up old forms, to give up old affectations and mannerisms, and, while keeping and even multiplying the veils of art and the illusions of romance, to dispense with masquerade. We invite a more spontaneous and less ornate speech and a less sententious criticism. Our strongest writers have greater simplicity than Addison, whose contrived elegances would repel us. The direct appeal—that is, direct from Life and Nature to our sensibility—is the significant trait of the speech we crave, whether oral or written. We deny ourselves no complexity which belongs to reality, but we reject the unessential. We demand that thought should be well clothed, with all the wealth which is its natural dower, with every fold of vesture belonging to its own involuteness, but without ornament. For our deepest emotions we choose the plainest speech. Lincoln's "few remarks" at Gettysburg were undoubtedly first of all characteristic of the man himself, but as contrasted with the ornate and elaborately elegant oration of Edward Everett, their simplicity marked the turning-point in the expression of an age. This speech signally illustrated that direct appeal which is the distinctive trait of the best literature of our time.

Mr. Alfred Austin thinks the cultivated English audience of to-day less intellectual than that of Pope's time; but we doubt if at any time, in England or America, the intellectual sensibility of cultivated people has ever been as profound, sane, and catholic as it is in this generation. Fortunately we do not know Pope's *Essay on Man* by heart, or much give our hearts to it, anyway. Did any English poet ever have a wider or heartier appreciation than Tennyson? What is the meaning of the growing popularity in England of Matthew Arnold's poetry?

Is there, as the Poet Laureate asserts,

"a growing distaste for the higher forms of poetry"? We have two kinds of intellectual satisfactions, and each is quite distinct from the other. That satisfaction which we derive from the masterpieces of the past (including even Pope's "Essay") is so complete that we do not hunger for their repetition in the present. Our satisfaction from present literature is in its response to the demands of our more developed sensibility and of our newly awakened and manifoldly varied interests. We are just as eager for the new wine, though we do not want it in the old bottles. As to poetry, our cellars are so full of the old wine, pressed from every vintage under heaven and of all time, that we do not make so strong a demand upon our writers for poetry as for good prose, the quintessential virtues of which are a modern discovery. We think that the extensive appreciation of new novelists like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Maurice Hewlett is a very satisfactory test of the intellectuality of our period. If any further proof were sought, it might be found in the fact that it is possible to-day not only for the best books, but for magazines not depending for their interest upon the treatment of timely topics or agitating themes and with no sensational element in their composition, to hold their own against the influences of commercialism, the "newspaper habit," and indiscriminate novel-reading—which are supposed to debase the popular taste,—and even to win for themselves every year a larger acceptance.

Owing to the fact that a supplementary proof-correction by Mrs. Humphry Ward of the July instalment of "The Marriage of William Ashe" reached us too late to be made in the whole edition (a portion of which had already been printed), some of the readers of that number will have a wrong impression as to the chronology of Ashe's courtship of Lady Kitty. In two passages "Saturday" should be "Saturday week." Those who have the uncorrected reading may possibly be perplexed by the chronology of the first meetings between William Ashe and Kitty. In fact, ten days elapsed between their first sight of each other on one of Madame d'Estrées' Tuesdays and the party at Grosville Park.

From the Diary of a Cat

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

MONDAY.—Very uncertain and lamentable conditions of the weather, much dampness and discomfort.

This morning I was forced to rise early, as it appeared that the cook at the house where I occasionally stay wished to use the coal-scuttle in which I passed the night. I conveyed to her that she might have it and welcome, that its usefulness to me was, for the time being, over; and intimated that I should be obliged to her if she could furnish me with any suggestions as to where I might obtain a breakfast. She thrust me out of the gate. I turned and surveyed the cook with a look of reproach; the cook had not a graceful foot—yet I determined to accept it as an omen, and I kept on in the same direction in which I had been, as it were, impelled. Thus a calamity often saves us indecision. Being impelled in any direction is better than no progress at all. I proceeded with some deliberation around the edges of many puddles toward an ash-barrel which I could dimly make out through the gray dawn. I saw very little that was worthy of my attention, but after acute search, walking slowly around the rim of the barrel, I at last descried a small chicken bone half embedded in the ashes. With some degree of exertion I drew it forth and made a delicious repast. My breakfast completed, and my personal appearance all that I could render it, the weather being so unpropitious, I spent the day in short excursions up and down fire-escapes and in an observing ramble down Back Fence Boulevard. At last the sun came out, and I found a convenient porch step, and passed the remainder of the day in quiet reflections.

Tuesday.— . . . For a long while I have been very curious about a garden with a spiked fence enclosing it, which I pass daily on my promenades over the roofs. I often pause to look down upon it, and I have three times had the same dream about it. In the dream I thought that I had somehow obtained access to the garden, and that I dwelt there amid scenes of luxury and content. I did not lack for adventure and sport, for there were droves of entrancing white mice tripping here and there; enticing birds flew from tree to tree and played rarely at my favorite game of catching and eating; and besides all this there was a fountain of milk spinning high in the sunlight, with tender goldfish roving about in the great basin and endeavoring to attract my eye. It is

not surprising that since my vivid dream I have used every device to effect an entrance into the garden, but I have not discovered a crack nor a crevice where I can creep in. Always, on my tours over the roofs, I have kept this object in mind. I have surveyed the situation carefully and accurately from every possible view-point, making estimates and measuring, and at last I think I can gain an entrance to the garden in four



IN MY DREAMS THERE WERE DROVES OF
ENTRANCING WHITE MICE

jumps. The first three I have essayed and found practicable, but the fourth jump is a feat of peculiar requirements. What agility I command has not yet proved equal to it, yet I am determined to accomplish it.

This fourth jump I have failed in repeatedly. Friends of mine who have unfailingly achieved well-nigh impossible leaps have warned me against the dangers attending this one. But it seems to me that what may not be crawled under must be jumped over, and so far in practising the jump, though

I have invariably fallen, I have invariably alighted upon my feet.

Wednesday.— To-day I went in to see the grocer to consult with him as to my using one of the barrels in his cellar as a winter habitation. I offered to pay him in dead mice. I produced one as a sample. He asked what he could do with a dead mouse. I thought it a stupid question, for I have observed that he was never able to put live mice to any use, and I suggested that he should sell them, as he had been so successful in selling dead fish. What there was in my bearing that should so have offended the grocer I do not know. As he has no tail, I could not be aware of his rising wrath. I was, therefore, not a little surprised when he seized me by the neck and hurled me into the street. I had no time to remonstrate. My sensations were indescribable. Flying through the air in a revolving manner does away with apperception. It is well-nigh impossible to record one's impressions when one is in doubt as to whether he is upside down or sidewise over, and keeps on revolving in a maze of successive inversions. I obtained some exceedingly curious views of my surroundings, and I regret that I cannot recall them more clearly. But as I remember my swift and shameful transit, I see how much we have to depend upon our own uprightness to judge correctly the positions of others. The grocer, as I left his

grasp, appeared to me to be standing on his head, but it was in reality I who stood upon nothing who mistook his attitude.

As I say, my speed was great, and though I alighted upon my feet, my distance from the grocer was incredibly long. Fortunately, I retained my presence of mind, and I turned, surveying the grocer with intense disapproval. I conveyed to him that from my point of view he had acted with undue haste and under grave error, and that I should trouble him no further. I then went down a side street, regretting that I had left the sample mouse where the grocer would be sure to see it and appropriate it.

Friday.— For some time I have been interested in the cultivation of my voice. There are certain tones that I find I can produce with ease, and I have developed them into sounds of extraordinary power. Of late, in the evenings, I have taken up a comfortable position on Back Fence Avenue and practised these tones; I keep to simple exercises, striving for a certain quality of great beauty and sweetness. One or two friends having a like ambition, we have formed an agreeable custom of meeting at the same spot every night and comparing our progress. Our exertions have caused intense curiosity in the inmates of the houses about us, and exclamations of wonder and awe are often heard. We expect to combine our several tones of excellence into a chord which will express great emotion. It will be called the "Yearn Chord," or the "Song of Unnumbered Woes," and will be of a plaintive, pleading character, with rising and falling cadences and inflections of great depth and resonance.

Monday.— After practising the fourth jump and being unsuccessful, I repaired to the butcher's to try and obtain a portion of meat. I walked in upon him early, and with a brisk manner, as one who should say, "It is necessary that I should eat to live." "Are you sure that you do not live to eat?" retorted the butcher.

The butcher is a brief and caustic man. The shortness of his speech is due to the influence of his pursuits upon his character. There is nothing quicker and shorter than a chop or a cut. A butcher might, with great success, found a school of expression for preciseness and brevity. I jumped upon his broad back where he could not reach me.

"Get off, you brute!" cried the butcher, but I dug my claws deeper into his soft, fat flesh. Then he bribed me, and when he tempted me with something worth my while, a red and juicy bit of steak, down I came, and seizing the meat in my mouth, ran out of the shop and ate the steak behind a garbage-can. Poverty, it is said, sharpens the wits, but it is hard to keep the wits as sharp as the hunger, which poverty also grinds out to a pretty point.

Tuesday.— After many failures, I have at last discovered a most desirable place in which to sleep. I have adopted one of the large white urns on the gateway of the entrance to the Park. It is a com-



FLYING THROUGH THE AIR IN A REVOLVING MANNER DOES AWAY WITH APPERCEPTION

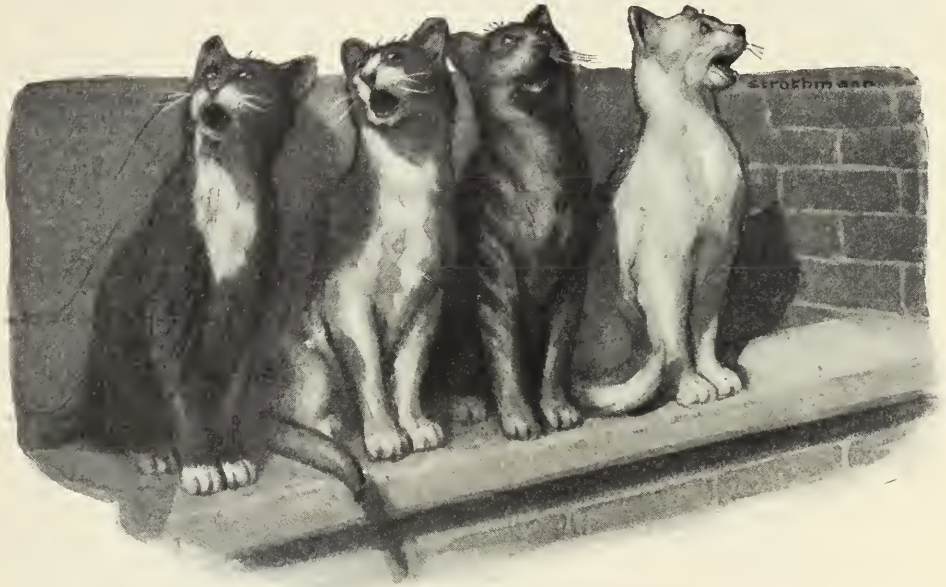
modious, elegant affair, sheltered by the great oak-tree that spreads its branches over the gateway, and I can drop into it from the oak boughs as softly and lightly as a snowflake. There I have solitude and shadowed gloom; the moonlight reveals the cold statues glimmering in the groves and bathes the dead fountain in white streams. Not wishing to be selfish, and sensible of the lack of sleeping-places, I invited a chance acquaintance, Speckle Devil by name, to occupy the other urn. He refused in a sullen, dogged manner, saying in a shamefaced way that "he didn't want to sleep in no Symbol"; but Speckle is of a rough and superstitious nature, given to foolish and groundless prejudices. He and two friends of his, Stealthy Rake and Smutty Sneak, make a strange trio. Careless of appearances, rough and defiant in manner, theirs seem to be characters of intense swagger and bravado; but their

adventures and their conversation I find highly interesting. I detect a certain eloquence and clear-cutness in their expressions. I find that their lack of conventionality renders them at once picturesque and convincing. Hence I ask the question—can it be that it is only the vagabond and the social outcast to whom it has been given to utter plain truths? Is it only a rake that can call a spade a spade?

Tuesday.— . . . Mild weather. Perhaps spring is coming. I spent the morning wandering through some empty sewer-pipes. It is a stealthy mode of travel, and one that much pleases me. Things that I wish to eat I often secrete in these pipes until such time as I can enjoy them. The only difficulty is that the pipes are all very much alike, and are placed end to end in long lines down the different streets, so that it is often hard for me to remember in which pipe I placed the bone or bacon rind that I wished to preserve. I sometimes wander on through miles and miles of pipe in search of the treasure, only to discover at last that I have entered the wrong line of pipes. However, my travels are entertaining, and often bring me out to interesting places. This morning, as I stepped out of the end of the pipe-tunnel into the open sunlight, I found myself facing a dog-kennel, which I concluded was empty.

There was a saucer of milk by the door. I stopped to quench my thirst, when immediately I was set upon by an old blind creature, who flew out of the kennel and hurled furious invective at me. I drew back. "Madam," said I, "there is some mistake here."

"You are the mistake!" retorted the old creature. "Get out of here!"—uttering horrible imprecations. This unpleasant exhibition of feminine temper completely unnerved me. Though I wished to explain that my



IT WILL BE CALLED THE "YEARN CHORD," OR THE "SONG OF UNNUMBERED WOES"

interest in the milk had been merely that of endeavoring to test the accuracy of casual observation, I refrained, and, completely disgusted, moved rapidly back into the sewer-pipe.

Wednesday.— . . . I was in an ailantus-tree in Pigeon Place the other day, devoting my leisure to nature-study. I was endeavoring to concentrate upon the innocent gambols of a flock of sparrows, one of whom, by her artless coquetries, particularly engaged my attention. Her fascination for me was exceedingly pleasant and I cast about for some means of drawing nearer to her, for nothing could have been more coy and retiring than the little sparrows. As I gently advanced along the limb upon which she perched, gazing at me with a pretty shyness, I was startled to perceive some one else climbing the tree. Looking down, I recognized my acquaintance, Speckle Devil, who rapidly ascended. I concealed myself, but the astute Speckle soon discovered me. When he approached, the sparrows ceased their interesting sports and flew away. I was disappointed, and could not conceal my chagrin from the clumsy Speckle. He stopped and surveyed me.

"Chasing dicky-birds, hey?" he volunteered, in his coarse way.

I was irritated, and did not hesitate to



I JUMPED UPON HIS BROAD BACK

show it. I climbed farther out on the limb. Speckle followed me. "Don't be mad," he whined, teasingly.

I faced him and surveyed him with cool scorn. "You look like a shattered ideal, Speckle," I said, trying to make him sensible of his uncouth appearance, for nothing could have been filthier or more shocking than his entire person.

He turned and sharpened his claws on the limb, saying, defiantly: "Oh, get gay, then—wot do I care? You look like an animal cracker, you do. Gee! You look like a leopard that's lost his spots."

I saw then that the honest fellow was hurt, and in a milder tone I asked him his reason for disturbing me. Speckle chewed a twig or two in silence, then he replied, "Fight."

I was interested at once. I hesitated. I had some idea of going to practise the fourth jump, and I disliked the society of Rat Alley. Speckle watched me disdainfully, narrowing his yellow eyes. Finally I said:

"No, Speckle, I think I shall stay here."

Practical

A MOTHER happening one day to overhear a group of little girls excitedly concocting a scheme of revenge against another little girl, who had apparently done something very "mean," was grieved to find her own child among the chief conspirators.

"Why, my dear!" she said, taking her

You must understand that is a principle of mine—not to witness a fight."

Speckle, having reached the ground, turned up his face and eyed me scornfully. "Principle?" he sneered. "Principle! Won't witness a fight, hey? Sits on a limb and witnesses dicky-birds, but he's too good to witness a fight. Oh Lord!" and he swore violently. Then saying with intense scorn, "Yes, you're full of principle, you are!" he ran along the fence toward Rat Alley.

Thursday.— . . . Had an interesting debate this morning with an old family friend who used to know my mother. Our talk drifted to serious things, and I asked her if she believed in the theory of nine lives. She replied that she did, that she knew for certain that she had lived through seven lives, and warned me against such rash ventures as the fourth jump without making sure of at least one life to spare.

Saturday.— . . . I spent yesterday afternoon and evening at the home of a young child, whom I followed because she bore a paper of codfish which attracted me. The house where the child lives was exceedingly warm and pleasant, and I reclined in front of the glowing fire and made myself agreeable and attractive, considering meanwhile the advantages of such a home. It has often occurred to me that sometime in my life I must have been owned. I can recall the feeling of caresses and the scent of soft garments worn by some gentle person who felt solicitude and affection for me. I think I can remember, though but dimly, the look of delicate white hands that cuddled me, and the warmth and sweetness of a breast to which I was pressed. How I ever became dissevered from all those comfortable conditions I do not know, but it was long ago, and has no part in my present life, for now I become restless in any close environment, and invariably after a short stay by some hearth of friendliness I feel the spell of the streets,—a spell that draws me away from mere ease and plenty to the thrill and mystery of a roving life. And so it was yesterday. Half slumbering on the little girl's lap after a delicious refreshment of custard and cold liver, I heard suddenly, or thought I heard, a voice that called me; and an old desire for vast lonely spaces, for the Desert of the Roofs, for silent cobbled streets, seized me. I thought of the vague gutters stretching away into solitude and night, and the old hungry haunting, the strong longing to go out and look for something, possessed me. I got down from the little girl's lap and went out of the door that led to the street.

aside, "it seems to me you're going to do to Lottie just what you don't want her to do to you. I don't think this is the golden rule—is it?"

"Well, mamma," said the child, frankly, "the golden rule is very nice for Sunday, but for every day I'd a great deal rather have an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—it's *lots* more fun!" A. R.

The Elusive Botticelli

IT was at a table d'hôte in Baden. Among the guests was a young American couple; and one of our party, in an attempt to make conversation, ventured to ask the lady, who was seated next her, whether she liked Botticelli. The reply came somewhat hesitatingly:

"No, I—that is—I'm afraid I've never tasted it. In fact," she added, "I know very little about wines."

"My dear!" exclaimed her husband, in a fever of expostulation, "Botticelli isn't a wine—it's a *che-c-e-sc!*"

Later, amid other scenes, we repeated the story, to the great delight of a numerous company. As the laughter subsided, a voice was heard saying in accents of relief:

"Well! I'm glad to have *that* settled! I know I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but the truth is *I've* always vaguely supposed Botticelli was a *sculptor!*" A. R.

A Stern Rebuke

DOLLY is only five, but her small mind shows a decided theological bent.

"Come, Dolly," I called one day, "open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you something to make you wise."

"Oh, papa," she cried, in wide-eyed reproach, "*that's just what the serpent said to Eve!*" M. C. C.

Unauthenticated

AN AMERICAN going abroad heard on shipboard a story which gave him keen delight. Arrived in London, it occurred to him to try the effect of this story upon an Englishman of his acquaintance.

"It seems," said he, "that during the late war there was at one time a great scarcity of horses in the British army—in fact, the demand was so great that the government was obliged to press a lot of cab-horses into the service. The Boer general got wind of it somehow just on the eve of battle. He issued certain instructions. As the armies advanced upon each other—at the very moment of encounter—

every Boer held up his hand; every English horse stopped like a shot."

"I should require proof of that story!" said the Englishman, firmly. A. R.

A Fable

SAID a Little Boy to a Honey Bee, "You'd not be happy if you was *me!* 'Cause *I* don't get enough time to play,—I can't do half what I want, all day. You stay where it's sunny, all chock full of honey,—

It must be funny to live that way—You have a lot better time than *me!*" Said the Little Boy to the Honey Bee.

Said the Honey Bee to the Little Boy, "Yes, life is jolly and full of joy! I hum and bumble and buzz away, But it's mostly work and it's seldom play, And, rainy or sunny, I toiled for the honey Which you (how funny!) ate up to-day. I don't know why, but I buzz with joy!" Said the Honey Bee to the Little Boy.

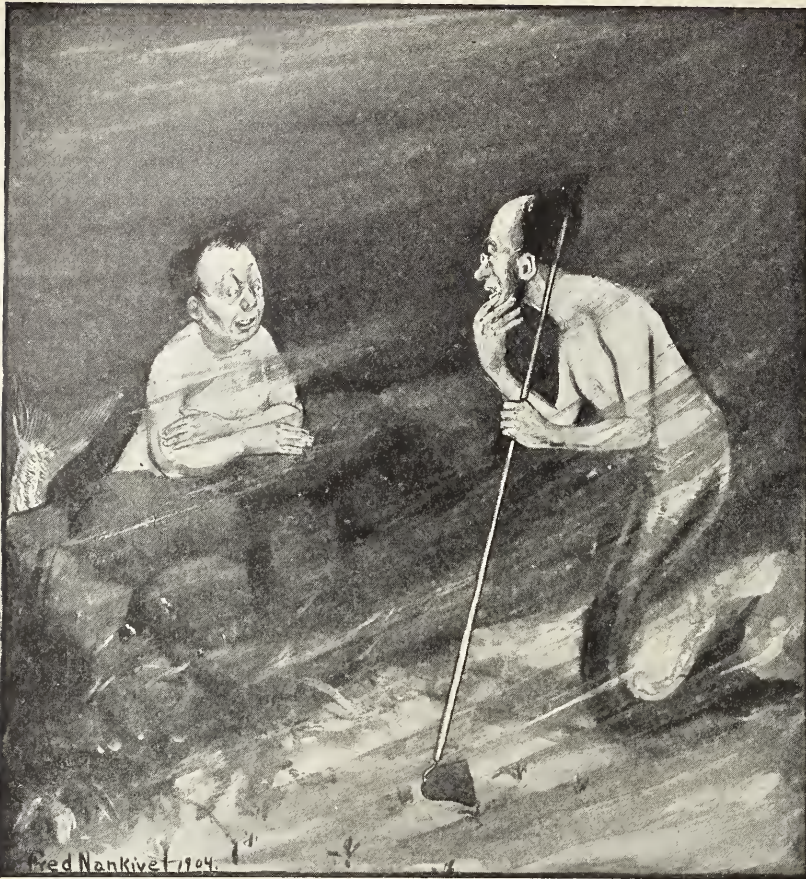
BURGES JOHNSON.



Unsentimental

HUNTER. "I suppose those hearts you are carving there are a message to your sweetheart?"

TRAMP. "Nope; they stand for two hearty meals I've had to-day."



Submarine Troubles

"Neighbor, how's your garden coming on?"

"Well, do you know, I'm afraid that last cold wave has just about ruined everything."

The Champion Jury

THE frontier justice of the peace has had so many airings that the theme is becoming encumbered with cobwebs, but I am called upon to record the conduct of the most remarkable jury which perhaps was ever impanelled.

Before his Honor Judge Jefferson Davis, of Walnut Grove Precinct No. 8, in the Territory of Arizona and county of Yavapai, one John Doe, whose other name I withhold because he has permanently reformed, was solemnly arraigned for stealing a certain saddle, carefully described in the complaint. After an elaborate trial, the jury retired, with the written admonitions of the court, to Old Abner Wade's cow-barn to deliberate.

In the course of three-quarters of an hour they brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The court promptly admonished them that such a verdict "wouldn't go," since the man had only been charged with stealing a saddle, and sent them back to re-deliberate on the fate of the bow-legged knight of the riata. A few minutes later a brother of the defendant came along and presented them with a quart of Bourbon and a couple of sacks of smoking-tobacco, along with a new deck of cards, accompanied with the compliments of the defendant, and an hour later the jury re-

turned the following verdict: "We the jury, with a supreme reverence for the principle of justice and profound deference for this honorable court, find that the defendant, John Doe, stole the saddle in self-defence, and therefore acquit him." F. A.

Unselfish

HAROLD, aged eight, came in late from school one day, and upon his mother's asking the reason, he replied, "I walked home with Miss Snyder."

Miss Snyder was his teacher.

"Did you kiss her good-by?" his mother asked.

"Naw!" he replied, half sheepishly.

"Why didn't you?" he was again questioned.

"'Cause one o' the other boys came up just as I was about to leave," he said, as though that settled it; but his mother insisted:

"Well, why didn't you kiss her, anyway? You shouldn't have been ashamed to do it."

"Wasn't ashamed," he protested, stoutly, "but I knew if she kissed me she would have to kiss the other fellow too, and his face was dirty."

M. S. GRAHAM.

To Yuki

OH, I suppose, little heathen lady,
You should be civilized—
That is, Christianized,
And not allowed to worship and adore
Some slant-eyed ancestor,
And toddle to his temple all so spooky;
But this I know, benighted little Yuki,
Had I an ancestress like you,
I would adore her, too,
And wish she were not dead,
With every prayer I said!
Still, let no Boards of Mission take alarm.
Or fear my faith has come to any harm,
For on my family-tree there never grew
A peach in any way resembling you;
Judging the few daguerreotypes I own,
I'll let ancestral memories alone;
Yet each male missionary must confess,
You are a little yellow peril, yes!
And must be civilized,
Truly Christianized,
And made to let your bogey forebears be,
And regularly go to church—with me!

ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY.

“Supposening”

BY MINNY MAUD HANFF

WHEN folks is cross an' things go wrong,
An' no one seems to care 'bout me,
I don't know how I'd get along
'Cept' for the lovely things I see
When I creep off away from light
An' noise, an' ev'rything that's real—
An' close my eyes, oh! tight as tight!
Such pictures through the darkness steal,
When I begin
Supposenin'!

You never s'posened? What a shame!
You've missed the very bestest fun;
It's just a reg'lar fairy game,
And, oh! the princes that I've won!
I'm always dressed in golden lace;
My tinsel train drags as I go!
I've lovely red stuff on my face—
An', oh, the people love me so,
When I begin
Supposenin'!

I own 'most ev'ry doll there is!
An', oh, I dress 'em drefful fine.
Why, no game's quite as nice as this,
'Cause ev'rything I want is mine.
An', my! the caramels I eat!
Mamma can't say, “Now that's enough!”
For lunch, no gruel or horrid meat—
But just some 'licious fairy-puff—
When I begin
Supposenin'.

Supposenin's the nicest way
To quite forget that folks is mean,
An' when they won't come out an' play,
Why, I just go an' be a queen.
Oh, but it's drefful fine to see
My palace made of di'mond hearts!
A fairy prince will marry me,
An' n'en the wedding music starts
When I begin
Supposenin'.



In the Park

“Oh, sister, this must be a buckwheat-field; see all the dear little buckwheat cakes!”



By the Yard

MR. ELEPHANT. "I suppose at that price you will paint me full figure, life size?"
 ARTIST. "What do you take me for—a house-painter?"

The City Child

HIS playground is the stony street,
 By soot and dust defiled,
 Or some fair park, all prim and neat—
 The little city child.

Ah, not for him the meadows wide,
 The brook that tumbles o'er
 Its shady sand; the soft hillside,
 The forest's piny floor.

He cannot know the thrilling joy
 Of living things and wild,
 But seeks to find it in a toy—
 Poor little city child.

L. M. S.

A Creator

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Kingsley had heard
 at Sunday-school the story of the
 creation. The head of a favorite doll having
 come off, he found he could make it stay,
 at least for a time, by planting it firmly
 on the shoulders. From this he drew his
 own theological deductions, and hastening

to his mother with his discovery, he exhibited his trick, with the comment, "See, mamma, I'm God."

The Evidence

MY father says, and certainly my father
 ought to know,
 Our ancestors were monkeys, like the mon-
 keys in the show,
 And that it's written in a book where any
 one may read;
 But all the same my mother thinks a dif-
 ferent thing indeed.
 I found that out on Sunday, when we came
 from church, and she
 Was telling father we behaved,—oh, well,
 outrageously,—
 And that we twisted, and we squirmed, and
 wriggled round the pew.
 And when he laughed, and said, "Why,
 that's the way I used to do,"
 Then mother said, "The evidence induces
 me to feel
 That their paternal ancestor must once have
 been an eel."

CAROLINE McCORMICK.



Illustration for "The Maid of Landevennec"

See page 498

THE RESCUE OF AZILIÇZ

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCLII

The Maid of Landévennec

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

MOUNTING the winding stair of the north tower toward the battlements, I peeped in for an instant through the hangings of the tower chamber. Old Rozennik, bent above her spinning-wheel by the window, was telling the little maid Genofa the ancient tale of the Korils of Plauden—the nains and korigans who danced by moonlight on the moor Motenn-Dervenn, and the hunchback Bénéad Guilcher who finished the korigans' chant for them.

—Di—lun, di—meurs, di—merc'her,
—Di—lun, di—meurs, di—merc'her—

crooned old Rozennik, nodding above her spinning-wheel. "And that was as far as they could sing—the korigans—till Guilcher taught them the rest. Eh, he was well paid!"

"Hardi Bénéad!" cried the little maid, excitedly. "How was he paid, old one? How?" And I laughed, and climbed on up the winding stair till I came out upon the battlements, where the good salt wind breathed sweet and warm, and the goëlands circled round and round lazily like buzzards, piping their harsh, plaintive cries.

Out to westward the sun was dying in a welter of blood beyond the sea's rim, and the sea was heaving swirling oil, not water. Where it heaved it caught the crimson light and bled dully: where it swirled you would have said a desperate battle was being waged beneath the surface and casting its gore aloft. Per-

haps— These be strange seas hereabouts, strange and terrible. That smiling little bay in the mainland is the Baie des Trépassés, where wrecks and dead men come like homing birds from all the northern coast—from Brest, from the Ouessant, borne by currents beyond our ken. The rounding of the great Pointe du Raz yonder seems a simple matter, but the passage between the point and the Vieille, the rocky islet, is the deadly Raz de Sein, where the tide-rip runs like a river, and varies in power and direction with each hour of the day. Our fishermen hereabouts pray daily:

"Sweet Christ, deliver us from the flames of hell and from the grip of the Raz de Sein!"

Lastly, under these very waves, between my tower on the Tévennec and yonder cliffs of the mainland, lies the great drowned city of Is, which God covered for its sins. In time of fog or storm you may hear bells toll beneath you. In time of blue sky and clear sea perhaps you will catch a wavering glimpse of tower or spire. Men lost overboard from boats and rescued at last have told strange tales.

Will the city rise again—great as Paris ("par-et-is")? The God who drowned it knows.

A snatch of song came up to my ears, very sweet and high and faint with the distance, and I leaned over the battlements to see who might be singing below. It was old Kabik, who sat upon

a heap of seaweed and watched the unloading of sacks of blé noir from a sailing-boat.

He polished a rusty sword while he watched, and as he rubbed he sang—a Breton song, but in the French tongue, which he was learning from a troubadour who had come, a month since, out of the Pays de Vannes to our island stronghold.

“Les goëlands sur l’abîme,”

sang old Kabik,

“S’agitent dans les airs;
Le feu qui les anime
Ne connaît pas d’hivers.
Des frontières d’Espagne
Aux champs Armoricaïns,
Enfants de la Bretagne,
Répétons le refrain.”

I dropped a pebble at his feet, and as he looked up, waved a beckoning hand to him. Then, when I saw that he understood and was entering the castle to come to me, I moved across the ramparts and looked once more toward the mainland where the towering cliffs of the Pointe du Raz and the Pointe du Van rose precipitous over the breakers—eastward thence to the gaping reach of the great bay of Douarnenez, to the purple haze which at the bay’s extremity cloaked the mountain Menezhom and—Landévennec!

“How long, my lady? How long?” said I, leaning upon the parapet of my island tower; and my eyes, after their wont, stared out far across the heaving sea, through the far purple mist, to Landévennec and what Landévennec sheltered.

Such a white slip of a girl to set a strong man mooning and dreaming through his days, tossing awake through his nights like any sick poet, any starved, whining ballad-singer—such a white slip of a girl with her yellow plaited hair and her red mouth and her burning eyes! Now I was ever a man for men—no hand-kisser, no babbler of soft verses, no cushion-lounger, no beggar for favors when my lord’s away. I have ever loved man’s work—adventure by land or sea, clean fighting (against odds, for choice), setting my strength and skill against the might of our fierce Northern seas. Yet—that white girl with her slim shape and

her steady gray eyes burning to black—eyes unafraid in death’s face! What has one maid which another maid lacks, that she should, all in a moment, set a man’s hands a-shaking and his heart to unaccustomed throbs?

“How long, my lady? How long?” said I, and while my body leaned over the parapet of my island tower my eyes burned through the far purple haze toward Landévennec and what Landévennec sheltered.

I was thinking of how I had seen her for the first time a year gone by. “First,” say I? Alas! the only time! I walked, I mind, upon the cliffs of the Pointe du Raz. It was a fair day, but the wind had shifted to southwest and a storm was coming. Already the surf boomed on the west cliff. I mind that I had reached a point just above that passage in the rocks which is called the Trou de l’Enfer—where the tide sucks and shrieks—when I heard from below at the water’s edge a woman’s voice calling for help. Even at that moment, before I had seen her, I wondered that the voice should be so calm—that there should be in it no frenzy of terror; for the woman must know, I said to myself, that aid could be near only by a miracle. It is seldom that any one walks upon the Pointe du Raz.

I shouted an answer to the voice below me. I made my way down the rocks of the cliff—it is a matter of two hundred feet—and at last I reached the sea’s edge. It was but a maid who clung there, looking unafraid into death—a young maid. She had slipped among the rocks, and found herself at the base of a little precipice which offered no hand or foot hold—cut off by the rising tide.

There was no difficulty in saving her. I mourned that afterward. If only I might have risked my life—come near to losing it—won her pity by shedding my blood for her!

It was all too easy. I had but to clasp my arms about her knees and raise her so till she could find a safe hold on rocks above; then, with my greater strength, to buffet the waves, breast-high, to a point from which I could climb; and so, half carrying, half leading the girl, reach the cliff’s crest and the heathered moor. But, safe at last, we

stood on the wind-swept moor, close together, staring into each other's eyes, and the heart in my breast checked altogether its beating—I knew not why—till I thought it would never beat again, and thereafter raced and played strange tricks. Indeed, it may be—in that dreary following year I loved to think so—that another heart throbbed out of tune as well as mine, for I saw the girl's young breast rise and fall more stormily than her climb should warrant, and I know that her two hands twisted and wrestled together before her.

"You were not afraid," said I, half under my breath, halting oddly between the words. "There was no—fear—in your voice."

The maid shook her head, but her eyes, burning, did not leave mine.

"Will you tell me," said I again, after a little, "who you are—lady?"

"I am Azilicz of Landévennec," said she, very low. "And—you who have—saved my life?"

"Count Dénès, lady," said I.

"Of the—Tévennec?" she asked, in a quick whisper, and I saw the flush grow up over her neck and face to the yellow hair.

"Yes, lady," said I. I knew what was in her mind. Men call me hereabouts the Robber Prince. They say that we of the Rock are freebooters, pirates taking toll of whomsoever falls into our clutches. Eh, well! Some loot by sea—others by land. So wags the world.

"Oh!" said Azilicz of Landévennec, covering her flushed face with her hands—"oh, I am sorry! I am sorry!" But in a moment she reared her head again. "I owe you my life, my lord!" said she, and stretched her hand to me. I think it shook a very little under my lips. "My father," she said, "will wait upon you to thank you for this. I—myself, shall not—forget."

"Lady, lady!" said I, stammering.

And then she went from me across the moor toward Kersalec tower, where she was staying with kinsfolk. And I stood watching her—she turned once, I mind—till the speck of blue was lost behind the walls of Kersalec, and my heart was ever at its strange tricks.

Jean of Landévennec made his visit of obligation within two days. He came

in state in his sailing-barge—a great red man full of oaths, with the voice of a bull. We of the Rock received him in like state; we know our manners at least. But when he had done with his compliments and thanks I looked him in the eyes and asked for the hand of his daughter. Old Jean stared back at me for a little time in silence.

"Now Saints Guenolé and Korentin stay my hand, Dénès of the Tévennec," he burst out at last, "that I do not twist the head from your body! Marry my girl to a sea-robber? Marry Azilicz of Landévennec, who will be Countess after me, to a wrecking, thieving freebooter, a rascal whose neck is safe from the rope only because he perches on a stormy rock like a damned cormorant? Mother of God! Count Dénès, you should climb high if insolence can lift a man."

"You are my guest, lord," said I, "and I have a mind that you should be my father-in-law. Wherefore I do not throw you into the sea. I think your barge awaits you." Eh! my hands itched to be at his throat, but, as I had said, he was my guest, and I let him go safe. "Robber!" said he, "rascal!—freebooter!" Is not that which goes upon the high seas fair prey? "Rascal," so please you!

Ay, I let him go, safe in his pride and arrogance.

He was dead in them before a month was out, and that white girl with her fearless, steady eyes was, in her own right, Countess of Landévennec.

God's word! even now I turn red with that old passion of shame and rage when I think of what followed. For I waited, out of simple decency, six months, and then sent a messenger to Landévennec, praying in proper formal terms to be received there as a suitor for the hand of the Countess. Such an answer as the girl returned I might have had from dead Count Jean himself. I writhed under the sting of it; but there be greater powers than pride, and they had me, body and soul. Though I cursed my womanish heart, I could not forget two eyes that burned gray and black, and a young, strong heart that had once for a little moment jumped against my own. Of such flesh are we fashioned—even we who boast that we are strong men.

"How long, my lady? How long?" said I, leaning upon the parapet of my island tower, and my eyes, after their wont, stared out across the heaving sea through the far purple mist to Landévennec and what Landévennec sheltered. It was old Kabik who roused me.

"You called, Majesty?" said old Kabik, bowing and scraping upon the tower top. Did I say that it is the whim of my people of the Tévennec here to address me as if I were a king? It is a folly, if you like, and none of my choosing, but I shall never be able to break their habit.

"Eh?" said I, turning. "What is it, old one?"

"You beckoned, Majesty," said old Kabik, scraping.

"Ah!" said I, "it will have been about the supply-boats. Has the last of the corn been landed?"

"This morning early, Majesty," said Kabik, "and with it the blé noir." He laughed grimly in his wrinkled throat. "We could endure a year's siege now," he said.

"God be thanked that we shall not have to," said I, turning away again. "That is all. You may go." But old Kabik lingered by the stair entrance.

"She—she is not there, Majesty," he said, after I had quite forgotten him in my dreaming.

"Eh?" said I, blinking. "Who? Where is she not?"

Old Kabik nodded toward the purple haze in the bay of Douarnenez.

"She is not there, Majesty," he repeated.

I think I went very white.

"What do you mean?" said I. The old one jerked a thumb toward the northwest.

"She went to the Ile de Sein this morning," said he, chuckling again. "In a fine, great boat of two sails she went, and her cousin, the young Alann of Gwened, sailed with her. I saw them from my fishing-boat. They will be coming homeward with the tide this evening. The moon is full."

I stared past him over the reddened sea toward the northwest, but old Kabik moved a step nearer and dropped his voice. When I turned my gaze to him there was an odd look in his keen old eyes.

"Majesty," said he, in his cracking whisper, "how was your dead mother, who is with God and the Virgin this day, won to the Tévennec?"

"Carried off," said I, in a dull voice, not following his thought, "stolen from Carhaix between two days."

"Eh! Eh!" said old Kabik, nodding. "Yet she lived happy thereafter, Majesty."

"Of course!" said I. "What woman would not rather be seized than sighed for? 'Tis their nature. They all—" And then all at once as Kabik's sharp eyes held mine his thought flashed upon me, and my breath caught suddenly, hissing between my teeth.

"Mother of God!" said I, in a whisper.

"What woman," chuckled old Kabik, nodding his wise white head, "would not rather be seized than sighed for? The Tévennec has no mistress, Majesty."

It was as easy as that rescue on the Pointe du Raz a year gone by. They had no thought of attack. God was kind to us, for He drew a cloud across the moon's face, and while they sang songs, sitting at ease behind their filled sails, we laid our boat alongside and made it fast. They were too amazed to struggle—all of them, that is, save the Countess Azilicz, who fought like a tigress, till I could have cheered to watch her.

It was near the Vieille we had made the attack—a bit to the eastward; and half an hour later, the wind holding fair and mild, we ran the two boats upon the bit of shelving beach at the Tévennec. Old Kabik had the Countess Azilicz in care, I being as busy as a man may be with trussing up the Countess's men, and I fear that old Kabik before we reached port had occasion grievously to repent his counsel of the afternoon, for Azilicz was no lifeless armful. I laughed in the dark as I went to take her from him, for I heard her voice crying out sharp and angry:

"Holy Virgin! is a woman a sack of corn? Hold me right end up, idiot! Up, fool! Oh, Mother of God, send this carven image the wits God begrudged him!"

"Take her!" cried old Kabik to me, resentfully. "Devils of land and sea!



See page 502

HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS HUNG OVER THE SPACE WITHOUT

Take her, Majesty, before I repent me of this mad work! Also gag her if you would be in peace." And I laughed again as I took the girl into my arms and swung her lightly up against my shoulder.

"Ha!" said Aziliçz of Landévennec. "Here's a *man*, at least!" And, her right hand being free, she reached to the dagger which hung at my belt, and with it struck downward back over my shoulder. The point caught in a link of my steel shirt and snapped, and the girl cried out in baffled anger.

Just then a boy holding a flaring torch halted for a moment beside us, and the Countess, catching sight of my face in the red light of it, broke off her cry very suddenly, and I felt her tense body all at once slacken and droop in my arms.

"*You?*" said Aziliçz of Landévennec, in a gasping whisper. "*You—you?*"

"There was no other way, lady," said I. And after that she said nothing more—made no further movement to escape, while I bore her up from the beach to the castle and into it and up many stairs to the tower chamber, where old Rozenik had sat in the afternoon, telling tales over her spinning to the little maid Genofa. There I set her gently down, and, turning, barred the door behind us. When I faced her once more she had taken a few steps to the farther side of the chamber and stood, drooping a bit—woman now, caged and helpless, tigress no longer—against the wall, where hung a great square of faded tapestry wrought with ladies and with knights and with spears and hunting-dogs, in dull blue and gold.

"*You!*" said Aziliçz of Landévennec, once more, looking at me under her brows. And once more I said,—

"Lady, there was no other way." And again she was silent.

Now indeed was my hour come after so long waiting and watching and dreaming on my tower top. Now was my scornful beauty won at last to me—shut within my own tower, delivered into my hands. Now indeed was the cup of ecstasy held at last to my parched lips, which had thought to drain it so eagerly. But the triumph died in me at the sight of that helpless girl drooping forlorn against the tapestried wall. No tigress

here! Nay, a woman alone and friendless, with no hand to lift a sword for her. Triumph died and shame awoke, crimsoning my face and brow.

"Oh, lady!" said I, yet again, "there was no other way."

"And this," she said, after a pause—"this tower to which you have brought me—this is the Têvennec?"

"Yes," said I. "Yes."

"And your—meaning, my lord," she said, very low, "is it marriage, now that you have me in your stronghold, or is it worse still?"

"Oh, lady!" I cried, and the pain in my voice must have reached her—"oh, lady, you wrong me cruelly! It is marriage I would have—honorable, faithful marriage by holy Church—ring and book. I have loved you since that day on the Pointe du Raz a year gone by, when I saw how beautiful you were and how unafraid. I've dreamed of you night and day till I could think of nothing else. I have stood on the tower top above us here looking across the sea toward Landévennec till my eyes were blinded with watching, and I've tossed upon my bed o' nights, unsleeping, till the wind tearing past my windows has shouted your name in to me, and I have thought that I was going mad. I sent messengers to you, begging to be received, but you sent them back to me with mockery. Oh, my lady, I love you and have long loved you as much as a man may love and still live! It is marriage I would have! Holy Church—ring and book."

"I would greatly prefer death, my lord," said Aziliçz of Landévennec, and I saw one hand go to the dagger-sheath which swung empty at her girdle, and drop away again in despair.

It was a warm night, and one of the narrow windows of the tower chamber, facing westward over the sea, had been left open. A soft, sweet air, rich with the savor of the sea, bore in out of the night, and the low, regular plash of waves upon the tower's foot came faintly up to our ears.

The girl moved across toward this window as if she would breathe the cool night air. I think it was an instant's backward glance she gave, a certain strained tenseness of bearing, that warn-

ed me. At least I was as quick as she, and sprang for the window as she threw herself across its ledge. But I was none too quick. Her head and shoulders hung over the space without, and but for the weight of my body upon hers, but for the clutch of my arms about her waist, she must have gone.

I raised her and lifted her back into the room, and her face turned to mine in the candle-light—gray eyes burning black. I heard the breath catch in her throat. I felt her heart beat fast and strong against my own, and then the strength went out of my arms in an odd fit of trembling, and she slipped from them to her feet upon the floor.

"Oh, is it so bad as that, my lady?" said I. "Is the thought of me and of what I beg from you so bitter that you welcome a horrible death in its stead?" I turned back across the room and dropped into a chair, covering my face with my two hands. I knew she would not again try to throw herself from the window. "Am I deformed, repulsive to touch?" said I, bitterly. "Am I ugly, misshapen, old? Am I such as a woman must shrink from?"

"No, lord," said the Countess Azilicz.

"Yet you would have killed yourself rather than marry me," said I.

"I would kill myself, lord, rather than marry any man with no love in my heart," said she.

Ah, if she had only held to her mood of anger! If she had raged and struggled as against old Kabik! To meet and deal with the scornful girl who had mocked at my messengers of love I was armed. This still woman in her woman's weakness disarmed me—moved my tongue to stammerings.

"Many have married without love," said I, "yet have come to love thereafter. Had the Count, your father, lived, you must have married a man of his choice, not your own. My mother, whose soul God guards, was carried off by night from Carhaix. Yet she lived a happy life—happier than any other woman I have known. Your mother's sister was won to the house of Kersalec by force. I have not heard that she passes her days in grieving."

"Kersalec," said the maid, rearing her head, "is an honorable house. A

woman must be proud to be of it, whether won by force or no."

"And the Tévennec, lady?" said I.

"A robber stronghold, lord," said Azilicz of Landévennec. "A tower whose lords live by preying upon others—the strong upon the weak, as witnesses this night's work."

"Now, by God's grace, madame," I cried, springing to my feet, "that is not true! No lord of the Tévennec ever preyed upon a weaker man, nor looted save on the high seas, where no law holds. Neither I, Countess, nor my father before me ever oppressed the feeble or took from the poor. If we have robbed, it has been at sea against great odds, and from ships of Spain or of England, which ventured forth knowing their danger and accepting their risk. Can your lords of the mainland, grinders of the poor, traitors to their feebler neighbors, say as much? Why, madame, in this very night's work we who were six overcame you who were sixteen armed men. Nay, madame, there you touch my pride! I am no cowardly wrecker. I take my toll from those who can afford it—and at peril of my life. If that be dishonor, and such dealings as Kersalec and Landévennec and Audierne must one day answer for be honor, I have been ill-instructed in the words."

The Countess Azilicz sat upright in her chair, eyes shining, hands clenched upon her knees. "Oh, that were a life to live!" she cried, in an odd, low, breathless tone, "a life for a brave man, Count Dénès!" But I was very angry at her gibe and did not heed. I passed her and stood before the open window, scowling out into the night. "A robber stronghold," indeed! "A tower whose lords live by preying upon others!" She should pay for that.

"Well?" said the Countess Azilicz, presently, and I swung about to face her. She stood in the centre of the room, drawn up to all her slender height, and disdain breathed from her. Scorn sat upon every pale feature of her beautiful face. "Do you not waste time and patience with talking?" said she. "Here am I in your hands. Is holy Church to be invoked this night, my lord, or am I happily to be left to my rest alone? We waste time."

I was still very angry. "Yes, by Heaven! we waste time," said I, starting toward her, "and I waste kindness and forbearance, madame, on one who has naught but disdain for me in payment. A robber, am I—a strong man who preys upon weakness? Ay? Then I'll play the robber's part to its end!"

But the girl broke from me when I would have caught her wrists, and shrank back against the farther wall, cowering with fear.

"No, no, lord! Let me be!" she cried, and real shuddering terror sobbed in her tone. "Let me be! I was—wrong! I did not mean what I— Oh, can you not see that I am desperate—half mad—that I do not know what I say or do? Let me be, lord! Oh, give me a little time, then—a day—the rest of this night—an hour—one little, little hour! I beg you, I beg you! Think, lord, what I am—a maid sore beset, alone, friendless! There is no one to help me. I am in your hands, body and soul. Oh, be merciful as you are strong and brave. Give me a little hour to pray in. It is not much—a little hour—and—I did not mean what I said. I did not mean to be scornful and bitter. I was beside myself. Look you, lord! Once you saved my life. Never wreck it now without at least granting me a little time to pray."

I dropped once more into my chair and hung my head, for I could not touch her in that guise of pleading weakness. One must feel that he struck a child,—a little, frightened, clinging child. So for another space we were silent. The maid had moved to a great chair near the window, and sat there huddled, her face turned toward the dark without, and I, sunken in my own chair, stared across at her moodily from under my brows.

"God's curse," said I at last, and with slow bitterness—"God's curse on this fever men call love! The world were a far better world without it."

"A fever, lord?" said Azilicz of Landévennec, turning her head.

"Ay," said I, "a fever!—a fire that burns one's bones and will not be quenched—a thirst in a desert—a haunting, tempting dream that fades as one stretches out one's arms to clasp it. Ay, a fever indeed!"

"And," said Azilicz of Landévennec,

looking oddly at me—"and it has—been so with you—lord?"

"Ay, so indeed!" said I.

"Only," said she, "because you saved a young maid from death and—"

"—looked into her eyes," said I, "and felt her heart beat strong and unafraid against mine."

"Yet other maids have eyes," she said, bending her head.

"And hearts," said I, "and hair of gold and red mouths and proud souls. Ay, Countess, for this world is a broad reach; but I have not passed my days in watching and my nights in torture for them. A little child beats its little hands against the window and weeps for the moon that it cannot reach—"

"Yet a candle will suffice it," said the Countess Azilicz, "if its attention be turned."

"I was never one to be content with a candle, lady," said I. "I ever cried for the moon that I could not reach."

"Until this night," said she.

"Until this night," said I, sighing, "and now—"

"And—now?" said she, her voice shaking a little.

"Now," said I, "that my groping hand has broken the glass of the window, I find it cannot reach the moon, after all—only the image on the window-glass."

"Then, after all," said Azilicz of Landévennec, "the candle were better."

"Nay, lady," said I, "better the foolish groping." I rose to my feet and went toward her, and the Countess Azilicz, very white, rose to meet me.

"Lady," said I, "once, a year gone by, I kissed your hand. Will you let me kiss it now one last time?"

"What do you—mean?" she cried, in a swift whisper. "I do not under— What do you mean?—one last time?"

"I have been a fool, lady," said I, "but, against custom, this fool will not return to his folly. Because I loved you very greatly, because, day and night, I was consumed of a fever, I thought that if she I loved were in my power, my love must be satisfied, my fever abated. I was a fool. I thought madly that because I loved I should be loved in return. I was a fool. I know now that the fever of longing is sweet beside the

torture of feeling one's love cold in one's arms—shivering with dread at one's touch."

"Lord, lord!" cried the Countess Aziliçz, her face in her hands.

"At morning light, madame," said I, "you with your company shall be sent on your way free to Landévennec, and no one need ever know that you were waylaid and brought here."

"Lord, lord!" said the Countess Aziliçz, sharply, and stared at me, amazed, breathless. "Free?" she whispered. "Un—harmed—as I—came?"

"Unharmed, madame, as you came," said I. "My groping hands cannot reach the moon—only the glass of the window."

"Oh, lord," said the Countess Aziliçz, with glad, shining eyes, "you breed noble gentlemen here on your Tévennec! Oh, I am bitterly, bitterly sorry for my gibes and my scorn. Lord, your heart is as tender as it is brave. My poor hand will be honored by your kiss, lord." She put out her hand to me, and I kissed it as I had done on that day a year gone by. I think, as before, it shook a very little under my lips. And so I left her.

"I will have your two women released and sent to you," I said, from the doorway. "I trust you will sleep." She was standing in the centre of the room as I turned to her, one hand at her heart, the other—that I had kissed—stretched toward me. On her beautiful face there was a strange little smile, a puzzling little smile, but I in my bitterness had no heart to read it.

I sent the two women up to their mistress, and old Rozennik after them to contrive for my lady what comfort she might, and then I went to my own chamber and sat by the open window with my head in my hands.

Oh, it is a cruel thing to know one's self unlovable! The sting bites deep. Christ who died on the tree, Saints Guenolé and Korentin who watch over Armorica, spare me another such night as that sweet, fresh night with its crooning wind out of the west, and its soft, plashing sea, and its moon and bright stars! Spare me another such eternity of the blackness of despair, where is neither rest nor hope nor hint of peace.

It is a cruel thing to know one's self unlovable.

I could not bide in one place. I went down through the great hall and out upon the rocks, where the little waves splashed and threw up jets of spray, where the sweet wind bore cool against my face; but the waves mocked at me, laughing among the rocks, and the sweet wind made sport of my grimness, whispering past my ears.

I climbed to my familiar tower top, halting for a moment outside my lady's chamber door. Within I heard slow stirring about. Once my lady sobbed, and at that I could not wonder. Once she laughed, low—not in mirth,—and at that I did wonder. And once she broke into a little faint snatch of song, such as mothers croon to their babes.

Hours later, when with the first small hint of dawn I came down from the ramparts, all was still within.

"Thank God," said I, "that she at least may sleep."

Later still, when the sun had risen, we made ready the captured sailing-boat and put the men of Landévennec into it, with their arms beside them, they staring at us with dull amazement. The Countess Aziliçz came out from the castle with her two women. She was in her armor of pride this morning, high and cold and proud and aloof. There was no color in her cheeks, and her eyes when she spoke looked over my head beyond me.

"Again I thank you, my lord," said she, "for this courtesy, which I shall ever remember."

"It is but a tardy righting of a great wrong, madame," said I. "I deserve no kind word from you. I ask you only to remember that when I did the wrong I was mad—and, perhaps, to remember also the cause of my madness."

But at the boat's side the Countess Aziliçz raised her hand to her bosom. "The red jewel!" said she, "which I wear at my breast. It has been left in the tower chamber. If some one could fetch it?"

"It is the last small service I can render you, madame," said I. "Let me fetch the jewel with my own hands!"

I went within and quickly up to the tower chamber. The red jewel on its



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"SHE TRICKED ME, LITTLE MAID"

twisted chain of gold lay on the floor near the centre of the room. The little maid Genofa had discovered it, and was hastening down to say that it had been left behind. I put her gently out of the room upon the stair.

"Let me be alone for a moment, child," said I, and I took one last look at the room which had sheltered my lady.

"Yonder she lay to take her sleep," I said, "but she will never lie there again. Yonder she sat, in that chair, the while she talked and plead with me. She will never sit there again. That's the arras she cowered against when I—shame! shame!—threatened her. Oh, my lady, my lady!"

There came up to me through the open window a sound of shouts and words of command. I went to the window and looked out.

"Gone, gone!" I cried. The two-sailed boat of Landévennec had pushed off from the beach and was just catching the wind. The sun shone upon the men's arms and upon the white coifs of the women in the stern. I saw the sails flap and swing, and at last draw taut, and the boat begin to slip through the sea toward the Baie de Douarnenez.

"Gone!" said I, in shaking whisper. "Oh, could you not have trusted me? Need you play me a trick to escape while I was away? Were you afraid even to the last, my lady?"

I turned blindly away from the window and dropped into a chair, covering my face. I heard, after a time, the little maid Genofa stir outside the half-open door. I heard the murmur of her young voice and presently her step, slow and hesitating, within the room, but I would not look up.

"Little maid, little maid!" said I, bitterly, "the sunlight is gone from the Tévennec, and we are left in outer darkness. She tricked me, little maid, sent me away and fled before I could return, because she was afraid—afraid of me who loved her. Oh, never you love a man, little maid, for love is bitterness and thirst and endless, endless pain."

She was a loving little soul, the wee maid Genofa, quick with tears at an-

other's weeping—full of caresses. She moved nearer to me, touching my arm with a timid hand.

"Ay, come comfort me, child!" said I, stretching out the hand which did not cover my face. "Come comfort me if there be comfort left in the world. God knows I am in sore need of it." And the little maid pressed between my knees as I sat, and kneeling there laid her face upon my breast, and I set my arm about her shoulders.

"God knows I am in sore need of it!" I said, again; but there ran a strange mounting thrill over me from head to foot—a strange fit of trembling, and I felt my hand shake among the little maid Genofa's hair.

"What is this that has come over me?" said I, and I opened my eyes upon the golden head which lay against my breast.

They say that to every man, once or twice in his lifetime, there come moments when the brain, full already to overflowing of emotion, can contain no more; when even a shock, great beyond words, of joy or sorrow, finds but deadened sensibilities, a heavy apathy. So it was with me in this moment. My wrung nerves could feel no more, and I but stared, dull of eye, helpless to move a hand.

"I could not—go, lord!" said my lady, crimson-cheeked, laughing through tears. "I sent the others—home. I never meant to go."

And still I sat bound with chains, helpless to stir a hand.

"Lord!" said my lady, with her face hidden upon my breast, "in the matter of—of the—window last night, I—I was—perhaps—not so—quick as I might have been."

The voice was very small and shamed. But at that I laughed, and my chains were broken.

"Then by the God who gloried in your making, heart's jewel," said I, "the mind of a woman is beyond my small ken."

"For that, the same God be thanked!" said Azilicz of Landévennec, "else were my new kingdom lost to me indeed. Lord, I have no fit gown to be married in!"



"LIFE WAS MADE FOR LOVE AND CHEER"



Inscriptions for a Friend's House

The Corner-stone

THE corner-stone in Truth is laid;
 The guardian walls of Honour made;
 The roof of Faith is built above;
 The fire upon the hearth is Love.
 Tho' rains descend and loud winds call,
 This happy house shall never fall.

The Doorstead

The lintel low enough to shut out pomp and pride:
 The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside:
 The door-band strong enough from robbers to defend:
 This door shall open at a touch to welcome every friend.

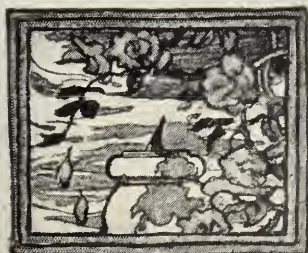
The Heartstone

When the logs are burning free,
 Then the fire is full of glee;
 When each heart gives out its best,
 Then the talk is full of zest:
 Light your fire and never fear,
 Life was made for love and cheer.

The Sun-dial

Time can never take
 What Time did not give:
 When your shadows have all passed
 I shall live.

HENRY VAN DYKE.



Photographing the Star-Clusters

BY G. W. RITCHEY

Assistant Professor of Practical Astronomy, and Superintendent of Instrument-Construction at the Yerkes Observatory

IN the constellation of Taurus, and passing a little south of the zenith in our latitude on winter nights, is that remarkable group of small stars, the Pleiades, one of the most striking objects in the heavens to the unaided eye. This group was familiar to the ancients, and is mentioned in many old writings, including the Book of Job. The six principal stars of the group are conspicuous; indeed, eleven are readily seen by a keen eye without a telescope. With the aid of a good opera-glass nearly a hundred members of this assemblage become visible, and with a large telescope many hundreds are revealed. Although usually called a star-group instead of a star-cluster, since the latter term is generally used to designate aggregations of stars in which the components appear closer together, this assemblage is undoubtedly one in which the component stars are intimately related physically; there is good reason for believing that these stars were all developed from one great nebula.

The relative positions of the stars of the Pleiades have been measured with great accuracy by several eminent astronomers during the past half-century. In recent years excellent photographs of the group have been secured, which afford a new means of determining these relative positions with extreme precision. In 1859, Tempel discovered, visually, a large, very faint nebula around Merope, one of the principal stars of the group. Photographs made about twenty years ago, by the Henry brothers of Paris and by Roberts in England, showed a large number of wisps and streaks of nebulosity involving Merope, Maia, Alcyone, and other stars of the group. Barnard's photographs, obtained in 1893 by means of a large portrait-lens and with very long exposures, show that this nebu-

losity is of enormous extent, completely enveloping, and extending far beyond, the stars of the group which can be seen by the unaided eye; the latter photographs are on a small scale, and do not show the intricate filamentous structure of the nebulosity.

Recently the two-foot reflecting telescope of the Yerkes Observatory has been employed by the writer in photographing the Pleiades. This instrument is especially well adapted for photographing not only the great numbers of very faint stars of the group, but also the extremely faint extensions of nebulosity, and for depicting with the greatest sharpness the minute details of structure of the nebula. The accompanying illustration is from one of the best of the reflector photographs, which was obtained with an exposure of three and one-half hours. The bright star below the centre, to the right, with the great curved streaks of nebulosity about it, is Merope. This streaky nebulosity extends northward and involves the bright star Maia, which is seen in the photograph directly above Merope. The brightest star of the group is Alcyone, which is shown just to the left of the centre; the nebulosity about this star is very faint, and is apparently very different from the other in structure. But the long horizontal streaks, nearly straight, and parallel to each other, are the most remarkable, and are different from anything found elsewhere in the heavens.

Little is known in regard to the real meaning of such a group of stars involved in nebulosity. These objects are at such immense distances from us that any changes of form taking place in them must appear extremely slow. Photography affords the only reliable means of recording the forms of the nebulae, and consequently of detecting progressive

FIG. 1.—THE PLEIADES



changes. But successful photographs of these objects have been possible only during the past twenty years; while extremely sharp photographs, suitable for the detection of small changes, have been secured only during the past five or six years. Furthermore, the reflecting telescopes which have been used in this work thus far are of comparatively small focal length, so that the scale of the photographs is small. Hence it is not strange that no changes of form have yet been detected with certainty in any nebula.

When a really great reflecting telescope—one comparable in size and cost with the largest modern refractors—is constructed for this work, and is employed systematically, in a fine climate and for a long term of years, in securing the extremely sharp photographs of large scale, which would now unquestionably be possible with such an instrument, we shall certainly be able to secure some definite information concerning the real significance of these mysterious objects, and upon the whole stupendous problem of the development of the nebulae and stars.

There are many other fine examples of clusters of stars involved in nebulosity. I shall mention only one other—a beautiful group known as Messier 8, in the constellation of Sagittarius. The cluster and nebula are together sufficiently bright to be seen by the unaided eye, as a hazy patch of light in the southern Milky Way. This cluster is about 24° south of the celestial equator, and hence is so low that it is photographed with difficulty from our northern latitude. In the summer of 1903, on an extraordinarily brilliant and quiet night, the writer secured a photograph of this object which shows an immense number of stars involved in a large nebula as rich and intricate in structure as that in the Pleiades. Perhaps the most remarkable peculiarity of this nebula is the presence of several "dark holes," so black, and with edges so clear-cut, as to suggest the presence of obstructing masses between us and the nebula. Many examples of such dark holes and rifts have been found, particularly in this immediate region of the Milky Way and in the neighboring constellations of Scorpio and Ophiuchus.

It is a suggestive fact that the more

open or coarse clusters of stars are, in general, the ones which are involved in nebulosity. Can it be that the Pleiades, Messier 8, and similar clusters are examples of an early stage of evolution, in which the stars have been developed out of the nebulosity comparatively recently, are still developing, and have not yet become massed closely together through the influence of gravitation?

We now come to the class which I shall call the moderately dense clusters. Many fine examples of these have been photographed with the two-foot reflector and with the 40-inch refractor. Notable among them are several magnificent clusters which are visible to the unaided eye as hazy patches of light. One of them, the well-known "beehive" cluster in the constellation of Cancer, is the *Præsepe* of the ancients. Galileo was able to see thirty-six stars in this cluster with his first telescope; modern telescopes and photographs show many hundreds. Another example of this class is the great double cluster in the constellation of Perseus, one of the most splendid telescopic objects in the heavens. With a low magnifying power both of these superb masses of stars can be seen in the same field of view. In the photographs a comparatively large region of the sky is included on one plate, and the contrast between these dense, brilliant masses and the comparatively thin region about them is most striking.

The telescope and the photographs reveal a great number of clusters of this class which are entirely invisible to the unaided eye. In the constellation of Antinous, in the Milky Way, is a most beautiful telescopic cluster known as Messier 11. Although not very brilliant, it affords a fine illustration of the massing of stars into clusters; for this massing is most conspicuous, even though this cluster is in one of the very dense regions of the Milky Way. Another similar cluster, but larger and richer, is the superb one known as Messier 37, in the constellation of Auriga. Messier 52 in the constellation of Cepheus, and Messier 71 in the constellation of Sagitta, are other fine examples of clusters of this class.

We now come to the globular star-clusters. With the exception of the nebulae these may well be regarded as



FIG. 2.—STAR-CLUSTER IN HERCULES (MESSIER 13)

Photographed with 2-foot reflector

the most amazing and mysterious objects revealed by the telescope. In them thousands of suns are grouped together in enormous systems which are nearly spherical in form, the stars being comparatively rare in the outermost parts of a cluster, but becoming progressively closer together toward the centre. But so great are their distances from us that in the case of the great majority of the globular clusters the combined light of their multitude of component suns is not sufficient to render them visible to the unaided eye. Only two of these objects are thus visible: the incomparable southern cluster Omega Centauri, which appears as a faint blurred star; and the largest and brightest of the northern clusters, Messier 13, in the constellation of Hercules, which can be distinguished by a keen eye as an extremely faint, hazy spot of light.

It will therefore be readily understood that the globular clusters can be satisfactorily seen and photographed only with very large and powerful telescopes; indeed, in many of these clusters the component stars; especially near the centre, are massed so closely together that even the largest modern telescopes fail to show them well separated. Nothing can be more impressive and awe-inspiring, when searching through the depths of the heavens with a powerful telescope, than to come unexpectedly upon an object of this class. All around the stars are comparatively rare; here they are massed together in amazing richness. The component stars are usually so small that the impression of immense distance is given to the observer. Furthermore, the conclusion is irresistible that the apparent proximity of the stars composing these clusters is real; in other words, these stars are intimately related physically; they form an actual group, and are not merely arranged accidentally, one nearly behind the other, in the line of vision.

The observer cannot see these wonderful assemblages of suns without wishing to know something of their real meaning,—of their physical nature. Are the components large, comparable in size with our own sun and with the brilliant stars which can be seen with the unaided eye? If so, the distances of the clusters from the earth must be, in general, much

greater than those of the bright stars. It now seems not improbable that this is the case, since even in the very dense clusters the motions of the component stars with reference to each other appear extremely slow,—so slow that in the great majority of cases no motion whatever can be detected by measurement with the largest telescopes, even in a long period of years.

In this work of searching for relative change of position among the components of the star-clusters photography is of immense value. With the great telescopes and refined methods now used in this work the relative positions of thousands of stars in a given cluster are recorded upon the photographic plate with extreme accuracy and with an exposure of the plate during only three or four hours. Such a record, once made, is permanent, and will serve for the most refined measurement, and for comparison with similar photographs made in future years.

Let us now consider how these photographs are made. No camera of the usual kind is employed; the telescope itself is used as a great camera, the photographic plate being placed at the focus of the large lens, or, in the case of a reflecting telescope, at the focus of the concave mirror. The stars in many of the clusters are so faint that even when their light is concentrated at the focus of a large lens or mirror, and when the most sensitive photographic plates are used, several hours' exposure must be given to secure a strong and distinct photograph. The tube of the telescope is therefore mounted on suitable axes, and is slowly and accurately moved by clockwork, so that it follows the diurnal motion of the celestial objects, from east to west, across the sky.

But with the very large telescopes which are necessary to photograph the dense star-clusters satisfactorily, this motion of the telescope given by the driving-clock, smooth and accurate as it is, is not sufficiently perfect to give sharp photographs. It is necessary to devise some means by which the astronomer can watch throughout the entire time of the exposure of the photographic plate, can detect any minute movements of the image of the celestial object from its proper position, and can



FIG. 3.--STAR-CLUSTER IN HERCULES (MESSIER 13)
Photographed with 40-inch refractor



FIG. 4.—GREAT SOUTHERN STAR-CLUSTER OMEGA CENTAURI

instantly correct or compensate for such movements. There are several methods in use of accomplishing this hand-guiding or correcting; the most refined method is by the use of an attachment called the double-slide plate-carrier. The observer sits with his eye at the guiding-microscope of the attachment, and with his fingers on the milled heads of two fine adjusting-screws, and he is able to introduce with extreme accuracy and quickness any corrections which he sees are necessary.

It was in this way that the accompanying photographs of the Pleiades and of the great cluster in the constellation of Hercules were obtained. The Pleiades photograph has already been described. Fig. 2 is from a negative of the Hercules cluster which was exposed in the two-foot reflector for seven hours, on two successive nights. This telescope is particularly well adapted for photographing extremely faint stars, and the chief value of this photograph lies in the fact that it records the very faint outlying stars of the cluster,—stars which are much too faint to be detected visually with any telescope; thus the enormous extent of the cluster is shown. When examined visually with the great telescope of this observatory—the 40-inch refractor—this cluster appears to be less than fifteen minutes of arc in diameter; the reflector photograph shows that it is at least thirty minutes of arc in extent. What this corresponds to in miles it is impossible to say, because we do not know the distance from us to any star-cluster. If we assume the distance of the great Hercules cluster to be such that its annual parallax is one one-hundredth of a second of arc—a distance which is probably many times too small—then the extent of this cluster is such that light would require more than two years to flash across its diameter.

If the reader will now turn to Fig. 3, he will see the central part of this same cluster in Hercules as photographed with the 40-inch refractor, the largest instrument thus far successfully used in celestial photography. The focal length of this telescope is 63 feet, more than eight times greater than that of the two-foot reflector; the scale of this photograph is greater in the same proportion,

and the stars near the dense centre of the cluster are now shown well separated. It is needless to say that such large-scale photographs as this are admirably suited for very accurate measurement of star-positions. I have obtained with the 40-inch refractor two or more very sharp negatives of each of the finest globular clusters which are visible from our latitude. It is believed that these photographs will prove extremely valuable for comparison with similar ones obtained several years later, in the search for change and rotation in these clusters.

Several of the globular clusters are so remarkable that they should be briefly mentioned. Messier 5, in the constellation of Libra, is nearly as large as the great one in Hercules. Messier 2, in the constellation of Aquarius, and Messier 3, in the constellation of Canes Venatici, are slightly smaller, but are both magnificent telescopic objects. Messier 15, in the constellation of Pegasus, is an exceedingly rich cluster; its centre is so compressed that even the 40-inch refractor fails to show the component stars separated. All of these clusters are in the northern celestial hemisphere.

The southern constellations Sagittarius and Ophiuchus are remarkably rich in globular clusters. Messier 14 Ophiuchi is a globular assemblage of countless numbers of excessively faint stars of very uniform magnitude. Messier 19 Ophiuchi is also composed of myriads of extremely faint stars, which in the 40-inch refractor appear like glittering dust; this vast assemblage is nearly twice as large in angular diameter as the great Hercules cluster. Messier 75 Sagittarii is so extremely compressed that when seen in the 40-inch refractor it appears very much as the great Hercules cluster appears when viewed with a six-inch telescope; it is apparently much farther from us than the star-clusters in general.

The most magnificent of the globular clusters, Omega Centauri, is nearly 47° south of the celestial equator, and is therefore not visible from our northern latitude. Through the kindness of Professor E. C. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, I am able to present a beautiful photograph of this incomparable cluster (Fig. 4), taken at the Harvard Observatory station at Arequipa, Peru.

When in Disgrace with Fortune

BY MARIE VAN VORST

CALLENDER had only to see her a few times to realize that as far as he was concerned the search for the eternal feminine was at an end—he had found the one woman. This in no wise implied he had claimed her. He might as well fall enamored of a star; until the more ultimate perfection of an air-ship he was as likely to win it. Such was his conviction. In truth she was infinitely removed—farther than Callender conceived. It would require a new adjustment of the spirit of the times, a more correct balance between theory and sentiment, a mental, spiritual, and physical revolution, in order to bring this complex entity, this theoretic, pleasure-loving woman—overrefined, overcultured, a veritable incrustation of modern fads and soulless schemes,—to the plane of the commonplace Callender—nothing more unusual than that of a well-minded, healthy individual, a man in love seeking a wife.

"Why don't you ask Miss Van Alsten to marry you?"

To the man who so brusquely divined his passion, Callender said with a flush:

"I have nothing to offer her!"

His companion exclaimed:

"Oh, I think you are quite rich enough."

"It takes," returned Callender with distaste, "more than *money*, to win the right woman."

"Does it?" The other's voice had the proper intonation. "I fancy you will find it takes money to buy a woman of Edith Van Alsten's type, and more to keep her."

Just why Callender should have singled his harmless wings at this bright particular flame would be hard to say. There was in Miss Van Alsten's circle of admirers no one quite like this Westerner, who rode, drove, shot, and played bridge all below the mark. He was timid with her: she wanted a master.

But although she could wound him with her caprices, there was that about him which called forth tenderness of emotion so sincere that she not only failed to recognize it amongst the lifeless sentiments with which her unnatural life was filled, but she was ashamed of it.

Had Callender seen the moment for his honest passion to be declared—if he could properly have valued the false, tawdry standpoints he failed to satisfy—stormed her citadel and taken her by force—as a woman, be she never so effete, so modern, longs to be won,—he would have been master. But, alas! he adored her, to his own confounding. He loved so timorously that the semblance of flame he kindled was overlaid in the woman's heart.

He went out to the suburban town where Miss Van Alsten lived. From the nutshell of an unpretentious frame house she made her brilliant *sorties* to town, and there, despite "her poverty" (as her friends called it), she was the spoiled favorite of an arbitrary set unable to deny her the success charm, beauty, and family command.

When Callender, left at the door by the little, rattling station trap, saw the small house bright with vines, the fluttering awnings, and the air of modest living it suggested, his heart contracted. Not that he found it difficult to connect his beautiful lady with simplicity, but that he had so longed to do so! Her environment appealed to his tastes. Instead of buying her from surroundings such as these, he would have adored to lead her with love, thus simply home.

She had not taken an hour to dress; she had taken it to make up her mind about Callender, and she had decided. As she came in to him there was a yielding about her—something like defeat, that rendered her more womanly, more

gentle, than he had ever seen her. His heart leaped with a hope so sweet that his eyes filmed as he gazed at her. He almost took her in his arms without speaking. It would have been well had he done so. He was victor then.

The only man whom he had fancied he had cause to fear as a rival was yachting on the Mediterranean, and, to her friends' astonishment and their worldly approval, the news was rumored that Miss Van Alsten was to become Mrs. Amory Callender.

She intended to set up an establishment on a par with those of her intimate friends. Some of the incomes represented by these households went into the millions. In order to duplicate luxury his wife could not do without, the husband threw himself into the struggle for greater wealth. He had bought his wife, and he was working to keep her? . . . Such a view of the situation was remote from his mind. . . . Rather she had done him the grace to bear his name, and he was working to make her happy. Happiness—as represented by a modern palace between two party walls conjoint with millions, a well-equipped stable, a house at Newport, a shooting-box in Georgia, a hunting-box at Hempstead, the latest model of automobiles—was Mrs. Callender's.

In her brougham, shut in by its heavy little windows, looking out at the pedestrians wrestling with wind and weather, her hands warmly held in her sable muff, her knees under her sable rug, she contrasted her suburban fortunes and entries to town with her present. Her weary foot expeditions hither and thither in clothes either too good for the streets or undesirable for a tea or reception, expenditures on hansom's sorely felt by a small allowance, courses in the carriages of generous friends—she contrasted all with the delicious cradling ease of her present lot. Leaning back with a sigh, she revelled in her possessions and devoutly thanked the fates. Through her *élan* of gratitude she was nearly in love with her husband.

Callender scarcely ever saw his wife. She inhabited another part of the house. He felt out of place in her exquisite rooms with their fragile furniture and

delicate stuffs. He envied the gay flock of women friends whose erratic appearances fell always in the very few hours he had to spend at home. There were as well countless other disturbances: the telephone on a stand at her side, urgent messengers, notes written at all times for all manner of engagements. When, venturing into this network of fictitious interests, he tried to find his wife, she was either "just dressing," or "just going out," or "just resting." He withdrew farther and farther, tacitly relegating himself to his own apartments and their uninteresting masculine belongings.

He slept at home, ate a hasty breakfast alone at his table, and hurried down-town. He returned to a house either deserted, or filled with people whose sporting tastes he did not share. On the days when bridge was played, the place made him think of a gambling-room, and of that sport he had enough!

At dinner he watched his wife. Men leaned to her in evident appreciation of her attractions. Brilliant, capricious, she seemed to Amory a wonderful bird caught indeed by him, in the world's eyes his, but in reality more to her most distant friend than to her husband.

When on rare occasions they dined alone together she was distraught, or else offered topics either completely foreign to the banker, or on which he could have no opinions because he had no time to consider them. As she waited, in an attitude whose impatience he nervously felt, for response from him, he would desperately blunder in, endeavoring to meet intellectual requirements no less inexorable than the financial. These moments were fatal. He was afterwards likely to feel he had lost in one evening that which his week's success at the Exchange could not balance.

Mrs. Callender was finding her banquet for the most part Dead Sea apples, and hours of utter disgust and *ennui* were often the portion of the woman living for herself alone. Her excitements were the crowded streets through which her carriage made its difficult way at the height of the day; in the more complicated progress of her automobile in and out of the network of vehicles and the rush of the cars. Excitement was in her entries to overheated functions whose

sole interest was the question "whether or not one certain man would find ways and means to be there." The stimulants of high living, the round of false duties, created to keep her from thinking of the great and solemn ones neglected, whipped her blood to unreasonable speed. She confessed the constant need of a new sensation, in order that reality should not force her to reply to the questions—Whether her life were justified? Whether they were overspending?

They were too poor—this was the tragic reason given for their childless state. Too poor to allow themselves the luxury of children, the only luxury denied! Too busy for the leisure of parenthood. And natural forces, unsatisfied nature, sought outlet in sterile occupations and unfruitful interests.

The fact that she was in no wise a woman of home, a solacer and life-giver, made her antagonistic to her husband. She felt culpable, and she wanted to forget. The generous nature of the man never reproached her, and therefore she began to reproach herself. She played fast and loose at the gate of life to exorcise a spectre which at times, too real to be laughed down, stood at her bedside and regarded her with accusing eyes.

Delevan, so nearly Amory's rival in past days, was her constant companion. He boasted qualities of mind which Callender undoubtedly lacked. He was a man of leisure with plenty of time to follow the interests which to Mrs. Callender represented the realities of life.

Day after day they handled together the subjects of the times, Edith intellectually at her best under his stimulus. But gradually the man and woman, from wider impersonal topics, narrowed their ideals to the number of two; they generalized from dual experience, they contracted circles pretentiously far-reaching in the beginning. They resented the intrusion of a third. It was understood that when Mr. Delevan came, Mrs. Callender was no longer at home to another guest. Talking in lowered voices—or silent—they sat together for hours, the man assured, never for a moment doubting his victory or questioning his own sentiments; the woman, uncertain, excited perilously, carried a rudderless ship to the mid-seas.

Callender meanwhile bowed himself under life—an Atlas holding on his bended shoulders the gilded ball of ostentatious living. He did not feel its weight; his eyes, if downcast, regarded a beloved image, on which, even in this humiliating posture, he could gaze his fill.

There is no word, possibly, that falls with an uglier ring to the devotee of luxury and high living than "Economy."

The worldlings' epistles read, "To economize we are ashamed." Amory would as soon have asked his wife to inhabit with him a farm in western Illinois at once as to have suggested economy. On his daily pilgrimage home, struggling with thousands of fellow men to board an Elevated train in the snow and sleet of January, or blockaded in a motor-cab caught in the vortex of Broadway, he mused on the complicated state of affairs. He was a moral coward before the thought of causing his wife anxiety. If he failed in the sole rôle he had seemed fitted to fill, he would indeed be worthy her contempt!

He withdrew into himself, away even from his own friends, and redoubled his efforts to keep the pace; and his keenest effort was that she should not guess his unrest. When he came home late toward six o'clock, it grew habit with him to go at once to a little room designated as "Mr. Callender's study," a small library on the floor with the drawing-rooms. Here without light he would often sit before the table, his head in his hands, listening to the noises of the household of which he was master. The general telephone just without his door was in constant demand. When countless messages had been given and repeated, and the instrument fell for the time being into disuse, there were still varieties of other sounds: the rustling skirts of the maids, the hum of a distant sewing-machine in an upstairs room.

As he mused, overstrained, exhausted, the fibre and vitality of him spent for that which in return is no life or vitality, the sounds grew unbearable, until mercifully a complete silence ensued, when every one had rustled past and the house for a few moments was still. Then his imagination (no doubt

sickly and abnormal) seemed to hear the running, the footfalls, of little feet. In pretty, uncertain patter they turned to this room—paused at his side . . . or even (he fancied) the high-keyed call of little voices fell deliciously sweet on his ears! . . .

Then, after the dream passed, in the prolonged quiet the murmur from the drawing-room would be audible. The undertone of a man's voice without a break would fill Amory's hearing for an unconscionable time. When his nerves, at dangerous pitch, threatened to make him capable of some act of uncontrollable jealousy, his wife's laugh would break the tension, and at the sound of her voice, if his suffering were no less complete, his control was reestablished.

Coming in from the opera, Mrs. Callender was surprised to see a light in her husband's study so late as past one o'clock. She opened the door and stood in it, her cloak falling from her shoulders, its furs and laces framing bare neck and arms, and her head with its sparkling aigret. Her entrance called Callender's attention from the pages of foolscap he had been filling with rows of figures. The reflection of their portent was stamped in his expression as clearly as though written in flesh and blood. He had no time to alter his countenance. Any one but a woman absorbed in her own emotions would have been startled by his face. As it was, it displeased her that he should appear so listless and fagged when she was full of the joy of life.

"*Why* are you so late, Amory?"

"I've been going over some accounts."

He had been sitting for hours without moving. The contrast of the lassitude and the defeat he expressed with Delevan, who had left her at her door, put Amory in the wrong; doubly as a voice within her tried to speak for her husband. She exclaimed:

"How foolish, Amory! You exhaust yourself over this stupid business. You're in a rut; do get out of it. Why didn't you come to-night? I begged you . . . you're tired out!" Her tone petulantly accused him of a state of stupidity, as if he had expressly chosen it to irritate her.

Callender shook himself, called up his spirit, and resumed the mask that had treacherously slipped.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, cheerfully. "It's an anxious week in the Street. Was the music good?"

"Yes," she answered, absently; "and apropos of overwork, you should really take a rest! I want to go down to Georgia for a couple of weeks. Let's run off to-morrow! It will be just what you need. The Whitelands have asked us to go down on their car. . . ."

She had picked up one of the sheets of paper scored and lined with figures—rows upon rows of them.

"I can't go possibly—not now, anyway. Perhaps I can run down and fetch you . . . but you must go, of course, Edith."

She was prepared for the ready permission; it had never failed courteously to follow any proposition made for her pleasure. She hesitated, ashamed of her egoism.

"It seems awfully selfish to leave you alone."

He started, flushing at the first acknowledgment of the complexion of her actions. He laughed with pleasure at her consideration.

"Oh, *that's* all right! It's beastly weather here, and you can't help me with Wall Street, you know!"

At this touch of his humor she laughed.

"No; I wish I could. . . ."

He was delighted. He had dined alone and had not dressed for dinner. In his business clothes, tired and pale, he contrasted again with the distinguished figure of the man too constantly in her thoughts. As her husband came towards her she stepped back a little. But her gentleness had touched him deeply—sensitive, suffering as he was. How beautifully she was dressed! How brilliant she seemed! Oh, he would win for her yet! He wanted to express this to her, to assure her he would stem the tide which threatened their disaster. He would force circumstances to his favor! She should lack nothing—nothing; even if his arms had been empty of her, his care had cradled her, and it should still.

In her bodice, clear and opaque against the satin of her dress, was a white gar-

denia. He took it out. It had been all the evening in Delevan's coat—now she saw it in her husband's hands.

"Who is going down to Georgia with you?"

She named a number of her friends—and not Delevan; as she mentioned each person she promised herself, "I will put him next,"—finally, "I will put him last!" At the end she had suppressed his name. She finished, "You really think you can't get away?"

"No; but I'll come after you if I can."

"Do!" She dropped her cloak, threw it over her arm. As she was now, Delevan had seen her and thought, "She is the handsomest woman in New York." Amory, "The most beautiful in the world." In a voice husky with feeling, he said:

"Speaking of getting away, Edith, I thought—that perhaps—in the spring, at Easter, when the rush is over . . . we might run out to Chicago together. There's a little farm near town, a pretty little place where I was a boy; it's an awfully pretty country, and I thought you would like to see it with me; there are some stunning wheat-fields. . . ."

Just what unfortunate spirit bewitched the poor fellow to offer this sylvan proposition to his wife at this hour, who can say? He bent his eager eyes on hers as he stood twisting Delevan's gardenia in his nervous hands.

She exclaimed, impatiently, "What do you crush the poor flower for? Give it to me," and took it from him.

She could fancy Delevan's smile when she should tell him of her husband's proposition. "A farm in Illinois!" She would never tell him.

Perhaps she wanted to go. Perhaps she wanted Amory to tell her now, to forbid her to go to Georgia. She replied, however:

"I can't imagine anything more awful than the West. You know I hate it! I hate long overland travel. We'll see when the spring comes. Good night." She stretched out her hand. "Don't sit up any longer; you are completely worn out."

If he had thought to put his arms about her, to evince the emotion shaking him, her words and tone froze him to ice. After she had shut the door behind her,

he remained standing as she left him. *Why* was he such a coward and fool? Was he a *man* and did not claim his wife? . . . He smiled bitterly. Claim? Why, he had *bought* her. Between them was alone the bond of money—how frail it was growing! How insecure! Tears sprang to his eyes—he dashed them away with an imprecation, crumpled the scribbled papers on his desk, threw them into the waste-basket, and went out of the room.

Mrs. Callender appears to have been created before the days which blandly deny the existence of Conscience. The *savans* who have convinced a portion of the reasoning world that the old-fashioned faculty is purely an idea and has no existence would have failed to convince a certain woman in her library at Belmont on this particular afternoon that she had no conscience!

The room where, alone for the first time in hours, she permitted the assailing voice of her inner self to be heard was full to her still of the personality of the man who was making it hard for her to live her life according to laws she had sworn to obey. Not half an hour before, she had made him go, forced him to leave her. Her cheeks scarlet, her eyes brilliant, she walked aimlessly to and fro in the little room that with maddening fidelity held his presence.

Amory had haunted these weeks at Belmont. His face, haggard and strained, as she saw it last, the night before she left New York, came persistently before her, and she reluctantly read a misery which she knew must have existed for a long time—the vision was pregnant with appeal. As she remembered that there remained another week of her planned stay, of a sudden it seemed to her as though never in the world could she live it through! She would go—now—at once! A wave of fear and dread, a singular horror, flashed over her—not for herself, not regret or hesitation as to her own conduct, but a terror of something unknown, a feeling of predestined, impending evil. . . . *She must go home!*

She rang the bell and said to her maid who appeared:

"Pack my things; get ready yourself; we will take the half-past seven train



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Petit

"THERE'S A LITTLE FARM NEAR TOWN WHERE I WAS A BOY"

for New York. Order a carriage from the club. I will dress, and have something to eat in my room on a tray."

She would call up Delevan and tell him she had been telegraphed for—to New York. . . . No . . . it was better to go without explanation. He would then understand. . . . What did she wish him to understand? . . . She had not made up her mind.

A hurricane blew the rain and sleet into the faces of those who were so unlucky as to find themselves on foot this night of January. In the fierce mid-winter fury Callender walked up-town from Wall Street. Every man abroad went more slowly against the storm than this hurrying figure, chased, hunted, hounded through the streets to a self-appointed destiny.

He was ruined.

Stinging, cutting winds whipped the fact in his face. The laboring cables swayed it out to him. The dreary history, like that of thousands of failures, was his own—his own tragedy: he was ruined.

But what it meant of embarrassment, anxiety, humiliation (for it is only the rich *qui ont toujours raison*), the difficulty at his age of starting again, with heavy liabilities back of him, what it represented to him as a man of affairs, would not have sapped his courage and the life out of him: it was the dishonor of poverty, the news of a wretched failure that he was to bring to the woman he adored, that Amory could not brook. Chagrin and misery were deepened and accentuated by a more terrible thing. Not only had he been unable to keep his money, but he had not been able to keep his wife, despite the sacrifice. She loved Delevan, so he believed, and Delevan was rich—very rich, indeed. A paragraph in a society paper during these weeks of her absence at Belmont had stung his eyes to tears as he read it in his office. Yet he had not once for a second doubted her. It was incompatible with his nature. There was for him but one last thing to do for Edith—leave her free. Failures such as his had driven men violently out of life before this, and there was no reason why any other importance than that of his finances should attach itself to his act.

As he let himself noiselessly into his house the atmosphere of the hall bathed him with delicious warmth—a hospitable cloak flung around his shivering figure. Torn by anguish and despair, his body at the point of dissolution, life behind him and eternity at his lips, he was keyed to a tension at whose pitch unimportant things and details make strong impressions. He remarked the carpet's varied color, and how softly yielding it was; and as he crept up-stairs the odor of flowers, the fragrance of burning wood from the drawing-room fires, filled the upper halls. He seemed to haunt his own home—a spectre as he slipped along. He got as far as the drawing-rooms, and there the thick substance of the curtains fell before him in a crimson, deadening wall. Behind these was the infernal sound—the sound he knew so well, the haunting horror: *the murmur of two voices, his wife's and Delevan's*. He stopped stock-still. Impossible! He was quite mad! This proved it. His wife was in Belmont: she would not return till the news of his death should bring her home in haste. He listened, moistening his parched lips. No, he was quite sane. They were there together—together again—after all these weeks together—and on the first day of her return!

With an imprecation he put his hands on the curtains as though to tear them violently apart, and so stood for a half-second, and then he let the draperies fall and went on to his own room.

Over his shaving-stand the light was pulled down: everything was prepared for his toilet; on the bed his evening clothes were laid out, and in the dressing-room beyond, the water had been running for his bath. The envelope of home and its ease and comfort, the good of the land of the living—all were about him in inanimate shapes. These he had bought with money which had cost his very body and soul. He had been able to purchase nothing else. There was no child to hold him back now from his end—no woman whom his passing would leave desolate.

The water from his soaked clothes ran in little pools on the floor where he stepped; the carpet was wet and muddy. He still wore his dripping hat, which he

now took off and put on the bureau, shivering and shaking in his wet clothes, his lips drawn in against his teeth. His hands, deep blue with cold, rested on the bureau; they showed plainly as his face his mental distraction. They trembled like a drunkard's; the nails were bitten and the flesh around them. Naturally serene, well balanced by temperament, the wreck now complete was all the more disastrous. He opened a drawer in his bureau and took out his revolver. At this last moment Edith came to his mind, and coupled with her, as always of late, Delevan.

"I shall have to wait. If I kill myself whilst he is in the house, there will be some further scandal. I'll listen for him to go." He therefore unlocked the door and set it ajar, and close to it sat down on his bed to wait.

The water oozed from his soaking boots; the edges of his trousers were crusted with frozen mud and slush. He was starved. He had been starved to death before this last tragedy. He was only half alive. His bowed head was like an old man's, gray about the temples, the hair on the top thinning. At this hour the house was comparatively still. The high stairway clock chimed out the quarter before seven, a handful of small mellow sounds shaken throughout the quiet. Following this he heard the sharp closing of the front door. He rose and closed the door. . . . But before the exit of Delevan, Mrs. Callender had already started up-stairs. Her hands were on the knob of her husband's door—she opened it and came in. At the sight before her eyes she gave a cry of horror and rushed forward.

"*Amory—Amory!* . . . Oh, my God!"

As if she knew he could not carry out his terrible purpose with a living body against him, she threw herself on him, her arms around him.

"*Amory, speak to me! You are mad! What are you thinking of—what are you doing? Put it up—don't let me see it . . . hide it—hide it!*"

He loosened her clinging arms, and staring at her, said, hoarsely:

"Why did you stop me? I waited for Delevan to go—it was all I could do. You have no right to take this escape from me, Edith."

She saw his dreadful state. He looked as though he had been drowned—the marks of rain, and dirt even, were on his face; he wore his overcoat—it was heavy with ice and water; the steam rose from the nap. He stared at her, still reproaching her with his salvation.

"My God," he said in short broken tones, "have I got to go on?"

She thought he was mad. "Come," she said gently, "you are ill, very ill. Let me help you out of these clothes—they are dripping wet—oh, where have you been! I told them to let me know the moment you came home!"

The shock had frightened all the blood from her body; her lips were ghastly as his.

"How you shake with cold, Amory! Where is your flask?"

But she did not lessen her hold of his arm. The sight of her nervous terror reached the manhood in him. Through his dull grief, even, he pitied her. Slowly—there was actual reluctance in his movement—he put the pistol back in the drawer. She found his flask among his dressing things and poured out some whiskey, making him drink it, holding it to his lips, her eyes always fastened on his face, fascinated with its brooding whiteness, its shadow, its nearness to death. The gravity of his mental state kept her calm. She must not weep, nor faint, although her limbs almost bent under her. She must support him now—lead him back to life again if she could. She locked the door—no one should come in upon them. At last they were alone with each other in the most intimate and dreadful scene of their married lives.

Suddenly Callender laid hold of her with a ferocity, virile and possessive, that nearly made her cry out.

"Wait . . . you don't know, perhaps—what has happened. I can't keep the pace, Edith. There was a crisis to-day in the Street—I have gone under."

She showed no shock at the news.

"I have debts, too, heavy ones. It will take years to clear them—if I ever can. I am ruined—ruined." He repeated it, to impress upon this quiet woman, whose sole god had been money, the dreadful fact of their position. He relaxed his hold, but she did not fall back from

him or blanch. She stood close as before, her eyes full of tears, her face full of emotion.

"Delevan told you—you know?"

"Yes," she whispered, "he told me, but it wasn't really news. I felt all along some horror was in the air—your face has haunted me with its anxiety. I have been bearing your cares, too, I think, for days, Amory. When I left to come North and the train was delayed by the storm, I felt as if I must get out and walk to New York! . . ."

The first look of life came across his deathly face. He turned brusquely and walked away from her.

"If you had waited a little longer—you would have been free."

She followed him and put her hand on his arm. He kept his head from her to conceal his working features.

"Amory, I can't talk to you now like this, while you are running the risk of an illness. You have done so much for me, dear—everything. Won't you do one thing now? Go into your dressing-room, take a hot bath and put on dry things. I will get them ready for you, and be here waiting."

Her first solicitude for him smote him softly; against his bruised heart, his aching nerves, a healing touch was laid. The riot of the Exchange, cries of profit and loss, concentrating for long on his own ruin, despair which had penetrated his brain to its partial derangement, were being silenced and calmed. A spell fell over him. He turned obediently to do what she asked.

Mrs. Callender waited, standing in the little window of his third-story back room. She scarcely knew this room. Once she had seen curtains put up here; once she had come to order the placing of the shower-douche in the dressing-room. This was all. Yet it was where Amory had lived, anguished and suffered—hour by hour, it was as real to him as unaccustomed to her. Here he had paced the floor in sleepless watches; where alone he had endured, and nearly fallen alone.

Before her ran the straight line of the backs of the opposite houses, then a clear sweep to the right over extension roofs, and in the near distance rose the cathedral towers. Between all swept the tearing, driving storm. But her own eyes

were already clouded by a greater tempest: born first of passionate revolt, then melting to contrition and pity, and fast to pure sorrow. For the first time in her life she was a burden-bearer. Some one to-night was leaning hard upon her; needing her with almighty need. She recognized at length the dignity of life-giver—the mission woman is created to fulfil. A sense of responsibility stirred within her, together with a great compassion and a great remorse. Of herself—of the intense bewildering emotion that had swayed her like a ship in a storm near to destruction—she would not think now. Of her own need of strength and support, of her loss and renunciation, she could not let herself reflect. She had been too near sudden death to be other than awed to reverence and stillness; the things of sense were frozen in her by the chill of the grave. She stood weeping quietly. Toward her husband her heart was tender as a mother's for a child. She had controlled her tears by the time Amory, more nearly in his normal state, returned to her. She went to him, and leading him to the bed, forced him to lie down on it, then she knelt by his side.

He had done what she asked docilely. He could not believe his senses that he was being soothed, taken care of as one beloved and cherished! He regarded her with stupefaction. If this were compassion only, it seemed a holy thing to him; if it were tenderness, he did not want to see it any longer and be robbed of it at the end.

"I think you don't understand," he said, slowly; "you don't take it in, Edith. I have lost everything in the world."

She smiled faintly. "I don't believe I do—I don't believe I have tried to take it in; I can only think of how you must have suffered, to be like this."

The kindly, chivalrous man, so long denied his rightful bread, found it too strange to accept that at the moment of his downfall, when he had nothing but poverty to offer, she should suddenly bring him to her heart. He said with an effort:

"Delevan came to my office to-day; I refused to see him."

She waited, and as he did not speak again she felt she must say something.



• HENRY • HUTT •

"YES—I KNOW, I UNDERSTAND"

"I know . . . that he went; he wanted to say that all he had was at your service. . . . He need not cross your path again. I have told him to-night that I shall not see him any more."

Of what her short sentence, all said in one breath, revealed to him, her husband gave no sign. A low flush came into his cheek; his love for her shook him; his desire that his belief in her should be perfect was the greatest thing in the world.

"I thought," he said, "that you would be terribly cut up at this, and that it would be a relief to be free."

He stopped. It was as bald as his delicacy would let him present it to his wife.

"It seemed the best way all around," he finished, huskily.

She lifted one of his hands and laid it to her cheek, and said, after a second of silence, with great feeling:

"I can never tell you how bitterly I am regretting your suffering, and the years you have spent trying to make money that has done us only harm and which is lost in a day—how I am bitterly regretting your loneliness and all I have been so blind and cruel as to have caused. . . . I am not afraid of being poor, and you are so brave and strong you will get it back some day—if you never do, I don't care. It isn't the *money* I'm thinking of, it's you." She paused; she saw her nerves were giving way; another moment and she would not be able to speak. "Oh," she cried, desperately, "Amory, can you forgive me? Do you think I can make you happy? Let me try—let me try . . . my heart is breaking!"

She burst into a passion of tears and threw herself across him on the bed.

He rose and lifted her in his arms, holding her strongly with confidence and new appropriation. He kissed her again

and again. He was not a psychologist; he was not a suspicious, jealous nature. He loved her. He had no poignant, cruel questions to ask her. She had come to him in the moment of his need—perhaps in a moment of her own more bitter. He was her husband; she had thrown herself into his embrace . . . he held her there.

After a few moments, when she had found a little composure, she said:

"Do you remember the little farm you told me of in Illinois, Amory? When you can leave New York let us go there by ourselves and live for a while, and we can plan what to do."

"We will," he said, eagerly, "just you and I alone. How fine you are, how wonderfully you bear it! I will win everything back again for you, darling."

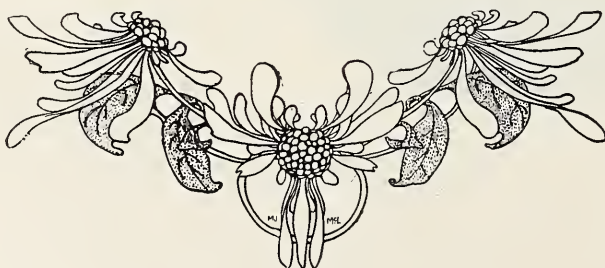
She shook her head and smiled sadly. "You have done too much for me as it is. What can I do now for *you*? *That* is the question!"

He caught her hands, and bending his face to hers, said:

"You can love me—some day. Not as I love you—never nearly as well, but in the same way. . . . And we will make a home—a real home. I mean . . . not just for you and me alone, darling, but—" He hesitated, his voice trembling.

Life had come back to him fully—she had restored it; and the warmth of her so near to him, so close to him, was filling him with a joy which the misfortunes of the world could not cloud. Perhaps, because she could not then meet his eyes with the perfectness of a love like to his, and to hide her face in its moved sweetness, she put her arms around him; with a gesture infinitely tender, at once protecting and maternal, she drew his head down upon her breast. She whispered:

"Yes—I know, Amory; I understand."



Caravansaries

BY J. R. SITLINGTON STERRETT, LL.D.

THE charm of travel in the Orient is felt by every one who has been fortunate enough to have had a taste of it,—by every one, at all events, except the utter philistine. A few years ago a lady whose soul had been attuned to lofty ideals by communion with the poets, historians, philosophers, and tragedians of Greece wrote her name in the guest-book at Delphi, and beneath it she spoke in terms of praise of the entertainment of mine host of Delphi, and added that she accounted as an epoch in her life the fact that she had been permitted to look upon one of the *holy places* of the earth. The person who entered his name below hers was a Mr. S——, of America, who travelled with a dragoman as his mouthpiece. Beneath his name the American wrote, “The above is O. K. as to the grub, but am still in search of the *holy features*.” The Orient is not for philistines of the type of Mr. S.

Travel in the Orient is delightful, though difficult; the *holy features*, too, are there, but they may be recognized only by one who has quaffed the waters of Pieria, and travel there may be enjoyed only by the enthusiast, or by the searcher after health who can bear with patient serenity inconveniences, discomforts, and conditions unknown and almost inconceivable in this country. But he who has once braved the well-known discomforts of travel in the vermin-ridden antediluvian Orient will return to Philistia, in spite of it all, his soul aglow with the romance of having trod the hallowed ground which gave light to the nations; and the chains that enshackle him and bind him to the Orient will be tempered into bonds of smithied steel if he tread that ground “for the sake of ages,” and in search of the footprints of those who have helped to make the world a place worth living in.

But, alas for the philistine! the American hotel is not found in the Orient,—

nay, even the fellow of the European hotel does not exist away from the beaten track of tourist travel. The Pullman sleeper and the Pullman porter alike are absent; and indeed, except in the region of the western seaboard, the screech of the locomotive disturbs not the Epimenidean repose of mortal gods, nymphs, and satyrs once held high in honor by immortal men.

The modern traveller, however strenuous otherwise, insists upon taking his ease in his inn, with its wasteful cuisine, its barbers, bootblacks, its “tubs,” its lobby, lounging-rooms, and so forth. He will, therefore, hardly be persuaded to penetrate far into a country distinguished for the entire absence of all these accessories of latter-day luxury.

It is true that there are khans, or caravansaries, in the larger towns of the Orient, but the traveller carefully shuns them, because they are literally mobile with vermin of various kinds and kidney. Cities, too, are few and far between, and many are the intervening villages where one must stop for food and sleep. The Oriental is an animal hospitable by tradition and precept; he takes delight in the exercise of hospitality, because the coming of the wayfarer breaks the dull monotony of his secluded existence. One would, therefore, rarely want for food and shelter for man and beast, should one travel in sole reliance on the hospitality of the villagers.

Now, owing to the fact that Moslem women are secluded, theoretically at least, in the women’s apartments, the Oriental house, even in villages, is divided into separate quarters, the one for the women (*hanümlük*, or harem), the other for the men (*selamlık*, or men’s quarters). Almost always the stranger, of whatever station in life, religion, or nationality, is welcomed to the *selamlık* of the villager. The religious fanatic who cannot endure the presence of the *giaour* in his

selamlık is met with at rarest intervals. During my travels in the Orient, covering a period of two years and a half, I met with him only once. On this occasion, trusting to my long experience among Moslems, I had the misfortune to quarter myself and party in the fanatic's house during his absence in the fields. On his return he demanded, politely but firmly, that I vacate his premises. For the moment this upset my notions and my experience in regard to Oriental hospitality. But this was an unusual case, for, contrary to the belief which we have inherited from the Crusaders, the religious fanatic is very rare among Moslems. Indeed, during the month of Ramadhan, in which every one, except travellers, must abstain from food, water, and tobacco from sunrise to sunset, many a village priest has enjoyed a cigarette with me, thus committing a deadly sin and imperilling his immortal soul, merely to be polite and hospitable.

In a given village there are as many selamlıks, or men's quarters, as there are consequential householders. Many villagers maintain a more pretentious selamlık, to which they give the name of musafir oda, or stranger's chamber. Besides this, many villages have erected at the expense of the village community a special house, also called musafir oda, for the entertainment of the stranger within its gates. This house is not supplied with furniture or utensils of any kind, with the exception of the vessels necessary for concocting coffee—a drink exceedingly dear to the Oriental heart. It merely affords shelter to travelling man and beast, so that the traveller must needs bring his bedding and cooking utensils along with him. The raw materials for food may be procured from the villagers, and the weary traveller has the fun of cooking them himself, unless he be lordly enough to bring with him his own cook. But when one stops at the selamlık in the private house of a villager, he is fed at the table of the house-owner. The food is prepared by the villager's wife, but the lady herself does not appear. This is always true in the case of the more prosperous villager, but in that of his equally genteel though more humble neighbor the lines are not drawn so strictly in the matter of the non-appearance

of the wife, who frequently simply cannot overcome her burning curiosity in regard to the outlander, and does appear before or after dinner; once there, she examines with undisguised interest and amazement all one's belongings. The courteous, dignified treatment and respectful kindness one receives in the houses of these humble gentlemen—nature's gentlemen—are a beautiful thing and a possession to store away in the memory. It must be confessed that the houses are rarely clean, and fairly swarm with several kinds of unmentionable vermin, many specimens of which the guest always carries away with him. But that is a mere unpleasant detail, for ungrudging, unstinted hospitality, astonishingly Homeric in character and quite worthy of the Phæacians, is there. True democracy is found only in the Orient, where all eat together, host and guest, master and servant, Moslem and Christian,—all sitting on legs crossed beneath them round the foot-high circular table.

The hospitality and thoughtful care of the Oriental villager for the welfare and comfort of the traveller through parched or desert regions are shown in still other ways. Little lodges, consisting of walls roofed over, but open on the sunless side, are built by village communities situated on the outskirts of waterless regions. These lodges are barely large enough to contain a huge earthen jar of water and a cup. They are located in the waterless district, often at a distance of from one to two hours (or more) from the village which maintains them. It is the duty of a certain man of the village to keep the water-jar of a given lodge supplied with water, and that man neglects his own business to take a donkey-load of water each day to the jar in the lodge under his care. The pure humanity of it all is very touching, especially when one has been a beneficiary of the act. Surely they have their reward, for *they* give the cup of cold water at the price of toil and sweat. The same spirit of humanity prompts the villagers to erect fountains, discharging pure water from their spouts, and watering-troughs for animals, in mountainous regions where one could not easily get water without this divine forethought.

The villagers who entertain the stranger



MAHAWHEEL KHAN, BETWEEN BAGHDAD AND BABYLON

in their houses naturally enough expect him to talk to them, for thus only can he give them the return they anticipate for their hospitality; as a general rule, they will accept no remuneration for the food and shelter they give, but they do expect payment for the feed of the animals.

The conversation one has to carry on with the host and the other villagers who drop in to see and pay their respects to the stranger is entertaining and even amusing as long as one is a novice in the country, because it is unsophisticated prattle, such as one must have heard in Europe in the Middle Ages. One unfailing topic is the rotundity of the world, the negative side of the question being always defended; they cannot believe that the sun remains stationary,—for why should they disregard the evidence of their own eyes, which show them that it does move across the vault of heaven? They ask you how much tribute your countrymen pay to their Padishah (whom we wrongly call Sultan), whose foot is upon the neck of all nations, as they firmly believe; they inquire minutely into your business at home and your reasons

for travel in their country, etc. They handle with childlike joy and amazement your rifle and revolver, your knife, pen, pencils, your helmet and clothing, and the women can never have enough of feeling and fondling your socks, which are more evenly and closely knit than their backwoods, home-made article.

One must submit to an examination of this kind wherever one stops, often several times a day. Finally it palls on the traveller, unless he be gifted with the patience of Job, and from that moment he tries to avoid village hospitality. A further reason for such avoidance is the fact that the acceptance of the hospitality of villagers makes it impossible for the traveller to put into durable form his road-notes of the day while matters are still fresh in his mind. For the scientific traveller or the archaeologist this is of the utmost moment. Now, among Turks writing in the house of your entertainer would simply be impolite and a boorish return for hospitality, but the Arabs regard the man who writes or draws as a spy, and will not permit it at all.

For all of these reasons the traveller should provide himself with an outfit that will make him wholly independent of village or even of urban hospitality. This involves quite a retinue: horses, pack-mules, muleteers, servants, cooks, tents, cooking utensils, etc. The tents may be pitched in the neighborhood of a village from which to get supplies for man and beast, and being master in his own house, the traveller may write to his heart's content, and need pay no attention whatever to the inquisitive mob of villagers that ever throngs his camp.

What I have said heretofore has to do with the man who travels for science or pleasure. In general it may be said that the selamlık and the mussafir oda are intended solely for his like—that is, for the lonely wayfarer, not for commercial traders, their trains and wares, nor for caravans consisting of many animals and men.

In former ages houses were built at fixed intervals along the great trade-routes for the entertainment and safety of caravans. These caravansaries are now rapidly passing away, and in their absence caravans are forced to encamp in the open. Such a camp is a picturesque and busy scene. Those caravans whose pack-bearing animals are camels stop but for a few hours each day, generally not more than three. The stop is usually made in the daytime: the packs and pack-saddles of the camels are deposited in long parallel rows, while the camels are turned loose to graze; and it is amazing to see how they pass by any tuft of grass or green shrub to feast on the dry, wind-driven thistle, which to a mere human being would seem to contain no nutriment whatever. The camel, even when burdened, can travel almost continuously; however, a stop is made each day, incidentally for food and rest for the animals, but primarily in order to give the caravaneers an opportunity to cleanse the pack-saddles, whose accumulations of sweat and dirt would seriously injure the backs of the animals unless cleansed daily. But there is no rest for the caravaneers when thus encamped: they do not even take food. When the pack-saddles have been cleansed, the caravaneers prepare the animals' daily ration, which is made into a dough,

of which each camel receives a lump ridiculously small when contrasted with the size of the animal and the unremitting toil expected of him. The camels are then reloaded—an operation which evokes remonstrance and protest from them all,—and then the caravan once more takes up its creeping march.

Once on the road, the caravaneers, each mounted on a donkey, bring forth from their wallets the unleavened bread and onions that form their own frugal meal. When this function is over they are ready for bed,—or at all events for sleep, which is enjoyed *en route* and in an extraordinary way: each caravaneer throws himself across the back of a donkey in such a way that his arms and head hang down on one side and his legs on the other side. And thus he sleeps! One naturally imagines that a caravan, often carrying wares worth many thousands of dollars, is conducted by a wide-awake and clear-headed man, and in unsafe regions this is, indeed, the case. But elsewhere it is not the case: the man, whether clear-headed or not, is usually sound asleep, while the caravan is conducted on its plodding way by an astute geographer—a geographer whose topographical and chorographical bumps are abnormally developed,—namely, the donkey. The halter of the first camel is fastened to the pack-saddle of the intellectual donkey; that of the second camel to the pack-saddle of the first, and so on to the end. Meanwhile the caravaneers sleep the sleep of the outworn drudge. One intellect alone is awake—an intellect much maligned by those who know little or nothing of the sterling qualities of the wise and ever-faithful ass. The little fellow takes his time, to be sure, stopping to nibble at every tempting morsel by the wayside. When he stops, the fifty or the hundred camels stop; the other donkeys stop, each bearing its sleeping clod, and all await the pleasure of the four-footed gentleman in the lead. He is never for long a truant to the trust imposed in him, but, the tempting tuft once plucked, he takes up the march again.

My own caravan was itself a somewhat formidable array of men and animals, whose march necessarily created considerable noise, but in spite



INTERIOR OF THE KHAN IN MALATIA (NEAR THE EUPHRATES IN CATAONIA)

of the noise made by it we often passed camel-caravans without disturbing the slumber of a single man connected with them.

There are no labor-unions in the Orient; the eight-hour working-day is unknown; the camel toils for twenty-one hours out of every twenty-four, and so practically do the poor devils who attend them. But in spite of its many hours *per diem*, the camel-caravan is a slow means of locomotion, and to it is committed the transportation chiefly of imperishable goods. The camel-caravans that ply between Persia-Baghdad and Damascus-Beirut carry chiefly rugs and the like, while the return load consists (or consisted) of illuminating oil. The cases in which the oil-cans are packed are a regular article of merchandise in a country where lumber is practically non-existent, while the tin cans themselves are used as vessels everywhere.

Rapid transit does not exist in the Orient, but perishable articles are borne

on the backs of horses and mules—animals more speedy than the camel. Such caravans travel at most ten hours a day, and cover the distance between Beirut and Baghdad in about thirty days. The British mail, however, carried by one lone man on the back of a camel, covers the distance from Damascus to Baghdad in ten days, crossing the Syrian desert in an air-line. The route is absolutely without water practically from the very gates of Damascus until the Euphrates is reached at Saklawiyeh. Commercial caravans, being debarred from this desert route because of the lack of water, are forced to make the *détour* by way of Palmyra and El-Deïr. This route, too, passes through what is usually termed a desert. It is, however, merely a waterless region, whose soil would be productive enough if it could be irrigated. Indeed, in antiquity it was densely populated, as the many imposing ruins prove. In the winter and early spring this route may be traversed without car-

rying water, provided one has a guide who knows the whereabouts of the water-holes, which lie in the centre of natural depressions or kettles, and receive the rain-water that drains from the surrounding country during the wet months of winter. These ponds often cover considerable ground, and are three or four feet deep. The country round about them produces luxuriant grass three or four feet high, and covering a territory several miles in diameter. Hence it is not easy to find the water-holes without the aid of a guide.

A most picturesque though gruesome caravan is the funeral caravan. It comes chiefly from Persia, though Oudh in India also sends its quota. Its destination is one or other of the cities held sacred by the Protestant or Shiite Mussulmans. These cities are in the first instance Nejef (near Kufa), the burial-place of Ali, the prophet of the Shiah or Imamiy-ahs; in the next instance Kerbela, which holds the tomb of Hassan and Hussein, the sons of Ali and Fatima (daughter of Mohammed); and in the third instance Kadhmeen, which contains the tombs of the ten Imams or Califs who succeeded Ali. Kadhmeen is a town of ten thousand inhabitants, situated on the west bank of the Tigris above Baghdad, with which, oddly enough, it is connected by a tramway-line. Burial in the soil of either of these three cities insures the salvation of the Shiah soul. Persians, the chief Shiah, are fanatically ambitious to have their bones find their final resting-place in the soil of one or other of these cities. Kerbela seems to be preferred, because it witnessed the last tragedy in the life of Hussein, who had married the daughter of Yezdigerd, the last Sassanian king of Persia. The bodies of the dead are allowed to remain buried in Persia for a year or more. They are then disinterred; the bones are wrapped and securely tied up in costly rugs, and are thus transported to their grave in sacred soil. A horse or mule carries six such bodies, three on each side. The traveller marching from Babylon or Kerbela to Baghdad frequently meets such funeral caravans, carrying absolutely nothing but corpses. Upon reaching their destination the bones are buried, I suppose, but the rugs that en-

swathed them on their journey from Persia are dispossessed of their noisome burdens and shipped by camel-caravan to Europe and America, where they, too, find a hospitable resting-place in wealthy homes, whose inmates would be shocked indeed did they but know the true history of their much-prized Persian rugs. Corpses come by the wholesale from Persia to find hospitable graves in sacred soil. Indeed, within my recollection, Baghdad was regarded as the home of the Black Plague, which, it was thought, was caused by the host of corpses that stopped in the city while *en route* to their graves.

All such caravans, whether commercial or funeral caravans, stand as much in need of shelter as does the isolated wayfarer. For them there is no such thing as hospitality. Hence special provision had to be made to meet their needs. Three different stages of civilization are represented in the methods devised by the Orientals for the entertainment of travellers. The first stage is represented by hospitality, that virtue of all primitive peoples. But as civilization advances, the desire for privacy in one's home increases, the stranger is regarded as an intruder, and the eagerness to entertain him abates. At this stage tribes begin to make some sort of provision for the entertainment of the stranger within the gates of the village or the encampment. Hence arise the *selamlik* and the *mus-safir oda*. The second step in the provision for the lodgment of strangers is taken when a village combines to build a separate but unpretentious and wholly unfurnished house for the shelter of the guests of the village.

A third kind of provision for travellers is observable in cities and desert places, where the municipality or munificent individuals (usually reigning sovereigns) build a pretentious house, which may be regarded as the immediate parent of the modern hotel. When located in cities this building is called a *khan*—a word said to be connected with *khonak*, the name applied to the government-house in cities. The Tatar word *khan*, originally the title of sovereigns (*e. g.*, Genghis Khan), but now usurped by common people, seems to be of different origin, though on that point I speak with dif-



INTERIOR OF THE STABLE OF SULTAN KHAN IN LYCAONIA

fidence. In desert places the khan is more properly called karwan-serai,—the original of our caravansary. The karwan-serai is usually much larger than the city khan; often, indeed, its dimensions are such that it can give shelter to hundreds of animals, their burdens, caravaneers, and the merchants who accompany their wares while in transit. This distinction between khan and karwan-serai I believe to be theoretically correct, but it does not hold good in Turkey, where the term khan is applied to all hostelries, whether in the country or the city.

The plan of the karwan-serai is virtually the same in all cases, namely, a spacious tetragonal court enclosed by dead, doorless, and windowless walls, in which there is but one opening for ingress and egress in the shape of a lofty portal archway, which on occasion is very pretentious and imposing, as may be seen from the accompanying picture of Sultan Khan. Such a karwan-serai is practical-

ly, and was intended to be, a fortress to protect travellers from marauding but wingless night-hawks. It is always of one story, whereas the city khan has two stories.

On entering the portal of such a one-storied karwan-serai we find ourselves within a roofless and, because of the uses for which it was intended, spacious court, round whose four sides runs an arcade forming a series of isolated apartments of considerable size. Each of these apartments is surrounded on three sides by dead walls, but the fourth side, which faces the great court, is open. In these arcade recesses the travellers cook, eat, and sleep by the side of their most valuable wares. Completely hidden from view behind these arcades are spacious stables, intended for the shelter of animals in rainy or cold weather, but when the weather is fine the animals are tied to hitching-rings in the court. Four doorways lead to these stables, one at each corner of the court. The stables

are unventilated, and receive light only from the doorways. In the great karwan-serais of lower Mesopotamia there is another feature which I have not seen elsewhere in the Orient. It consists of great quadrangular platforms of solid masonry in the open court. They are about four feet high, and serve as a place on which to deposit for the night the packs of the animals. Hitching-rings are sunk into the vertical walls of these platforms. These features may be seen in the illustration on page 529, of which the photograph was taken when the building was practically empty.

Nor is religion neglected in the construction of the karwan-serai. In the picture referred to one may see the kublah which gives the direction of Mecca and is used for the call to prayer. It is located at one end of the court platforms, being slightly elevated above them. In the illustration (a photograph of Mahaweel Khan between Baghdad and Babylon) we notice another common characteristic of the karwan-serai, namely, the isolated chamber on the roof immediately over the great portal entrance. This is the chamber set aside for the lodgment of persons of distinction, and especially for the ladies of a harem. Stairways immediately inside the portal lead to this chamber of honor and to the roof over the arcades and the stables concealed behind them. During the heated period travellers are glad to sleep on the roof, unless their stuff is so valuable that it is the part of wisdom to stay with it. The thermometer registers 117° Fahr., which makes a house intolerable both by day and by night. By day people live in cellars; by night on the roofs of their houses—an inheritance from the Babylonians, and a reminiscence from the hanging gardens of Babylon.

The karwan-serai is in charge of one or more keepers (khanjees), who are usually obliging and eager to make the foreigner as comfortable as may be. The modern hotel is built in the hope of making money thereby, but unlike it the karwan-serai owes its existence to religious, charitable, or semieleemosynary motives; but as it undertakes to furnish its guests with nothing but safety, shelter, and water, travellers must needs bring

everything else with them, even charcoal for cooking their food. Though no charges are made, the khanjees expect and usually receive a backsheesh proportionate to the services rendered. They are not there "for their health," but precisely because of the expected backsheesh.

Shortly after dark the great doors of the entrance-portal are closed and secured by powerful chains: it is then that the karwan-serai has become for the nonce a fortress, behind whose massive, windowless walls the traveller may sleep in security from invasion from without. But within, an army of creeping things is astir and girded for war throughout the livelong night.

We are informed by Xenophon that Cyrus was the first to build caravansaries at the relay-stations along the royal postal-roads. Many of the places mentioned in the Peutinger Table, in the Antonine and Jerusalem Itineraries, were certainly mere karwan-serais, whose only inhabitants were the men employed by government to look after the welfare of the relays of horses, while possible travellers had to take pot-luck, then as now. These *stationes* have all disappeared, and so must all karwan-serais fall into decay with the lapse of years, no matter how well built originally. For, being charitable institutions, they have no revenues from travellers, and in most cases no endowment fund was provided by their pious founders for maintenance or repairs. Repairs, therefore, are never made: Kismet holds full sway here as in everything else Oriental. But fortunately the karwan-serais, having been honestly and massively built, may be used for centuries without repairs, and indeed they continue to be used for other centuries after they have actually fallen into a ruinous condition.

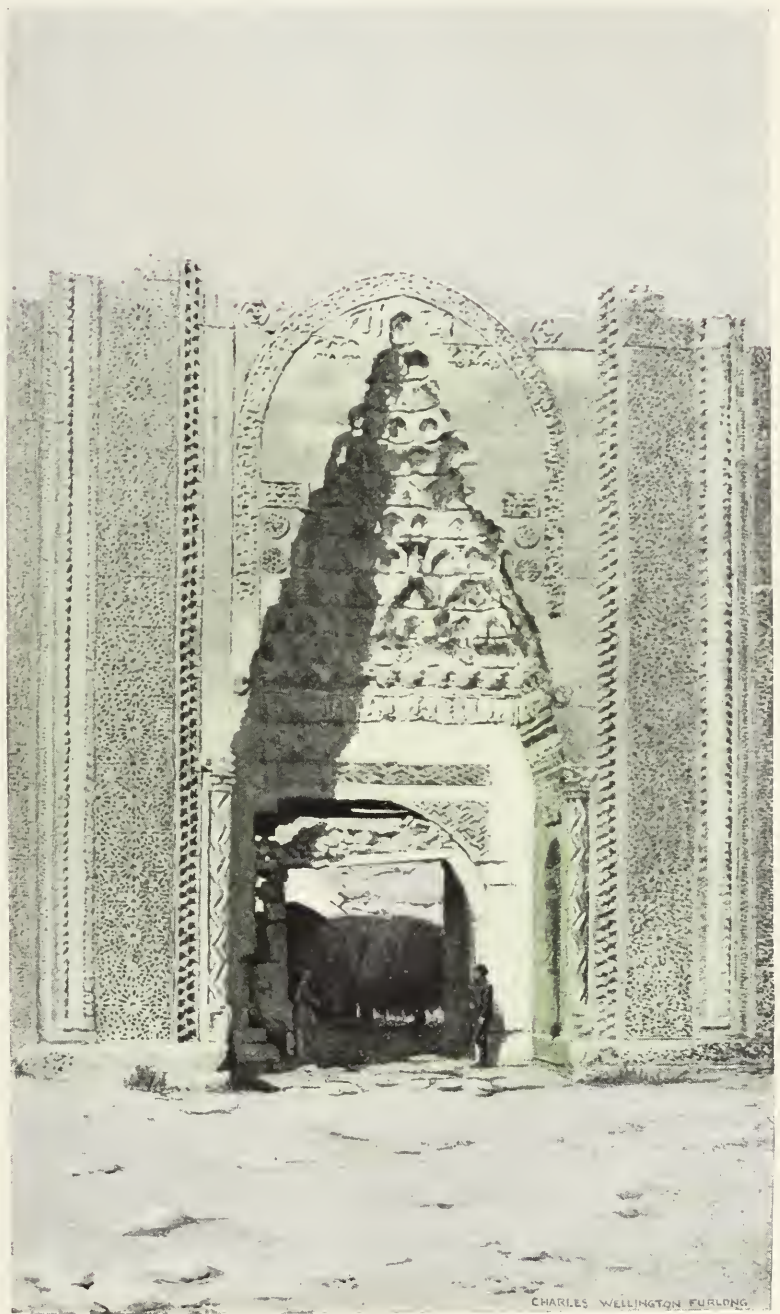
This fact is evidenced by the magnificent ruins of Sultan Khan (Royal Khan), pictured on page 535, which is still used in spite of the fact that for one or two centuries (since the trade-route changed) it has been a ruin crumbling to its approaching fall. The Arabic inscription on the magnificent portal states that the khan was built by order of Alau-ed-din, the eleventh and last of the Seljuk sultans of Iconium. It reads: "The exalted

Sultan Alau-ed-din, great King of Kings, Master of the Necks of Nations, Lord of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, Sultan of the Territories of God, Alaudunya Wad-ed-din Abd-ul-Fath, Commander of the Faithful, ordered the building of this blessed khan in the month of Rejeb in the year 662 A.H." (1264 A.D.)

Sultan Khan lies about thirty miles west of Archelais, in the arid, treeless waste known in antiquity as the Axylon, and now as the Lycaonian desert, though the soil is abundantly productive wherever there is a supply of water. It was the presence of water that caused the khan to be built on its actual site, and this water makes it possible for the inhabitants of the wretched village to eke out a miserable existence, gained chiefly from their flocks of fat-tailed sheep. In a thriftless, insufficient way they make some provision for their flocks against the time when nature is dead; and nature is dead in midsummer as well as in midwinter in parts of Asia Minor. This attempt at provident provision is evidenced by the pitiful heaps of hay stored on the roofs of the houses, out of the reach of animals. The poverty-stricken village presents a striking contrast with the noble ruin to whose side it clings.

On passing through the portal of Sultan Khan, we see at once that we have before us a marked deviation from the type of karwan-serai described above, though the essential feature of the tetragonal court is maintained. The khan is divided into two distinct parts. The front and larger half, which surrounds the open court, adapts the karwan-serai to the colder climate of Lycaonia. The arcades for the accommodation of trav-

ellers have disappeared. On one side we find a series of chambers varying much in size. All of them are windowless, and receive no light or ventilation except



GRAND PORTAL OF SULTAN KHAN IN LYCAONIA

through the small doors. They impress one as having been intended for the safe-keeping of prisoners or harems rather than for the accommodation of travellers. However, on the opposite side of the open court there is a series of lofty *intercommunicating* arcades, in which the packs of the animals found protection from rain. These arcades, like their fellows in Mesopotamian khans, are open



STRANGERS' QUARTERS IN SOUTHERN MESOPOTAMIA

on the side facing the court, but they give ample protection against the prevailing storms. In the centre of the open court stands a kublah, which rests on four square pillars, and is supported by two groined arches that intersect at right angles.

In the western wall of the open court (see page 533) and in a direct line with the grand entrance-portal there is another, almost equally magnificent, portal, which gives access to a completely roofed annex. The roof was supported by a series of very lofty arches, above which rises a circular tower intended for purposes of ventilation. This great roofed annex was the stable, which was certainly comfortable both in the cold winter and in the hot summer. At any rate, thanks to the massive walls, I found the temperature of the stable cool and grateful on the 7th of July, the day I spent in measuring the mighty building. Perhaps both the stable and the stable doorway are the most splendid ever built. The huge ventilation-tower acted as a chimney, and would keep the air of the stable pure even when hundreds of animals were penned therein. The stable has absolutely no light except through the one door and ventilation-tower. An ugly hole has been

made by the ruthless village barbarians in the rear end of the stable, which is now used as a sheepfold—perhaps the most magnificent one in existence.

The Seljuk sultans built many karwan-serais at intervals along the great trade-routes all over their empire. Most of them are now in utter ruin, while others, especially those in Cappadocia about Cæsarea-Mazaca, may still be used. But none of them had such gigantic proportions nor such architectural beauty as Sultan Khan.

The modern city khan (a view of which is reproduced on page 531) is the pitiful descendant of the lordly karwan-serai of former days. It retains the open court, and adds a second story. Good specimens may be seen in Kerbela, Damascus, Ushak, and elsewhere. In them the upper story is devoted to entirely unfurnished living-apartments, while the lower story is reserved for animals and the men who think it wise to stay by their stuff. Around the four interior sides of the second story runs a roofed gallery, from which doors lead to each sleeping-apartment. The dead exterior walls and windowless sleeping-rooms still tell of a state of society in which no one feels secure against robbery in some shape or

other. Life on the gallery is bustling and picturesque: it is a kind of "sample-room," where travelling traders exhibit their wares; there, too, one removes the stains of travel and suffers immolation at the hands of the peripatetic barber; there it is that all culinary functions are performed, and there the *antikajee* tries to "do up" the innocent archæologist.

The illustration last referred to may serve to show the difference between the karwan-serai of Mesopotamia or Sultan Khan and the unspeakable khan in modern second-rate cities of Asia Minor. It is a view of the khan in Malatia (the ancient Melitene) in Cataonia. The open court, being a necessity, is found in all of them. The two stories of the city khan are there, too, but all glory has departed. In the court may be seen specimens of the so-called Circassian wagons—*i. e.*, springless wagons, such as were unknown in the dominions of the Sultan until the advent of the Circassian, who, being a Mussulman, fled from annexation by Russia. The country about Malatia has a superabundance of water, and being also intensely fertile, it produces trees with luxuriant foliage. Among fruit-trees the

apricot and the white-berried mulberry flourish, their fruit being dried and shipped to all parts of Asia Minor. The city is embowered in gardens—a delightful feature not often to be observed in Asia Minor. The photograph was taken in 1884 and in a period of profound peace, when no one could foresee that the court of this khan was to be the scene of a hideous massacre. During the troubles some years ago the Armenians of the region of Zeiton, two hundred in number, were imprisoned in this very khan under the pretext of protecting them from harm, but really in order to butcher them leisurely in the court as so many penned-up pigs.

The picture on page 536 will serve to give an idea of the strangers' chamber among the nomadic Arabs of southern Babylonia. It is quite a gorgeous affair, and whatever its discomforts may be, at all events it does protect its guests from the chill blasts that search the dead level of the plain of lower Mesopotamia.

In such countries the best karwan-serai is the one which travellers erect each night for themselves—a tent, in which one may find privacy, comfort, and comparative freedom from vermin.

At Anchor

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

LIKE little birds among the eaves,
That care not how the weather grieves,
But plume and preen and spread their wings
With soft, contented twitterings;—
So sheltered I,—so safe and warm
I hardly hear the outside storm.

Like little boats that float and float,
Through summer days, in some remote
And lily-padded harbor, far
From where rough winds and shipping are;—
So floats my life—becalmed, content,
In thy deep love's environment.

So safe am I!—and yet—and yet—
Do little anchored boats forget?
Or does the past sweep back in dreams
Of foam and spray and whitecap gleams?—
And do they wake, and tug—and then
Slacken their ropes and sleep again?



I WAS MET BY AN ESCORT OF SOLDIERS

The Hereditary Cleaner

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON

Extracted from the Memoirs of Sir Hugo Fugle, Plenipotentiary to the Regalian Court

NOTHING in my long diplomatic career has given me a more sensible satisfaction than my appointment as Plenipotentiary to the Court of Regalia. This flourishing state, as most of my readers are doubtless aware, occupies that exact position in the map of Europe most liable to remarkable and romantic occurrences, surpassing even the far-famed Ruritania or the territories of Prince Otto. But my own curiosity was chiefly excited by the speculations that were rife concerning the character and policy of the young King who had just ascended the Regalian throne—a monarch of whom I heard it confidentially asserted in a London club that his education had been modelled on that of Marcus Aurelius, and his policy would probably be inspired by the example of the third Napoleon.

It was immediately after hearing this promising account that my eye caught the graceful figure of Count Seraphin Zonnbiem, who happened at that moment to be entering the room.

"Ah, Zonnbiem!" I cried. "You are the very man I want to see. I am going to Regalia next week."

"Regalia?" said he, with an air of great indifference.

"That is your native land, is it not?" I asked.

"I believe it is," he smiled; "but for Heaven's sake, my dear Fugle, don't ask me for any information about it! I feel bored already by the very mention of the name."

"You never live there?"

"Live in Regalia! I live in the world; I do what amuses me—and they still talk of a nobleman's duties in Regalia; *figurez-vous!*"

And with a gesture of simulated horror the Count turned towards the card-room.

"Then I shall not see you there?" I asked, as he left me.

"If the whim seizes me, you may see me in Timbuctoo—or even in church," he laughed.

Little thinking how soon and under what strange circumstances I was to meet



HIS EXCELLENCY THE BARON VON SPANK WAS ANNOUNCED

Count Seraphin again, I took my departure for Regalia a week later, and arrived in the capital city of Bingen late in the evening, to find the town still *en fête* in honor of his Majesty's coronation, which had taken place a few days previously. At the station I was met by an officer of the Guards, with an escort of soldiers suitable to my rank and mission. Lieutenant Adolph von Gammelstein, as this officer was called, proved an obliging and agreeable young gentleman, and as our carriage pushed its way through the dense crowds who had come out to enjoy the decorations and illuminations, he said to me:

"His Majesty gave orders that no expense was to be spared to make his coronation impressive and memorable. He believes that the loyalty of his subjects will be much increased when they are presented with the bill for this dazzling spectacle."

"Evidently he is a discerning and enlightened prince," I replied.

"He must be," said he.

My curiosity was roused by this somewhat ambiguous—or at least guarded—answer and the tone in which it was made, but with an admirable sense of discipline my conductor courteously evaded all further inquiries concerning his royal master, and very shortly we arrived at

the magnificent mansion destined for my residence.

Visibly pleased with the gratification I expressed, Lieutenant von Gammelstein bade me good night and withdrew; but it was not to leave me alone for long, for very shortly afterwards his Excellency the Baron von Spank, Vice-Chancellor of Regalia, was announced. This eminent statesman was at that time seventy-eight years of age—or possibly seventy-nine; I cannot be perfectly certain which,—yet I could see at once that his spirit was as high and his intellect as acute as those of many of our own politicians of his age and eminence. Out of compliment to my country he was dressed in the uniform of an English admiral, and the heartiness of his welcome was modelled, he afterwards told me, on what he had heard of our national gayety and charm.

After we had exchanged the customary compliments I ventured to express my growing desire to learn something of his young monarch, King Fido the Fourteenth.

"I myself have but a very brief acquaintance with his Majesty," said he. "I saw him for the first time at his coronation."

"You fill me with curiosity!" I exclaimed. "It sounds almost incredible."

"His late Majesty, King Fido the Thirteenth," explained the Baron, "held the most original and admirable views on all matters connected with sovereignty, and one of these was that the life frequently led by an heir presumptive is an exceedingly bad preparation for the duties and responsibilities of monarchy. Accordingly he kept his son Fido in the very strictest seclusion from his birth upwards, supplying him with the best tutors and the most hygienic diet, but entirely prohibiting any admixture with or contamination from the world. Up to the day he came to the throne he had seen no women and only nine men in the whole course of his life."

"And may I ask how old he is?" I said.

"Thirty-five last month."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes," said the Vice-Chancellor. "It is unusual, is it not? But, on the other hand, think of all the things he must have learned! I assure you we anticipate the very best results from this experiment."

"What has he learned?" I inquired.

"As much as possible of everything; except of course such studies as would wake indecorous or unsuitable desires and ideas. His reading has been carefully selected to avoid such a catastrophe. Thus the last volume but one of the *Encyclopedia Regalia* had to be removed from his library, as it contained articles on 'Sapho' and 'Socialism.' But you will see him for yourself to-morrow: in the mean time, my dear Sir Hugo, I must bid you good night."

As can readily be imagined, this conversation filled me with even greater curiosity than ever to meet this remarkable prince. On the next morning my desire was gratified. I was conducted by von Spank to one of his private apartments, and there for the first time had the gratification of seeing and conversing with Fido the Fourteenth. Profound as are my feelings of respect for royalty (in which I yield to nobody), I cannot say that I was so much impressed with his Majesty at the first glance as I afterwards became on a fuller knowledge of his character. In figure he was short and inclined towards stoutness, while his countenance, though open and kindly,

could scarcely be termed handsome in the usual sense. Moreover, his secluded way of life was hardly calculated to stimulate a young man to embellish nature by the aid of art and array his person to the greatest advantage. I do not wish to lay emphasis on these points, though I cannot help noting them.

His Majesty's mind, I found, was stored with the most amazing quantities of both facts and theories, while his principles were the loftiest imaginable. So far no breath of worldly wisdom, much less of cynicism, had come to ruffle his ideals, and with the utmost candor and simplicity he discoursed to me on the whole duty of a king. Of this conversation that morning I shall, however, only quote such portions as bore upon the dramatic incident I am about to narrate.

"This is an almost ideal kingdom," said his Majesty, in reply to some observation of mine. "Everything is arranged on the best principles. So many offices of state are hereditary, or practically hereditary, that they are always in the hands of the best men possible."

"Does that invariably follow, your Majesty?" I ventured to ask.

"Of course," he replied. "Is it not evident that a thing must be much better and much more conscientiously done by a man whose ancestors have always been in the habit of doing it? That is my own idea, founded on thirty-five years' secluded study, and I think it is an improvement even on Darwin's. He says most things *are* hereditary; I say still more things *ought* to be."

His Majesty paused to receive my congratulations. Having respectfully tendered them, I further ventured to suggest,

"Your Majesty, then, assumes that your hereditary office-bearers inherit both conscience and ability?"

"Naturally. A nobleman—as most of mine are—would be ashamed to hold a position without doing the work to the very best of his ability. That is so, Baron von Spank?"

"Your Majesty, I trust, cannot be mistaken," replied the Vice-Chancellor discreetly.

"In any case," said King Fido, "I shall see that they do it. Fido insists upon every man doing his duty—an improvement on somebody else's idea."

After again complimenting his Majesty on the felicity of his utterances, my audience came to an end, and I withdrew, greatly gratified by my reception.

[Here follow in the original memoirs two more passages of Sir Hugo Fugle's observations on sovereignty in general and King Fido in particular, which, with all deference to that distinguished diplomatist, we take the liberty of omitting.]

A few days later I was pleasantly surprised to find the card of Count Seraphin Zonnbiem left at my residence, and as I had known him intimately when he was living in London, I hastened to return his call. Furthermore, I remembered him to be one of the wealthiest nobles in Regalia, and descended from a particularly ancient house, so I was sure that any attentions I had shown him in England would be amply repaid now.

On arriving at his hotel I found that he and his retinue occupied the whole of the first floor, and that he had fortunately just emerged from his Turkish bath, and would be ready to receive me within a quarter of an hour. The interval I spent in examining his collection of miniatures and photographs, which included most of the handsomest women in Europe, who had at one time or other succumbed to his attractions. These delightful trophies he always carried with him, keeping the seven most recent conquests in his bedroom, and displaying the rest for the envy and admiration of his friends.

When at last the Count entered, he greeted me with the well-bred cordiality so characteristic of him. In spite of the extraordinary successes which, as I have said, had attended him, Count Zonnbiem was at that time little more than twenty-five years of age; though from a suggestion of fashionable *ennui* in his voice and manner you would probably have taken him for more. He had a beautifully pink and white

complexion, hair that was almost golden in its brightness and trained to wave naturally over a low white forehead, small and elegant hands and feet, and a soft and melodious voice. It is needless to say that these natural advantages were enhanced by the employment of the best tailors and the exercise of the most fastidious taste.

He spoke the most perfect English; and not only so, he had even acquired our manners and idioms to the life, which doubtless was what made him so popular wherever he went.

"Ah, my dear Fugle," he said, "so you really have come to bore yourself in Büngen?"

"I have my diplomatic duties," I told him. "But what has brought you from London in the height of the season?"

"I left," he replied, "partly because I was satiated already. A duchess, a marchioness, and a prima donna all at once is really rather too much of a good thing. There are limits even to my good-nature."



MOST OF THE HANDSOMEST WOMEN IN EUROPE



"I AM OVERJOYED TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR COUNT!"

I admitted that this was indeed expecting a good deal from a young man.

"There is also another reason," he continued, carelessly: "I have come to exercise my privileges as Hereditary Cleaner to the Regalian Court."

"May I ask what are the duties—and the privileges of this office?" I inquired, with a smile.

He laughed in the agreeably modest way I have frequently noted in young men who affect to underrate what they value highly.

"The office of Hereditary Cleaner—or, in full, Window-Cleaner—to the Kings of Regalia was instituted about the time when windows were first invented," he replied, "and it has always been in my family. In those barbarous times we used, I believe, to actually superintend the work, but nowadays the duties consist in cleaning one pane of glass with a silk handkerchief, or in default presenting his Majesty with an embroidered duster. The privileges include the right to ask any woman in Regalia to dance without waiting for an introduction, and to shoot bears in the royal preserves. I have brought my duster with me, and I mean to take full advantage of my privileges, I assure you."

"Did you claim them under the late King?" I asked.

"Lord! no. Old Fido's court was too

devilish dull, my dear fellow. I should have let the Hereditary Cleanership go to the deuce so long as he reigned. Tell me what sort of a man our new little Fido is. I hear you are a first favorite already. Good sportsman, is he?"

"Scarcely in the English sense," I answered, with that caution and respect I always considered it right to display even behind his Majesty's back. "He is perhaps a little unsophisticated, but full of kingly qualities, I assure you."

"If he bores me with them, I shall leave him," said the Count, with a smile. "If he is amusing, I shall stay."

I was not present on the following morning when Count Zonnbien presented himself before his Majesty, but I have obtained from eye-witnesses the fullest particulars. It appears that the young Count arrived at court faultlessly attired in the most perfectly fitting knee-breeches and gold-laced coat, and carrying in a jewelled box the embroidered duster which he intended to present to King Fido in lieu of service. When his name was announced, his Majesty showed the liveliest interest and pleasure, and before receiving him insisted on obtaining the fullest particulars of the historic office he had come to claim.

"I am overjoyed to see you, my dear Count," he exclaimed when they met, at the same time smiling in the most gra-

cious fashion. "You have come not a moment too soon, I assure you; it was only this morning that I noticed one-sixteenth of an inch of dust upon several of the state bedroom windows. You had better begin at once."

The Count, with a smile at what he considered to be his Majesty's pleasantry, bowed low, and in a neat speech (talking Regalian with an agreeable English accent) asked his Majesty's permission to hand him the duster instead. But imagine the unfortunate young nobleman's feelings when his Majesty peremptorily refused to accept it!

"Is this the way you would do me service?" he asked. "Handing me a duster in return for all the privileges your family have enjoyed for centuries—and especially with the windows in their present state!"

"Does your Majesty, then, require *me*, Count Seraphin Zonnbiem, to clean a pane of glass with a silk handkerchief?" exclaimed the Count.

"I expect you to clean thoroughly every pane in the palace that requires it."

"But, your Majesty, that has never been the custom. The office has been merely honorary for centuries."

"When your ancestors first undertook this duty, there was no mention of anything honorary," replied the King, "and I am astonished that a perfectly healthy young man like you should make such an excuse."

And thereupon he commanded two gentlemen ushers to conduct the Count to the state bedrooms and provide him with the implements necessary for his honorable employment.

"To think of my Hereditary Cleaner refusing to clean!" he said to the Baron von Spank.

The hapless Count had already turned to the Vice-Chancellor for assistance, but unluckily von Spank happened to nurse a private grievance against the house of Zonnbiem, which rendered him suddenly blind to Seraphin's imploring glances, and without more ado the Hereditary Cleaner was hurried off to do his duty



I HAPPENED TO MEET THE COUNT RASSEL-DASSEL

for the first time in three hundred and fifty years.

Armed with a pail of water, an assortment of serviceable dusters, and a patent apparatus for preventing window-cleaners from falling into the area, this noble of seventy-two quarterings and the politest upbringing in Europe was left to the company of his own reflections and thirty-nine sheets of soiled glass eight feet by five in dimensions.

In a short time, however, he heard a great bustle coming along the corridors, and presently his Majesty, accompanied by several officers of state and a company of life-guards, came round on a tour of inspection.

"Is this all you know about cleaning windows?" exclaimed the King, after an indignant glance at the partially wiped pane of glass.

"If it please your Majesty, I am unused to this form of labor," said the Count, in a haughty tone.

"To what kind are you used, then?" asked the King.

The Count reflected for a moment.

"I can ride, your Majesty, and play bridge," he replied; "and if your Majesty would allow me to supervise the royal tailors I am certain my experience would be useful."

"Your experience of riding or of bridge?" asked the King.

"My taste, I mean," answered the Count.

"But you profess to clean windows," insisted his Majesty, "just as I profess to govern this kingdom. Well, I am governing it, and you have got to clean these windows."

"Will your Majesty direct me how to perform this honorable duty?" said the Count.

"Certainly," replied his Majesty, with perfect simplicity and candor. "Take off your coat to begin with. You cannot work in a gold-laced coat like that."

And the Count, with, I fear, a rueful air, removed his coat.

"Possibly the Count requires some assistance," suggested the Vice-Chancellor. "Your Majesty might spare a practical housemaid."

"Send one immediately," said his Majesty, with royal generosity. "And now, Count Zonnbiem, you will have no excuse."

Now, it so happened that Gretchen Kopp, the maid who was sent to assist the Count, was not only of an unusually attractive appearance, but possessed a heart so warmly susceptible to the attractions of the opposite sex that on several occasions she had only been able to retain her position in the royal household through the influence of gentlemen at court, whose names I shall not mention, and through her own solemn promises to be good.

The Count speedily found his labors lightened in the most astonishing way, while Gretchen would have scrubbed all day in order to remain in the company of so fine a gentleman. As I do not profess to know what passed between these fellow laborers, I shall now return to my own share in this romantic adventure.

Hardly had I entered the palace that morning when I happened to meet the Count Rassel-Dassel, who forthwith gave me a most entertaining and ludicrous account of what had befallen his fellow nobleman; though I could see that he was not a little apprehensive that his own neglect of some hereditary duty might by chance be discovered.

"Remember, my dear Sir Hugo, not a word to his Majesty about the absurd condition of washing the feet of ten beggars a year, on which I hold the lands of Rassel!" he said to me as we parted, and as my discretion would place



"THERE IS NO PANE OF GLASS BETWEEN THEM"

him under some obligation to myself, I promised to make no allusion.

His Majesty, I found, was willing, even anxious, to discuss the incident.

"Did you ever hear of anything so preposterous as a man refusing to perform his hereditary duty?" he said. "I never have, and I have read a great many books on a great many subjects."

I did not ask his Majesty whether he had also met a great many men, but I endeavored to say what I could on the Count's behalf, pointing out his youth, his lack of experience in performing his functions, and the demoralizing influence of his residence in other countries ruled by less capable and conscientious sovereigns. This last argument seemed to affect the King considerably.

"That is certainly true," he admitted. "I suppose few monarchs have spent thirty-five years in complete seclusion studying the theory of life from the best authorities. And of course that is the only way to learn."

"There is no other way exactly like it," I agreed.

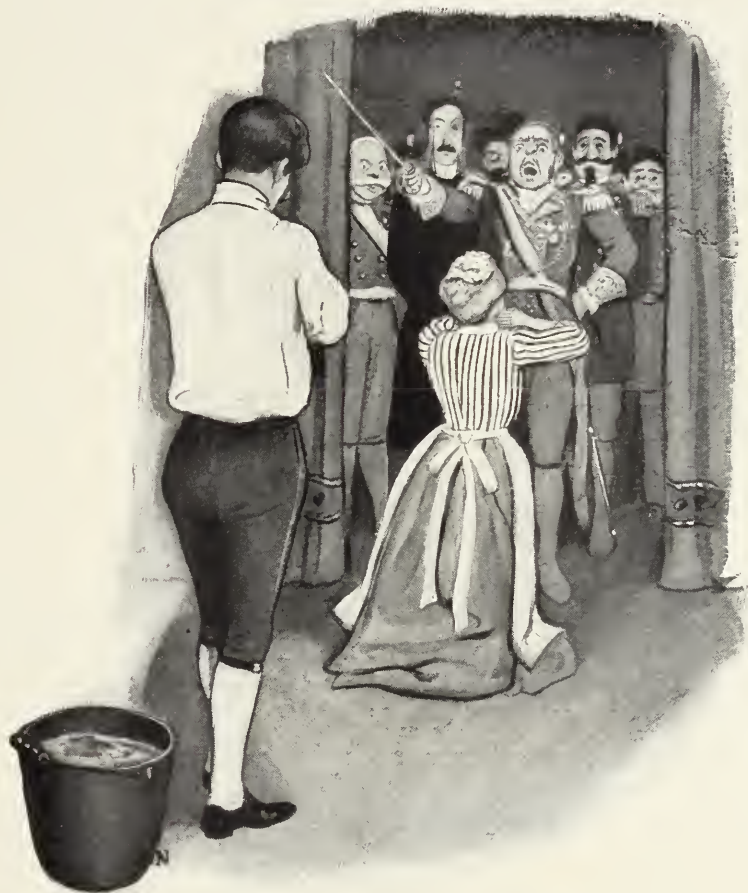
"Well," he said, "if the Count Zonnbien performs his task well, I shall be inclined to overlook his unwillingness to undertake it, in consideration solely of his misfortune in not having enjoyed the benefit of my influence and example before."

"If your Majesty could see the ardor which I am sure the Count is throwing into his work, I am convinced you would regard him more leniently," I suggested. Nothing, surely, could have been more disinterested than the spirit in which I made this remark; but unluckily the best intentions do not always insure the happiest results, even in court circles.

"Let us go and have a look at him," said his Majesty. "I believe you are

right, and that I shall come away with an entirely favorable impression of the young man, who, I am sure, is in any case a most modest and virtuous nobleman, and likely to become in time one of the brightest ornaments of my court."

Accordingly he led me to a turret win-



"TRAITOR!" CRIED HIS MAJESTY

dow in the royal bedchamber, from which, without being observed himself, the King could command a view of all the other windows on that side of the palace. This turret, I was told, had been added to the bedchamber by one of King Fido's predecessors with this particular intention.

"Ah!" said his Majesty, with a smile of satisfaction. "There they are; hard at work, evidently."

I also perceived the Count and his assistant, but my conclusion was somewhat different from his Majesty's, and had it been possible I should have either signalled to the Count or persuaded his Majesty to withdraw, content with his first impression. The fair Gretchen was

seated on the window-sill, with her back towards us, while the Count stood within the room; and whatever they were doing, they were certainly not removing the dust from the royal glass.

"I cannot see exactly the system on which they are working," said the King, who, owing to the severity of his studies, had become a little short-sighted, "but apparently he is cleaning the inside and the maid the outside of the pane; a very excellent arrangement, I should say."

His Majesty felt in his pocket for his spectacles, and for a moment I hoped that the unfortunate Count was saved.

"I have forgotten my spectacles," he exclaimed.

"Allow me to go and fetch them," I cried, but the next instant he drew the silver case from an inner pocket.

"I thought I could not possibly have mislaid them," said he. "I am particular in these matters—as an absolute sovereign ought to be. What!"

He paused in petrified astonishment, and then in a deep, deliberate voice said,

"Sir Hugo, there is *no* pane of glass between them."

"Is your Majesty certain?"

"Perfectly; the lower sash is raised as high as it will go. They cannot, then, be cleaning the window. *What* are they doing?"

"At this distance by my own eyesight—" I began, but his Majesty had now no longer any need to ask.

"His arm is round her—both arms!" he cried. "He is giving her—is that what is called a kiss, Sir Hugo?"

"Only a kiss, your Majesty," I assured him.

"Only!" he exclaimed, and with a gesture of horror turned from the window.

Hitherto, as I have previously stated, King Fido had remained entirely ignorant of the other sex; and even now, when he had mixed for a fortnight with the world, his innocence remained as complete and his principles as uncompromising as his austere father had intended they always should. Whether or not the spectacle of the amorous Count's embraces disturbed the serenity of this virtue, and thereby provoked his Majesty's resentment to an even higher pitch, I cannot pretend to say. Certainly his

exasperation knew no bounds, and I even trembled for my friend's neck.

Summoning a strong escort of courtiers and life-guards, as well as the Vice-Chancellor and the royal executioner, his Majesty bade us all remove our shoes in order that Count Zonnbien might be convicted by as many witnesses as possible, and placing himself at our head, he advanced, with his sword drawn, towards the state bedrooms.

"I warn you, gentlemen," he said to us in a whisper, as we paused outside in the corridor, "you will probably witness something very wicked and very revolting, but you may support your resolution by the thought that your sovereign shares these trials with you."

Pushing the door gently open, he did indeed reveal such a spectacle as a prudent man would not show to a too young and imaginative daughter; yet I fear his Majesty was a trifle disappointed that it did not produce more potent symptoms of horror among his retinue.

For the housemaid Gretchen was seated upon the Count Seraphin Zonnbien's knee.

"Traitor!" cried his Majesty, in a formidable voice, while with a scream of alarm Gretchen threw herself down before him—this time upon her own knees.

"Wicked young man, have you no sense of sin?" demanded the King of the unfortunate Count.

Truly the Hereditary Cleaner showed sufficient embarrassment, though whether this was more owing to the stings of conscience or to the unannounced presence of so many spectators I shall leave to the judgment of such of my readers as have been placed in similar predicaments.

"You have been guilty of the most immoral and traitorous conduct I have ever witnessed," continued his Majesty. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Only that your Majesty's experience must have been extremely limited," replied the Count, who apparently could not yet realize the full gravity of his position.

"It is sufficient," said the King, sternly, "to tell me that I am speaking to the basest and most abandoned of mankind."

"Pardon me, your Majesty," interrupted the Vice-Chancellor, with a great

air of gravity, "but perhaps you misjudge the Count. It is possible that he truly loves this maiden."

"Would he do—er—that if he did?" asked the King, with a simplicity that, though highly becoming, seemed to somewhat disconcert the Baron.

"I appeal to Sir Hugo Fugle," he replied.

"I am the last man to come to for any direct information on such a point," I answered, "but I understand that it might then be permissible."

"I am satisfied with your assurance," said his Majesty; and then, turning to the Count, "Do you love this girl, Count Zonnbiem?"

"Love?" exclaimed the Count. "Really, your Majesty, it is absurd to talk of love between a young man of birth and fashion and a girl of that station!"

"Then why did you do what you did?" asked the King.

"It is my custom," replied the Count, defiantly.

At this Gretchen burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" cried his Majesty, who had never witnessed such a phenomenon before and was naturally taken considerably back.

"Possibly she loves the Count," suggested the Vice-Chancellor.

"I sincerely hope so, for otherwise I shall have her severely punished," said the King. "Do you love the Count, young woman?"

"Indeed I do, your Majesty!" cried Gretchen—who, I am bound to say, could scarcely have answered anything else after the rather premature disclosure of his Majesty's intentions.

"Then," said the King, turning to the young nobleman, "you have deceived this unfortunate young woman, and you

will have to marry her. That is the rule laid down in every treatise on the subject—is it not, Baron?"

"Certainly, your Majesty," replied the Vice-Chancellor.

"I'll be hanged if I do!" exclaimed the Count, impetuously.

"You'll be hanged if you don't," replied the King, with perfect sincerity and calmness.

On hearing these words, the royal executioner made an involuntary movement towards the front, and at the sight of this dreaded official the unfortunate Count realized for the first time how serious was the situation.

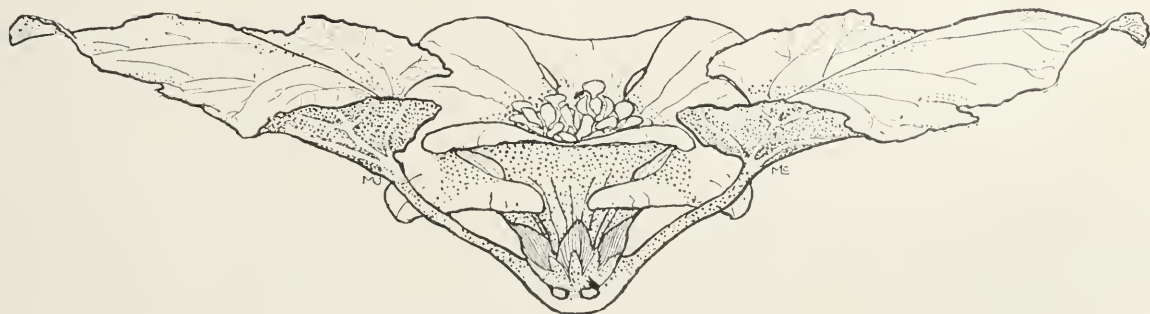
"I implore your Majesty to spare me this indignity!" he cried, falling upon one knee.

"Certainly," said his Majesty, in a kinder tone. "I have no wish to execute you, and if you are married by this time to-morrow I shall say no more about it. Only, you must get your wife to teach you to do your work properly."

"But, your Majesty, I mean—" began the Count.

"Silence!" interrupted the King. "I was going to give you some more advice, and now you have driven it out of my head. You must now consider yourself under arrest until your wedding is over. Come, gentlemen, let us return to our council-chamber."

Two days later a paragraph appeared in the Büngen papers announcing that a marriage had been solemnized between Count Seraphin Zonnbiem, Hereditary Cleaner to his Majesty King Fido of Regalia, and Gretchen Kopp, daughter of the late Johann Kopp, blacksmith in Büngen; and ever since then the palace windows have been kept in the very best of order.





GATEWAY OF OLD WAR PRISON

American Prisoners at Dartmoor

A NEGLECTED CHAPTER OF HISTORY

BY JOHN GREENVILLE McNEEL

I SUPPOSE that there is no subject less known to the reader of the present day than the history of those gallant seamen who manned and fought our ships, and who were taken prisoners and carried to England during the war of 1812.

These prisoners were at first confined in hulks, generally old line-of-battle ships, cut down to suit the purpose, and anchored at a distance from the shore. On entering the hulk each man was examined as to citizenship, health, and rating. The officers were allowed parole, and all having the rank of commander and first lieutenant of privateers of fourteen guns, or of captains and first mates of merchantmen, were sent to Ashburton in Devon, or Reading in Berkshire, where they were registered, and allowed by the British government 1s. 6d. a day for food, lodging, and clothes. Their lives were indeed happy compared to those who were con-

fined in hulks or in the great war prison on Dartmoor. When a prisoner was entered in the hulks he was given one hammock, one bed-bag filled with straw, three or four pounds of flock made of chopped rags, and one coarse blanket; these were to last for one and a half years from date of issue. The doctor's inspections were irregular, and unless a prisoner was very ill or dying he was kept in the hulk; if the case was very bad, he was removed to a hospital-ship.

The prisoners did the work of the ship, and cooked their own rations, which were one and a half pounds of coarse bread, one-half pound of beef with bone, one-third ounce of salt, one-third ounce of barley, and two turnips for each man. This was for five days a week. On the other days each prisoner was allowed one pound of salt fish, one pound of potatoes, and one and a half pounds of bread.

The sickness became so great, and the attempts of the prisoners to escape so frequent—twice by setting fire to the hulks,—that on the 2d of April, 1813, all the prisoners in the Plymouth hulks were ordered to be sent to the war prison on Dartmoor. There were then in the hulks about 700 officers and men. Two hundred and fifty constituted the first draft, and they were marched the seventeen miles to Prince Town, where the war prison was.

It was in 1803 that it was decided to build the great war prison on Dartmoor as one of the surest and most inaccessible places in England. Prince Town on Tor Royal, 1400 feet above the sea, was chosen, and there upon the edge of this lonely moor, with its Druid circles, its unfathomable bogs, its weary waste of wind-swept land, the prison was built. It was designed to hold 10,000 prisoners, and with barracks outside to hold a guard of 2000 men. It was surrounded by an outer wall, circular in shape, one mile in circumference and sixteen feet high. Inside, thirty feet distant from this, was a lower wall, the top of which was provided with numberless intersecting wires attached to bells, the least disturbance of which would rouse the guard at once; on the top of this inner wall was a path, on which at every twenty feet a sentry with loaded musket walked night and day. Within these walls were the guard-house, turnkeys, prison clerks, and the office of the captain of the prison. The hospital was comfortable, well lighted and aired, and the arrangements good—due to Dr. MacGrath, who was very popular with the prisoners. There were also storehouses, all surrounded by an additional wall, so that escape seemed impossible. The buildings for the prisoners were seven in number, built of the hard, rough, unhewn stone in which Dartmoor abounds. They were three stories high, 180 feet long by 40 broad. Each would contain about 1500 prisoners. Attached to each was a cachot, or dungeon, built of stone, arched at the top, where offenders were confined without any bedding and on two-thirds allowance of food. These several prisons were separated from the others by a wall, and No. 4, equally large, was also separated by a wall. Adjoining No. 4 were Nos. 5,

6, 7. Within each prison was a yard, through which ran a stream of pure water.

In these prisons, at the time the Americans were sent, there were some 8000 French prisoners of all ranks, many in a very bad state physically from crowding, bad food, etc.

When the first draft of the Americans arrived each was given a hammock, blanket, bed-bag, and flock, and most of them were sent to No. 7. It was the worst of all the prisons, for here French captives were confined for committing assaults, robbery, and other crimes on their fellow prisoners. Each story was a large loft, with nothing to heat it. In each were six joists with hammock-hooks, and the hammocks were slung so close together that a man could scarcely squeeze out when all were in place.

The climate was very cold, with fogs in winter, and the walls continually dripped with moisture. Captain Isaac Congreve, R.N., was the agent for the prisoners on Dartmoor. The American agent was Mr. R. G. Beasley.

The treatment of the Americans was always more severe than that of the French; they were much more turbulent and independent, and the guards said they would rather guard 20,000 French than 1000 Americans. About May 1, 1813, Captain Congreve ordered all American prisoners to be collected and put in No. 4. At this time there were in this prison about 900 of the worst of the French prisoners; the prison was very dirty, containing many sick, and it swarmed with vermin. The clothes issued to the prisoners to last for eighteen months were one woollen cap, one yellow jacket, one vest and one pair of trousers, one pair of woollen socks, one shirt, and one pair of shoes made of list, with wooden soles. They were allowed the liberty of only the yard of No. 4; none could pass the gate; and within a month they addressed a letter to Captain Congreve asking why they were thus harshly treated. His answer was that it was by order of the Board of Transport. They then addressed a letter to Mr. Beasley, the American agent in England, telling him of their scanty food and naked condition: that the ration for the whole day made but one bare meal, and that many prisoners had taken service in the English navy,

unable any longer to stand the hardships of hunger, nakedness, and sickness; that he had wholly neglected them, and that they despaired of an exchange of prisoners. They told him of the distinction made between the French and themselves, and that they were not treated as prisoners of war. To this the agent paid no attention.

June opened with much sickness, and smallpox raged. Dr. Dyer, the surgeon in charge, treated the prisoners with much severity, and would allow none to go to hospital unless *in extremis*, many being taken so far gone that four men had to carry each of them in a hammock.

About this time the guard was changed, and the new guard began a series of searches, turning all prisoners out into the yards, sick or well, searching all hammocks and effects. This angered the prisoners greatly. The guard was composed of men who had been sent there from their regiments as a punishment for misdemeanor, and seem to have been, with the exception of one Scotch regiment, a hardened lot of men, easily bribed, and much addicted to drink.

In August the regulations were more stringent, and the prisoners were not allowed to go into the yard. Smallpox broke out afresh, and the men died in great numbers. The prisoners then formed a committee of correspondence, and, by bribing the guards, got a letter to agent

Beasley, telling him again of their forlorn condition, they being ragged, covered with vermin, and the death-rate increasing daily. Again the agent paid no attention nor came to see them. They then addressed Captain Congreve. After a time a slight increase of rations was granted, and their sufferings were somewhat relieved. About this time the prisoners were employed a little more. A sweeper was allowed for each room, and received 3*d.* a day; one man out of every two hundred 4½*d.* per day for acting as cook; as barber 3*d.* a day; and as hospital nurse 6*d.* a day. All these positions were given by preference to Frenchmen, who also worked as mechanics, receiving 6*d.* a day.

The winter set in with great severity, smallpox and measles raged, while many in despair entered the British service.

The crew of the United States brig *Argus* was sent now to Dartmoor and put in prison No. 4. Captain Congreve ordered all French to be removed from that prison, to the great relief of the Americans, who were allowed more liberty; two of their number attended the market, and they were allowed to mingle more with the French prisoners. The French prisons resembled little villages, with shops where hat-making in straw was carried on, and bone-work of all kinds—for from meat bones these clever men carved full-rigged ships, boxes, and



PRINCE TOWN PRISONS, FROM THE WEST

The lower buildings are the old war prisons, just under the Plantation Tor Royal



CHURCH AT PRINCE TOWN
Built by the French and American prisoners of war

many things that the market-people eagerly bought. There were also many French officers, who, having private means, lived well and had the London papers, which they allowed the Americans to see.

On December 22 Captain Congreve was superseded by Captain Thomas G. Shortland. He was at first not so indifferent to the prisoners' sufferings as Captain Congreve, and said he would do all he could and send any letter they might write to Beasley or Congress. He also informed the Board of Transport of their state, and ordered the assistant surgeons to visit the prisons daily and to send all sick to the hospital. The prisoners addressed a letter to Beasley and told him that they did not believe America would let her citizens starve or freeze, and that he, being her agent in England, should pledge her credit for a sum sufficient to provide some relief for the prisoners; that if some relief was not forthcoming speedily, the prisoners would apply *en masse* to enlist in the British navy, at the same time sending copies of all correspondence with him to the American government, telling why they did it and putting the blame on him.

January, 1814, opened with bitter cold, and the prisoners only left their ham-

mocks for dinner, the one meal of the day. It was the coldest weather in fifty years, and the streams were frozen. It was so cold that the guards abandoned their posts and sought the guard-room. The only sentries posted were at the barracks. Taking advantage of the cold, eight prisoners at midnight tried to escape by a ladder which they found near the guard-house. They had scaled the first wall and were ascending the second when the guard discovered them and captured all but one. The seven were put in the dungeon and nearly perished, for without clothes necessary to cover them they were brought out more dead than alive. The man who escaped wandered for two days on the moor in the bitter cold, and was finally driven by hunger to a cottage. He was suspected, overpowered, and brought back, and, strange to say, he did not suffer from frost-bite.

In February, 1814, a letter came from Beasley for the first time since the confinement in April, 1813. It was as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—

I am authorized by the government of the United States to allow you $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per day for tobacco and soap, which will commence from January 1. I earnestly hope



MONUMENT TO AMERICAN PRISONERS

The shaft stands in the cemetery at Prince Town on Dartmoor; the graves lie behind it

it will tend for your relief. I would likewise advise you to appoint a committee by which you can convey your wants to me through the Board of Transport.

This provision brought much needed comfort.

At this time the government released all prisoners of any foreign nation with which it was in alliance, no matter in what ships they were taken. Many prisoners who could speak a foreign tongue profited by it and were released, and for once many a Yankee became a Spaniard or Portuguese. Many prisoners with their newly acquired wealth set up as either

potato or egg merchants, and after the second payment they said, "Now we have free trade and sailors' rights." They established a school for boys; for the prisoners were of all ages, from thirteen years to sixty. Sixpence a month was charged for tuition, and reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught.

On April 1 another letter came from Beasley, saying an additional $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day was to be allowed for coffee and sugar, the same to be issued twice a week. News came of Napoleon's downfall and the entrance of the allies into Paris. As the French prisoners were now about to

be released, the Americans bought many tools of all kinds from them. Mr. Williams, clerk to Mr. Beasley, soon arrived and gave to each prisoner a blue suit, a pair of shoes, and a shirt, and told them the United States would clothe them altogether now.

Dartmoor was ordered to be the prison for all American prisoners. So about 3500 were sent there. The governor began to employ them as masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, as workmen on the roads, and as hospital nurses at 6*d.* a day.

The present parish church at Prince Town was built by American prisoners, and I believe no other that has been built by prisoners' hands in a far-off land stands in the world to-day to glorify His name who said, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me."

The men on outdoor work smuggled into the prison much that was contraband—rum, tobacco, candles, and oil,—and were able to make articles which found a ready sale outside.

Three hundred and fifty more prisoners arrived from Stapleton, near Bristol,—No. 4 now contained 1400 men, and was overcrowded. Captain Shortland told them he would open the yards on the south side of the enclosures and they might have the freedom of the other prisons.

The prisoners, through long confinement, and almost losing hope of any exchange or of peace, formed a plan to escape. This was aided by the introduction of a new guard—a regiment not used to the prison-regulations discipline.

July 4 came around again, and to celebrate it they had procured a large white ensign, on which they had written, "All Canada, or Dartmoor Prison for life." The spirit of this little band of patriots was tremendous. They also were to have an oration at eleven o'clock, and invited the officers and guard to it. When the time arrived the orator selected delivered a fervid speech from a cask, the officers and guard looking on from the inner wall. Afterwards a dinner was served, the menu of which was soup and beef, and speeches were made eulogizing Congress and President Madison, who was most popular with the prisoners.

The plan to escape was not put into effect until after the 4th of July. The

prisoners were soon to be removed from No. 4 to No. 6. In this prison they would have access to Nos. 5, 6, and 7, which were in one yard.

Soon all acquiesced in the plan, and a committee was appointed to swear each man to absolute secrecy. He was neither by word, look, or deed, to convey the idea to turnkeys or guard that anything unusual was happening; should one do so, the penalty was death at the hands of his fellows. A committee was formed to watch both guard and prisoners to see that no undue communication went on between them, and enough were told off to do the work while others rested, and all went on in the every-day routine as usual. On the 20th, after taking most careful measurements, the digging was begun. A shaft was to be sunk in both prisons to a depth of 20 feet, and then at this depth a tunnel 250 feet long was to be begun. This would carry the excavation beyond the outer wall, which extended down six feet to the plane of the road outside. The work progressed rapidly, but the great difficulty was to dispose of the loose earth. It was done in this way: A little at a time was emptied into the stream which ran through the court at four miles an hour, each of the men emptying a small quantity when unobserved. They also obtained permission to bring some lime into the prison under pretence of whitewashing the walls. This they mixed with the dirt and plastered on the walls, whitewashing over it. No. 5 being unoccupied, and no guard being posted there, digging was also begun in that prison. A large hollow spot was soon found, and large quantities of earth were removed to it. A lamp was kept lighted to expel the foul gas, and in a month the tunnel had grown to 40 feet. In September the tunnel had much increased, and the openings were so cleverly concealed that they were not discovered by the guard. They were so small at the top that but one man could squeeze in, although within the tunnel four could work abreast.

On the 5th, to the horror of all, Captain Shortland entered the prison with a large guard, and walking directly towards the hole, said he knew of the work in No. 5, but as his informant had not told him correctly, he could not find it. The guard then began to sound the entire floor with

crowbars, but so carefully had the work been carried on that it was a long time before the openings were discovered. He then questioned many as to what they had done with the earth, but all answered that they ate it.

To prevent further attempts the prisoners were removed from the yard which enclosed Nos. 5, 6, 7, into the enclosure on the north side which contained Nos. 1, 2, 3, but as there was no suspicion of the attempt in No. 4, that prison was left as it was. The other tunnels were filled with large stones, and the captives were kept in No. 2 while this was done, and then removed to No. 4, as No. 2 was badly out of repair. The prisoners did not give up all hope, but for the present kept very quiet. A court of inquiry was held, and several were tried, but as the penalty was death the evidence was not considered sufficient to convict. Afterwards the discovery of the plan was thought to have been made through the turnkeys hearing voices in the tunnel.

After a time tunnelling was begun again in No. 4, and the blacks were ordered to do the work, which went on again until it reached within 20 feet of the road level, and then a council of war was held and the following plan of escape agreed upon:

The prisoners working as blacksmiths had from time to time made from old iron a number of clumsy daggers. One was given to each man, and they were all to scatter, each for himself, as they left the tunnel. The rendezvous was to be at Torbay, a fishing hamlet on the South Devon coast; the fishing-boats were to be seized and all sail was to be made for France. Hearts beat high, and wan faces beamed with the thought of freedom. But when all was ready one morning a man named Bagley, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, walked straight up to the guard, was taken to the guard-house, disclosed the plans, and vanished.

On December 29 the news of the Treaty of Ghent arrived, and there was great rejoicing; also the news that H.M.S. *Favourite* would sail for the United States with the treaty for ratification on January 2, 1815, and that in three months all would be free. Arrangements were made for a great celebration. Powder was smuggled in and cartridges were

wrapped with twine, so they would explode with a loud noise. An ensign and pendant for each prison, and one large flag with "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" on it, were procured. Next morning, to the wonder of officers and guard, the bunting was displayed on each prison; and on No. 3, called the Commodore, the large flag with "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" was also hoisted, and a salute of seventeen cartridges was fired. Captain Shortland then came into the yard and asked the men to remove the white flag, as its sentiments would bring the censure of his government upon him; but the prisoners, wild with joy, paid no attention, and kept up the celebrations until evening. Captain Shortland again came into the yard, with only a sergeant's guard—he did not lack for pluck, whatever his faults,—and, addressing the prisoners, said if they would take down the ensign with "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" on it, he would hoist the American ensign on one end of his own house and the British on the other, but if they were not content with this, he would order all hauled down. After a demur the prisoners agreed, out of respect for him, to lower the flags and wait for the ratification of peace to again display them. There were now 5326 prisoners on Dartmoor.

On March 14 news came that the *Favourite* had arrived with the ratification of the treaty, and great joy and demonstrations again broke out. The ensigns and pendants were once more raised, and Captain Shortland was addressed in a poem.

On the 17th Captain Shortland said he was ready to discharge all prisoners as soon as he had an order from Mr. Beasley that he was ready to receive them. All was now at the straining-point, and men could hardly wait for the order of release. Captain Shortland read a letter from Mr. Beasley saying he would take only those prisoners who had been inoculated for smallpox. The agent was most uneasy about this, as the African pox—the worst of all—had raged in the prison. In consequence, the men were so enraged that they decided to hang and then burn Beasley in effigy. The following dirge was chanted as it was burning:

The image of disgrace we've hanged,
And wish it was quite true
That Beasley had himself been there,
And the devil burnt his Jew.

For both contrived to wrong us much,
And they knew it very well;
They'll always have the prisoners' prayer
To send them both to hell.

On April 6 occurred the dreadful affair which Americans call the "Massacre of Dartmoor."

During the afternoon of this day Captain Shortland discovered a hole in the wall that separated the barrack-yard from prisons 6 and 7. The Americans said that some boys who had been powder-monkeys on the ships had done this in mischief, and with no idea of escape. Captain Shortland immediately posted troops on all the walls, ordered the alarm-bells rung, and the general assembly beat. The prisoners swarmed out of the prisons to see what the trouble was, and hurried to the gates. The officers and guard, thoroughly frightened, and thinking this was the dreaded general uprising, ordered them to fall back and disperse. This was only answered by a further rush to the gates, and the order to fire was given, whether by Captain Shortland or some panic-stricken subaltern was never known. The carnage among this crowded mass of men was awful. A charge was made for the prisoners; many were crushed and trampled underfoot, and many were bayoneted by the now infuriated soldiers. One young American—a midshipman named Greenough, of Virginia, a lad of fifteen—acted with great courage and coolness. He jumped in front of the mob, and, hat in hand, begged the governor to give the order to cease fire, as it was all a mistake; but a bayonet-thrust was his answer, and he fell badly wounded. The men were then driven to their prisons, and Dr. MacGrath hastened to

the yards with his assistants, and rendered every aid to the dying and wounded. The result of this awful affair was seven killed outright and fifty-six wounded.

Mr. Ingraham, an agent of the United States, soon arrived at the prison, and took with him a number of seamen to man United States ships in neutral harbors of Europe. On April 12, 1815, Captain Shortland told the prisoners that the discharges were made out.

The outgoing drafts were mustered in the yard, many being in rags and without shoes. They returned to Plymouth under a strong guard, and embarked on cartel-ships for the home and freedom that through the many years of exile they had so longed for.

The old war prison was allowed to crumble away until 1850, where on its site, and utilizing part of it, the present great convict-prison of Dartmoor stands. The prisoners of to-day pass under the old war-prison gateway, with "*Parcere subjectis*" cut into its capstone: "*To spare the conquered.*"

In the American Cemetery in Prince Town there lie to-day long lines of our silent dead in unknown and unmarked graves. The only stone that marks their resting-place was erected by Captain Stopforth, the Governor of Dartmoor in 1865. It is a simple granite shaft, and on it is the following inscription: "In memory of the American prisoners of war who died in Dartmoor Prison between the years 1812 and 1815, and lie buried here. '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'" It may be sweet and fitting to die for one's country amid the heat of glorious strife, to see with glazing eyes the flag still floating, to hear the cheers of victory; but these men died exiles, their closing eyes seeing only the prison walls, their last requiem the moan of the wind on lonely Dartmoor.



Elizabeth and Davie

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

WHEN the town doctor, coming out to Turkey Ridge, had given as his verdict that Elizabeth's one chance of life—he could not say how slim the chance in that plain room, having within it the pleasant noise of bees and the spring sun on the floor—lay in her going to the great hospital in the city, it was Davie who fell to sobbing in his worn hands.

"I'll jest die at home, Davie," she said in her quiet voice.

"You'll take the money put away for our buryin' an' go, dearie!" Davie cried out fiercely. His gaunt frame, stooped as a scholar's, shook so pitifully with his grief, she had not the heart to gainsay him, but after she promised him it only shook the more.

"Why, Davie," she chided, brightly, "ain't I always been a-wantin' to see the city streets with the hurryin' people, 'n' tall houses, 'n' churches with towers on 'em? They ain't many folks on th' Ridge 'll hev sech a lettin'-out as mine."

"If I only had 'nough saved to go too," he mourned.

She answered him simply: "An' who'd I hev to write to me, with you goin' 'long? It 'll seem terrible nice to hear from somebody. I always did love letters. Sence Cousin Tabby died I ain't had one."

"You won't be afeard travellin' so far by yourself?" he asked then, awestruck. Davie had the diffidence of the untraveller. Few men ever left the small farming district of Turkey Ridge for a journey; but if one did so, and the trip were long, he had thereafter a bolder bearing.

"Afeard?" She gave a little trembling laugh which would have deceived no one but a dull old man, now smitten suddenly by sorrow. "The idee o' my bein' afeard! They ain't a mite o' danger o' gettin' run over er lost er nothin'—not a mite."

Under the pretext of bending to hunt for a lost pin she hid the sad fear in her eyes—a fear of all the greater world which was beyond Davie, from whom she had not been parted since the day she had wedded him.

But throughout the time of her preparation she went bravely. She would herself have put in order for leaving the house kept spotless even while her disease had crept upon her, but the news of the doctor's words had gone up through the group of farmhouses, huddled like timid sheep on the road, and the kindly neighbor women left their own work, very heavy in the spring-time, to take her household burdens. In a community where no great things ever came save two, and these two birth and death, misfortune drew soul to soul. Because of her gathering weakness she yielded that others should do the tasks which had always hitherto been hers, but she could not be prevented from the packing of the little leather trunk that had held her wedding things. "You're jest makin' me out a foolish, lazy body," she said, her lips seen quivering for the first time. Then, fearful lest she should seem ungrateful for the kindness of her friends, she made haste to ask where, in the trunk, to put her staid, coarse linen, and where her best cap with its fine bow of lavender ribbon, and would they if they were she take her mending-basket along in hopes there might be moments for Davie's socks?

Many a loving offering was tucked in with her belongings to go with her. Now blue-eyed Annie Todd knocked at the door, bringing a bunch of healing herbs from her mother, who could not leave for reason of her nursing baby. Then old Mr. Bayne drove into the dooryard with a pair of knitted bedroom slippers, wrapped carefully in a newspaper. Next Kerrenhappuch Green, perturbed in his long jaw, potted down to fetch the pin-

ball which his daughter had forgotten when she came to help. Mrs. Glegg, who had lately lost her idiot son, Benje, gave a roll of soft flannel. Miss Panthea Potter contributed a jar of currant jam, three years sealed, and pretended that she was not moved. The minister copied out a verse from the Psalms and fixed it so cunningly about a gold piece that, proud as a girl in her poverty, Elizabeth could not refuse the gentle gift. It was he, too, possessing the advantage of a clerkly hand, who arranged for Elizabeth's admission to the free ward of the hospital, and wrote to his niece Mary, living by good fortune in the city, to have a care over her while there. He told that Mary had a kind, good-humored face, and was herself country born.

"I'll be better able to thank ye all fittently," the white-haired old woman said, "when I come back to ye well 'n' strong."

The last day before she was to start, all that was possible being done for her, she and Davie were left to themselves, at the minister's suggestion. Forty years before, Davie had brought her to the house, yet in her soft marriage dress. The wedding journey had been the coming up at sunset to the Ridge from her home in the valley, behind his plough-horses, lifting their plodding hoofs as in the furrows. On the clean straw in the back of the wagon rested her small trunk and a hive of bees, shrouded in calico. Tied to the tail-piece was a homesick heifer. While he unhitched the horses and placed her dowry, she entered his door to lay off her bonnet tremulously in the living-room.

Alone with the clumsy carpet-loom which made his winter's work, and his tired week-day hat hanging from a peg against the wall, she had a deep moment. Joining him on the door-step, they sat side by side watching in silence the light die over the scanty fields handed down to him by his father, who had grown bent and weary in wrenching a living from them as he was aging. Neither was young; both were marked by the swift homeliness of the hard-working; but the look on their faces was that which falls when two have gotten an immortal youth and beauty in each other's hearts.

It had been their custom on each suc-

ceeding spring to go, if the anniversary were pleasant, to sit again at evening on the door-step with the sweetness of the straggling spice-bush upon it. Now as they sat there a silence came upon them like that of their wedding-day. Elizabeth broke it first.

"Davie," she whispered, "if I'd say I'd jest like to run through the house a minute by myself, you won't think it queer?"

"No, no," answered Davie, something gripping his chest.

She went slowly, her slippers flapping back and forth on her heels. She sought first the tidy kitchen with its scoured tins, then the living-room with the old loom still in the corner, then the parlor. Here she drew a long, shaken breath. Every Ridge woman loved her parlor with an inherited devotion. Many unrecorded self-sacrifices furnished it. Elizabeth's lay hallowed to her. It was her Place Beautiful. There was a pale, striped paper on the sacred walls, and on the floor an ingrain carpet, dully blue. At the windows were ruffled white curtains—the ruffles and sheer lengths of lawn had lain long in her dreams. The mantel-piece held a row of shells, their delicate pink linings showing, and on either end china vases filled with sprays of plummy grass. Above was the marriage certificate, neatly framed. On the centre-table were sundry piteous ornaments, deeply rooted in her affections. The chairs and the single sofa, angular and sombre, were set about with proud precision. They had been the result of years of careful hoarding of egg-money, and were, to Elizabeth, the achievement of her living.

Holding on to the banister, she climbed the stairs forlornly to the upper chambers. In her own room Davie found her by and by. She was sitting up very straight in her rocker, a baby's long clothes on her lap. Her expression of pain was gone, and in its stead was the strange peace of a woman who sees her first-born. She looked up absently at her husband.

"Melindy Ethel," her voice crooned, "was so little 'n' warm."

"You must jest lay down 'n' rest, dearie," he urged, anxiously. He took the things from her and laid them back,

one by one, in the lower drawer of the high, glass-knobbed bureau whence she had taken them. The thin stuff of the little, listless sleeves and yellowed skirts clung to his roughened fingers; he freed them with gentleness.

"An' her hair would hev curled," she said, when the last piece was in.

Davie had been kneeling among his vegetables that summer-time long since that Elizabeth had come to stand beside him in their garden, pushing from her forehead her heavy falling hair, then dark, in the way she had if very glad. Seeing that she had something to tell him, and wondering at her eyes, he waited for her to speak. She did not keep him long. For an instant her serene glance went up to the blue sky. Then her hands stretched out to him.

"Davie," she began, "that old cradle of your ma's—" She broke off shyly.

Davie stayed on his knees. He could not at once answer her, but could only grope toward her blindly. Presently her touch calmed him.

"It rocks from head to foot," he quavered in joy, "'stead o' from side to side—the motion's better for 'em."

Striving to go well through her troubled months until her hour should come, Elizabeth smiled often at Davie, and sometimes the smile was a tender laugh in her throat—Davie clumping excitedly over the farm about his work; Davie bringing home from town the cautious purchase of a child's sack, and crying out in exultation, "It's got tossels on it!" Davie storing singular treasures in a box in the garret—seed-pods which rattled when you shook them; scarlet wood-berries, gay and likely to please; a tin whistle, a rubber ball, a doll with joints, and a folded paper having written on it, "For Croup a poultice of onions and heeting the feet"; and Davie, his importance dropped from him as a garment, coming to put his head down against her shoulder.

"I dun'no'," he said to her, "as a man better feel too uppity 'bout becomin' a pa. It's an awful solemn undertakin', an' the more you think it over the solemnner it gets. Seems to me it's somethin' like playin' the fiddle. There can't jest anybody rush in an' play a real good time on a fiddle—takes a terrible lot o'

preparin' 'n' hard work to tech them little strings to music. An' mebbe the man that can tech 'em the best is him that's always been clean 'n' honest 'n' real grave. I'm beginnin' to feel so no 'count—why, I dun'no' a note o' fiddle music!"

"Oh, Davie," she had comforted, "it don't seem to me that the man jest *born* good 'd play the sweetest, but the one who had fought for things."

While she turned the tiny hems and ran the wonderful seams, Davie, winter-bound, sat on the tall stool before his loom, the bobbins wound with rags for a hit and miss. Weaving eked out a slender income. His father's finger-tips, too, had become stained by colors of warp and woof after the end of the pig-killing had been announced by the children racing with the bladders through the thin snow.

On Christmas day he brought down the cradle from the garret, and wiped its gathered dust from it with a white cloth. To please him, Elizabeth spread it ready with the sheets and blankets. The sight of the pillow unmanned him. "The idee o' that stove smokin' so Christmas!" he choked. She turned to him quickly. Their seamed hands met as in that joyous moment among the vegetables, but this time they clasped above a dusted cradle. In view of the increased expenses before the household they made each other no gifts; only Davie put a fir bough and a teething-ring in his box.

Then he wove as though the clack of his shuttle were the beat of a drum going by, then in a vast impatience, then with the bridle hanging on the rim of the manger by the plough-horse which had a saddle gait.

The morning that he clambered, frightened, into the saddle a great cold wave was on the Ridge, with a fierce wind continually blowing. Smoke curled up from the chimneys to perish against the sunny sky. Cattle left in the open crowded in the lee of the straw-stacks, their rough flanks crawling, and in the folds the ewes, yet frail from their travail, stood stung and still, mothering their weak-kneed lambs. Beside the thud of the horse's hoofs toward town there was no sound on the road save a little, dry

cracking of the frost. The doctor, as he started in his carriage for Davie's house, drew his robes closely about him and scowled at the fierceness of the blast; but Davie, riding far ahead, his elbows flying wildly up and down, did not know that he had forgotten to fasten his shabby overcoat. Crouched by the silent loom, he clutched helplessly at the hit and miss as Elizabeth went down into that loneliest of all earth's agonies.

But from the beginning the child hung a doomed thing on her breast. After three months they followed her up to the burying-ground, the murmuring of its cedars never again to be wholly out of their ears. Away from the grave Davie gave an exceedingly bitter cry—"She's little to leave!" But Elizabeth's tears fell back in her heart unshed. She waved her handkerchief to Melindy Ethel. "But she's brave like her pa," she said. And Davie stiffened.

Memories of these and other days, mingled with forebodings for the parting, were so heavy upon him that he could get no farther in the night's devotions than the reading of the Bible chapter.

"I can't pray to-night, 'Lisbeth," he said.

Propped with pillows for the last rest before her journey, she was still faithfully brave. "Mebbe the Lord 'll jest take care o' me, anyway, bein' as I've tried to do his ways." The old man did not know how wistful was her speech.

In the morning she was early dressed in her decent black. To those who came for the leave-taking she bade good-by with gentle courtesy. Kerrenhappuch Green lent his buggy because of its comfortable seat, but Davie drove her carefully over the six miles to the station. No shriek of an engine's whistle disturbed the quiet of Turkey Ridge; to go into wider ways one must needs start from the nearest town. Once, before it was too late, she looked back at the house, set like an ancient brown bird's nest on the narrow fields.

The yellow-bodied stage, going every other day across the country, brought the minister the letter from his niece with the happy tidings of Elizabeth's safe arrival, under her guidance, at the city hospital. The stage-driver viewed the

missive with professional interest as he delivered it. The majority of his passengers paid him monotonously in butter or eggs for his services, his trips were tedious, and his ideals were limited. To read and digest all postals and to conjecture at the contents of all envelopes were his reward for handing out the mail at the turning of the lanes. The minister jogged down instantly to Davie's in his sulky, slapping the lines vigorously, if ineffectually, over the back of his brown mare, which understood, with a truly feminine insight, his perplexity before her character. Davie dropped his hoe and ran stumbling to meet him. He read the pages in a tremble. There was something for him from Elizabeth at the bottom of the last one. "Dear Davie," it ran, "are you well an' lookin' jest the same? Don't get lonesome for me. I ain't missin' you a mite."

During the period that she was resting for the operation Mary wrote daily, and every time the letter came the minister jogged down to the farmhouse, for the words were really from the old wife to Davie. Very cheerful words they were for the most part. "If Davie's askin' how the streets look, tell him I can't jest tell, for I come in the night, but the noise is amazin'." "Tell Davie I can see a church tower from the window, an' it's higher 'n' we ever dreamt of its bein', an' sweeter." "Tell Davie to lay listenin' to feet goin' up and down on stones is grand." "Tell Davie I hev seen the surgeon an' that I never thought a great man 'd be so kind. I was all in a flutter over him, but when he'd come 'n' had seen me, whatever'd I do but tell him 'bout him 'n' Melindy Ethel, an' the meetin'-house, an' how the road runs by in front o' the farm. An' he said he knew, an' not to mind—as ma ust to. Ain't it strange 'bout his knowin'?"

The letters to Elizabeth were a tremendous labor, for Davie was no speller, and always bashful in the presence of ink. He had only little happenings for his pen—he wrote with his tongue forming the painful syllables about his mouth. But to her they were infinite things—the May rose was blossomed in the garden, and a pair of robins were nesting on a ledge of the loom on finding the room so still; the speckled hen scratched up

the pease, and the black cow's calf was lamed; the house dog pined for her and whimpered at the doors, letting the cats lick the edges of his dish; the neighbors had sent donations of a loaf of rye bread, a pitcher of broth, and the half of a new pressed cheese; Kerrenhappuch Green sat with him in the evenings, and he, Davie, was not getting lonesome nor missing *her* at all. But the one blotted "'Lisbeth, 'Lisbeth,'" told the true tale of the empty house.

When no letter came from Mary he toiled, white as lint, in his potato-field. There followed two days of sick suspense; then the minister waved to him at the gray fence-rails. So greatly did he dread to hear the news he longed to know, he could not stir from the spot where he stood, but waited, a strained, pathetic figure, for him to make his way across the even furrows. On the fatherly, near-sighted countenance, as he drew nearer, was to be seen such a shining brightness that straightway Davie knew that she whom he loved had issued from her trial. The two men, alike weather-beaten and seamed by a humble work—the shepherd no less than the sheep of his flock anxiously tilling a rocky farm,—had the reticence which is learned in hill solitudes, but in the "Thank God, Davie," and the breaking "Yes, sir," much was spoken.

Now Davie slackened his toil and opened all the windows of the house to freshen the low-ceilinged rooms for Elizabeth's returning. Every morning he picked bunches of spring flowers and arranged them in stiff bouquets on the tables and old bureaus. He took out his Sunday suit from the closet and re-brushed it carefully and laid it with a clean collar and his musty tie. He began to carry himself all at once with something of an air, and he developed a reckless and unnatural enthusiasm about the weather; for to be darkly critical of the season after the thaw was a local point of masculine etiquette which hitherto he had scrupulously observed. The spring had always been in his judgment, sympathetically received, "too terrible warm," or "pointin' right to a late frost that 'll kill everything," or, were it not palpably a failure, "so durned nice now that the summer 'll be

mean." But with the good news coming from the hospital he was ready to declare in response to friendly greetings: "It's the beatin'est time I ever come 'cross. Dūn'no' when I hev heerd so many blue-birds or sech chirky ones. An' the sky's wonderful an' the ground's jest right. It's goin' to be a dreadful good year for farmin'."

There was in his mind no premonition of trouble on his receiving from the lumbering stage an envelope directed to him in Elizabeth's own hand. It was only that she was getting able to write to him herself. He took it unopened up to the bench by the May rose to read its contents at his leisure away from the stage-driver's curious gaze. "Dear Davie," the letter said, "the city streets is so wearyin' an' I'm comin' home. If I ain't so well as we hoped, don't mind. 'Tain't like I was young to leave. Mary's comin' with me, for she's long been wantin' to visit the Ridge. Could you meet me with your wagon, Davie? I'd like to go back that way."

She could not tell, what she did not know, that the money for Mary's journey had been sent to her by the minister for his old friend's needs.

The afternoon was very soft and fair when Davie met the train incoming to town from the city. The farms on Turkey Ridge were illumined with growing things like the faint, precious pages of a missal. Doves fluttered on the lowly roofs. Everywhere was the calling of birds and the smell of broken earth. The minister and Mary fell behind along the way. Kerrenhappuch Green, caught walking westward to the creek, his stale pockets bulged by bait, hid with a simple delicacy in the roadside bushes from Davie's face. Only the children hastening from school nodded to him as he passed them, nor hushed the loud clatter of their burring tongues.

It was not for young children to be stricken by that sight upon the road—the pair of patient horses drawing slowly homeward in the shining of the sun a wagon fresh lined with straw, on which lay a homely mother, smiling with old lips; and above her, on the seat, humbly bowed in his Sunday suit, a gray-haired man whose cheeks were wet with tears.



PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting by Fortuny
Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

A Portrait by Fortuny

LIKE Titian's "Man with a Glove," Fortuny's portrait of a Spanish lady will go down in history valued solely as a work of art, but with its subject unidentified. Produced when the artist was but twenty-four, and said to be the wife of a secretary of the Spanish embassy at Rome, it remains the only woman's portrait painted by him, and one of the very few figures of life size which he attempted. He began a portrait of Princess del Drago, daughter of Queen Christina, which was never completed, and in his "Spanish Marriage" appear Madame Fortuny and her sister, Isabel Madrazo. These, however, are but figures in a composition rather than portraits.

Coming from the sun-lands, and hence a lover of light and luxury, Fortuny most often showed himself a mere fantaisist. His brilliant interiors, dashed with color, are of a genre wholly his own, and as delightful as they are meaningless. Usually thin and wanting in sobriety, they possess style, it is true, but the style is more interesting than the matter. The elegance, accurate perception, and fastidious execution that characterize his work never fail to interest even those who look upon life with different eyes. Had he turned his attention to portraiture, his art would have been less exotic. In this single example he suggests the romance and mystery of life, rather than the glitter of the bazar. Wrought with his usual craftsmanship, he has at the same time caught glimpses of a human soul; and in showing that he was not insensible to the grave and poetic side of art, he has enlarged the world's estimate of his powers.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

International Law, its Past and Future

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE B. DAVIS

Judge-Advocate General, U.S.A.

WHAT is international law, and wherein does it differ from the common law, or from the law-making of the English Parliament, or the Congress of the United States, or the French Corps Législatif: to whom does it address itself, and what penalties ensue upon its violation? To answer these questions, and to get a notion of its sanction and binding force, it is essential in the first place to know what a state is. And from the point of view of international law a state may be defined as a society of persons having a permanent political organization and exercising, within a certain territory, the usual functions of government. All of these distinctions are important. There must be an association of persons, but there need be no community of race—for a nation and a state are by no means the same thing. The kind of government does not matter: it may be absolute or constitutional; suffrage may or may not exist; but it must be independent, reasonably permanent, and strong enough to meet its international obligations as they accrue. Size, too, is non-essential, for Russia and Portugal have the same standing in the family of nations; but there must be a body politic, an organized government exercising its functions within definite territorial limits, and within the area so bounded and limited the law of the state must be supreme. The utterances of the lawmaking power, whether that power be a representative body or an absolute sovereign, are veritable commands which are carried into effect by a branch of the government which derives its dignity and importance from the fact that its chief duty is to execute them.

A state, then, is a body corporate made up of individual units whose conduct is regulated by law: orderly administration is essential; the interests of the individ-

ual must be subordinate to the general welfare; the law must prevail, and it cannot prevail unless the citizen submits himself and his affairs to its operation. He may retain the right of individual judgment, but he must not undertake to make that judgment effective by attempting to right his own wrong.

But a state can, and, if it desires to retain its independence and territorial integrity, *must*, do what the individual citizen of every well-ordered state is expressly prohibited from doing: it can right its own wrong, going to the length, if need be, of waging war—that is, of redressing its wrong by force. The existence of a state presupposes the existence of a lawmaking power, firmly established and strong enough to enforce obedience to its commands. As there is no international legislature and no international executive with forces at its disposal to make its enactments operative or to carry its judgments into effect, hence it follows that there can be no international law unless the sovereign states who are parties to its operation can be induced, or find it to their interest, in the long run, to observe its rules. Hence it is that the rules of international law must be sought in custom and usage, in approved and established precedents, in general uprightness of conduct, in uniformity of practice in the numberless points at which there is international contact in time of peace, and in an earnest and constant disposition to mitigate the severities of war and to withdraw the persons and property of non-combatants from its hardships and burdensome exactions.

If international law be the science of good neighborhood among sovereign states, it is easy to see why it gained no foothold among the crudely organized monarchies of southwestern Asia. In-

cessant and useless wars abroad, ambitious display at home, and a deep-rooted intolerance of the very existence of neighboring nations made friendly contact impossible, and precluded all idea of mutual development along lines of divergent and independent existence. The Hellenic civilization gave birth to the idea of individual freedom and favored the development of the little community of which he formed a part; it also contributed materially to the up-building of municipal and colonial institutions; but the Greek conquests were commercial rather than administrative, and no people of Hellenic stock ever realized in practice that conception of abiding loyalty to the commonwealth which lay at the foundation of the great lawmaking state under whose imperial dominion the civilized world enjoyed, for the first time since history began, the inestimable blessings of universal peace. It is not too much to say that no greater contribution to human happiness and progress than this has ever emanated from the mind of man.

It must be conceded, however, that the policy of constant territorial expansion which was pursued by the Romans from the earliest times, and was steadfastly adhered to until the empire included within its borders the entire civilized world, interposed a barrier to the establishment of states upon independent foundations, and thus operated to prevent the development among them of a system of international law in the modern acceptance of the term. But the gradual subjection of the civilized world to the dominion of Rome, while it arrested the development of international law, operated, so long as it existed, to render such a system of law unnecessary.

The forces making against enlightenment which brought about the downfall of the Western Empire shattered but did not completely destroy the great fabric of Roman civilization, of which some germs remained in the commercial cities of the Italian peninsula, whose maritime power was sufficient to protect their merchant adventurers who had established trade relations with the East, and even with the barbaric races who inhabited the shores of the Black and Baltic seas. And it was out of these relations—sometimes

hostile, sometimes peaceful, but always commercial—of the city republics of Italy and the North Sea that the law of nations had its humble beginnings. The crude bodies of rules which, as they affected chiefly the commercial undertakings of the cities that recognized them, came to be known as *sea laws*, contain the foundation of modern international law.

Unquestionably the most powerful influence that was exerted upon the science of international law during its formative period was that of the Roman Church. As the political power of the Western Empire decayed and finally disappeared, the Church—an organization having at once a religious and a secular aspect—became for a time the most powerful organ of civilization in that portion of western Europe which had formerly acknowledged the sway of the Roman emperors.

The conception of universal peace through universal dominion which had been so splendidly realized by Augustus and his immediate successors made a profound impression upon the minds of Charlemagne and the state-builders of the Middle Ages, and it is a tribute to the abiding influence of the Roman jurists that the theory of universal sovereignty should have survived the downfall of the empire, and that it should have been deemed necessary in the Middle Ages to find a substitute for it in existing institutions. Such a substitute was found in the empire founded by Charlemagne, but with an important modification. The *temporal* head of Christendom was the German emperor; its *spiritual* head was the Roman pontiff; but as the line of division was not sharply drawn, these personages often came into conflict, and the international law of the Middle Ages was enormously influenced by the conflicting claims of the Pope and the Emperor. As the imperial power at any time depended largely upon the personal influence and character of the emperors, and as no line of political policy was long adhered to by them, the papacy, having a determined and well-settled policy, in time began to acquire preponderance even in temporal affairs.

During the period between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and as a consequence of the decline of the feudal

nobility, the great monarchies of Europe began to acquire strength and consistency, and to assume something of their present territorial form. These governments were absolute in character, and although some of them were at times administered with considerable liberality, in none were popular rights recognized, and none were limited by representative institutions. Not only were they absolute in form, but in most of them the idea of sovereignty had become associated with the person and dignity of the ruler. He was the head of the state; the title to its territory and property was vested in him, and he was held to be able to dispose of it at will. Such restraints as were established upon his power had chiefly to do with internal affairs, and rarely extended to his foreign relations. He declared war, engaged in alliances, offensive and defensive, entered into treaty stipulations, increased or diminished his territories by sale, gift, or exchange, for such reasons as commended themselves to his judgment, or to his views of propriety or expediency; as a result diplomatic relations soon became common, alliances were entered into, agents were established at foreign capitals, through whom information was obtained as to the policies and intentions of foreign powers. Embassies were sent and received, ambassadors maintained, and great wars were undertaken. Conquests were made, and territory changed hands; sometimes as a result of war, sometimes by treaty after the manner of a transfer of property among private individuals.

Such intricate and important international relations could not long exist without furnishing precedents of sufficient value to be cited in negotiation, or without some practices and usages acquiring, by frequent repetition or general consent, the binding force of international customs. The sea laws furnished a basis upon which to erect a code of maritime laws; their experience in war and negotiation furnished the states of Europe with an abundance of material for the preparation of a code of international usages, and the Roman law furnished a stock of legal maxims and principles with which to bind the whole fabric together.

While the statesmen of Europe, so late

as the first half of the seventeenth century, still lingered in the shadow of an imperial idea which the Protestant reformation had made impossible of realization, they were assisted in finding a way out of the difficulties which encompassed them by the occurrence of a great war and the advent of a great writer. The Thirty Years' War, then in full progress, had been marked by a refinement of barbarous cruelty, and by acts of atrocity perpetrated upon the unarmed and unoffending inhabitants of the valley of the Rhine, which stand without a parallel in the history of war. Many of the military operations had been undertaken rather with a view to pillage than from a desire to injure or defeat the enemy. Population had diminished, great areas of territory had been laid waste, and commerce and manufactures had well-nigh disappeared. With an experience of the horrors of war so bitter and long continued as that which Europe was then undergoing, it is not remarkable that men should have been willing to listen to any scheme which promised to mitigate the severity of war or to lighten, in any degree, its terrible burdens.

But great as had been the losses in men and material wealth, it may be doubted whether a desire to ameliorate the existing usages of war would have been of itself an agency sufficiently potent to bring about a reform of international law had not another and more powerful factor contributed directly to the same end. In the course of the war the old idea of papal and imperial supremacy had finally disappeared. The ancient standard of international obligation had ceased to exist, and a newer and more enduring standard had to be erected in its place. As the idea of a common earthly superior was no longer recognized, it became necessary to invent a theory which, while conforming to existing political conditions, should furnish a safe and practicable rule for the conduct of interstate relations.

The great writer was Hugo Grotius, a native of Delft, in Holland, the founder of the modern science of international law. The materials for his work were drawn from two principal sources, the law of nature—the *jus gentium* of the Romans—and the tacit or express consent

of nations. The last of these sources of authority was believed by him to be merely supplemental to the first, and could ordain nothing contrary to it. States, like men, were, from his point of view, controlled in their actions and relations by the operation of a law of nature as ancient as the universe itself. He believed it to constitute a standard by which the conduct of states and the actions of individuals could be finally judged: and he imagined that the Roman Empire afforded a historical example of its successful application in international affairs.

We now know that Grotius's theory of international obligation was in the main correct, however erroneous may have been his conception of its origin and sanction; and it is a remarkable tribute to the intrinsic excellence of his work that it has endured so successfully, for more than two centuries and a half, the assaults of destructive criticism and the crucial test of practical experience.

In the application of what may be called the ordinary rules of international law but little is observable in the way of change from year to year, or even from generation to generation. The rules governing naturalization, which are slowly changing in the direction of allowing greater freedom of individual movement, still show unmistakable traces of the conflict between the older states of Europe, whose subjects evince a disposition to evade the burden of obligatory military service by migration to the newer countries beyond the sea, where conscriptions are unknown and where agricultural and mineral resources await the strong arm of the laborer which is so essential to their development. The practice of extradition is extending, keeping pace with the advances that are being made in the direction of uniformity in the administration of criminal justice among not only the Christian but some of the non-Christian states of the world.

Claims to exclusive dominion over portions of the high seas are no longer asserted, and the rights of navigation and fishing are now generally conceded. The connection of the larger bodies of water by interoceanic canals, which is such a marked feature of modern commercial development, has been accompanied by agreements tending to insure their opera-

tion, even in time of war, without undue belligerent interference. A hopeful beginning has been made in the securing to commercial cables an immunity from injury to which they were especially liable from vessels engaged in the coastwise trade: these agreements, however, are silent as to their neutrality in time of war. A freedom akin to that accorded to the high seas must now be ascribed by the law of nations to the atmosphere as a medium for international communication by the newly or partly invented systems of wireless telegraphy. As the sending and receiving stations, however, are within the territories of sovereign states, the first attempt to regulate these new agencies of commerce will be made the subject of municipal rather than international legislation.

The part played by congresses and conferences in the formation and application of international law is becoming steadily more important. The earlier congresses devoted themselves to the preparation of treaties of peace and to the adjustment of questions to which the wars which they terminated had given rise. Since the middle of the last century, however, a growing disposition has been shown to charge them with legislative powers and to permit them to frame rules of law. In this class fall the rules of the Declaration of Paris in 1856, of the Geneva conventions of 1864 and 1868, and the Hague Conference of 1900. As the most important result of the work of the congress at The Hague was to provide an international judiciary, it may not be too much to hope that the meetings of legislative congresses in the future may be more frequent, and may extend their operations to a broader field of inquiry than has hitherto been brought within the scope of their endeavors by the states which they represented.

The success which has attended recent attempts to adjust international disputes by a resort to arbitration carries great encouragement to those who realize the destructive effects of modern war. The position of the United States in this matter is an entirely creditable one. Its interest in arbitration has been steadfast for nearly a century, and its disposition to adjust its differences by a reference to commissions of arbitration is evi-

denced by the six stout volumes which contain the reports of the arbitrations to which the United States has been a party.

It should be remembered, however, that while arbitration is a convenient, and in many cases a highly satisfactory, way of terminating international controversies, there are limits to its application. A resort to arbitration implies a belief on the part of each of the litigant states that a legal rather than a sentimental question is involved; more than this, each nation is convinced that an impartial tribunal will accept its view as the correct one. Some differences which have recently been adjusted by a resort to arbitration illustrate this phase of the subject. In the Alaskan and Venezuelan boundary disputes, which were, in fact, controverted claims to the ownership of territory, each power was confident of the validity of its title, and felt reasonably sure that a disinterested tribunal would decide in its favor. A full hearing was had in each case, and a decision was reached with which the interested states professed themselves satisfied.

The cases of the *Baltimore* and the *Maine* are examples of disputes which do not readily lend themselves to arbitral adjustment. In both cases considerable public sentiment was aroused; in the *Baltimore* incident time, distance, and skilful diplomacy operated to bring about a suspension of judgment, and the matter was finally settled without a resort to force. In the *Maine* case war was inevitable so soon as it became apparent that the destruction of the ship was due to an exterior explosion, and the final offer of Spain to refer the matter to arbitration was dismissed without serious consideration.

When a dispute grows out of the fact that each of the interested states is scheming to do something which is in itself a violation of international law, as to acquire territory from a third state, to diminish its independence, or to obtain undue influence in its purely internal affairs, a tribunal of arbitration is of course without jurisdiction. Nor can national aspirations or antipathies be successfully dealt with by a board of arbitration. And the same thing is true of controversies arising out of the compe-

tition for foreign markets which is so characteristic of the commercial and industrial development of recent times.

The outlook for the rules of war which have been undergoing constant modification during the last half-century is now an entirely hopeful one; especially is this true of those which relate to the instruments which may be used in war, and the burdens which may be imposed upon the non-combatant inhabitants of occupied territory. The humane provisions of the Geneva Convention are now beginning to bear fruit in the costly and extensive preparations which are everywhere being made for the care and treatment of the sick and wounded, and in the trained and highly organized cooperation of the auxiliary Red Cross associations, whose activity measures the interest shown the world over in the relief of suffering humanity, which is by no means restricted to a time of war. The medical and surgical equipment of the Japanese army during its brief war with China compared favorably with the best of the sanitary services of Europe, and it has since undergone such development in the direction of efficiency as to give it the very first rank among the armies of the world. One of the most important resolutions of the Hague Conference embodied a suggestion that the government of Switzerland should take the initiative in calling a convention of delegates to revise the original Geneva rules in the direction of greater liberality and humanity. Very considerable ameliorations in the treatment, identification, and employment of prisoners of war formed a part of the very satisfactory work of the Hague Conference of 1900.

It is truer to-day than ever before that peace, not war, is the normal condition of mankind. The millennium will come when mankind is ready for it; and its coming will be hastened by the development of a sane and well-grounded public opinion in respect to the rights and duties of states who are parties to the law of nations. Such a public opinion will not tolerate hysteria; it will stand for independent development, and will be slow to favor interference in the affairs of a neighbor; but its influence will be felt as a stimulating force in the conduct of international affairs.

The Sixty-Thousand-Dollar Face

BY EDWIN LEFEVRE

MRS. BUXTON'S face took on an anticipatory frown: she was about to become a business woman. If such a thing as a mercantile dress had existed, she would have donned it ceremoniously; but only the frown was available. She took the broker's letter from the mantelpiece with a sort of solemn nonchalance—conscious of her pose and thrilled by it—to read it for the twenty-second time that week. But there were no witnesses to the visibleness of her financial cogitations, and she permitted, all unconsciously, her eyebrows to relax. She replaced the letter, unread, on the mantelpiece.

She walked with a calm untroubled mind to the east window and looked out into the neighbor's lawn. Her gaze, roaming aimlessly, exhausted the landscape in three sweeps, and she withdrew from the window by degrees. She spied a bit of paper on the floor by the hearth. It was a fragment of the broker's envelope, torn off with so much handling. Absent-mindedly she put it to her mouth. The touch of it awakened her wits, and she looked intelligently at the enlarged photograph of her late husband. It made her think of the letter from her brokers. They were hers now, and his business perplexities had been transferred to her—she assured herself commiseratingly—together with the three hundred shares of Lakeside and Western stock. She put on her business frown and read the letter again:

John D. Mitchell and Co.,
Bankers and Brokers,
116 New Street.

Members of N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Cable Address, "Jodmitco, N. Y."

NEW YORK, April 23, 1897.

Mrs. Geraldine Buxton, Indianapolis, Ind.:

DEAR MADAM,—We beg to enclose herewith check for \$375, quarterly dividend on 300 shares of Lakeside and West-

ern stock. In this connection we would say that the stock to-day sold at 115. It now looks as if it would go higher, though we have not much faith in the present movement, which appears to us to be entirely speculative.

We beg to remain,

Yours truly,
JOHN D. MITCHELL AND CO.

She folded the letter meditatively and returned it to the envelope, nodding her head as though a haunting suspicion had been confirmed. She said aloud: "The stock sold at 115 to-day. That was Thursday; no, Wednesday." She nodded once more, correctingly. Then she whispered, loudly enough for her to hear her own voice—a new habit grown upon her since her husband had left her for a tickerless world: "Fred always thought a great deal of that Lakeside stock. And now they are speculating! Poor Fred!"

She sighed deeply; it was a circuitous way of pitying herself. Out of the corner of her eyes she could see the enlarged photograph. She rose, and confronting it, repeated, "Poor Fred!" Her memory made it live. As she gazed, it spoke to her, and her soul heard familiar phrases and unforgotten reproaches, until she said aloud to it, with a sort of tender indignation: "I did acknowledge the receipt of it, the very same day I got it!" Her eyes filled with tears and she walked hastily out of the room, to the flower-bed before the porch, where the sunlight made the tears evaporate more quickly.

Frederick Buxton had been a railroad man, well known in the Middle West, where everybody called him "Fred" from his fourth day to his forty-fourth year. He died "Fred" Buxton, superintendent of the Indiana Division of the Pittsburg, Indianapolis, and Chicago Railroad. He left the neat little frame house in Indianapolis, a reputation as a good fellow

with an occasional thirst, a lodge life-insurance policy for a thousand dollars, and three hundred shares of Lakeside and Western stock. This stock was held for him in the office of John D. Mitchell and Co., of the New York Stock Exchange, through whom he had speculated for years with varying but never very great success, using it as a margin. He had bought it on a "slump" for \$60 a share. After the estate was settled the widow had left the stock in the brokers' office,—her husband had done so, and she would loyally continue. She might, also, lose the certificates by theft, fire, or mice if she kept them at home in the bureau drawer. She often spoke to her friends about her brokers in Wall Street and greatly enjoyed it. But she said nothing about her intuitive confidence in their honesty and her deep conviction that they knew more about her one investment than she did. Out of a kindly feeling for a genial client of theirs, who had been wont to keep them well informed on railroad rate wars in his section, when such information, early, meant dollars in the stock-market, they took charge of the stock and regularly mailed her the dividends. The shares paid five per cent. per annum; on the \$1500 thus derived Mrs. Buxton lived, and even saved for her five-year-old Freddie. Often she deprived herself, often unnecessarily, of little luxuries. The discomfort of it comforted her.

At that moment Wall Street was very much interested in Lakeside stock. So was young Beekman Stuyvesant. He was the grandson of Beekman the First, the founder of the greatest railroad dynasty in the country, who, in addition to many millions, had left to his family the Golden Wonder of the Name—otherwise the prestige of success.

Old Beekman Stuyvesant, many years before, when the Street still called him the Pirate, had unexpectedly secured control of the majority of the company's stock, put in a board of directors of his own, and made it a "Stuyvesant road," like the Great Midland, which was a far greater system, and was known as the Stuyvesant Family Cow. The old gentleman had sold out a great deal of his Lakeside stock at a beautiful profit, but the Golden Wonder of the Name kept it

a Stuyvesant road. It prospered mightily, in spite of the family's milking, and paid five per cent. dividends on its stock regularly. But it earned more. So Beekman III. conceived the idea of a nice little bull, or upward, movement in the stock. It was playing with loaded dice, he thought, being an insider and having millions and the Golden Wonder. He did not see how he could lose.

"You know," Mrs. Buxton once told a friend, with a deprecating smile at the pride she felt in being a fellow stockholder of theirs, "the Stuyvesants own most of it!" They didn't; but there were many Mrs. Buxtons in the United States. In American finance, as in politics, it is not always the majority who rules.

So Beekman III. began to buy Lakeside stock, and he bought and bought until he had accumulated 30,000 shares. The price rose to 115, as Mr. Mitchell wrote to Mrs. Buxton. To be enabled to sell out his stock at 120, the Stuyvesant brokers pushed the price up to 130 and tried to unload. To lead a horse to water is one thing; to make him drink is ten thousand. To advance the price of a stock by means of the boosting power of the dollars requires no great art. To make the public buy it at the high price requires many arts, some of them black. The devil, the Spaniards say, can do so many clever things not because he is devilishly clever, but because he is devilishly old; and Beekman III. was very young.

So the price was put up to 150, and then the Lakeside stock began to pour on the market. It was too high a price for a five-per-cent. stock, experts thought. To silence their criticism and also to facilitate the unloading a complaisant board of directors raised the dividend to six per cent. per annum. On the glad news, the price rose four points, thanks to sixteen industrious brokers. But nobody else bought. Relatively, Lakeside was dearer at \$150 paying six per cent. a year than the same stock at \$96 paying five per cent. The third Beekman Stuyvesant had "overstayed" his market. It was a heinous crime in Wall Street—the crime of stupidity.

So the bears, not content with being merely disagreeable, permitted themselves to be logical. They sold more.



SHE TOOK THE BROKER'S LETTER FROM THE MANTELPIECE

The only buyer was young Mr. Stuyvesant. If he had not bought, the price would have melted away, and good hard cash with it.

Mrs. Buxton was blissfully unconscious of her own good luck, until John D. Mitchell and Co. sent her a check for \$450 for the quarter, explaining why thereafter her income would be \$1800 a year instead of \$1500. Mrs. Buxton was grateful, not to a foolish young gambler's bad play, but to the brokers. She thanked them effusively for their kindness to the widow of their old friend and client. Her belief in her intuition grew firm. One great man long ago called it a belief in his star.

"He always," she assured them,—she meant her husband,—“thought a great deal of you, and I cannot tell you how glad I am that I left the Lakeside stock in your care. I felt I was doing a wise thing. I was not mistaken. I am very grateful to you. I am sure that *he* knows what you have done for me and thanks you.” She did not know the exigencies of the stock-market. But her intuition made fewer mistakes than many people, Beekman Stuyvesant among others.

The brokers would have written to her a more detailed explanation had not the market in general and Lakeside in particular become extremely interesting. The Young Napoleon was confronted by a serious problem: To allow the price of Lakeside to sink now meant to allow the Stuyvesant fortune to shrink. Even as it was, every day that passed meant an evaporation of gold—thousands of dollars for interest on the enormous sums Beekman III. had been obliged to borrow to carry on his speculation. The public persisted, asininely, in not buying Lakeside stock from Beekman III. A Stuyvesant had blundered; so a family council was held.

The eldest brother, Theophilus, told Beekman that he was a foolish boy. Why must he gamble?

"Aw!" retorted the young man, "I only wanted to make a little turn in the market."

"Yes, but why?" snivelled Theophilus. To make money was a Stuyvesant privilege. To lose it was the other man's duty.

"Well, I did. That's all there is to it. Now, how are we to get out of it?" Beekman was not so foolish, as his use of the plural showed.

"But, Beekie, if you hadn't got in—"

"Never mind, Theophilus," soothingly said their brother-in-law Carnarvon. He had married a great heiress. It had made him sweet-tempered.

"But if he sells now," persisted Theophilus, "somebody may get control of the Lakeside in the open market. It would be lost to the Great Midland, Beekie, don't you see?"

"Then let the Midland buy it," said Beekie. He said this sapiently. He really had spoken to show that he wished to help out the rest of the family by taking an interest in his own affairs. But Theophilus was a genuine Stuyvesant.

"That's it," he exclaimed, triumphantly. "I declare you're really very clever." Beekman nodded. He agreed with his brother.

"Well," continued Theophilus, "the Midland will take it off your hands and issue its own stock in exchange for Lakeside stock, and—"

But Beekman III. in the last six weeks had had more than his fill of trying to sell stock. He shook his head again, and looked wiser than ever.

"Stock won't do. Make it bonds. What's the matter with a collateral trust bond, secured by Lakeside stock, but guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Great Midland?"

It was Napoleonic; worthy of Beekman I.

"By George!" gasped Carnarvon. The audacity of it took away his breath. He was a Stuyvesant by marriage only. But Theophilus, who naturally thought the gasp was one of admiration, shouted:

"Beekie, why, of course! Send for Colonel Channing."

Colonel Mortimer F. Channing, president of the Great Midland and general factotum of the family, was summoned. He came running. As soon as he could speak, remembering that he had a reputation as a wit to sustain, he delivered himself:

"You said *come!* Behold me! Ha! ha! ha!"

Theophilus explained the situation and

outlined Beekie's master-stroke. He was enthusiastic when he finished.

Colonel Channing forgot himself. He looked serious.

"Well—" he began, dubiously.

"He's got 110,000 shares," said Theophilus, decisively. "It must be done."

The Colonel smiled genially. "No sooner said than performed. Why, of course. Bless me! you are a chip of the old block. Ha! ha! Beekie, I never would have thought it of you if I hadn't known all the time you had it in you. I always said you were deep—abysmal! Of course it will help the Midland enormously. The Lakeside can earn ten per cent. year in and year out. We can issue three-and-a-half per cent. bonds because the Midland's credit is so good, and give \$20,000 in bonds for every \$10,000 of stock. The bonds ought to sell readily at 95 or 96."

"That will mean 192 for Lakeside stock," observed Beekman III., nodding his head approvingly, because he had figured on the higher price. Then he permitted himself to smile. So did Theophilus. Both smiles were Stuyvesant smiles—facial chuckles marvellously like the old Pirate's, Channing thought.

And so it was done. The Great Midland management, by authority obtained from a complaisant board, began to purchase Lakeside stock, which thereupon rose by leaps and bounds. The shorts became panic-stricken. To save their scalps they parted with a few handfuls of hair. The Street talked of a corner—as though the bears hadn't been already licked to a standstill. Great Midland stock also rose violently. The Street took a long breath and waited, till one morning the newspapers announced in huge headlines that the Lakeside had been absorbed by the Great Midland, which latter company now owned the overwhelming majority of the other's stock, and would pay for it in three-and-a-half per cent. bonds on the basis of two for one. Garrettson and Co. had underwritten the bond issue. It was, of course, an "epoch-making" deal. It is a habit of all such deals. The Lakeside—a most valuable property—was now a possession of the Great Midland, forever safe from the clutches of stock-market marauders. Credit for the gigantic plan was given to Beekman

Stuyvesant, who thus was introduced to the American public as a great railroad general and a great financier.

The triumphant march upward to 200 was an epic of the ticker. Not only Wall Street but Europe took a hand in the game. The Golden Wonder worked. Garrettson and Co., official financiers of the Stuyvesant family, published an advertisement which became a classic, and sold millions of the bonds. Railroad men talked of the great coup and began to dream of profitable plagiarism. A few demagogues delivered themselves of cantent words against the octopus, and accepted annual passes. A professional litigant or two talked of obtaining perpetual injunctions, but their price was so absurdly cheap that Colonel Channing didn't haggle, but paid spot cash. The bond operation was perfectly legal. Why mar the era of good feeling?

There was no doubt that the Great Midland had done a good stroke. But many far-seeing holders of Lakeside stock had faith in the road, and thought that some day the stock would pay them more than seven per cent. The newspapers took sides on the matter. To convert or not to convert became a burning question. Sorely perplexed spirits over the breadth and length of the land waited for a light from heaven—that is, disinterested advice, undazzled by the Golden Wonder. Among these was Mrs. Buxton. So many of her friends knew about her Lakeside stock that to show they also were conversant with the high finance they bombarded her with newspaper clippings. She worried a great deal, but talked infinitely more, and thus preserved her health. John D. Mitchell himself wrote to her, asking what she wished to do. She answered immediately that what she wished was to know what he thought she ought to do. She appealed to him to tell her exactly, that she might be guided by his advice. She was prepared for the worst, said her postscript. He thereupon explained at great length that if she exchanged she would have a safe investment in good bonds, from which she would have an assured income of \$2100 a year as long as she lived. But if the Lakeside ever earned more than it paid at present and the Great Midland permitted the surplus to be distributed,

the holders of the stock might get what Wall Street called a "melon-cutting." It might pay, therefore, to hold the stock, though it was speculating and taking a great deal for granted—the abnegation of the Great Midland for one thing. They refused to discuss the ethics of the deal. At all events she still had two months in which to make up her mind.

The widow showed this correspondence to her dearest enemies and a few real friends. It solaced her greatly to martyrize herself in her own estimation before them by having to attend to her own business affairs—as if her cross was not sufficiently heavy without that extra hundredweight. Time was needed for meditation, she said. This was a delicate business. By prolonging the agony she lengthened the pleasure.

There was one particularly hateful woman, Mrs. Frost, who ought to realize that the Stuyvesants were in daily correspondence with Mrs. Buxton. Therefore Mrs. Buxton called on Mrs. Frost when she knew Mrs. Frost was not at home and told Mrs. Frost's daughter how very sorry she was not to have seen Mrs. Frost. Mrs. Frost, on her return, scenting gossip or vaguely hoping for some development which would deliver Mrs. Buxton tied hand and foot to the executioner, returned the call the next day.

Mrs. Buxton was at home. She was enveloped by a halo of business. On her lap were the brokers' type-written letters, a printed copy of the converting plan, and a few sheets of paper black with pencilled figures—Mrs. Buxton's calculations. She placed the documents on the table impressively, and said to Mrs. Frost:

"I'm so glad that you came, Mrs. Frost." Then turning to the papers, she told them with a playful sternness: "There! Don't bother me for the rest of the day. They are business letters," she finished, explanatorily, looking at Mrs. Frost with an expression of humorous distress.

Mrs. Frost vouchsafed her sorrow over not being at home the previous day. Mrs. Buxton assured her that any sorrow was mild compared to Mrs. Buxton's, who had hoped to enjoy a friendly chat. She had been sorely tried all that week. She thereupon told Mrs. Frost all about the affair, and ended:

"You see, Mrs. Frost, if I take the \$60,000 in bonds—they are really very good, safe bonds, I assure you—I need never bother about that investment, and I can attend to other matters with a clear mind." She had no other investments, excepting a few hundreds in the savings-bank.

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Frost, politely.

"But," said Mrs. Buxton, with a look of intense astuteness, "there is the *surplus*! Don't you see? That's the delicate point." She shook her forefinger subtly; then allowed it to point rigidly at her friend's heart, revolverlike.

"Well, I—"

"It's been in all the papers, you know," went on Mrs. Buxton, to strengthen her position. "The eventual disposition of the surplus"—she plagiarized bodily from her brokers,—"*that is what makes me hesitate.*" She sighed. Ah, the burdens of the rich!

"Of course," said Mrs. Frost, non-committally—"of course that is to be considered. You must always," she went on, with the greater assurance of a philosopher, "look at every question from all sides!" Her manner showed clearly that she herself invariably did so. The judicial is the only attitude that women cannot make convincing, however great their histrionic ability.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Buxton, naturally unimpressed by the other's wisdom, "but that *sur-plus*! Why, my dear, I might get a Christmas present some time of hun—of thousands of dollars!" She thrilled herself into unshakable determination never to convert her stock.

"That would be fine," Mrs. Frost assured her, without warmth.

"But again, I might never get it." Mrs. Buxton's soul put on a fur overcoat to keep out the chill doubt that followed in the wake of her own words.

"That," began Mrs. Frost, enthusiastically, "would be fi—frightful!" To offset her words she shook her head with defiant dolefulness.

"Yes," Mrs. Buxton pitied herself, "you can't trust these corporations always."

"You would think they would be honest, since they are so rich," wondered Mrs. Frost, without perceptible indignation.

"Oh, because one is rich it does not follow one is not honest," said Mrs. Buxton, defensively. "The Stuyvesants have always had a good reputation." Caste ties are strong.

"They say those New York families, especially in the four hundred, are no better than they ought to be. There's lots of divorces and — and" — with a wicked little shake of the head—"things we never hear of out here."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Buxton, with a mysterious smile: she knew but couldn't tell. Being on thin ice, she changed from familiar friend to merely business associate of the Stuyvesants. "But, at any rate, it's the stock I'm worrying about." As a matter of fact, she had already decided to trust to the brokers' judgment, thereby avoiding responsibility, and doing as her intuition prompted.

"I wouldn't let that worry me," said Mrs. Frost.

"No, I don't suppose you would," with delicate emphasis. To check a possible retort she went on quickly: "It isn't the money, of course, but I wish to do the right thing. Fred always thought a great deal of that Lakeside stock. He said it would be very valuable some day, and I feel I ought to keep it for his sake. Though I suppose the bonds are very good too. You know, bonds are the *safest* thing in the world." She had been a financier these many centuries.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Frost, platonically. "I made my husband buy some for the girls for birthday presents; in their own names, so that neither of us can ever touch them." Her daughters would die rich if her advice was followed. That was more certain than death itself.

"That's a wise thing. My boy Freddie won't have to worry. It's been left for me. But really I think I'll have to go to New York and see about this matter," said Mrs. Buxton—who had not thought about such a journey, a postage-stamp being cheaper than a railroad ticket. "You know, Colonel Channing is the president of the Great Midland. Fred often spoke of him"—which was true, since Channing had a national reputation. "They were very friendly"—which she imagined might also be true.

"When do you start?" said Mrs. Frost—incredulously, her hostess thought.

"To-morrow afternoon," replied Mrs. Buxton, defiantly. She was filled with indignation at Mrs. Frost's manner, which had made the journey compulsory.

"Well, I must be going. Good-by, dear. I suppose you want to pack." Perhaps there was no sinister hidden meaning in Mrs. Frost's words, but the possibility of it bought Mrs. Buxton's railroad ticket to New York on the spot.

"Good-by. You're lucky not to have to bother with business matters, I assure you. Good-by. I'll be back next week some time—I may be delayed, you know." The implication was not clear—perhaps the Stuyvesants would insist upon her staying; perhaps the extremely complicated business would take a long time to finish. "Anything you'd like me to get for you? No trouble at all—I'm going to shop until I drop. So sorry you must go. Good-by, my dear."

And so Mrs. Buxton was obliged to go to New York on the next day, and she did. It was wise, she thought. Before the train had left Indianapolis she was certain her husband must have been an old crony of Colonel Channing's. By the time she reached Pittsburg she had decided to call on the Colonel and ask him for advice—which she felt sure he would give her as the widow of his fellow railroad man. She would appeal to his sense of honor. She would speak to him in such a way that he must give her advice. She also succeeded in convincing herself that such had been her intention from the first.

She called at the office of John D. Mitchell and Co., the brokers who had her stock. Perhaps the step she meant to take was not wise, after all, notwithstanding her intuition that told her it was.

Mr. Mitchell seemed glad to see her. He shook hands as though he didn't fear women customers next to death and "welshers." He hoped she was not fatigued and that the firm could be of service to her.

"I thought I'd come myself to see you about my Lakeside stock, Mr. Mitchell," she explained—without a business air, Mrs. Frost being many miles away.

"Why, didn't you receive our letter?"

"Yes; but I made up my mind to come. I was undecided, so I concluded the best thing to do was to see Colonel Channing and ask his advice."

Mitchell remembered that Fred Buxton had been a well-known railroad man, and assumed that Mrs. Buxton knew the Colonel. Responsibility shortens life. He said, with sincere relief:

"By all odds that would be the wisest thing to do. His office is in the Midland Station."

"The cabman will know, I suppose?"

"Oh yes; just tell him to drive you there. I'd very much like to know what he advises you to do, Mrs. Buxton. I wouldn't wait very long if I were you. The stock is now 180. It has been up to 200."

"Has it?" said Mrs. Buxton, with a cordial smile of non-comprehension.

"Yes. You'll let me know what he says, won't you?" Mitchell said this with undisguised earnestness. Mrs. Buxton was flooded with the soul-titillation of pride. She was regarded as a financier, a person of importance! She loved Colonel Channing in advance for talking to her. She loved herself for talking to him. It had been a wise and delightful thing, this trip to New York. That sudden decision to call on the Colonel was a flash of inspiration.

She was driven to the Great Midland offices as through Elysian Fields instead of over the unevenness of Broadway cobblestones and through the clangor and din of the business district. Leaning back in the carriage, she frowned in advance.

When she asked to see Colonel Channing, she was for the moment surprised that the assistant to the Colonel's private secretary asked, very politely, if her business was personal.

"Yes, it is," she said. She added, "Of course."

"Well—" hesitated the assistant. "Madam, wouldn't any one else do? The Colonel's very busy now and—"

"I'm Mrs. Buxton of Indianapolis. I own a lot of Lakeside stock, and I wish to see Colonel Channing about it."

"Oh yes. If you will please go to the treasurer's office, at the other end of the hall, they will be very glad to give you all the information you wish."

"But I wish the Colonel himself to tell me whether I ought to exchange my stock or not. I must have the Colonel's advice in person. I know he will give it to me if you tell him I am here. Just do so, please."

"Very well, madam." The young man disappeared, to reappear a moment later.

"Colonel Channing will see you. Won't you please come this way, madam?" and he ushered her into the genial Colonel's private office.

Colonel Mortimer F. Channing was a tall, well-built man, who carried his years blithely. His hair was white, and his very neatly trimmed Vandyke beard was also of the same clean silvery whiteness. His skin was ruddy and smooth as a baby's, and set off the white of his hair and beard beautifully. His eyes were of a clear sky-blue, very bright and intelligent. The neatness and good taste of his dress were noticeable. He seemed the embodiment of perfect health as of perfect manners. As a rule, his geniality was audible a mile away. To Mrs. Buxton he spoke in a carefully modulated voice—for he cultivated his vocal apparatus as assiduously and painstakingly as he did his personal appearance and his bank account.

"Kindly be seated, madam. How may I be of service to you?"

"I think you knew my husband, Colonel Channing. He was Frederick Buxton, superintendent of the Pittsburg, Indianapolis, and Chicago Railroad."

"Ah, yes," with a polite smile that invited family confidences. He did not remember the name or the man.

"Before he died he bought three hundred shares of Lakeside stock for me, which I hold." Mrs. Buxton felt faintly that she was not businesslike. But she had not time to act a part; so she was what she wished to be, unconsciously. Women would be sensible if they allowed themselves to be natural. The actress in them kills many things.

The Colonel, now feeling safe from contradiction by Mrs. Buxton, said, cordially: "I knew him very well. I was very sorry to hear of his death." His practised face took on a pained look, which he softened to regret when he thought it was time to continue. "I remember I tried to get your address at

the time of his death, to convey to you my condolences. I was very sorry."

Mrs. Buxton, feeling easier in her mind, and so full of her own affairs as to fail to be grateful for the Colonel's belated sympathy, went on:

"I couldn't make up my mind as to what to do with my stock, so I have come all the way from Indianapolis to ask your advice. From all I had heard and read about you I felt sure you would give it to me. The stock is all I have in the world, to keep in trust for my little boy. That is why I take the liberty to ask you." Her eyes were fixed unblinkingly on the Colonel's face. She did not fear responsibility. Her boy's future comforts depended upon her and upon the Colonel's answer.

The Colonel bowed gracefully, and said: "Mrs. Buxton, I feel profoundly touched and honored by your confidence, believe me. And I am glad to be in a position to give you not only friendly and disinterested advice, but sound advice as well."

"I knew you would. I told my friends so," Mrs. Buxton couldn't help saying. At the same time she was made uneasy by his politeness. His smiles did not soothe. What was wrong she did not know, but there was something. Perhaps it was the eyes or the way the smile made his nostrils expand that gave him a foxy look.

"I advise you," he said, very impressively, "by all means to convert your stock into the new three-and-a-half per cent. bonds at once. I have done so with the 10,000 shares I had. Mr. Stuyvesant and his family have done the same with every share they owned. We are in a position to know what is best to do. By all means, madam, convert your stock."

She felt he was thinking of himself and Mr. Stuyvesant and not of Mrs. Geraldine Buxton. His nose, she noticed, was curved like a hawk's bill. She hated hawks. She used to keep bantams as a girl in the country.

"Thank you, Colonel Channing. It is very good of you," said Mrs. Buxton, rising to go. She was disappointed, but she did not show it.

"I beg you not to mention it, Mrs. Buxton. Command me at any time. My advice is at your disposal always, for my

old friend Buxton's sake and for your own. By all means convert your stock," and he bowed her out ceremoniously. His voice rang in her ears human, and yet artificial and unconvincing as a phonograph. It was a curious combination, and increased her uneasiness.

Mitchell waited for Mrs. Buxton. He was anxious for the "tip" she would bring back. But he waited for her and it in vain. Mrs. Buxton indulged in some shopping—the stores were fascinating and supplied her with endless conversational topics, and she had enough to occupy her mind in New York without bothering about stocks or bankers or returning to brokers' offices. She took the train for Indianapolis the next evening. He did not see her again in nearly two years.

It was a curious coincidence that John D. Mitchell should receive a letter from Mrs. Buxton, eighteen months later, telling him not to send her the check for the usual quarterly dividend, on the very same day that Lakeside stock sold at 380. The bond plan had gone through very successfully. The entire capital stock, with the exception of a few thousands of shares, had been duly converted into three-and-a-half per cent. bonds and reposed safely in the Great Midland treasury. The Midland management was extremely anxious to secure absolutely all the outstanding stock. Once in its possession, the Lakeside surplus in cash and securities of other roads, amounting to many millions, would be distributed among the stockholders—that is, literally emptied into the Great Midland's hungry treasury, since there would be but one stockholder. The Midland needed it. For that reason the Midland was trying to buy in the open market the last remaining shares of Lakeside. Their value was exceedingly great for those especial reasons, and the price had thus risen out of proportion to the intrinsic worth.

Mrs. Buxton herself called on Mr. Mitchell a fortnight later.

"I didn't want you to send me the Lakeside check, because I'm going to Europe to-morrow to be gone three months. My boy stays with his grandmother."

"We will have it all ready for you, Mrs. Buxton. Would you prefer it in cash?"



" BY ALL MEANS, MADAM, CONVERT YOUR STOCK "

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"Not at all. The stock is now selling at 380."

"Is it?" said Mrs. Buxton, politely, endeavoring to appear interested.

"Yes. The Stuyvesants want it badly, and they are willing to pay for it. It's worth more to them than to any one else. I really think you would do well to sell it."

"Change it for the bonds?"

"Oh dear no," laughed the broker. "Sell it for cash and buy any bonds you wish—good railroad bonds that will net you four per cent. or a trifle over. If you do that, you can get very nearly \$5000 a year on your money."

"I can?" said Mrs. Buxton, starting. "Why, I only get \$2100 now."

"Yes, and your money would be just as safe."

"Are you sure of it?" Mrs. Buxton closed her eyes in order not to see the shattering of her joyful dream at Mr. Mitchell's next words. She tried also to close her ears by an effort of the mind. But she heard him say,

"Absolutely sure, Mrs. Buxton."

"Well, then, do it."

"Very well."

"Are you sure, Mr. Mitchell?" She was brave—and a woman.

Mitchell smiled. "Absolutely. Does it seem too good to be true?"

"Yes."

"It isn't, though."

"Are you s— Very well, Mr. Mitchell. I trust you. Go ahead."

"We'll buy good safe bonds for you. By the way, you never came back to tell me not to convert my stock."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you see Colonel Channing that day you were here, a couple of years ago?"

"Oh yes; I saw him."

"Then he told you not to convert your stock?"

"On the contrary, he told me to convert it by all means. He advised me very strongly to do it."

"And you didn't?"

"No."

"In Heaven's name, will you tell me why you didn't?"

"Well, Mr. Mitchell, I didn't like his face!"

Mitchell laughed uproariously. Mrs. Buxton smiled indecisively—as women smile when they see men laughing over a joke they do not understand.

"You were wiser than the wisest people in the Street, Mrs. Buxton. I congratulate you," and he shook hands warmly.

At a loss to understand why he laughed and now congratulated her, Mrs. Buxton repeated, knowingly, "I didn't like his face!" She was disappointed when he merely smiled at the repetition.

"The stock," he said, "was 180 on the day you saw him. It is 380 to-day. You've made 200 points on 300 shares." Seeing her blank stare, he explained: "You've made \$60,000 by not taking the advice of a man whose face you didn't like. I take off my hat to you!"

"He was very polite, too!" said Mrs. Buxton, as if that made her master-stroke of finance all the more praiseworthy.

And so Mrs. Buxton enjoyed her tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland hugely, and returned to Indianapolis a rich woman—the richest in the block, as the block was allowed to learn.

And in Mitchell's office they still talk of Channing's \$60,000 face.

Predilection

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

ART minded so, stand proudly, lordly walk,
Be mindful alway of thy nobler breed;
I stoop to hear the blackcap "atom" talk,
To watch the lusty milkweed spill her seed.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

THREE YEARS AFTER

CHAPTER VII

“**H**ER ladyship will be in before six, my lady—I was to be sure and ask you to wait, if you came before, and to tell you that her ladyship had gone to Madame Fanchette about her dress for the ball.”

So said Lady Kitty's maid. Lady Tranmore hesitated, then said she would wait, and asked that Master Henry might be brought down.

The maid went for the child, and Lady Tranmore entered the drawing-room. The Ashes had been settled since their marriage in a house in Bruton Street,—a house to which Kitty had lost her heart at first sight. It was old and distinguished, covered here and there with eighteenth-century decoration, once no doubt a little florid and coarse beside the finer work of the period, but now agreeably blunted and mellowed by time. Kitty had had her impetuous and decided way with the furnishing of it; and though Lady Tranmore professed to admire it, the result was in truth too French and too pagan for her taste. Her own room reflected the rising worship of Morris and Burne-Jones, of which indeed she had been an adept from the beginning. Her walls were covered by the well-known pomegranate, or jessamine, or sunflower patterns; her hangings were of a mystic greenish-blue; her pictures were drawn either from the Italian primitives or their modern followers. Celtic romance, Christian symbolism, all that was touching, other-worldly, and obscure,—our late English form, in fact, of the great Romantic reaction,—it was amid influences of this kind that Lady Tranmore lived and fed her own imagination. The dim, suggestive, and pathetic; twilight rather than dawn; autumn rather than spring; yearning rather than fulfil-

ment; “the gleam” rather than noon-day:—it was in this half-lit, richly colored sphere that she and most of her friends saw the tent of Beauty pitched.

But Kitty would have none of it. She quoted French sceptical remarks about the legs and joints of the Burne-Jones knights; she declared that so much pattern made her dizzy; and that the French were the only nation in the world who understood a salon, whether as upholstery or conversation. Accordingly, in days when these things were rare, the girl of eighteen made her new husband provide her with white-panelled walls, lightly gilt, and with a Persian carpet of which the mass was of a plain blackish-gray, and only the border was allowed to flower. A few Louis Quinze girandoles on the walls, a Vernis-Martin screen, an old French clock, two or three inlaid cabinets, and a collection of lightly built chairs and settees in the French mode,—this was all she would allow; and while Lady Tranmore's room was always crowded, Kitty's, which was much smaller, had always an air of space. French books were scattered here and there; and only one picture was admitted. That was a Watteau sketch of a group from “*L'Embarquement pour Cythère*.” Kitty adored it; Lady Tranmore thought it absurd and disagreeable.

As she entered the room now, on this May afternoon, she looked round it with her usual distaste. On several of the chairs large illustrated books were lying. They contained pictures of seventeenth and eighteenth century costume,—one of them displayed a colored engraving of a brilliant Madame de Pompadour, by Nattier.

The maid who followed her into the room began to remove the books.

“Her ladyship has been choosing her

costume, my lady," she explained, as she closed some of the volumes.

"Is it settled?" said Lady Tranmore.

The maid replied that she believed so, and bringing a volume which had been laid aside with a mark in it, she opened on a fantastic plate of Madame de Longueville, as Diana, in a gorgeous hunting-dress.

Lady Tranmore looked at it in silence; she thought it unseemly, with its bare ankles and sandalled feet, and likely to be extremely expensive. For this Diana of the Fronde sparkled with jewels from top to toe, and Lady Tranmore felt certain that Kitty had already made William promise her the counterpart of the magnificent diamond crescent that shone in the coiffure of the goddess.

"It really seemed to be the only one that suited her ladyship!" said the maid, in a deprecating voice.

"I dare say it will look very well," said Lady Tranmore. "And Fanchette is to make it?"

"If her ladyship is not too late," said the maid, smiling. "But she has taken such a long time to make up her mind—"

"And Fanchette, of course, is driven to death. All the world seems to have gone mad about this ball."

Lady Tranmore shrugged her shoulders in a slight disgust. She was not going. Since her elder son's death she had had no taste for spectacles of the kind. But she knew very well that fashionable London was talking and thinking of nothing else; she heard that the print-room of the British Museum was every day besieged by an eager crowd of fair ladies, claiming the services of the Museum officials from dewy morn till eve; that historic costumes and famous jewels were to be lavished on the affair; that those who were not invited had not even the resource of contempt, so unquestioned and indubitable was the prospect of a really magnificent spectacle; and that the dressmakers of Paris and London, if they survived the effort, would reap a marvellous harvest.

"And Mr. Ashe—do you know if he is going, after all?" she asked of the maid as the latter was retreating.

"Mr. Ashe says he will, if he may wear just court dress," said the maid, smiling. "Not unless. And her ladyship's afraid it won't be allowed."

"She'll make him go in costume," thought Lady Tranmore. "And he will do it, or anything,—to avoid a scene."

The maid retired, and Lady Tranmore was left alone. As she sat waiting, a thought occurred to her. She rang for the butler.

"Where is the *Times*?" she asked, when he appeared. The man replied that it was no doubt in Mr. Ashe's room and he would bring it.

"Kitty has probably not looked at it," thought the visitor. When the paper arrived she turned at once to the Parliamentary report. It contained an important speech by Ashe, in the House, the night before. Lady Tranmore had been disturbed in the reading of it that morning, and had still a few sentences to finish. She read them with pride, then glanced again at the leading article on the debate, and at the flattering references it contained to the knowledge, courtesy, and debating power of the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

"Mr. Ashe," said the *Times*, "has well earned the promotion he is now sure to receive before long. In those important rearrangements of some of the higher offices which cannot long be delayed, Mr. Ashe is clearly marked out for a place in the cabinet. He is young, but he has already done admirable service; and there can be no question that he has a great future before him."

Lady Tranmore put down the paper and fell into a reverie. A great future?—yes!—if Kitty permitted—if Kitty could be managed. At present it appeared to William's mother that the caprices of his wife were endangering the whole development of his career. There were wheels within wheels, and the newspapers knew very little about them.

Three years, was it, since the marriage? She looked back to her dismay when William brought her the news, though it seemed to her that in some sort she had foreseen it from the moment of his first mention of Kitty Bristol,—with its eager appeal to her kindness, and that new and indefinable something in voice and manner which put her at once on the alert.

Ought she to have opposed it more strongly? She had indeed opposed it; and for a whole wretched week she who had never yet gainsaid him in anything

had argued and pleaded with her son,—attempting at the same time to bring in his uncles to wrestle with him, seeing that his poor paralyzed father was of no account,—and so to make a stubborn family fight of it. But she had been simply disarmed and beaten down by William's sweetness, patience, and good humor. Never had he been so determined; and never so lovable.

It had been made abundantly plain to her that no wife, however exacting and adorable, should ever rob her, his mother, of one tittle of his old affection; nay, that, would she only accept Kitty, only take the little forlorn creature into the shelter of her motherly arms, even a more tender and devoted attention than before, on the part of her son, would be surely hers. He spoke, moreover, the language of sound sense about his proposed bride. That he was in love, passionately in love, was evident; but there were moments when he could discuss Kitty, her family, her bringing up, her gifts and defects, with the same cool acumen, the same detachment, apparently, he might have given, say, to the Egyptian or the Balkan problem. Lady Tranmore was not invited to bow before a divinity; she was asked to accept a very gifted and lovely child, often troublesome and provoking, but full of a glorious promise which only persons of discernment, like herself and Ashe, could fully realize. He told her, with a laugh, that she could never have behaved even tolerably to a stupid daughter-in-law. Whereas—let London, and society, and a few years of love and living do their work, and Kitty would make one of the leading women of her time, as Lady Tranmore had been before her. "You'll help her, you'll train her, you'll put her in the way," he had said, kissing his mother's hand. "And you'll see that in the end we shall both of us be so conceited to have had the making of her, there'll be no holding us!"

Well, she had yielded!—of course she had yielded. She had explained the matter, so far as she could, to the dazed wits of her paralyzed husband. She had propitiated the family on both sides; she had brought Kitty to stay with her, and had advised on the negotiations which banished Madame d'Estrées from London and the British Isles, in return for a

handsome allowance and the payment of her debts; and finally she had with difficulty allowed the Grosvilles to provide the trousseau and arrange the marriage from Grosville Park, so eager had she grown in her accepted task.

And there had been many hours of high reward. Kitty had thrown herself at first upon William's mother with all the effusion possible. She had been docile, caressing, brilliant. Lady Tranmore had become almost as proud of her gifts, her social effects, and her fast advancing beauty as Ashe himself. Kitty's whims and humors; her passion for this person and her hatred of that; her love of splendor and indifference to debt; her contempt of opinion and restraint,—seemed to her, as to Ashe, the mere crude growth of youth. When she looked at Ashe, so handsome, agreeable, and devoted, at his place and prestige in the world, his high intelligence and his personal attraction, Ashe's mother must needs think that Kitty's mere cleverness would soon reveal to her her extraordinary good fortune; and that whereas he was now at her feet, she before long would be at his.

Three years! Lady Tranmore looked back upon them with feelings that wavered like smoke before a wind. A year of excitement,—a year of illness,—a year of extravagance, shaken, moreover, by many strange gusts of temper and caprice,—it was so she might have summarized them. First, a most promising début in London. Kitty welcomed on all hands with enthusiasm as Ashe's wife and her own daughter-in-law,—fêted to the top of her bent, smiled on at court, flattered by the country houses, always exquisitely dressed, smiling and eager, apparently full of ambition for Ashe no less than for herself, a happy, notorious, busy little person, with a touch of wildness that did but give edge to her charm and keep the world talking.

Then—the birth of the boy, and Kitty's passionate, ungovernable recoil from the deformity that showed itself almost immediately after his birth,—a form of infantile paralysis involving a slight but incurable lameness. Lady Tranmore could recall weeks of remorseful fondling, alternating with weeks of neglect; continued illness and depression on Kitty's part, settling after a while into a

petulant melancholy for which the baby's defect seemed but an inadequate cause; Ashe's tender anxiety, his willingness to throw up Parliament, office, everything, that Kitty might travel and recover; and those huge efforts by which she and his best friends in the House had held him back,—when Kitty, it seemed, cared little or nothing whether he sacrificed his future or not. Finally she herself, with the assistance of a new friend of Kitty's, had become Kitty's nurse, had taken her abroad when Ashe could not be spared, had watched over her and humored her, and at last brought her back—so the doctors said—restored.

Was it really recovery? At any rate, Lady Tranmore was often inclined to think that since the return to London—now about a twelvemonth since—both she and William had had to do with a different Kitty. Young as she still was, the first exquisite softness of the expanding life was gone; things harder, stranger, more inexplicable than any which those who knew her best had yet perceived, seemed now and then to come to the surface, like wreckage in a summer sea.

The opening door disturbed these ponderings. The nurse appeared, carrying the little boy. Lady Tranmore took him on her knee and caressed him. He was a piteous, engaging child, generally very docile, but liable at times to storms of temper out of all proportion to the fragility of his small person. His grandmother was inclined to look upon his passions as something external and inflicted,—the entering in of the Black-water devil to plague a tiny creature that normally was of a divine and clinging sweetness. She would have taught him religion as his only shield against himself; but neither his father nor his mother was religious; and Harry was likely to grow up a pagan.

He leant now against her breast; and she, whose inmost nature was maternity, delighted in the pressure of the tiny body, crooning songs to him when they were left alone, and pausing now and then to pity and kiss the little twisted foot that hung helpless beside the other.

She was interrupted by a soft entrance and the rustle of a dress.

“Ah!—Margaret!” she said, looking round and smiling.

The girl who had come in approached her, shook hands, and looked down at the baby. She was fair-haired and wore spectacles; her face was round and childish, her eyes round and blue—with certain lines about them, however, which showed that she was no longer in her first youth.

“I came to see if I could do anything to-day for Kitty. I know she is very busy about the ball—”

“Head over ears apparently,” said Lady Tranmore. “Everybody has lost their wits—I see Kitty has chosen her dress.”

“Yes, if Fanchette can make it all right. Poor Kitty! She has been in such a state of mind.—I think I'll go on with these invitations!”

And taking off her gloves and hat, Margaret French went to the writing-table like one intimately acquainted with the room and its affairs, took up a pile of cards and envelopes which lay upon it, and bringing them to Lady Tranmore's side, began to work upon them.

“I did about half yesterday,” she explained,—“but I see Kitty hasn't been able to touch them, and it is really time they were out.”

“For their party next week?”

Miss French nodded.

“I hope Kitty won't tire herself out. It has been a rush lately.”

“Does she ever rest?”

“Never!—as far as I can see. And I am afraid she has been very much worried.”

“About that silly affair in the Park?” said Lady Tranmore.

Margaret French nodded. “She vows that she meant no harm, and did no harm,—and that it has been all malice and exaggeration. But one can see she has been hurt.”

“Well, if you ask me,” said Lady Tranmore, in a low voice,—“I think she deserved to be.”

Their eyes met—the girl's full of a half-smiling, half-soft consideration. Lady Tranmore, on the other hand, had flushed proudly, as though the mere mention of the matter to which she had referred had been galling to her. Kitty, in fact, had just been guilty of an

escapade which had set the town talking, and even found its way here and there into the newspapers. The heir to a European monarchy had been recently visiting London. A romantic interest surrounded him; for a lady not of a rank sufficiently high to mate with his had lately drowned herself for love of him, and the young man's melancholy good looks, together with the magnificent apathy of his manner, drew after him a train of gossip. Kitty failed to meet him in society; certain invitations that for once she coveted did not arrive; and in a fit of pique she declared that she would make acquaintance with him in her own way. For once the spring mornings tempted her to early rising, and a morning canter. The Prince rode habitually before breakfast. One morning Kitty's horse ran away, when no one but the young man and his aide-de-camp was in sight. The Prince pursued the lady in distress, leaving his aide-de-camp far behind; and he and Kitty returned, laughing and talking, to Hyde Park Corner. The Prince called upon her the same day; but whether Kitty boasted of her ruse, or whether the old General in charge of the youth took alarm, in any case Kitty did not triumph long. At a court ball three nights after, the Prince passed her with glassy eyes, returning the barest bow to her smiling curtsy. Kitty with flaming cheeks made a tour of the great rooms, gathering a train of admirers, and stirring up little clouds of gossip that rose and subsided with her passage through the crowd. She betrayed nothing; but somehow the thing got out, and set in motion a perfect hurricane of talk. It was rumored that the old Prime Minister, Lord Parham, had himself said a caustic word to Lady Kitty; that royalty was annoyed; and that William Ashe had for once scolded his wife seriously.

Lady Tranmore was well aware that there was at any rate no truth in the last report: but she also knew that there was a tone of sharpness in the London chatter, that was new with regard to Kitty. It was as though a certain indulgence was wearing out, and what had been amusement was passing into criticism.

She and Margaret French discussed the matter a little, *sotto voce*, while Margaret went on with the invitations, and

Lady Tranmore made a French toy dance and spin for the babe's amusement. Their tone was one of close and friendly intimacy—an intimacy based clearly upon one common interest, their relation to Kitty. Margaret French was one of those beings in whom, for our salvation, this halting, hurried world of ours is still, on the whole, rich. She was unmarried, thirty-five, and poor. She lived with her brother, a struggling doctor, and she had come across Kitty in the first months of Kitty's married life, on some fashionable Soldiers' Aid committee, where Margaret had done the work, and Kitty with the other great ladies had reaped the fame. Kitty had developed a fancy for her, and presently could not live without her. But Margaret, though it soon became evident that she had taken Kitty and in due time the child—Ashe too, for the matter of that!—deep into her generous heart, preserved a charming measure in the friendship offered her. She would owe Kitty nothing, either socially or financially. When Kitty's smart friends appeared, she vanished. Nobody in her own world ever heard her mention the name of Lady Kitty Ashe, largely as that name was beginning to figure in the gossip of the day. But there were few things concerning the Bruton Street ménage that Lady Tranmore could not safely and rightly discuss with her; and even Ashe himself went to her for counsel.

"I am afraid this has made things worse than ever with the Parhams!" said Lady Tranmore, presently.

Margaret shook her head anxiously.

"I hope Kitty won't throw over their dinner next week."

"She is talking of it!"

"Yesterday she had almost made up her mind," said Margaret, reluctantly. "Perhaps you will persuade her. But she has been terribly angry with Lord Parham—and with Lady P. too!"

"And it was to be a reconciliation dinner, after the old nonsense between her and Lady Parham," sighed Lady Tranmore. "It was planned for Kitty entirely. And she is to act something, isn't she, with that young De La Rivière from the Embassy? I believe the Princess is coming—expressly to meet her. I have been hearing of it on all sides. She *can't* throw it over!"

Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "I believe she will."

The older lady's face showed a sudden cloud of indignation.

"William must really put his foot down," she said, in a low, decided voice. "It is of course most important—just now—"

She said no more, but Margaret French looked up, and they exchanged glances.

"Let's hope," said Margaret, "that Mr. Ashe will be able to pacify her. Ah! there she is."

For the front door closed heavily, and instantly the house was aware from top to toe of a flutter of talk and a frou-frou of skirts. Kitty ran up the stairs and into the drawing-room, still talking, apparently to the footman behind her,—and stopped short at the sight of Lady Tranmore and Margaret. A momentary shadow passed across her face; then she came forward, all smiles.

"Why, they never told me downstairs!" she said, taking a hand of each caressingly, and slipping into a seat between them. "Have I lost much of you?"

"Well, I must soon be off," said Lady Tranmore—"Harry has been entertaining me."

"Oh! Harry!—is he there?" said Kitty, in another voice, perceiving the child behind his grandmother's dress as he sat on the floor, where Lady Tranmore had just deposited him.

The baby turned towards his beautiful mother, and as he saw her, a little wandering smile began to spread from his uncertain lips to his deep-brown eyes, till his whole face shone, held to hers as to a magnet, in a still enchantment. He made no effort to come to her; he sat merely motionless, wrapt in the vision of her.

"Come," said Kitty, holding out her hands.

With difficulty the child pulled himself towards her, moving in sideway fashion along the floor, and dragging the helpless foot after him. Again the shadow crossed Kitty's face. She caught him up, kissed him, and moved to ring the bell.

"Shall I take him up-stairs?" said Margaret.

"Why, he seems to have only just come down!" said Lady Tranmore. "Must he go?"

"He can come down again afterwards," said Kitty. "I want to talk to you. Take him, Margaret."

The babe went without a whimper, still following his mother with his eyes, as though even for his childish sense some strangeness mingled with the familiarity of her face and form.

"He looks rather frail," said Lady Tranmore—"I hope you'll soon be sending him to the country, Kitty."

"He's very well," said Kitty. Then she took off her hat and looked at the invitations Margaret had been writing.

"Heavens!—I had forgotten all about them. What an angel is Margaret! I really can't remember these things! They ought to do themselves by clockwork. And now Fanchette and this ball are enough to drive one wild!"

She lifted her hands to her face and pressed back the masses of fair hair that were tumbling round it, with a gesture of weariness.

"Fanchette can make your dress?"

"She says she will, but I couldn't make her understand anything I wanted. She is off her head! They all are. By the way, did you hear of Madeleine Alcot's telegram to Wörth?"

"No."

Kitty laughed—a laugh musical but malicious. Mrs. Alcot, married in the same month as herself, had been her companion and rival from the beginning. They called each other "Kitty" and "Madeleine" and saw each other frequently; why, Lady Tranmore could never discover, unless on the principle that it is best to keep your enemy under observation.

"She telegraphed to Wörth as soon as her invitation arrived: 'Envoyez tout de suite costume Vénus. Réponse.' The answer came at dinner—she had a dinner-party—and she read it aloud: 'Remerciements. Il n'y en a pas.' Isn't it delightful?"

"Very neat!" said Lady Tranmore, smiling. "When did you invent that? You, I hear, are to be Diana?"

Kitty made a gesture of despair.

"Ask Fanchette!—it depends on her. There is no one but she in London who can do it. Oh! by the way,—what's Mary going to be? I suppose a Madonna of sorts."

"Not at all," said Lady Tranmore;—"she has chosen a Sir Joshua costume I found for her."

"A vocation missed," said Kitty, shaking her head. "She ought to have been a 'Vestal Virgin' at least. . . . Do you know that you look *such* a duck this afternoon!" The speaker put up two small hands and pulled and patted at the black lace strings of Lady Tranmore's hat, which were tied under the delicately wrinkled white of her very distinguished chin.

"This hat suits you so,—you are such a *grande dame* in it!—Ah! Je t'adore!"

And Kitty softly took the chin afore-said into her hands and dropped a kiss on Lady Tranmore's cheek, which reddened a little under the sudden caress.

"Don't be a goose, Kitty!" But Elizabeth Tranmore stooped forward all the same and returned the kiss heartily. "Now tell me what you're going to wear at the Parhams'."

Kitty rose deliberately, went to the bell and rang it.

"It must be quite time for tea!"

"You haven't answered my question, Kitty."

"Haven't I?" The butler entered. "Tea, please, Wilson, at once."

"Kitty!—"

Lady Kitty seated herself defiantly a short distance from her mother-in-law and crossed her hands on her lap.

"I am not going to the Parhams'."

"Kitty!—what do you mean?"

"I am not going to the Parhams'," repeated Kitty slowly. "They should behave a little more considerately to me if they want to get me to amuse their guests for them!"

At this moment Margaret French re-entered the room. Lady Tranmore turned to her with a gesture of distress.

"Oh, Margaret knows," said Kitty. "I told her yesterday."

"The Parhams?" said Margaret.

Kitty nodded. Margaret paused, with her hand on the back of Lady Tranmore's chair, and there was a short silence. Then Lady Tranmore began,—in a tone that endeavored not to be too serious:

"I don't know how you're going to get out of it, my dear. Lady Parham has asked the Princess, first because she wished to come, secondly as an olive-branch

to you. She has taken the greatest pains about the dinner; and afterwards there is to be an evening party to hear you, just the right size, and just the right people."

"Cela m'est égal," said Kitty, "parfaite-ment égal; I am not going."

"What possible excuse can you invent?"

"I shall have a cold,—the most atrocious cold imaginable. I take to my bed just two hours before it is time to dress. My letter reaches Lady Parham on the stroke of eight."

"Kitty!—you would be doing a thing perfectly unheard of—most rude—most unkind!"

The stiff slight figure, like a strained wand, did not waver for a moment before the grave indignation of the older woman.

"I should for once be paying off a score that has run on too long."

"You and Lady Parham had agreed to make friends and let bygones be bygones."

"That was before last week."

"Before Lord Parham said—what annoyed you?"

Kitty's eyes flamed.

"Before Lord Parham humiliated me in public,—or tried to."

"Dear Kitty!—he was annoyed, and said a sharp thing; but he is an old man, and for William's sake surely you can forgive it. And Lady Parham had nothing to do with it."

"She has not written to me to apologize," said Kitty, with a most venomous calm. "Don't talk about it, mother. It will hurt you,—and I am determined. Lady Parham has patronized or snubbed me ever since I married,—when she hasn't been setting my best friends against me. She is false, false, *false*!" Kitty struck her hands together with an emphatic gesture. "And Lord Parham said a thing to me last week I shall never forgive. *Voilà!* Now I mean to have done with it!"

"And you choose to forget altogether that Lord Parham is William's political chief?—that William's affairs are in a critical state, and everything depends on Lord Parham—that it is not seemly, not possible, that William's wife should publicly slight Lady Parham, and through her the Prime Minister—at this moment of all moments!"

Lady Tranmore breathed fast.

"William will not expect me to put up with insults," said Kitty, also beginning to show emotion.

"But can't you see that—just now especially—you ought to think of nothing—*nothing* but William's future and William's career?"

"William will never purchase his career at my expense."

"Kitty dear, listen," cried Lady Tranmore in despair, and she threw herself into arguments and appeals, to which Kitty listened quite unmoved for some twenty minutes. Margaret French, feeling herself an uncomfortable third, tried several times to steal away. In vain. Kitty's peremptory hand retained her. She could not escape, much as she wished it, from the wrestle between the two women;—on the one side the mother, noble, already touched with age, full of dignity and protesting affection,—on the other the wife, still little more than a child in years, vibrating through all her slender frame with passion and insolence, more beautiful than usual by virtue of the very fire which possessed her,—a Mænad at bay.

Lady Tranmore had just begun to waver in a final despair, when the door opened and William Ashe entered.

He looked in astonishment at his mother and wife. Then in a flash he understood, and with an involuntary gesture of fatigue, he turned to go.

"William!" cried his mother, hurrying after him,—“don't go. Kitty and I were disputing; but it is nothing, dear! Don't go; you look so tired. Can you stay for dinner?"

"Well, that was my intention," said Ashe with a smile, as he allowed himself to be brought back. "But Kitty seems in the clouds."

For Kitty had not moved an inch to greet him. She sat in a high-backed chair, one foot crossed over the other, one hand supporting her cheek, looking straight before her with shining eyes.

Lady Tranmore laid a hand on her shoulder.

"We won't talk any more about it now, Kitty, will we?"

Kitty's lips opened enough to emit the words,—

"Perhaps William had better understand—"

"Goodness!" cried Ashe. "Is it the Parhams? Send them, Kitty, if you please, to ten thousand *diablos*! You won't go to their dinner? Well, don't go! Please yourself—and hang the expense! Come and give me some dinner—there's a dear."

He bent over her and kissed her hair.

Lady Tranmore began to speak, then with a mighty effort restrained herself and began to look for her parasol. Kitty did not move. Lady Tranmore said a muffled good-by and went. And this time Margaret French insisted on going with her.

When Ashe returned to the drawing-room, he found his wife still in the same position, very pale and very wild.

"I have told your mother, William, what I intend to do about the Parhams."

"Very well, dear. Now she knows."

"She says it will ruin your career."

"Did she? We'll talk about that presently. We have had a nasty scene in the House with the Irishmen, and I'm famished. Go and change, there's a dear. Dinner's just coming in."

Kitty went reluctantly. She came down in a white flowing garment, with a small green wreath in her hair, which, together with the air of storm which still enwrapped her, made her more Mænad-like than ever. Ashe took no notice, gave her a laughing account of what had passed in the House, and ate his dinner.

Afterwards, when they were alone, and he was just about to return to the House, she made a swift rush across the dining-room, and caught his coat with both hands.

"William, I can't go to that dinner—it would kill me!"

"How you repeat yourself, darling!" he said with a smile. "I suppose you'll give Lady Parham decent notice. What'll you do? Get a doctor's certificate and go away?"

Kitty panted. "Not at all. I shall not tell her till an hour before."

Ashe whistled.

"War?—I see. Open war. Very well. Then we shall get to Venice for Easter."

Kitty fell back.

"What do you mean?"

"Very plain, isn't it? But what does it matter? Venice will be delightful,

and there are plenty of good men to take my place."

"Lord Parham would pass you over?"

"Not at all. But I can't work in public with a man whom I must cut in private. It wouldn't amuse me. So if you're decided, Kitty,—write to Danieli's for rooms."

He lit his cigarette, and went out with perfect nonchalance and good temper.

Kitty was to have gone to a ball. She countermanded her maid's preparations, and sent the maid to bed. In due time all the servants went to bed, the front door being left on the latch as usual for Ashe's late return. About midnight a little figure slipped into the child's nursery. The nurse was fast asleep. Kitty sat beside the child, motionless, for an hour, and when Ashe let himself into the house, about two o'clock, he heard a little rustle in the hall, and there stood Kitty, waiting for him.

"Kitty, what are you about?" he said in pretended amazement. But in reality he was not astonished at all. His life for months past had been pitched in a key of extravagance and tumult. He had been practically certain that he should find Kitty in the hall.

With great tenderness he half led, half carried her up-stairs. She clung to him as passionately as, before dinner, she had repulsed him. When they reached their room, the tired man, dropping with sleep, after a parliamentary wrestle in which every faculty had been taxed to the utmost, took his wife in his arms; and there Kitty sobbed and talked herself into a peace of complete exhaustion. In this state she was one of the most exquisite of human beings, with words, tone, and gestures of a heavenly softness and languor. The evil spirit went out of her, and she was all ethereal tenderness, sadness, and remorse. For more than two years, scenes like this had, in Ashe's case, melted into final delight and intoxication which more than effaced the memory of what had gone before. Now for several months he had dreaded the issue of the crisis, no less than the crisis itself. It left him unnerved as though some morbid sirocco had passed over him.

When Kitty at last had fallen asleep, Ashe stood for some time beside his dress-

ing-room window, looking absently into the cloudy night, too tired even to undress. A gusty northwest wind tore down the street and beat against the windows. The unrest without increased the tension of his mind and body. Like Lady Tranmore, he had as it were stepped back from his life, and was looking at it—the last three years of it in particular—as a whole. What was the net result of those years? Where was he?—Whither were he and Kitty going? A strange pang shot through him. The mere asking of the question had been as the lifting of the lamp of Psyche.

The scene that night in the House of Commons had been for him a scene of conflict; in the main, also, of victory. His virile powers, capacities, and ambitions had been at their height. He had felt the full spell of the English political life, with all its hard fighting joy, the exhilaration which flows from the vastness of the interests on which it turns, and the intimate appeal it makes in the case of a man like himself to a hundred inherited aptitudes, tastes, and traditions.

And here he stood in the darkness, wondering whether indeed the best of his life were not over,—the prey of forebodings as strong and vagrant as the gusts outside.

Birds of the night! He forced himself to bed, and slept heavily. When he woke up, the May sun was shining into his room. Kitty in the freshest of morning dresses was sitting on his bed like a perching bird, waiting impatiently till his eyes should open and she could ask him his opinion on her dress for the ball. The savor and joy of life returned upon him in a flood. Kitty was the prettiest thing ever seen; he had scored off these Tory fellows the night before; the Parhams' dinner was all right; and life was once more kind, manageable, and full of the most agreeable possibilities. A certain indolent impatience in him recoiled from the mere recollection of the night before. The worry was over; why think of it again?

CHAPTER VIII

MEANWHILE Lady Tranmore had reached home, and after one of those pathetic hours in her husband's room which made the secret and sacred



KITTY SAT BESIDE THE CHILD, MOTIONLESS, FOR AN HOUR

foundation of her daily life, she expected Mary Lyster, who was to dine at Tranmore House before the two ladies presented themselves at a musical party given by the French Ambassadors. Before her guest's arrival, Lady Tranmore wandered about her rooms, unable to rest, unable even to read the evening papers on Ashe's speech, so possessed was she still by her altercation with Kitty, and by the foreboding sense of what it meant. William's future was threatened; and the mother, whose whole proud heart had been thrown for years into every successful effort and every upward step of her son, was up in arms.

Mary Lyster arrived to the minute. She came in, a tall gliding woman, her hair falling in rippled waves on either side of her face,—which in its ample comeliness and placidity reminded the Italianate Lady Tranmore of many faces well known to her in early Sienese or Florentine art. Mary's dress to-night was of a noble red, and the glossy brown of her hair made a harmony both with her dress and with the whiteness of her neck that contented the fastidious eye of her companion. "Polly" was now thirty, in the prime of her good looks. Lady Tranmore's affection for her, which had at one time even included the notion that she might possibly become William Ashe's wife, did not at all interfere with a shrewd understanding of her limitations. But she was daughterless herself; her family feeling was strong; and Mary's society was an old and pleasant habit one could ill have parted with. In her company, moreover, Mary was at her best.

Elizabeth Tranmore never discussed her daughter-in-law with her cousin. Loyalty to William forbade it, no less than a strong sense of family dignity. For Mary had spoken once, immediately after the engagement, with energy—nay, with passion; prophesying woe and calamity. Thenceforward it was tacitly agreed between them that all root-and-branch criticism of Kitty and her ways was taboo.

Mary was, indeed, on apparently good terms with her cousin's wife. She dined occasionally at the Ashes', and she and Kitty met frequently under the wing of Lady Tranmore. There was no

cordiality between them, and Kitty was often sharply or sulkily certain that Mary was to be counted among those hostile forces with which, in some of her moods, the world seemed to her to bristle. But if Mary kept in truth a very sharp tongue for many of her intimates on the subject of Kitty, Lady Tranmore at least was determined to know nothing about it.

On this particular evening, Lady Tranmore's self-control failed her, for the first time in three years. She had not talked five minutes with her guest before she perceived that Mary's mind was in truth brimful of gossip—the gossip of many drawing-rooms—as to Kitty's escapade with the Prince, Kitty's relations to Lady Parham, Kitty's parties, and Kitty's whims. The temptation was too great; her own guard broke down.

"I hear Kitty is furious with the Parhams," said Mary, as the two ladies sat together after their rapid dinner. It was a rainy night, and the fire to which they had drawn up was welcome.

Lady Tranmore shook her head sadly.

"I don't know where it is to end," she said, slowly.

"Lady Parham told me yesterday—you don't mind my repeating it?"—Mary looked up with a smile—"she was still dreadfully afraid that Kitty would play her some trick about next Friday. She knows that Kitty detests her."

"Oh no," said Lady Tranmore in a vague voice—"Kitty couldn't!—Impossible!"

Mary turned an observant eye upon her companion's conscious and troubled air, and drew conclusions not far from the truth.

"And it's all so awkward, isn't it?" she said, with sympathy,—“when apparently Lady Parham is as much Prime Minister as he is!”

For in those days of the late mid-century certain great houses and political ladies, though not at the zenith of their power, were still, in their comparative decline, very much to be reckoned with. When Lady Parham talked longer than usual with the French Ambassador, his Austrian and German colleagues wrote anxious despatches to their governments; when a special mission to the East of great importance had to be arranged, no-

body imagined that Lord Parham had very much to do with the appointment of the commissioner,—who happened to have just engaged himself to Lady Parham's second girl. No young member on the government side, if he wanted office, neglected Lady Parham's invitations, and admission to her more intimate dinners was still almost as much coveted as similar favors had been a generation before in the case of Lady Jersey, or, still earlier, in that of Lady Holland. She was a small old woman, who wore a brown wig, and was a trifle blind of one eye. Her sight, however, was good enough to show her things that escaped most other people; her tongue was rarely at a loss; she was on the whole a good friend, though never an unreflecting one; and what she forgave might be safely reckoned as not worth resenting.

Elizabeth Tranmore received Mary's remark with reluctant consent. Lady Parham—from the English aristocratic standpoint—was not well-born. She had been the daughter of a fashionable singing-master, whose blood was certainly not Christian. And there were many people besides Lady Tranmore who resented her domination.

"It will be so perfectly easy when the moment comes to invent some excuse or other for shelving William's claims," sighed Ashe's mother. "Nobody is indispensable, and if that old woman is provoked,—she will be capable of any mischief."

"What do you want for William?" said Mary, smiling.

"He ought, of course, to have the Home Office!" replied Lady Tranmore, with fire.

Mary vowed that he would certainly have it. "Kitty is so clever, she will understand how important discretion is,—before things go too far."

Lady Tranmore made no answer. She gazed into the fire, and Miss Lyster thought her depressed.

"Has William ever interfered?" she asked, cautiously.

Lady Tranmore hesitated.

"Not that I know of," she said, at last. "Nor will he ever—in the sense in which any ordinary husband would interfere."

"I know! It is as though he had a kind of superstition about it. Isn't there

a fairy-story in which an elf marries a mortal on condition that if he ever ill-treats her, her people will fetch her back to Fairyland? One day the husband lost his temper and spoke crossly; instantly there was a crash of thunder, and the elf-wife vanished."

"I don't remember the story. But it's like that—exactly. He said to me once that he would never have asked her to marry him if he had not been able to make up his mind to let her have her own way—never to coerce her."

But having said this, Lady Tranmore repented. It seemed to her she had been betraying William's affairs. She drew her chair back from the fire, and rang to ask if the carriage had arrived. Mary took the hint. She arrayed herself in her cloak, and chatted agreeably about other things till the moment for their departure came.

As they drove through the streets, Lady Tranmore stole a glance at her companion.

"She is really very handsome," she thought,—"*much better looking than she was at twenty. What are the men about, not to marry her?*"

It was indeed a puzzle. For Mary was increasingly agreeable as the years went on, and had now quite a position of her own in London as a charming woman without angles or apparent egotisms; one of the initiated, besides, whom any dinner-party might be glad to capture. Her relations, near and distant, held so many of the points of vantage in English public life that her word inevitably carried weight. She talked politics, as women of her class must talk them to hold their own; she supported the Church; and she was elegantly charitable, in that popular sense which means that you subscribe to your friends' charities without setting up any of your own. She was rich also,—already in possession of a considerable fortune, inherited from her mother, and prospective heiress of at least as much again from her father, old Sir Richard Lyster, whose house in Somersetshire she managed to perfection. In the season she stayed with various friends, or with Lady Tranmore, Sir Richard being now infirm and preferring the country. There was a younger sister, who was known to have married

imprudently and against her father's wishes some five or six years before this. Catharine was poor, the wife of a clergyman with young children. Lady Tranmore sometimes wondered whether Mary was quite as good to her as she might be. She herself sent Catharine various presents in the course of the year, for the children.

Yes, it was certainly surprising that Mary had not married. Lady Tranmore's thoughts were running on this tack, when of a sudden her eyes were caught by the placard of one of the evening papers.

"Interview with Mr. Cliffe. Peace assured." So ran one of the lines.

"Geoffrey Cliffe home again!" Lady Tranmore's tone betrayed a shade of contemptuous amusement. "We shall have to get on without our daily telegram. Poor London!"

If at that moment it had occurred to her to look at her companion, she would have seen a quick reddening of Mary's cheeks.

"He has had a great success, though, with his telegrams!" replied Miss Lyster. "I should have thought one couldn't deny that."

"Success! Only with the people who don't matter," said Lady Tranmore, with a shrug. "Of what importance is it to anybody that Geoffrey Cliffe should telegraph his doings and his opinions every morning to the English public?"

We were in the midst of a disagreement with America. A whirlwind was unloosed, and as it happened Geoffrey Cliffe was riding it. For that gentleman had not succeeded in the designs which were occupying his mind when he had first made Kitty's acquaintance, in the Grosvilles' country house. He had desired an appointment in Egypt; but it had not been given him, and after some angry restlessness at home, he had once more taken up a pilgrim's staff, and departed on fresh travels, bound this time for the Pamirs and Tibet. After nearly three years, during which he had never ceased, through the newspapers and periodicals, to keep his opinions and his personality before the public, he had been heard of in China, and as returning home by America. He arrived at San Francisco just as the dispute had broken out, was at once captured by an English

paper, and sent to New York, with *carte blanche*. He had risen with alacrity to the situation. Thenceforward, for some three weeks, England found a marvelous series of large-print telegrams, signed "Geoffrey Cliffe," awaiting her each morning on her breakfast-table:

"The President and I met this morning."—"The President considers, and I agree with him."—"I told the President," etc.—"The President this morning signed and sealed a memorable despatch. He said to me afterwards," etc.

Two diverse effects seemed to have been produced by these proceedings. A certain section of Radical opinion, which likes to see affairs managed *sans cérémonie*, and does not understand what the world wants with diplomatists when journalists are to be had, applauded; the old-fashioned laughed.

It was said that Cliffe was going into the House immediately; the young bloods of the party in power enjoyed the prospect, and had already stored up the *ego et Rex meus* details of his correspondence for future use.

"How could a man make such a fool of himself!" continued Lady Tranmore, the malice in her voice expressing not only the old aristocratic dislike of the press, but also the jealousy natural to the mother of an official son.

"Well, we shall see," said Mary, after a pause. "I don't quite agree with you, Cousin Elizabeth—indeed, I know there are many people who think that he has certainly done good."

Lady Tranmore turned in astonishment. She had expected Mary's assent to her original remark as a matter of course. Mary's old flirtation with Geoffrey Cliffe and the long breach between them which had followed it were things well known to her. They had coincided, moreover, with her own dropping of the man, whom for various reasons she had come to regard as unscrupulous and unsafe.

"Good!" she echoed,—"*good?*—with that boasting and that *fanfaronnade*. Polly!"

But Miss Lyster held her ground:

"We must allow everybody their own ways of doing things, mustn't we? I am quite sure he has meant well—all through."

Lady Tranmore shrugged her shoulders. "Lord Parham told me he had had the most grotesque letters from him!—and meant henceforward to put them in the fire."

"Very foolish of Lord Parham," said Mary, promptly. "I should have thought that a Prime Minister would welcome information—from all sides. And of course Mr. Cliffe thinks that the government has been *very* badly served."

Lady Tranmore's wonder broke out. "You don't mean—that—you hear from him?"

She turned and looked full at her companion. Mary's color was still raised, but otherwise she betrayed no embarrassment.

"Dear Cousin Elizabeth—I have heard from him regularly for the last six months. I have often wished to tell you; but I was afraid you might misunderstand me, and—my courage failed me!" The speaker, smiling, laid her hand on Lady Tranmore's. "The fact is, he wrote to me last autumn from Japan. You remember that poor cousin of mine who died at Tokyo? Mr. Cliffe had seen something of him, and he very kindly wrote both to his mother and me afterwards. Then—"

"You didn't forgive him!" cried Lady Tranmore.

Mary laughed.

"Was there anything to forgive? We were both young and foolish. Anyway, he interests me,—and his letters are splendid."

"Did you ever tell William you were corresponding with him?"

"No, indeed! But I want very much to make them understand each other better. Why shouldn't the government make use of him? He doesn't wish at all to be thrown into the arms of the other side. But they treat him so badly—"

"My dear Mary! are we governed by the proper people, or are we not?"

"It is no good ignoring the press," said Mary, holding herself gracefully erect. "And the Bishop quite agrees with me."

Lady Tranmore sank back in her seat.

"You discussed it with the Bishop?" It was now some time since Mary had last brought the family Bishop—her cousin and Lady Tranmore's—to bear

upon an argument between them. But Elizabeth knew that his appearance in the conversation invariably meant a *fait accompli* of some sort.

"I read him some of Mr. Cliffe's letters," said Mary, modestly. "He thought them most remarkable."

"Even when he mocks at missionaries?"

"Oh! but he doesn't mock at them any more! He has learnt wisdom,—I assure you he has!"

Lady Tranmore's patience almost departed, Mary's look was so penetrated with indulgence for the prejudices of a dear but unreasonable relation. But she managed to preserve it.

"And you knew he was coming home?"

"Oh yes!" said Mary. "I meant to have told you at dinner. But something put it out of my head—Kitty, of course! I shouldn't wonder if he were at the Embassy to-night."

"Polly!—tell me!"—Lady Tranmore gripped Miss Lyster's hand with some force—"are you going to marry him?"

"Not that I know of," was the smiling reply. "Don't you think I am old enough by now to have a man friend?"

"And you expect me to be civil to him!"

"Well, dear Cousin Elizabeth—you know—you never did break with him quite—"

Lady Tranmore in her bewilderment reflected that she had certainly meant to complete the process whenever she and Mr. Cliffe should meet again. Aloud she could only say, rather stiffly,

"I can't forget that William disapproves of him strongly."

"Oh no—excuse me—I don't think he does!" said Mary, quickly. "He said to me the other day that he should be very glad to pick his brains when he came home. And then he laughed and said he was a 'deuced clever fellow'—excuse the adjective!—and it was a great thing to be 'as free as that chap was'—without all sorts of boring colleagues and responsibilities.' Wasn't it like William?"

Lady Tranmore sighed.

"William shouldn't say those things."

"Of course, dear, he was only in fun. But I'll lay you a small wager, Cousin Elizabeth, that Kitty will ask Mr. Cliffe to lunch as soon as she knows he is in town."

Lady Tranmore turned away.

"I dare say. No one can answer for what Kitty will do. But Geoffrey Cliffe has said scandalous things of William."

"He won't say them again," said Mary, soothingly. "Besides, William never minds being abused, a bit—does he?"

"He should mind," said Lady Tranmore, drawing herself up. "In my young days our enemies were our enemies, and our friends our friends. Nowadays nothing seems to matter. You may call a man a scoundrel one day, and ask him to dinner the next. We seem to use words in a new sense—and I confess I don't like the change. Well, Mary, I sha'n't, of course, be rude to any friend of yours. But don't expect me to be effusive. And please remember that my acquaintance with Geoffrey Cliffe is older than yours."

Mary made a caressing reply, and gave her mind for the rest of the drive to the smoothing of Lady Tranmore's ruffled plumes. But it was not easy. As that lady made her way up the crowded staircase of the French Embassy, her fine face was still absent and a little stern.

Mary could only reflect that she had at least got through a first explanation which was bound to be made. Then for a few minutes her mind surrendered itself wholly to the question, "Will he be here?"

The rooms of the French Embassy were already crowded. An ambassador, short, stout, and somewhat morose, his plain features and snub nose emerging with difficulty from his thick, fair hair, superabundant whiskers, and mustache,—an elegant and smiling ambassadress, personifying amid the English crowd that Paris from which through every fibre she felt herself a pining exile,—received the guests. The scene was ablaze with uniforms, for the Speaker had been giving a dinner, and royalty was expected. But, as Lady Tranmore perceived at once, very few members of the House of Commons were present. A hot debate on some detail of the naval estimates had been sprung on ministers, and the whips on each side had been peremptorily keeping their forces in hand.

"I don't see either William or Kitty," said Mary, after a careful scrutiny not in truth directed to the discovery of the Ashes.

"No. I suppose William was kept, and Kitty did not care to come alone."

Mary said nothing. But she was well aware that Kitty was never restrained from going into society by the mere absence of her husband. Meanwhile, Lady Tranmore was lost in secret anxieties as to what might have happened in Bruton Street. Had there been a quarrel? Something certainly had gone wrong, or Kitty would be here.

"Lady Kitty not arrived?" said a voice like a macaw's beside her.

Elizabeth turned and shook hands with Lady Parham. That extraordinary woman, followed everywhere by the attentive observation of the crowd, had never asserted herself more sharply in dress, manner, and coiffure than on this particular evening,—so it seemed at least to Lady Tranmore. Her ample figure was robed in the white satin of a bride, her wrinkled neck disappeared under a weight of jewels, and her bright chestnut wig, to which the diamond tiara was fastened, positively attacked the spectator, so patent was it and unashamed. Unashamed too were the bold tyrannous eyes, the rouge-spots on either cheek, the strength of the jaw, the close-shut ability of the mouth. Elizabeth Tranmore looked at her with a secret passion of dislike. Her English pride of race, no less than the prejudices of her taste and training, could hardly endure the fact that, for William's sake, she must make herself agreeable to Lady Parham.

Agreeable, however, she tried to be. Kitty had seemed to her tired in the afternoon, and had no doubt gone to bed,—so she averred.

Lady Parham laughed.

"Well, she mustn't be tired the night of my party next week—or the skies will fall. I never took so much trouble before about anything in my life."

"No—she must take care," said Lady Tranmore. "Unfortunately she is not strong, and she does too much."

Lady Parham threw her a sharp look.

"Not strong? I should have thought Lady Kitty was made on wires. Well—if she fails me, I shall go to bed—with smallpox. There will be nothing else to be done. The Princess has actually put off another engagement to come,—she has heard so much of Lady Kitty's

reciting. But you'll help me through, won't you?"

And the wrinkled face and harsh lips fell into a contortion meant for a confidential smile; while through it all the cold blue eyes, wholly independent, studied the face beside her,—closely, suspiciously—until the owner of it in her discomfort could almost have repeated aloud the words that were ringing in her mind—"I shall *not* go to Lady Parham's! My note will reach her on the stroke of eight."

"Certainly—I will keep an eye on her!" she said, lightly. "But you know—since her illness—"

"Oh no!" said Lady Parham, impatiently; "she is very well—very well indeed. I never saw her look so radiant. By the way, did you hear your son's speech the other night? I did not see you in the gallery? A great pity if you missed it. It was admirable."

Lady Tranmore replied regretfully that she had not been there, and that she had not been able to have a word with him about it since.

"Oh! he knows he did well," said Lady Parham, carelessly. "They all do. Lord Parham was delighted. He could do nothing but talk about it at dinner. He says they were in a very tight place, and Mr. Ashe got them out."

Lady Tranmore expressed her gratification with all the dignity she could command, conscious meanwhile that her companion was not listening to a word, absorbed as she was in a hawklike examination of the room through a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses.

Suddenly the eye-glasses fell with a rattle. "Good heavens!" cried Lady Parham. "Do you see who that is talking to Mr. Loraine?"

Lady Tranmore looked, and at once perceived Geoffrey Cliffe in close conversation with the leader of the Opposition. The lady beside her gave an angry laugh.

"If Mr. Cliffe thinks he has done himself any good by these ridiculous telegrams of his, he will find himself mistaken!—People are perfectly furious about them."

"Naturally," said Lady Tranmore. "Only that it is a pity to take him seriously."

"Oh! I don't know. He has his following; unfortunately, some of our own men are inclined to think that Parham should conciliate him. Ignore him, I say. Behave as though he didn't exist!—Ah! by the way,"—the speaker raised herself on tiptoe, and said in an audacious undertone, "is it true that he may possibly marry your cousin Miss Lyster?"

Lady Tranmore kept a smiling composure. "Is it true—that Lord Parham may possibly give him an appointment?"

Lady Parham turned away in annoyance. "Is that one of the inventions going about?"

"There are so many," said Lady Tranmore.

At that moment, however, to her infinite relief, her companion abruptly deserted her. She was free to observe the two distant figures in conversation—Geoffrey Cliffe and Mr. Loraine—the latter a man now verging on old age, white-haired and wrinkled, but breathing still through every feature and every movement the scarcely diminished energy of his magnificent prime. He stood with bent head, listening attentively, but, as Lady Tranmore thought, coldly, to the arguments that Cliffe was pouring out upon him. Once he looked up in a sudden recoil, and there was a flash from an eye famous for its power of majestic or passionate rebuke. Cliffe, however, took no notice, and talked on, Loraine still listening.

"Look at them!" said Lady Parham, venomously, in the ear of one of her intimates. "We shall have all this out in the House to-morrow. The Opposition mean to play that man for all he's worth.—Mr. Loraine too!—with his puritanical ways. I know what he thinks of Cliffe! He wouldn't *touch* him in private. But in public—you'll see—he'll swallow him whole—just to annoy Parham. There's your politician!"

And stiff with the angry virtue of the "ins," denouncing the faction of the "outs," Lady Parham passed on.

Elizabeth Tranmore meanwhile turned to look for Mary Lyster. She found her close behind, engaged in a perfunctory conversation, which evidently left her quite free to follow things more exciting. She too was watching; and presently it seemed to Lady Tranmore that her eyes



"LADY KITTY NOT ARRIVED?"

met with those of Cliffe. Cliffe paused, abruptly lost the thread of his conversation with Mr. Loraine, and began to make his way through the crowded room. Lady Tranmore watched his progress with some attention. It was the progress, clearly, of a man much in the eye and mouth of the public. Whether the atmosphere surrounding him in these rooms was more hostile, or more favorable, Lady Tranmore could not be quite sure. Certainly the women smiled upon him; and his strange face, thinner, browner, more weather-beaten and life-beaten than ever, under its coat of grizzling hair, had the old arrogant and picturesque power, but, as it seemed to her, with something added,—something subtler, was it, more romantic than of yore?—which arrested the spectator. Had he really been in love with that Frenchwoman? Lady Tranmore had heard it rumored that she was dead.

It was not towards Mary Lyster, primarily, that he was moving, Elizabeth soon discovered; it was towards herself. She braced herself for the encounter.

The greeting was soon over. After she herself had said the appropriate things, Lady Tranmore had time to notice that Mary Lyster, whose turn came next, did not attempt to say them. She looked, indeed, unusually handsome and animated; Lady Tranmore was certain that Cliffe had noticed as much at his first sight of her. But the remarks she omitted showed how minute and recent was their knowledge of each other's movements. Cliffe himself gave a first impression of high spirits. He declared that London was more agreeable than he had ever known it, and that after his three years' absence nobody looked a day older. Then he inquired after Ashe.

Lady Tranmore replied that William was well, but hard worked; she hoped to persuade him to get a few days abroad at Whitsuntide. Her manner was quiet, without a trace of either discourtesy or effusion. Cliffe began to twist his mustache—a sign she knew well. It meant that he was in truth both irritable and nervous.

"You think they'll last till Whitsuntide?"

"The government?" she said, smiling. "Certainly—and beyond."

"I give them three weeks," said Cliffe, twisting anew, with a vigor that gave her a positive physical sympathy with the tortured mustache. "There will be some papers out to-morrow that will be a bombshell."

"About America? Oh! they have been blown up so often. You, for instance, have been doing your best—for months!"

His perfunctory laugh answered the mockery of her charming eyes.

"Well—I wish I could make William hear reason."

Lady Tranmore held herself stiffly. The Christian name seemed to her an offence. It was true that in old days he and Cliffe had been on those terms. Now—it was a piece of bad taste.

"Probably what is reason to you is folly to him," she said, dryly.

"No, no!—he *knows*," said Cliffe, with impatience. "The others don't. Parham is more impossible—more crassly, grossly ignorant!" He lifted hands and eyes in protest. "But Ashe, of course, is another matter altogether."

"Well, go and see him—go and talk to him!" said Lady Tranmore, still mocking. "There are no lions in the way."

"None," said Cliffe. "As a matter of fact, Lady Kitty has asked me to luncheon. But does one find Ashe himself in the middle of the day?"

At the mention of her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth made an involuntary movement. Mary, standing beside her, turned towards her and smiled.

"Not often." The tone was cold. "But you could always find him at the House." And Lady Tranmore moved away.

"Is there a quiet corner anywhere?" said Cliffe to Mary. "I have such heaps to tell you."

So while some Polish gentleman in the main drawing-room, whose name ended in *ski*, challenged his violin to the impossible, Cliffe and Mary retired from observation into a small room thrown open with the rest of the suite, which was in truth the morning-room of the ambassadress.

As soon as they found themselves alone, there was a pause in their conversation; each involuntarily looked at the other. Mary certainly recognized

that these years of absence had wrought a noticeable change in the man before her. He had aged. Hard living and hard travelling had left their marks. But, like Lady Tranmore, she also perceived another difference. The eyes bent upon her were indeed, as before, the eyes of a man self-centred, self-absorbed. There was no chivalrous softness in them, no consideration. The man who owned them used them entirely for his own purposes; they betrayed none of that changing instinctive relation towards the human being—any human being—within their range, which makes the charm of so many faces. But they were sadder, more sombre, more restless; they thrilled her more than they had already thrilled her once, in the first moment of her youth.

What was he going to say? From the moment of his first letter to her from Japan, Mary had perfectly understood that he had some fresh purpose in his mind. She was not anxious, however, to precipitate the moment of explanation. She was no longer the young girl whose equilibrium is upset by the mere approach of the man who interests her. Moreover, there was a past between herself and Cliffe, the memory of which might indeed point her to caution. Did he now, after all, want to marry her?—because she was rich, and he was comparatively poor, and could only secure an English career at the cost of a well-stored wife? Well,—all that should be thought over, by herself no less than by him. Meanwhile her vanity glowed within her as she thus held him there alone,—to the discomfort of other women more beautiful and more highly placed than herself; as she remembered his letters in her desk at home, and the secrets she imagined him to have told her. Then again she felt a rush of sudden disquiet, caused by this new aspect,—wavering and remote—as though some hidden grief emerged and vanished. He had the haggard air of a man who scarcely sleeps. All that she had ever heard of the French affair rushed through her mind, stirring there an angry curiosity.

These impressions took, however, but a few minutes, while they exchanged some conventionalities. Then Cliffe said, scrutinizing the face and form beside

him with that intentness which from him was more generally taken as compliment than offence:

"Will you excuse the remark?—there are no women who keep their first freshness like Englishwomen!"

"Thank you! If we feel fresh, I suppose we look it. As for you—you clearly want a rest!"

"No time to think of it, then; I have come home to fight—all I know; to make myself as odious as possible."

Mary laughed.

"You have been doing that so long. Why not try the opposite?"

Cliffe looked at her sharply.

"You think I have made a failure of it?"

"Not at all! You have made everybody furiously uncomfortable—and you see how civil even the Radical papers are to you."

"Yes. What fools!" said Cliffe, shortly. "They'll soon leave that off. Just now I'm a stick to beat the government with. But you don't believe I shall carry my point?"

The point concerned a particular detail in a pending negotiation with the United States. Cliffe had been denouncing the government for what he conceived to be their coming retreat before American demands. America, according to him, had been playing the bully; and English interests were being betrayed.

Mary considered.

"I think you will have to change your tactics."

"Dictate them, then!"

He bent forward, with that sudden change of manner, that courteous sweetness of tone and gesture, which few women could resist. Mary's heart, seasoned though it was, felt a charming flutter. She talked, and she talked well. She had no independence of mind, and very little real knowledge; but she had an excellent reporter's ability; she knew what to remember and how to tell it. Cliffe listened to her attentively, acknowledging to himself the while that she had certainly gained. She was a far more definite personality than she had been when he last knew her; and her self-possession, her trained manner, rested him. Thank Heaven, she was not a clever woman!—how he detested the breed. But she was

a useful one. And the smiling commonplace into which she fell so often was positively welcome to him. He had known what it was to court a woman who was more than his equal both in mind and passion; and it had left him bitter and broken.

"Well, all this is most illuminating," he said at last. "I owe you immense thanks." And he put out a pair of hands, thin, brown, and weather-stained as his face, and pressed one of hers. "We're very old friends—aren't we?"

"Are we?" said Mary, drawing back.

"So far as any one can be the friend of a chap like me," he said, hastily. "Tell me—are you with Lady Tranmore?"

"No. I go to her in a few days—till I leave London."

"Don't go away," he said, suddenly and insistently,—“don't go away!”

Mary could not help a slight wavering in the eyes that perforce met his. Then he said abruptly, as she rose,—

"By the way—they tell me Ashe is a great man."

She caught the note of incredulous contempt in his voice and laughed.

"They say he'll be in the cabinet directly."

"And Lady Kitty, I understand, is a scandal to gods and men,—and the most fashionable person in town?"

"Oh, not now," said Mary. "That was last year."

"You mean people are tired of her?"

"Well, after a time, you know, a naughty child—"

"Becomes a bore. Is she a bore?—I doubt,—I very much doubt."

"Go and see," said Mary. "When do you lunch there?"

"I think to-morrow. Shall I find you?"

"Oh no. I am not at all intimate with Lady Kitty."

Cliffe's slight smile, as he followed her into the large drawing-room, died under his mustache. He divined at once the relation between the two, or thought he did.

As for Mary, she caught her last sight of Cliffe, standing bareheaded on the steps of the Embassy, his lean distinction, his ugly good-looks, marking him out from the men around him. Then as they drove away she was glad that the darkness hid her from Lady Tranmore. For suddenly she could not smile. She was filled with the perception that if Geoffrey Cliffe did not now ask her to marry him, life would utterly lose its savor, its carefully cherished and augmented savor,—and youth would abandon her. At the same time she realized that she would have to make a fight of it—with every weapon she could muster.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Roundel

BY C. RANN KENNEDY

I DO not know what life may bring
Sweeter than this: that wild winds blow
Fresh from the skies, and whither wing
I do not know.

The why, the wherefore, let them go:
My love shall laugh, my laughter sing,
And my full heart shall overflow.

Love is the best, and love shall fling
Glad scorn to all that doubt may show:
Question's a slave whose loveless king
I do not know.

“The Play’s the Thing”

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

IT was several months after we published (and suppressed) our paper, *The Voice of Truth*, before we began to write our play. One reason was that we were tired, and another was that Sister Irmingarde always looked so worried when she saw us with a pen in our innocent hands that it interfered dreadfully with our plots. Mabel Blossom said one day that every time Sister Irmingarde met her and a virgin sheet of paper in the same room she turned pale and asked anxiously what Mabel was going to do. And it was just the same with the rest of us. Of course no literary talent could develop in an atmosphere like that, and I pointed this out to Sister Irmingarde very politely. But she said it was the “consensus of opinion” among the faculty that it would be well indeed if the literary talent at St. Catharine’s lay dormant for a while. After that there didn’t seem anything left for me to say. I just brooded and brooded, as artists always do when they are not appreciated; and so did Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce. But finally we remembered about Milton and Pope and how publishers refused *Vanity Fair*, and we felt better. For, after all, one failure should not destroy a whole life—or several whole lives; and, as Maudie pointed out, because we couldn’t publish a paper was no sign we couldn’t write a play. For a while, though, sad memories of *The Voice of Truth* seemed to prevent our thinking of new things; but the delay was not serious, for of course our talents were really ripening the whole time.

Our brains are very active, as I have explained before, and pretty soon we got restless. All we had been doing was to learn our lessons and recite them and practise doing up our hair new ways; and these occupations, while praiseworthy, do not long satisfy the souls of girls of fourteen with mature minds and ardent natures like ours. One night

Maudie Joyce said she was sick of it—of the quiet life we were living, she meant. She said she had been thinking it all out and she had decided that minds were like bodies, and they needed to be exercised and to have something to work on, the way you give a baby things to bite when it is having teeth. I said right off that our first duty was to our minds, and if Maudie thought they were in a sluggish state, like livers, we must do something at once to stir them up, and the best thing to do was to begin our play. So we called Mabel Muriel Murphy and Mabel Blossom in (we were in Maudie’s room) and told them our momentous decision. Mabel Muriel said first she thought we ought to tell Sister Edna or Sister Irmingarde, but Maudie and I had a strange feeling that if we did there wouldn’t be any play or our minds wouldn’t work well; so we talked Mabel Muriel out of that in a hurry. We said we would write the play first, just we four girls, and we would have only four characters in it, because then we could act it all ourselves. If it was good we would tell Sister Irmingarde about it as a pleasant surprise and let her read it; and perhaps later we would have a special performance for the Sisters and show them how the stage could be elevated and uplifted, Maudie said. So Mabel Muriel agreed (Mabel Blossom had agreed at once, because she said *her* mind needed something to bite on, too), and then we began to talk about the play.

First of all we agreed that instead of writing a brand-new play we would take an old one, or two or three old ones, and write them over. That would be easier, you see. Maudie said she thought it would be a good idea for each girl to write her own part—the character she was to be, you know. So I suggested that I would be Juliet and write a part like hers, where the lovely girl is only fourteen and has drunk the cup of life



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"I WAS JULIET AND MAUDIE ROMEO"

to its dregs, and dies in the last act. Maudie said in that case she would be Romeo, and rewrite all his part and make it stronger. We were both so delighted we stopped and hugged each other, and did not observe, alas! that dark clouds were lowering on the brows of our dear friends Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel Murphy. Mabel Muriel spoke right up and told us she wanted to play a part like Cleopatra, and die with an asp on her breast, and she said she knew she could write a lovely part carrying out all her own ideas. She said she would make Cleopatra love Julius Cæsar with a love that knew no death, and spurn Mark Antony coldly,—because she, Mabel Muriel, had never liked Mark Antony very much, anyhow. Almost before she got through, and ere our tongues could find fitting words to point out the poor child's errors, Mabel Blossom struck in and said that for her part she was going to be like Laura in *The Pit*, for she wanted her character to be right up to date and in Chicago.

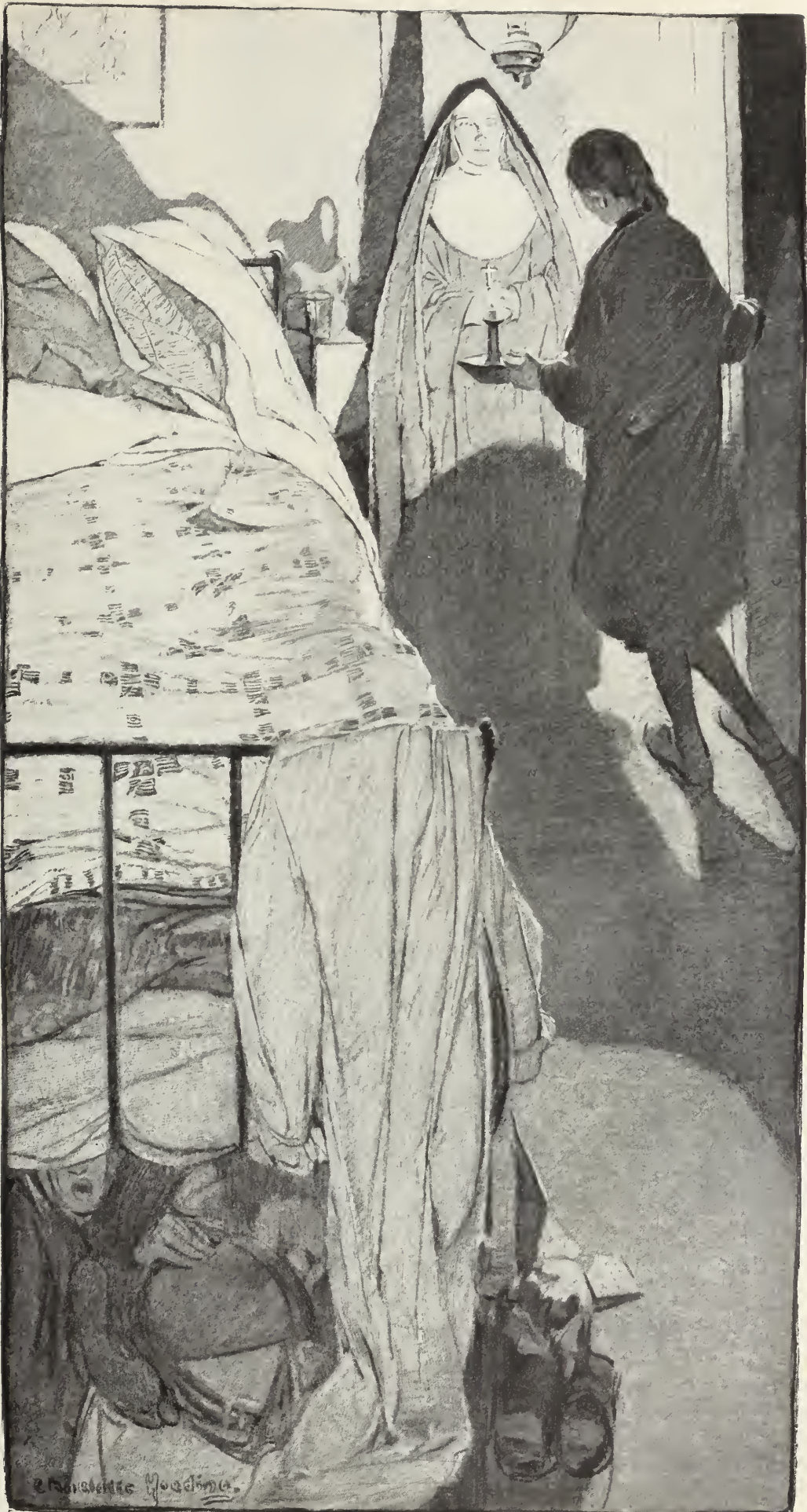
Then there was a heavy silence, as real writers say; for though Maudie's mind and mine are so mature and quick, we could not grasp at once just how all these different persons could be put into the same play and made "convincing," as Sister Edna is always saying. I remarked thoughtfully that I didn't see how it could be done, because there wouldn't be enough men in the play; and Mabel answered very quickly that it didn't matter, for Laura in *The Pit* never saw anything of her husband, anyway, so he needn't be on the stage. She would just sit around, she said, and wait for him and mourn. I couldn't see why Mabel wanted to play such a silly part as Laura, so I asked her; and she confessed that it was because she had a strange foreboding that when she was married her husband wouldn't come home much, either, and she wanted to see how it would feel! She said she would probably live in Chicago, and Chicago men didn't go home very often. Maudie Joyce sniffed at that, so you can imagine how disgusted she was, for she doesn't usually do such things. She is a very queenly girl. Mabel didn't look hurt at all. She went on to say that if she played Laura, Kittie James could play

the husband or the Wheat Pit—the place where Laura's husband spent all his time,—and then she could have her name on the programme and wouldn't have to come on the stage at all. Mabel said it would be a lovely part for Kitty, and please her very much. Maudie and I did not think these ideas were very good, so we just sat still and looked tired and resigned.

Finally I asked Mabel Muriel if she wouldn't give up Cleopatra and the asp and be something modern. Then perhaps she and Mabel could be doing *The Pit* on one side of the stage while Maudie and I did *Romeo and Juliet* on the other. But Mabel Muriel said no; and then she asked why she couldn't do *Cleopatra* in the middle of the stage while we and Mabel had the two ends. Maudie said that would be like three rings at a circus. Then we all giggled and felt a little better, and "the nervous strain of the moment perceptibly relaxed," as the newspapers say.

After we stopped laughing Mabel Muriel remarked very seriously that she didn't see why it shouldn't be something like that, after all. We could each have our scenes, but not all at once, of course. The first act could be *Romeo and Juliet*, and the second act Laura in *The Pit*, and the third act the *Death of Cleopatra*. And she said we could lay the whole thing in the present time and write sentences that would connect the acts and make them seem like one plot. She said she could have Cleopatra kill herself because she could not bear to see the happiness of Romeo and Juliet, and of Laura and her husband after he began to stay home more. She added that she didn't care *why* Cleopatra killed herself, so long as she *did* it and used the asp. Mabel Muriel's mind just lingered and lingered on that asp. It seemed to have some strange, terrible fascination for her. She said she was perfectly sure her father would buy her a beautiful costume to wear as Cleopatra, with lots of jewelled girdles—because, of course, they were the most important things. Then Mabel Blossom said that the plan would suit her, so Maudie and I had to agree, but we did not like it. We thought it did not seem very logical.

Maudie said each girl would have to



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SISTER EDNA ASKED MAUDIE IF SHE WASN'T UP LATE



Charles H. Smith

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

SISTER EDNA WENT AWAY LEAVING A SAD SCENE OF BURIED HOPE

write her own part just as soon as she could. When they were all finished we would go over them together and make them join if possible. But Maudie looked worried, and I felt the same way. Then we went to our own rooms to go to work, for of course we did not want to begin where Sister Irmingarde would see us and look scared and remind us of the tragic past and interfere with the flow of our ideas.

As soon as I began to write Juliet's part I saw that I could not do it any better than Shakespeare did, for he knew the girlish heart, and there is indeed little he forgot to mention. So all I did was to put in more love and explain more about Juliet's clothes. And I had Romeo stay on the balcony all the time instead of going in, which was, of course, against the rules of etiquette. A few days later Maudie told me that she had done about the same thing with Romeo. She had made him more affectionate, but she did not change his lines much; and she agreed with me that it was more polite for him to talk to Juliet outside when he called so late. So you see our work was soon done; but, alas! it was different with our gifted young friends Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel Murphy.

Mabel Blossom saw, as soon as she began to write Laura's part, that, after all, Laura wasn't on the stage so very much. It was her husband most of the time, and you felt sorry for his poor wife at home, so your mind was full of her and you thought she was important. Mabel had to write pages and pages of lines for Laura to speak, telling how lonely she felt as she sat at home, and how heart-rending were the sufferings of a neglected wife. Mabel said before she got through with Laura she knew so much about how wives feel when they are left alone that she decided she would never, never marry. She could not run the risk. She wrote that to a nice boy she knew at home (she writes to him quite often, because he is her cousin), and he got very much excited and wrote back that she must remember there were men with souls above the dollar and that he was "one such." Mabel showed me the letter; but I should not have mentioned it here, because it is not a part of the story. Besides, it is Mabel's secret, deep in her heart, and she

says no one must know; so I hope the gentle reader will hurry and forget it. Perhaps I should take it out, but when I began my Artistic Career I started by taking out everything I was not sure of, and 'most always when I got through there wasn't anything left.

To resume our narrative, as Hawthorne says, Mabel had a dreadfully hard time. Laura didn't do a single thing but sit on chairs and talk, and the whole act Mabel wrote was so dull that she asked if she couldn't have Adeline Thurston stand behind the scenes all the time and yell, "Give a dollar for May wheat," the way the husband did in the book. Maudie and I said yes, and that gave Adeline a place for her name on our playbill. It read:

A VOICE.....ADELINE THURSTON

But poor Adeline got so hoarse from rehearsing, that the night we really gave the play in Maudie's room she couldn't speak. There was no Voice, after all, and Mabel Blossom was dreadfully disappointed.

All this time the experience of our dear Mabel Muriel was going on, and it was 'most as bad. You see, she had to write Cleopatra all over, so she could dearly love Julius Cæsar and despise Mark Antony. Besides, she had to lay the scene in Chicago at the present time, and that made it even harder, of course. Mabel Muriel looked quite pale and worn before she got through. We were indeed sorry for her, Maudie and I, for she had a dreadful time about the asp, also, and couldn't find one. When Mabel Blossom giggled one day and suggested to her to let Adeline Thurston be the asp as well as the Voice, Mabel Muriel was so annoyed by her girlish frivolity that she didn't speak to Mabel for a whole day. We were all a little nervous by that time. At last Mabel Muriel found a small rubber snake, the kind they have in toy-shops, and it made a lovely asp and wriggled in the most natural way. So she felt lots better. But that caused more trouble, for the asp made Maudie Joyce so sick she couldn't rehearse on the same stage with Mabel Muriel; Maudie is dreadfully afraid of snakes, and even of little worms. They give her a strange, sinking feeling. Finally we persuaded Mabel Muriel not to use the asp till the

real play, and then Maudie could leave the room before she came on—so *that* was settled. I was the stage-manager by this time, and perhaps you think I wasn't busy and "sorely tried," like those in affliction. I was.

Of course after the three acts were written the next thing to do was to make them all into one play. I will say here, with the deep humility the truly gifted always feel, that I don't believe any one but us could have done it. Even we lay awake nights over it! Finally we did it this way:

The first scene was Chicago in the year 1904, and Juliet said:

"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It is the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear."

Then Romeo had to reply, of course, and that gave us a chance to show that the play was modern. So we made him say:

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
And this will be indeed a busy day.
For thrice since eve has price of wheat
gone down—
And I must be within the stock exchange
ere tolls the bell."

You see how well that brought out the idea of the Chicago rush, and got the audience ready for Mabel's *Pit*, too. Then, at the end, when Juliet is dying, she says:

"My dismal scene I needs must act alone—
But poor Cleopatra, alas! alack!
Must do the same thing later."

Thus the girls—the audience, I mean—knew what was coming and didn't feel surprised when the curtain rose on Cleopatra and her asp. You see, it was not really hard to do after you had thought of the right way. It was like the egg that Columbus stood on end, by crushing it, when the others couldn't.

We didn't bother much about clothes while we were writing the play. But when we began to rehearse we saw how silly Romeo looked in Maudie Joyce's golf-skirt, so she wore her heavy traveling ulster during that act, and a little steamer-cap Kittie James lent her. All I had to have were clinging, flowing things that would show the soft immature lines of my youthful figure,—for those

are the kind of lines everybody says Juliet had. So I wore my silk kimono, and Maudie Joyce tore the sleeve, alas! in her ardor.

All Mabel Blossom did was to wear her best clothes, for Laura in *The Pit* had lots of money. That was what her husband was doing all the time—getting it. As for Mabel Muriel, her father sent her a box of Cleopatra clothes that made our eyes bulge out. He sent clothes for five acts. As there was only one Cleopatra act in our play, Mabel Muriel had to leave the stage every five minutes to change her dress. It spoiled the death scene, too, for she began it in a Nile-green gown and came back and died in a white one, because the asp showed up better on that—and, besides, she wanted to wear all the dresses, so her dear father would not be disappointed. But it was not Art, for of course Cleopatra would not be thinking of clothes in those last sad minutes, even though she was indeed a vain and sadly frivolous woman with too many emotions.

When we were all ready we invited ten girls to Maudie's room to see the play. Kittie James and Adeline Thurston sat in the front row, which was a trunk, and the other girls sat where they could. My, but they were enthusiastic! We had stuffed the door and the keyhole and put black curtains over the transom and windows so we wouldn't disturb any one, and we told the audience they could only applaud by clapping their thumb-nails together. But they did that till they 'most wore them out, and when Kittie James saw Cleopatra's asp she fell right off the trunk in her surprise and interest. She thought it was a real one.

Would that I could drop the curtain now, as we dropped it before our happy little band that night, flushed with joy and triumph. But—alas, alas! Life is indeed full of bitterness, and who are we that we should hope to escape its dregs? We had finished our play and were all talking at once, and getting ready to eat the spread Maudie had thoughtfully provided for our fortunate guests, and I guess perhaps we forgot to be quiet, for suddenly there was a heavy rap upon our portal. Then a Voice—not Adeline Thurston's, but Sister Edna's—said, "Open the door!"

For a second not one of us breathed. Then, without a sound, Mabel Muriel Murphy got flat on her stomach and crawled under the bed, and Mabel Blossom, Kittie James, Adeline Thurston, and I hurriedly followed her. The rest would fain have accompanied us, but only five can hide under one bed at the same time, so Kittie James kicked out to show them there was no more room. Then five of the rest crowded into Maudie's closet, and the others got under the divan. All this time Maudie was gathering up the stage-setting and the clothes and things, and she threw them into a corner and dropped a big rug on top of them. Then she took a copy of Thomas à Kempis in her lily-white hand, and opened the door and tried to look surprised and delighted to see Sister Edna.

Sister Edna came right in. I think, from the sound of her footsteps, that she was puzzled. They were slow and hesitating, as if she was looking around and expecting to see some one, but of course she didn't. It wasn't a bit comfortable under that bed, with Kittie James's foot on my chest—for we didn't have time to crawl under with the same ends of us all one way; and I told Maudie the next day that the lay Sister who swept her room had left lots of dust under the bed just where my nose was.

Sister Edna asked Maudie if she wasn't up late, and Maudie said that she was, but that she felt the need of rest now and would go to bed at once. It wasn't very polite, of course, but she did want Sister Edna to leave before our feet showed! But Sister Edna sat right down, and Maudie said her knees gave way under her then, so she had to sit down too. In her excitement she asked Sister if she couldn't make her a cup of chocolate, and Sister Edna smiled very sweetly and declined, but Maudie said she looked amused, too. There was a heavy silence for a moment, and suddenly Sister Edna said it was not pleasant for her to intrude, but was Maudie alone? And Maudie said that she was not, but wouldn't Sister Edna let her take the responsibility for all and not ask the names of her friends?

Of course we could not have that, so Mabel Blossom and Kittie James and I began to emerge, as it were—different

parts of us: stockings first in some cases and heads in others. But Mabel Muriel Murphy lay under the bed still, with her white young face against the wall, for it was indeed bitter to her to be caught in this position by her beloved Sister Edna. At last she rolled out, though, very dusty and red, and with her hair hanging down her back like Mary Magdalen's. She was wearing her white robe, the one she wore when Cleopatra finally died, and she had her nasty little rubber asp in her hand, because Maudie had finally got used to it. Sister Edna gave her one long look and then she looked at the rest of us, and at last she said, quietly,

"I suppose I may infer that this festivity will now end?"

We all answered very earnestly that she might, and Maudie added,

"I will explain everything to you and Sister Irmingarde in the morning, Sister, if you will listen."

Sister Edna bowed, and said "Good night," and went away, leaving a sad, sad scene of buried hopes behind her, as the gentle reader must know.

We didn't stop to talk it over. We just faded away to our own rooms like the Arab does with his tent, and tossed upon our couches till the glorious orb of day smiled in upon our pallid young faces. After we had our baths and our breakfasts we felt a little better, and we went to Sister Irmingarde in a body and told her the whole story—except, of course, we didn't mention the girls under the couch and in the closet. We thought it was useless to make our narrative even sadder than it was.

Sister Irmingarde didn't say much. We told her all about the play and the changes we had made, and two or three times she left us and walked to the window and stood with her back to us. She seemed to be nervous. When I asked her if she would like to read our play she hesitated a moment and then said no, but she added words that made our young hearts swell. The gentle reader may not believe this, but it is true, and I will put it in a paragraph all by itself to make it more important:

Sister Irmingarde said she feared that if she read *our* play her enjoyment of Shakespeare might never again be the same!

Those were indeed her words.

The Daintiness of Ants

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

IF there be truth in the old saying, cleanliness is next to godliness, insects are but one remove from piety. As tidy as an emmet—is more truthful than most proverbial comparisons. Who ever saw an untidy ant, or bee, or wasp? The writer has observed innumerable thousands of ants, has lived in his tent in the midst of their great communities, and watched them at all hours of day and night, under a great variety of conditions, natural and artificial, unfavorable to cleanliness, and has never seen one really unclean. Most of them are fossorial in habit, digging in the ground, within which they live; are covered with hair and bristles, to which dirt pellets easily cling; they move habitually in the midst of the muck and chippage and elemental offal of nature—yet they seem to take no stain and to keep none.

This is true of other insects. Take, for example, the interesting families of wasps. Many burrow in the earth to make breeding-cells for their young. Others, like the mud-daubers, collect mortar from mud-beds near brooks and pools to build their clay nurseries and storehouses. Some, like the yellow-jackets, live in caves which they excavate in the ground. They delve in the dirt; handle and mix and carry it; mould and spread it, moving to and fro all day long, and day after day, at work in surroundings that would befoul the most careful human worker—yet do not show the least trace of their occupation.

Of course there is much in temperament and training. There are women who remind us of insects in their faculty of moving unmarred amidst the current defilements of daily duty. They will pass to the parlor from kitchen, nursery, or sewing-room with no adjustment of toilet but a discarded apron or turned-down sleeves, yet quite sweet and presentable. But there are women, high and low, and men innumerable, of a different pattern.

With insects, however, the type of dainty tidiness is the absolute rule. There are no exceptions; no degenerates of uncleanness, as with men. Temperament is wholly and always on the side of cleanliness; and training is not a factor therein, for it is inborn, and as strong in adolescents as in veterans. How has nature secured this admirable result?

If the reader were told that ants possess brushes, fine and coarse tooth combs, and other toilet articles quite after the pattern of our own, he would probably think he was being gulled. Yet it is even so. Let us take an inventory of these. To begin with, the body is covered more or less closely with fine pubescence, corresponding somewhat with the fur of beasts. This is interspersed with bristles and spines, which are sometimes jointed, and are so arranged as to aid materially in keeping the body clean. Particles of soil cling to this hairy covering, but it is a protective medium, holding the dirt aloof and isolated from the skin surfaces, so that it can be readily shaken off or taken off. The brushing, washing, and combing of this hairy coat constitute the insect's toilet-making.

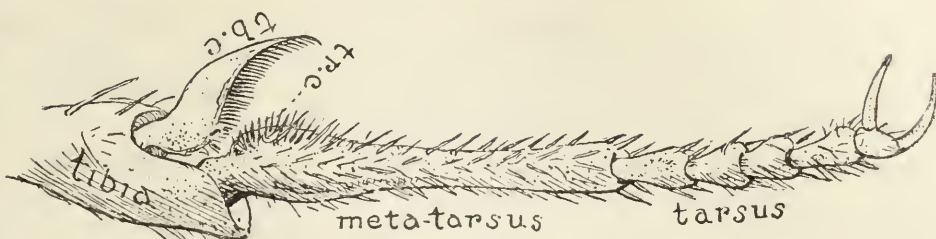
One of the efficient toilet articles is the tongue. Around the sides of this organ curves a series of ridges covered with hemispherical bosses. The ridges are chitinous, and thus by greater hardness are fitted for the uses of a brush. When eating, this structure rasps off minute particles of solid foods, so fitting them for the stomach. For toilet uses it serves as both sponge and brush, and takes up bits of dirt not otherwise removed. In short, ants use their tongues as dogs and cats do, for lapping up food and licking clean the body. One is continually reminded, as he watches the tiny creatures at their toilet, of the actions of his cat and dog at the fireside.

The tibial comb or fore-spur is another

toilet implement, unique in form and function. This is a real comb, which might well have served the inventor of our own combs for a model, its chief difference being that it is

permanently attached to the limb that operates it. It has a short handle, a stiff back, and a regularly toothed edge. It is set into the apical end of the tibia of the fore legs, upon which it articulates freely, thus giving the owner the power to apply it to various organs. Placed along the edge are sixty-five teeth of equal length, except towards the apex, where they are shorter. They are pointed at the free end and enlarged at the base, are stiff but elastic, and spring back when bent, as do the teeth of a comb.

The efficiency of this instrument is greatly increased by an arrangement of the tarsus, opposite whose base it is placed. That part of the leg is so shaped that the curved outlines of the tibial spur when pushed up against it fit into it. It is furnished with forty-five teeth, coarser and more open than those just described. Thus ants have the useful arrangement of fine and coarse toothed combs which for toilet uses we unite in one instrument. A further contribution to the toilet paraphernalia is a secondary spur, a simpler form of that on the fore legs, set upon the tibiæ of the second and third pairs of legs. Moreover, the

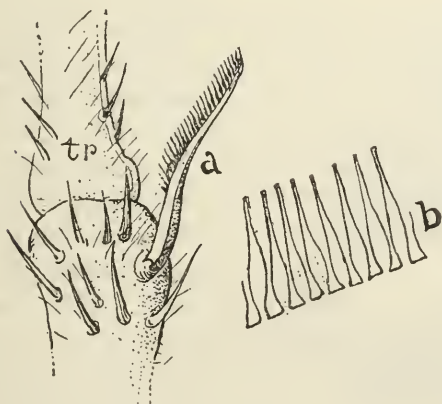


PART OF ANT'S FORE LEG
Showing its toilet apparatus

mandibles, or upper jaws, which are palm-shaped and serrated, are used freely, especially in cleaning the legs, which are drawn through them. In this action there is a salivary secretion that moistens the members, and furnishes a good substitute for those "washes" which are valued by men and women as softening the hair and making it more pliable. Indeed, one might almost conjecture that it is also the emmet equivalent for our toilet soaps!

There are no pastes and powders among these toilet articles—at least as far as known,—but the repertoire, it will be seen, is tolerably complete: fine-tooth combs, coarse or "reddin'" combs, hair-brushes and sponges, washes and soap!—and all so conveniently attached to the body and working-limbs, which are arms as well as legs, that they are always literally "on hand" for service.

Ants have no set time for brushing up. But certain conditions plainly incite thereto—as when they feel particularly comfortable, as after eating, or after awaking from or before going to sleep. The keen sense of discomfort aroused by the presence of dirt incites to cleansing. Often one may see an ant suddenly pause in the midst of the duties of field or for-micary and begin to comb herself. Here is a mountain mound-maker driven by the passion of nest-building to the utmost fervor of activity. Suddenly she drops out of the gang of fellow workers, and mounting a near-by clod, poses upon her hind legs and plies teeth, tongue, and comb. For a few moments the aim of being is centred upon that act. Around her coign of vantage sweeps to and fro the bustling host of builders with all their energies bent upon reconstructing their ruined city. She combs on unconcernedly. From top of head to tip of



TOILET ACCESSORIES OF ANTS

- a. Secondary spur or comb
- b. Teeth of tibial comb

hind legs she goes, smoothing out ruffled hairs and removing atoms of soil invisible to human eyes. Her toilet is ended at last. A few leisurely finishing-strokes and she rises, stretches herself, calmly climbs down her pedestal, and is immediately infected with the fervor that lashes on the surging throng around her, and is lost in the crowd. Meanwhile other workers have dropped out of the lines, and may be seen here and there at their ablutions. Thus it goes in the field, as one may easily see if he have tact and patience.

But artificial nests give the best opportunity for careful observation, although one must allow for the unnatural surroundings.* No doubt with ants, as with man, artificial conditions of society induce greater attention to personal appearance. Thus the writer's imprisoned ants would invariably be drawn out from their underground lodgings by the light and heat of lamps at night. They would gather in clusters against the glass of the formicary next the lamp, and after some preliminary jostling and skirmish-

* These notes, and the sketches upon which the illustrations are based, were made chiefly from three species in confinement—the Agricultural ant (*Pogonomyrmex barbatus*), the Florida Harvester (*Pogonomyrmex crudelis*), and the Honey ant of the Garden-of-the-gods (*Myrmecocystus hortus-deorum*).

ing for position, would begin to wash themselves. Slight elevations, afforded by irregularities in the surface, were favorite seats. The modes of operating are so various that it is difficult to describe them, much more to fix the attitudes with the pencil. But typical poses at least may be described.

In cleaning the head and fore parts of the body the insect often sits upon the two hind legs and turns the face to one side. Then the fore leg is raised and passed over the face from the vertex to the mandible—that is, from the top of the head to the mouth. Meanwhile the head is slowly turned to expose both sides to manipulation; and if this is not satisfactory the position is reversed and the opposite leg brought into play. In “doing up the back hair”—as one may say—the head is further dropped and the leg with its movable spur-comb, which has free play like a comb in a human hand, is thrown quite behind the vertex, and moved forward again and again through the tuft of hairs growing there. In these and other cleansing movements the leg will be drawn through the jaws at intervals, to moisten it or to wipe off the dust caught in the comb. The action reminds one of the alternations of pussy's paw between mouth and neck when washing the back of her head and ears.

Cleaning the abdomen and the stinging organs at the apex, which is surrounded by circles of hairs, places the ant in grotesque attitudes; although herein also one notes a miniature of the ways of domestic animals. For example, the hind legs will be thrown backwards and well extended; the middle pairs set nearly straight outward from the thorax and less extended, so that the body is nearly erect.



COMBING THE HEAD AND ARRANGING THE BACK HAIR

The abdomen is then turned under the body and deflected upward towards the head, which at the same time is bent over and downward. The body of the ant thus forms a letter C, or nearly a circle. Meanwhile, the fore feet have clasped the abdomen, the tarsus passing quite around and beneath it, and the brushing has begun. The strokes are directed toward the tip of the abdomen, which is also sponged off by the tongue.

Occasionally the leg is rubbed over the head after being drawn through the mouth, and so again to the abdomen. One ant was seen cleansing its abdomen while hanging by the hind legs from the roof of the formicarium. The abdomen was thrown up and between the legs, as a gymnast on the turning-bar throws his body upward between his arms. The head was then reached upward, and tongue and fore feet were engaged as above described. Another emmet acrobat was caught in the act of cleansing its legs while hanging by one foot, the under part of the body being toward the observer.

During these toilet actions the formicarium presented a most interesting view, especially in the evening, when the table-lamps were lit and the ants had been fed, and a general "washing-up" was in progress. But one of the most interesting features was the part which the insects took in cleansing one another. This was a new and pleasing revelation in life habit. It was unexpected, but after-experience showed that nature has taught these little creatures the value of co-operation in such matters among fellow communists. Ants are particularly liable to attack of parasites—a danger increased



ODD TOILET ATTITUDES

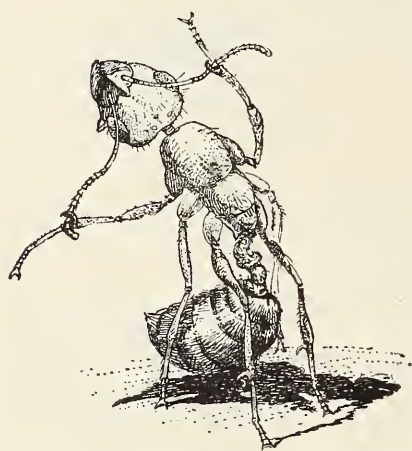
Ants cleansing the legs and the stinging organs

by imprisonment. As these enemies pass from one to another, and thus become a common peril, every individual has an interest in the personal health and habits of his neighbors. This is shown in the friendly offices here described. We may easily think of men as saying, "My neighbor's premises are untidy; he lacks the means and the disposition to keep clean; he is infected—what is that to me?" But citizens of an emmet commune are apt to be superior to such selfishness, and seem to feel instinctively—at least so to act—that the pernicious habits and personal misfortunes of the individual highly concern his fellows and the public. Perhaps this is fortified by a natural amiability that delights to give pleasure. And what a pleasure most animals feel in manipulation of the hair and body! The now popular art of massagerie appears to be naturally practised by ants, doubtless antedating by ages the habit of men.

Let us peep into this group snuggled up against the warm glass side of the formicary. They have finished their evening meal of sweets; have drunk, after their fashion, by lapping water from moistened wood, and most of them are busy at their toilet. And here is one receiving a sort of Turkish bath! A fore

leg is held up, which a fellow worker is sponging with her tongue, moving gently with "the lay of the hair" from thigh to foot. Then the mouth is passed steadily over the body; next the neck is licked, then prothorax and head. Now the friendly operator leaves, and her comrade takes up the toilet service for herself.

Note another couple. The cleanser has begun at the face, which is thoroughly brushed, even the jaws being cared for, which are held apart for convenient manipulation. From the face the operator passes to the thorax, thence to the



COMBING THE ANTENNÆ

haunch, and so along the first leg, along the second and third legs in the same manner, around to the abdomen, and thence up the other side to the head. Another ant approaches and joins in the friendly task, but soon quits it. All this while the attitude of the cleansed ant is one of intense satisfaction, quite like that of a family dog when one scratches his neck. The insect stretches out her limbs, and as her friend takes them successively into hand, yields them limp and supple to her manipulation. She rolls slowly over upon her side, even quite over upon her back, and with all her limbs relaxed presents a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease.

The pleasure which the creatures take in being thus brushed and "sponged" is really enjoyable to the stander-by. The writer has seen an ant kneel down before a fellow and thrust forward its head, drooping, quite under the face, and lie there motionless, thus expressing

as plainly as sign-language could do her wish to be cleansed. The observer understood the gesture, and so did the supplicated ant, for she at once went to work.

The acrobatic skill of these ants was fully shown one morning in the offices of ablution. The formicary had been taken from its place, where it had become chilled, and set on the hearth before an open fire. The warmth was soon diffused through the nest, and roused its occupants to unusual activity. A tuft of grass in the centre of the box was presently covered with them. They climbed to the top of the spires, turned around and around, hanging by their paws, not unlike gymnasts performing upon a ladder. They hung or clung in various positions, grasping the grass-blade with the third and fourth pairs of legs, which were spread out at length, meanwhile cleansing their heads with the fore legs, or bending underneath to comb and lick the abdomen. Among these were several ants, and in one case a pair, engaged in washing and brushing a fellow ant. They clung to the grass, having a fore leg on one side of the stem and a hind leg on the other, stretched out at full length, while the cleansed ant hung in a like position below, and reached over and up, submitting herself complaisantly to the process. As the progress of the act required a change of posture by either or both parties, it was made with agility.

These toilet operations usually preceded and followed sleep. For ants, of course, must sleep; and all the tokens of repose appear in them which are common to sleeping animals. Their sleepy ways may be illustrated by the behavior of a group of twenty-five or thirty Agricultural ants in a glass formicary. They had been lured by a gas-lamp upon the table from underground galleries and cells where they spent most of their time, and grouped themselves in little clusters next the light. Some occupied corks, clods, and pebbles placed for them, for they like slight elevations. Others clung to the surface of the glass a little above the ground; but this was not a secure retreat, for they would soon drop off when they fell asleep, whereat, with a drowsy air and crestfallen seeming, they

sought more secure positions. Most of them were cuddled down upon the surface. Some squatted upon their abdomens; some lay upon their sides; some stood a-tiptoe on their hind legs against the glass. Some crouched upon the earth, piled one atop of another. There was a constant agitation in the clusters, and frequent changes of position occurred.

While the ants of one group were sleeping, others would be at work, and these would stalk among and over the sleepers, vigorously jostling them at times. Again, new members occasionally joined a group, and in their eagerness to get close up to the heat, crowded their drowsy comrades

aside. Ants at work in the galleries would drop the pellets they carried, push into a group of sleepers, and presently themselves be sound asleep. This rough treatment was invariably received with good humor, as are like jostlings during waking and working hours. The fact must be set to the credit of emmet amiability, as—from the standpoint of higher animals at least—the circumstances peculiarly tend to irritate the temper. Of course, however, some of the sleepers would be aroused. They changed their positions a little, or gave themselves a brief combing, and resumed their nap—unless, indeed, they were satisfied, in which case they stretched their limbs and yawned in the approved manner of the *genus homo*.

The length of time given to sleep varies according to circumstances and perhaps temperament. The big-headed soldiers of the Florida Harvester seem more sluggish than the smaller workers. Their sleep is longer and heavier. The longest

period during which individuals were observed to sleep is three and a half hours. But then with most ants sleep was broken up into several naps, longer or shorter, by incomers and intruding laborers. We may



ANTS GIVING A FRIENDLY TONGUE BRUSH TO THEIR FELLOWS

infer that the sleep of ants may be prolonged for three hours. They may sleep longer in natural site and under ground. Certainly in confinement they commonly take much shorter naps.

During sleep the ant's body is quite still. Occasionally may be noted a regular lifting up and setting down of the fore feet, one leg after another, with almost rhythmic motion. The antennæ also have a gentle, quivering, apparently involuntary movement, almost like breathing. The soundness of slumber was frequently proved by applying the feather end of a quill. The feather-tip is lightly drawn along the back, stroking "with the fur." There is no emotion. Again and again this action is repeated, the stroke being made gradually heavier. Still there is no change. The strokes are directed upon the head, with the same result. Then the feather is applied to the neck with a waving motion intended to tickle it. The ant remains motionless. Finally the sleeper is aroused by a sharp



AN ACROBATIC BATH

Brushing and sponging a fellow ant—a group of sleeping ants below

touch of the quill. She stretches out her head; then her legs, which she shakes also; steps nearer to the light, yawns, and begins to comb her antennæ and brush her head and mouth. Then she clambers over her sleeping comrades, dives into an

open gangway, and soon has said "Good morning" to another tour of duty. Be it well noted, however, that she has gone to work, as she and all her fellows always do, not only rested, but with her person perfectly clean!

Below and Above

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

I HUNTED heaven everywhere,
I blindly sought for solace sweet,
While shyly peeping unaware,
Meek daisies nestled at my feet.

I cried aloud for hint of God,
Telling my beaded baubles o'er,
While from the quick womb of the sod,
Glad roses climbed to deck my door.

A Guarded Shrine

BY ALICE BROWN

CONSTANCE BURTON, on her way down to Wilbraham, leaned her head against the car window and tried to clarify her problem, lest, on arriving, the solution should be at once required of her. She was a beautiful woman, judged by the canons fitted to human living. Her face had an alluring irregularity; there were complex meanings in it, veiled, some of them, by memories. Soft, loose hair drooped above her delicate brows, and her mouth had the enchanting line made by a piquant upper lip. She looked like a woman of instinctive sympathies whom life had steadily enriched. She knew the wholesome meanings of things, and she had learned them through experience. Her black clothes were plain, yet lovely; but they did not seem to be the conventional mourning. There was a plume in her soft hat, and her cloak was held by a silver clasp. She was but two months widowed, and she was going down to see her husband's mother, a stranger to her, and tell her some hard facts. How should the facts be told? To her, the wife, they brought only an exalted loyalty, an added reason for living, in that she had to complete something her husband had begun. She sat there, not letting her mind wander, but driving it relentlessly back over the six years of her married life, culling thence the portions that would fit that life as she understood it, and as his mother must be made to understand.

She had met Blaise Burton in Italy when he was studying there, and they had married after a three months' courtship. Then came his illness and the break that sent him to Davos, and the long imprisonment there with her at hand, never farther away than his voice could reach. They had been entirely happy in their snowy exile, he with but one regret: that his mother should be living out her days untended in New England. But in every letter Madam

Burton begged him not to come. She would go to him, she promised, as soon as she was free. Now she had her freedom, after the death of her sister, whose illness matched his own; but at that very time had come his high-hearted rush to the valley, to be with his old chum stricken by fever, his illness there and death.

What could his wife say to illuminate those obituary notices that must have torn his mother's heart anew, adding the pang of failure to that of grief? She remembered one of the summaries from a paper that had been swift to hail him when he went into print ten years before. It was a type of all the rest. Blaise Burton was, it said, a one-book man. His earliest attempt, the Italian sketches, well spun as gossamer, made his sole title to remembrance. The work that followed later was a futile incursion into fields where giants only are strong enough to tread. He had made an unwise choice. He had belied the promise of his early days.

That concurrent testimony roused her to hot loyalty. She knew the dreams and longings out of which that work was born. She had met, hand in hand with him, the visions that stirred him to his rapt interest in the soul of things, his passion to depict it justly. While he lived, they walked, they two, amid the shows of life, oblivious of them, their eyes upon the dawn. They had forgotten, in their devotion to what shall be, their lack of recognition from the things that are. But to his mother in her New England solitude he must have been a man of fame; or rather, he had been, until these chilling estimates enlightened her. How could she be made to understand how his life transcended all he seemed to do, and that his rush toward light blew back the flame he carried? How was it possible to show her on what solid ground his name might yet be set?

Constance descended at the station in

the light of the later afternoon. Wilbraham, a college town, had a curious blending of life in its elm-shaded streets. There was the quiet of an ancient spot where tradition had been transmitted unchanged from generation to generation, and flickering about it, like sunlight on still water, the life of youth. Ample houses slept there in colonial calm, and boys went trotting past them, eyes set forward and hands clenched. There was a placid river between two lines of trees, and bare-armed athletes strained upon it, to the beat of oars.

Constance took one glance at the wide horizon before she found herself invited by a bony, white-haired woman leaning from a chaise.

"I won't leave the hoss," the woman called. "Should you just as soon hand your check to Timothy Peters? Timothy, you take this check, an' bring her trunk along next time you come."

Timothy, a lank denizen, accepted the check, and eyed the traveller with an air of just appraisement. Constance knew at once that she was "Blaise's widder" to the village. Blaise had told her all its little annals, how they were sown and garnered.

"You git right in here," said the woman, and when Constance complied, old White rocked sleepily away.

"You must be Mary King," said Constance.

"How'd you know?" asked Mary, in quick delight. "I guess he must ha' told ye."

"Yes, he told me. He told me about making candy in the kitchen."

"Way over there in Europe, he told you that?"

"Yes; and how you hid him under the eight-legged table when he didn't want to go to school."

Mary chuckled in proud retrospect. Then her face clouded. "We had high times," she said, "high times in them days."

They loitered along the High Street, with its spacious houses, none better than another, and turned in at the driveway of one great place. Constance leaned far out of the carriage to look. It seemed as if he might be by to welcome her, so often had they taken this journey hand in hand and rejoiced at their home-coming.

"There's the big lilac," she said to herself.

But Mary heard, and her old eyes were dimmed.

"And the horse-block and the mulberry-tree," said Constance. "I believe that's the path to the gooseberry-patch and the old well."

"There's Mis' Burton on the door-step," said Mary, and dropped the reins. Old John was coming from the stable, his thin face keen with interest. Constance smiled her recognition at him, and immediately there were tears in his eyes, too.

Madam Burton stood there on the steps, framed by the honeysuckle trellis. She was a stately woman, with the beauty born of a large-featured significance veiled by the placidity of age. She made no pretence at dressing in a modern way. Her black silk was even severe in its plain waist and the fall of the gathered skirt. She wore a lawn kerchief and a cap. Constance, seeing Blaise's look in her, was shaken. Tears were rare visitants with her, but when she stepped to the door-stone where the old lady was awaiting her, they were running down her cheeks. The mother took her hands and seemed to steady her.

"There, dear, there!" she said. "Come right in."

Constance followed her. The moment was poignant and yet comforting. There was pain in it, and a homely pleasure she had not felt since Blaise had died. Every corner of the house, as it saluted her, brought its pang of welcome. It had stood unchanged since he saw it, and now she almost heard his laugh and touched the bitter memory of his talk about it. She was comforted in that she seemed about to come upon him, and yet smitten by a keen, new heat of pain because, amid so many voices, his was still.

She sank on the sofa in the great living-room, and drew Madam Burton down beside her. There they sat for a moment with clasped hands, the mother recognizing the tension of this home-coming, and visibly soothing her through an attitude of mind. Constance caught her breath once or twice, and then controlled herself.

"No, Mary, I'll take her up myself," said Madam Burton, when Mary King appeared expectantly.

Constance rose with her, and they went slowly up the stairs.

"This is his room," said Madam Burton, pausing at the east-chamber door. There was no question whether Constance was to occupy it, though no small adornments had been added to fit her needs. She stepped in, and Madam Burton followed her. Constance looked about in a recognition of it as a part of him, and the older woman's mind seemed to accompany hers, gently and with an unspoken but always reassuring commentary. There were his boyish trophies on the wall, the hunting-crop, snow-shoes, the photographs of his mates, and the big portrait of the dog that died.

"Supper will be at six," said Madam Burton, "but there's no hurry, if you'd rather lie down a while."

Then she went away, closing the door behind her, and leaving Constance, as the wife subtly felt, alone with a most dear possession: the boy whom she had never known, save through his own careless testimony. But she avoided any impulsive survey of the room, lest she should exhaust her legacy too quickly, and in half an hour she was down-stairs again, telling Madam Burton about her voyage. Then there was supper, exquisitely served in a quiet room where the light struck through the grape-vine trellis, and a little later Constance found herself sitting on the veranda with Madam Burton, conscious that the moment had come for them to talk, and, most probably, for her own justification of the dead against the tongues of men.

The place, growing old in an honored security, had a peacefulness as mellow as the foreign lands she knew. The sounds of temperate life were sweet to her. She heard the subdued clink of Mary's dishes from the kitchen, and the intermittent murmur of her voice talking to the other maid. John was pottering about the stable, going back and forth with a pail, and, she noticed, with a responsive liking, taking wistful glances at her now and then, as at something most immediate to the house. Indeed, the place, even after his years of absence, seemed haunted by the young master still.

"I must take you into the attic to-morrow," said Madam Burton, suddenly. She had thrown a white shawl about her

shoulders, and now she drew the corner up over her head. So draped, she was majestic in a gentle way, and Constance, turning to answer her, felt the wonder awakened by old age that sees its road and yearns not backward.

"I want to go everywhere," she answered.

"All his little things are there," said Madam Burton. "I began to look them over a week ago. Then I thought I'd let them be till you came, and we'd do it together."

"His baby things?"

"Yes; and some he wore when he was a boy. He had a braided jacket—"

"I know. That was the time the other boys called him Mary Ann, and he came home and chopped his curls off."

Madam Burton laughed. "Yes," said she, "that was the time. I never shall forget his poor little freckled face, all over tears. He took the kitchen knife and made a slash across the braid. I have always kept the jacket. He felt so bad. I felt bad, too."

"But you took him up to town next morning," said Constance, justifyingly, "and had his hair shingled, and bought him a real boy's suit with trouser pockets."

The erring mother smiled. "Yes, I did," said she. "I made up as soon as I could."

"What else is up there?" asked Constance, softly.

"A good many of his clothes, dear. I never could seem to throw away his clothes till he grew so big they looked like other folk's. He had a little raglan. You don't know what a raglan was? They were old-fashioned even then."

"A kind of outside garment, wasn't it?"

"Yes; a queer little coat. This was checked, with lots of buttons. That was when he was a mite of a thing. And one day we walked—it's a mile beyond here—to the place where old Silas Edes took daguerreotypes. Silas never believed in newfangled things. If you mentioned photographs to him, he'd swear most distressingly."

"So you walked there—"

"Yes, my dear. Blaise had his picture taken in his raglan, and he was so proud you can't think. When we came away,

nothing would do but he must carry it. So I let him; but it fell out of the little pocket, and we had to go back half the way for it. He didn't cry that time. His lips quivered, but he held them tight."

Old John came out of the barn and advanced to the veranda rail. He spoke to Madam Burton, but he looked at Constance.

"Maybe I'd better have old Hornblende up from the pastur' to-morrer," he said. "Maybe she'd like to see him."

"Yes," said Madam Burton, "have him up."

"Horse he rode constant, last year he was to home," John explained, rather chokingly. "Horse seemed to understand every word was said to him. I'll have him up."

Constance rose and leaned upon the rail. She spoke eagerly.

"No," said she. "Let me go down. I want to see the brook where the spearmint grows. I've got to drink out of the spring."

John's face grew fuller with the moving blood. "There!" said he to Madam Burton, and she nodded at him. "We'll go down 'long about ten," he said to Constance, and turned away toward the stable again, shaking his head and carrying on a commendatory dialogue with himself. At once Constance felt that the young master's house had accepted her. But instead of settling down into its peace, she had still her task to do, and she broke into it with the haste sprung from enforced delay.

"Have you read what the papers say of him?" she asked, abruptly.

The older woman inclined her head. "Some of them," she answered. "Yes, a good many. You know he subscribed to quite a number of foreign ones for me."

Constance dared her plunge. "They say he failed," she said, with a note of bitterness.

"Yes," returned the mother, gently. "I know."

The young wife's mind supplied the counter-question, "And don't you care?" But she did not put it. Instead, she began her prearranged defence with one of the commonplaces that she had thought might serve her.

"I don't know whether you were prepared for it?"

"My dear," said the other woman, still with that compliant dignity, "when people are as old as I am, they don't prepare. They take things as they come." Then, answering the baffled look on the young wife's face, she continued, as if she refrained from directing the talk into ways it was not meant to take: "He worked quite hard these last years?"

It was a question, and Constance returned hotly: "It was not so much work. It was a fight. You know, dear—" She paused, and remembering she had lost her own mother too early to make the transference of the word a disloyalty, wondered if she might adventure it.

"I wish you would," said Madam Burton.

Constance thanked her with a look. "I don't believe you guessed how he changed; how the whole bent of his mind altered up there in the last years. His letters didn't tell you. They were too personal. Don't you know how he used to fill them with every-day gossip,—what we were doing, how the latest patient behaved, and those marginal drawings, enough to make a mummy laugh?"

"They were good letters," said the mother.

"Yes; but you had to find the intimate part of him in his work. And his work was scattered, in America, in England, everywhere. He besieged the journals with poems, essays; but what he wrote was too unpopular ever to be collected. So no one can sit down to turn his pages, volume after volume, and say, 'He was this or that.' We can't prove anything about him. They won't let us." Her face kindled with heat engendered by her fighting spirit.

"What do you want to prove, my dear?" asked the other woman.

"I want to prove that he was not a man of one book, but many,—not judging by quantity, mind you. No! By actual achievement. Just think! This was what he did. He went to Italy and wrote those color sketches. If he had pinned himself down to that kind of work, nobody would have had enough of him. There would have been sets of him in boxes, and people would be babbling about his style. But no! he went up there into the mountains and began to live. He dealt with nations then, not

individuals. It was England's Eastern policy that inflamed him first; he poured his blood into those sonnets. He saw America forswearing her old aloofness, and pitched in. More sonnets, and the essays called 'The Lost Atlantis.' Well, they hated him. The people that spoke his own tongue abjured him. It was a literary ostracism. England was too hot with the heat of battle to hear reproof without calling it traitorous in any man of English speech. America was too fat with money and crude, hurtling power—"She choked, and thoughts came faster than her words. This was as she had imagined herself speaking before audiences that were willing to see him rehabilitated. But great as was the tide within her, it found itself stilled by the extreme quiet of his mother, whom she had meant to comfort. It seemed at the moment as if the other woman had not felt the popular dumbness as she had done. It might even be that she had not felt it at all. But she was speaking:

"He had a following, I think?"

"Oh yes, he had a following of the malcontents that are always on the other side. They liked to call him 'one of us.' But don't you see, mother, his own people, the men of letters, they didn't take the trouble to find out what he was doing. They sat down and bemoaned those little cameos because there weren't more of them. They wouldn't take the trouble to understand him. They clogged his way with their numbing silence, their foolish laughter—"

"You feel this very keenly," said Madam Burton.

This time Constance dared her question: "Don't you feel it?"

But Madam Burton hardly seemed to hear. "You think," she pursued, "he was unpopular because he spoke the truth?"

"Because he spoke the honest truth, as he saw it hour by hour. He wasn't always right. No! But his intention was colossal. He should have been judged by that. But they didn't want to be flogged and scorched and scarred. They wanted little vest-pocket volumes they could read on the train. People are shy of big intentions. They don't tolerate them, except in the standard classics."

Madam Burton had another question to

put, and she essayed it apprehensively. "Did he—" she hesitated. "Do you think he felt this deeply?"

"Not for a moment. He was too big. He was only—what shall I say?—a little wistful over it. Once he did say: 'They mustn't make me self-conscious. They mustn't weaken my sword-arm.' No! he was above the clouds. But I—I wasn't, though it's only since he—since it happened, that I've grown so hot about it. You see, up there with him it didn't seem to matter. Besides, I'd always had a hope they would recognize him at last. When the notices came out, I turned to them for the only comfort life could give me. But I didn't get it. He was a man who had at one time shown promise. That was what they said."

Madam Burton rose and drew her shawl about her. "Let us take a step in the garden," she suggested, and Constance followed her. They went down the path to the long, sweet-smelling enclosure, and paced gravely between borders rich with flowers, the mother leaning on her daughter's arm. Down by the gnarled apple-tree at the foot Madam Burton stopped and pointed out a patch of ladies'-delights in the enfolding sward. "That's Timmie's grave," she said.

"The spaniel?"

"Yes. Blaise buried him himself, and then stole into the house and asked me to come and sing 'Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.' I did it. He piped up too, with his little, clear voice. We never spoke of it afterwards, even when he was grown up. It had gone too deep."

They turned back again, and then Madam Burton suddenly continued, with a bright rallying of spirit that illumined her: "Well, daughter, what are we going to do about it?"

"About him? His memory?"

"Yes."

"There is but one thing for me to do. Write his life, collect his papers, publish them at my own expense. Say to the world, 'This was the man you shut your ears to.'"

"Would he want you to?"

Constance halted at a spot where the fragrance of honeysuckle scented the air and great red poppies lay around, bursting with bloom.

"No," she said, in frank avowal; "he'd

laugh at me. He never took back tracks in his life. He never reconsidered what was done. He only pressed on to the goal that was before him."

"Yes," said the mother, quietly, "I know."

"But don't you see, mother," the girl cried, with an added passion, "what the goal proved to be? An unlamented death, an obscure grave."

"Not lamented?"

At that moment John, having finished his work, came out upon the back veranda, and Mary followed him. They took the two chairs there, and sat in quiet talk together. The two women in the garden knew their minds were busy over this home-coming and the absent master of the house.

"Yet," said Constance, after they had exchanged a glance over that pregnant byplay, "I want to build a monument to him. You wrote me you had put up a stone to him in the churchyard here. I want this to be my stone."

"Yes, I put up the stone; but Blaise doesn't lie there. No matter where the real man lies. And as for the goal—" she looked inevitably up at the sky where a star was shining. "Well—" she said, and could not finish.

"You want I should bring you something thicker to put on?" called Mary from the porch.

Madam Burton smiled. "No," said she,—adding to Constance: "That is Mary's way of ordering me in. I do get stiff. It's a silly piece of business, this growing old."

"Let us go in," said Constance, with quick solicitude.

"We might as well. I want to take you up to my room. There are one or two things there you'd like to see. I'll go up first, my dear, and get a light." But while Constance lingered in the hall, Mary King came through the dining-room and beckoned. Constance followed her back to the kitchen, and there Mary took from her pocket a little worn card, and held it solicitously out between her thumb and finger.

"I didn't want her to see it," she whispered. "She never knew there was such a thing. It's just as well not."

Constance took the card and bent over it by the light of the candle. When she

looked up, Mary King nodded triumphantly and smiled.

"It's a reward of merit," said she. "The first he ever got."

Constance looked again at the glazed surface, where, under a moss rosebud, was her husband's name, with the date of a long-past year.

"He wa'n't no bigger'n a pint o' cider," continued Mary King, in swelling chronicle, "when he come home that afternoon with this held out in his hand, as budge as you please. 'Here, Mary,' says he, 'here's my reward of merit. You can have it if you want to. Where's the cookies?'" Mary chuckled. "'Where's the cookies?'" she repeated, as if the words were golden grain. "If I hadn't kep' over the rollin'-pin pretty stiddy, he'd ha' eat us out o' house an' home."

"So he gave it to you!" said Constance. Her eyes were wet and her mouth trembled.

"Yes. His mother was in York State makin' a visit, an' when she come back he never thought on't again. But I kep' it nice, in among my things."

"Coming, Constance?" called Madam Burton.

"Thank you, Mary," said the girl, giving back the card. "I'm glad you showed it to me."

Mary nodded, and holding it in one careful hand, took her way toward the kitchen, while Constance ran up-stairs.

Madam Burton was in the west chamber, where there was provision for all weathers: a great fireplace for the cold, with chintz-covered furniture and floating curtains to fit the summer. There were a few old-fashioned pictures, a Landseer, a Reynolds, and peacock feathers drooped over the glass. The room offered an impression of unconsidered furnishing, as if things not wanted in the rest of the house had drifted there for refuge. Yet it had an air of comfort. It was a mother's room. There were two lighted candles on the dressing-table, and Madam Burton, standing before them in her graceful slenderness, the shawl dropping from her shoulders, turned with an inviting gesture. Constance joined her there, and the other woman laughed in a sweet deprecation.

"It's so silly, dear," she said, "but I came across it to-day. It's a valentine

he made for me when he was only ten. He cut the letters out of an old label that came on some sort of fancy goods. See! 'Mother—Pure sole.' He couldn't spell it right, poor dear. The letters didn't run to it."

The two women looked at each other and smiled with that whimsical mirth which is not merriment, but love. The mother in them was alive. At that moment they both felt in the room the presence of the shadowy third—the little boy grown up so long ago. Then they sat down together by the table. Madam Burton began abruptly:

"It isn't that I don't sympathize with what you intend to do. It's only that I don't want you to be disappointed if it doesn't come out the way you expect."

"You think people may not read his papers if I get them together?"

"They may not. At least, not with your eyes. You see, my dear, we have to learn that there are two parties to what we say—the one that speaks, the one that hears. Well, Blaise may never have found any one to hear."

"I don't believe you care whether they listen or not!" said Constance, with an illuminating comprehension.

Madam Burton laid one delicate hand on hers. "Not much, dear," she answered, lightly. "Not very much."

"You think he did his work!"

"I know he did. We both know it."

"And that is enough!"

Madam Burton rose and put out the

candles with a charming motion full of her gentlewoman's grace. "It seems a pity to have a light, these summer nights," she said. "Come to the window. We can talk better there."

They stepped up into the recess made by the curving glass, and stood a moment before sitting down on the cushioned seat. For Constance there was suddenly a sense of richness and of peace. She was here in his home, hung with countless memories of him like a wall curtained with pictures. The child was here, the little boy who had grown into the man she loved. In the almost tangible presence of his memory, bounded achievement fell away from him and left him mother-naked, a creature of exquisite mortality, on his way from world to world, lightly scorning to give the victor's hail to fame. He had become a citizen of the universe, not of one exacting spot where names are writ in water or in brass, but still in an imperfect script that may or may not fit the universal tongue. It was not so much that he was reft from earth as released from it, and dowered with swifter wings for love and worship. She was warm at the heart with the nearness of him. Recalled by the passing of an emotion too poignant to be long continued, she glanced at his mother, who stood there, hands clasped in front of her and head thrown back, her eyes upon a star.

"I wonder," said the older woman, thrillingly—"I wonder what he is doing now!"

Interchange

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

IT hath been ordered so for me,
Ofttimes a veiled figure waits
My entrance at Joy's very gates—
And I the face of Grief must see!

And it was ordered so for me
That, ofttimes in Grief's citadel,
The stars shine through my low-built cell—
The door swings wide—and I go free!

Ravenna

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

ENTERING Ravenna, I seemed to be penetrating into emptiness. Here, not a house seems alive; there is an odor in the air which is like the smell of earth or of graves; the people shiver in the streets, or walk muffled to the mouth in ample cloth cloaks with collars of fur; there is a feverish red in the hollow cheeks, and a brightness of fever in the eyes.

After Venice, where I had seen strong and comfortable men, naked to the waist, carrying heavy burdens between the wharves and the ships, one seemed to have come into a city of sick people. And the city, too, is as if worn out, languid with fever; it has not aged gracefully. Its miraculous mosaics, so nearly

unaging, are housed inside rough walls, through which the damp creeps, staining the marble columns with strange, lovely colors of decay. The streets are chill, narrow corridors for the wind; earth-colored, left to accumulate the natural dinginess of things. Here and there a great basilica, a tower, the fragment of an ancient palace, rises out of a cluster of dull-brown roofs. The Cathedral square is half overgrown with grass; grass grows up the six steps in front of the one old and solid house there; all around the red plaster is peeling off the walls; through two of the five roads which lead out of the square you see the green and brown of trees and the dingy beginnings of the city wall.



INTERIOR OF S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE



MARKET ON PIAZZA ALIGHIERI

On market-day Ravenna awakens for a whole morning. The people come in great numbers through all the gates of the city, on foot, and in their tiny carts slung together with netted string. The Piazza Vittorio Emanuele is thronged with rough, red, wrinkled peasants, muffled in their great cloaks, and in the Piazza Dante Alighieri, which opens out of it, there is a sort of small fair. Stalls are set up all over the rocky ground; cloths of bright color, especially certain fiery yellows and reds, are heaped upon them; they hang in strips, blazing in the midst of dull hanks of hemp, of wooden utensils, of earthenware, of beaten copper. Women with bright handkerchiefs over their heads, with something red always in kerchief or bodice, stand at the stalls; there is a slow heaving of people to and fro in the square. The women who pass have serious yet slightly ironical faces,—sometimes with that steady, ambiguous look which one sees in the Jewess and in the Gipsy. They hold themselves proudly, like conscious animals,—differing (how

strangely!) from the Venetians, their neighbors, who are unconscious animals. It is all a little sombre and feverish; there is no gayety, no lightness, but rather something serious, almost uneasy, in the watchful aspect of the people.

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All life forsakes Ravenna, which lives on with an unholy charm, like one really dead, kept in a semblance of life by witchcraft. The sea has ebbed from it, life has ebbed out of it, splendor and power have forsaken it; it remains the lovely and unhappy ghost of itself. The streets themselves are as if cut out of the ground; they have the color and chill feel of the earth; the sun rarely soaks into them; one seems to be walking in a city dug up out of ruins. There is a strange, shivering silence everywhere; in these roughly paved streets on which there is so rarely a sound of wheels or of footsteps; in these vast and solid houses, from behind whose bars and shutters so few faces look out; in these empty squares; these sumptuous churches with closed doors, opened for curious strangers; these

great gateways shutting in the city upon itself. And light, when it comes into the city, is itself disquieting. Sometimes, after a day's resignation or dull waiting, Ravenna begins to awaken, like a

Ravenna is full of ancient monuments, which seem to last on, after so unthinkably many centuries, like very old people, blind and deaf, and feeble in hands and feet, who still sit by the hearth of their old homes, dressed in ancient finery, and tolerating the youth of the world with an impeccable courtesy. They frighten the younger people a little, who feel their own flimsy modernness, and a youth which is not likely to grow distinguished, as they consider the ghastly beauty of their ancestors.

In Ravenna there are the tombs of all the ages: sarcophagi of the early martyrs of the Church; the sepulchre of Theodoric, King of the Goths; the tomb of Dante. Has any structure in which people were to live ever lasted so long as those in which for so much longer (as, in their wisdom, they realized) they were to lie dead? There are only a few arches and a few broken walls left of the

convalescent, as the afternoon brightens towards sunset. Seen from the walls, the colors of the sky seem to soak down upon the city; it flushes, seems to respond to the light. Standing in the Piazza Byron at sunset, one sees the red walls of the church of S. Francesco as if flaming against a sky from which the fires of sunset are reflected; every leaf of the little tree that stands in the corner of the square burns with a separate flame, and the red glow extends to the tomb of Braccioforte, where Dante lies buried among the sarcophagi.

palace of Theodoric, but the tomb of Theodoric still stands, with its impregnable walls, its roof of a single slab of Istrian granite, solid as a prison, like a work of Titans. And, everywhere, with a strange and lovely placidity which seems natural and at home only in Ravenna, there are the sarcophagi of stone and marble,—in churches and museums, around the tomb of Dante, and, once only, though empty, in the mausoleum which was built to cover it: the vast and rocky sarcophagus of Galla Placidia. They are a part of the place, beautiful



SEPULCHRE OF THEODORIC THE GREAT (SIXTH CENTURY)

and formidable and peaceful remembrances of death. Death here becomes as beautiful and durable a thing as any other form of what is elsewhere fleeting in human things. There is something terrifying in the eternity of form, color, substance; in Ravenna nothing is lost, everything lasts on, and may sometimes be thought to wish, and be unable, to fade out, or even to grow old visibly.

Lean and ascetic Ravenna has a certain exquisite rigidity in its charm, like that of a crucifix—like that of the strange, severe, and sumptuous crucifix of engraved silver disks in the Cathedral. The streets are long and straight, with sharp angles, rarely a curve: you can look half-way across the city, and see the light through any one of its great gateways. And the houses are almost all flat; they are large, severe, with iron bars over the lower windows; they have rarely a balcony or any exterior decoration. The houses of the Polentas or of the Traversari are only distinguished from the later buildings by a finer severity, by a few rigid cornices or lintels, and by a more heavily resistant way of leaning back from a base solidly planted in the earth. The very ruins, the ruins of the palace of Theodoric, for instance, form level lines



S. VITALE, RAVENNA

with the street, and bring no disturbing picturesqueness into the pattern. And, in all this, there is a form of charm as inherent as in the severe art of mosaic. In Ravenna mosaic obtains a quality hardly known elsewhere, a quality of softness, almost a diaphanous quality. The colors of mosaic in Venice are the colors of Venetian water, as it is stained by clouds and by the hard bright reflections of things: Venetian mosaic is water turned to stone. But in Ravenna its colors are those of the sky above them. I have seen, at sunset, a sky in which

I could distinguish the exact shades of color, certain purples and reds and bluish yellows, which I had seen in the mosaics of S. Vitale, in the birds and beasts and fruits in the central roof of the choir there. I have seen, at sunset, the subtlest green of S. Apollinare in Classe, the malachite and lapis lazuli of the Baptistery of the Orthodox, alive and momentary in the sky above Ravenna.

Ravenna is a city clothed in hard substances: marble, and the metallic brightness of mosaic. And these hard substances have become ductile and luminous, a garment of Oriental stuffs and jewels, colored in infinite gradations. Its splendor is sepulchral, and to walk in it is to walk in a buried city, where the earth has been heaped for centuries over rich treasures, never quite lost, nor ever wholly recovered. To enter S. Vitale is like entering an excavation, and one has almost the sensation that these columns of white marble, with their exquisite and severe capitals, so precise and delicate, these veined marbles which paint the walls, these domes and arches over which fields and skies of mosaic flame and blossom, are now being dug up out of the earth. Everywhere there is a covering of rough red brick, a mere shell, over these temples, which are still, after the devastations of fourteen hundred years, the most royal palaces built for God and the saints.

Sigismondo Malatesta stripped the marble from the walls of S. Apollinare in Classe, but the twenty-four columns of grayish-white marble, resting on their square, carved, white marble bases, still stand in their place, twelve on either side, and lead up to the broad circular steps of the tribuna, where, in the dome, color begins. If the mosaics of the nave of S. Apollinare Nuovo could but be transferred to the walls of the nave of S. Apollinare in Classe, we should have, under one roof, an all but perfect sixteenth-century basilica, clothed in colors as flaming and imperishable as jewels. In the choir of S. Vitale there is a column of green marble veined with more colors than I have ever seen in marble: agate, porphyry, malachite, and I know not how many other precious substances. Looked at against the light it is like a great mottled green snake, dully alive, and standing rigid. Overhead, in the dome,

there is a sky which is like the neck of a peacock, flowered over with patterns of leaves and beasts and birds, in the fixed, fiery, and gentle illumination of mosaic.

It is always the green of grass and the blue of the sky that are burnt into these colored spaces like flames. And, as one might remember certain flowers among the flowers of a great garden, or certain jewels from a cabinet of jewels, I remember chiefly, and with most of separate pleasure, the gold stars on the blue nocturnal sky of the dome of the mausoleum of Galla Placidia; the birds of all species and all colors, the ducks and hens, among red disks, trefoliated outwards in white, which make the inner ceiling of the Cappella di S. Pier Crisologo; the lapis lazuli which makes a sky in the dome of the Baptistery, against which the twelve Apostles walk in gold and white robes, with jewelled crowns in their hands, and the green grass, on which a shadow turns and darkens with their feet, as the circle goes round with the sun; the smooth green carpet of grass in the heavenly meadow which curtains the whole dome of S. Apollinare in Classe like a sky; the peacocks at the four corners of the roof of the tribuna of S. Vitale, and the globes of burning blue under the feet of the four angels who point to the central Lamb; and, in S. Apollinare Nuovo, the Eastern shawls and jewels and the points of the red slippers of the women who carry crowns to the Virgin, and the white and gold curtains looped back from the windows of the royal palace of Ravenna.

But, in Ravenna, there is another charm besides this visible one. It is to be loved for its sternness, the barriers to its beauty, what is tragic and unyielding in it, its still and silent attitude of fixed meditation and remembrance, its stoniness, its mists and winter color, its reticent, unwilling, and mysterious response to a mood of the sky or of the hour. It broods among memories, forgetting nothing. The heroic and unhappy queen, Galla Placidia, has still her place there, outside her mausoleum, empty now of all but the beauty which she created about her, fifteen centuries ago. The peasants, as they pass the rocky tomb standing in the midst of fields, with



THE BAPTISTERY OF THE CATHEDRAL

its two bushes of pampas-grass, like two lamps burning with white flame, before it, speak of Theodoric the Goth as of a king against whom Garibaldi might have led them.

One still sees, in the mosaic of the choir of S. Vitale, the insatiable eyes of the Empress Theodora, as she stands, tall and royally draped, and crowned with pearls, offering a cup of gold to the throned Christ. In the church of S. Maria in Porto Fuori, which rises with its great square tower out of a farmyard in a field, one still

sees, among the half-ruined frescos with their colors of pale rose, the calm and eager face of Francesca da Rimini: the bright gold hair wreathed with green leaves, the long neck, the long sensitive hands, the long straight line of nose and forehead, and the wide-open eye, looking down from an open window, as if for the first sight of Paolo. The cottage woman who opened the church door for me spoke with an easy, smiling, and respectful familiarity of Francesca and of Peter the Sinner, the Blessed Pietro degli Onesti who built the church in

1096. A peasant whom I met in the Pineta said to me: "Have you seen Dante's Walk, under the trees by the canal? He used to walk there in the that d'Annunzio has planted a rose-tree in the first act of *Francesca da Rimini*, where Francesca walks round it in the court of her father's house, and touches the carvings on the four sides, and says, as she touches each in order:

The Redeemer treads
Under His feet the lion
and the snake;
Mary saluted by Elizabeth;
Our Lady, and the angel
bids "All hail!"
The stags are drinking
at the running brook.

By the side of the tomb is the house, its windows bricked up, but the tall brown wall still solid, where, as the tablet tells you, Dante was the guest of Guido da Polenta: "Questa casa fu un tempo dei Polentani, che ebbero la gloria di accogliere ospitalmente Dante Alighieri." On an old red wall overlooking the public gardens near the station there is another tablet: "Beatrice, figliuola di Dante Alighieri, in questo cenobio di Santo Stefano degli Olivi si votò a Dio, indignata delle nequizie del mondo, visto da una rea fazione di cittadini dannato il padre a perpetuo esilio e mendico ire in cerca dell'

altrui pane" (Beatrice, daughter of Dante Alighieri, in this convent of Santo Stefano degli Olivi, devoted herself to God, wroth with the world's wickedness, having seen her father, through the evil dissension of citizens, condemned to perpetual exile, and to become a beggar for the bread of strangers).

After Dante, Byron is still the great presence in Ravenna. The hotel which



PIAZZA BYRON, WITH CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO

evenings, studying." He said it as if his grandfather had met Dante walking there.

Ravenna is full of Dante. His tomb, inscribed, "Dantis Poetae Sepulchrum," is railed in with the eleven early Christian sarcophagi of the "Sepolcreto di Braccioforte," and with certain tablets to Mazzini hung with wreaths of dry leaves. It is in the earliest of these sarcophagi

bears his name was the palace of the Guiccioli, and Byron lived there, as *caraliere servente* of the Countess, from June, 1819, to October, 1821. Across the square, now the Piazza Byron, is the Café Byron, and an inscription over the door tells us that Byron, when he first came to Ravenna, chose to live in this house because it was near the tomb of Dante. The tablet calls him "splendore del secolo decimonono."

In the country about Ravenna there is a luxurious harshness. The bank of wall, on which you may walk round the city, looks outwards over wide, flat, marshy plains, and, as far as you can see, the plains broaden, set with thin trees, which I saw desolately shedding their last leaves, on a day late in November. There was a faint mist; the air was damp and cold. Straight roads, going between narrow alleys of these thin and almost leafless trees, stretched across the plain with a dusty monotony. Dry stalks rattled in the fields, beyond hedges of faded green and yellow bushes; field after field lay in long narrow strips, side by side, color by color, dull greens and browns, spotted by sudden gleams of autumn coloring; with here and there a garden of white chrysanthemums, a garden of vegetables surrounded by trellised vines, or a plot of weedy grass, with fruit-trees around it. White bullocks passed on the roads, dragging primitive carts of singular shape, painted all over with pictures in bright colors. Here and there women worked with bare feet in the fields; old men scraped together the fallen leaves out of the ditches; small black donkeys waited for their little carts to be filled. In the air, the feel of the earth; in all these gestures, in the color of the day, in the attitude of Ravenna, heaped there so like a funeral monument, I felt the winter.

Between Ravenna and the sea the land is almost half water. Marshes lie on each side of the narrow path by the canal, and the canal turns aside into many creeks and channels, with rushy mud banks around them, and, beyond, pools of water with brown reedy grass growing up out of it. The land is flat to the horizon, dull brown or green where there is not the glitter of water, bright

white, or blue like lapis lazuli. In the distance thin lines of stone-pines stand up against the sky; here and there, not far from the road, the pines cluster; on the left, beyond the canal and the moorland, there is the dense wall of the Pineta, green-black above, with shadowy tints of lavender about the stems. Along the canal, men are fishing with strange nets hoisted on cranes, like vast insects with endless tentacles, two reaching forwards and two backwards, webbed with one immense net of delicate meshes: it dips with a slow and stealthy motion into the water, and, as it is hoisted again, you see the fish leaping in its midst. Some of these fantastic, almost living creatures hang over the sea itself, from the planks and heaped stones which go out in a long double line into the water to form a narrow harbor; fishing-boats with orange and ochre sails lie along both sides of it; and beyond, the coast is flat, dreary, unvaried, a line of dark sand and short brown weedy grass along the edge of the gray sea.

Outside Ravenna, by whatever gate one leaves it, there is, for a certain space around the walls, a monotonous dreariness, out of which one gradually distinguishes, first, the thin lines of white trees, then the vines festooned from tree to tree around the fields, the white oxen ploughing the black earth, yoked two by two in eights; then, ruddy or orange sails seen across the fields from the direction of the harbor; and, in the midst of the plain, the tower, like a lighthouse tower, of the church of S. Maria in Porto Fuori, and the bare bulk and tall round campanile of S. Apollinare in Classe, as if forgotten by the side of a road that no longer leads anywhere. Soon after S. Apollinare in Classe, woods begin. There are long and white trails of bright and painted bushes, with young pine-trees in their midst, and tangles of grass, and taller trees with gray stems and delicate branches. It is long before the stone-pines begin, and they begin one by one, each spreading its sunshade of green lace over its own circle of grass. They stand in lines and thin clusters beside the canal; and their mass thickens and darkens towards the sea, making the gentle and windless shade which Dante speaks of.

The Perils of Immortality

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THERE is no harder fate than to be immortalized as a fool; to have one's name—which merits nothing sterner than oblivion—handed down to generations as an example of silliness, or stupidity, or presumption; to be enshrined pitilessly in the amber of the "Dunciad," or in the delicate satire of Madame du Deffand; to be laughed at forever because of Charles Lamb's impatient and inextinguishable raillery. When an industrious young authoress named Elizabeth Ogilvy Benger—a model of painstaking insignificance—invited Charles and Mary Lamb to drink tea with her one cold December night, she little dreamed she was achieving a deathless and unenviable fame, and that, when her half-dozen books should have lapsed into comfortable obscurity, she herself should never be fortunate enough to be forgotten. It is a cruel chance which crystallizes the folly of an hour, and makes it outlive our most serious endeavors. Perhaps we should do well to consider this painful possibility before hazarding an acquaintance with the Immortals.

Miss Benger did more than hazard. She pursued the Immortals with malignant zeal. She bribed Mrs. Inchbald's servant-maid into lending her cap and apron and tea-tray, and, so equipped, penetrated into the inmost sanctuary of that literary lady, who seems to have taken the intrusion in good part. She was equally adroit in seducing Mary Lamb—as the Serpent seduced Eve—when Charles Lamb was the ultimate object of her designs. Coming home to dinner one day, "hungry as a hunter," he found to his dismay the two women closeted together, and trusted he was in time to prevent their exchanging vows of eternal friendship, though not—as he discovered later—in time to save himself from an engagement to drink tea with the stranger ("I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil

it was that was so familiar") the following night. What happened is told in a letter to Coleridge; one of the best-known and one of the longest letters Lamb ever wrote,—he is so brimful of his grievance. Miss Benger's lodgings were up two flights of stairs in East Street. She entertained her guests with tea, coffee, macaroons, and "much love." She talked to them, or rather *at* them, upon purely literary topics,—as, for example, Miss Hannah More's *Strictures on Female Education*, which they had never read. She addressed Mary Lamb in French,—“possibly having heard that neither Mary nor I understood French,”—and she favored them with Miss Seward's opinion of Pope. She asked Lamb, who was growing more miserable every moment, if he agreed with D'Israeli as to the influence of organism upon intellect, and when he tried to parry the question with a pun upon organ—"which went off very flat"—she despised him for his feeble flippancy. She advised Mary to carry home two translations of *Pizarro*, so that she might compare them *verbatim* (an offer hastily declined), and she made them both promise to return the following week—which they never did—to meet Miss Jane Porter and her sister, "who, it seems, have heard much of Mr. Coleridge, and wish to meet *us* because we are *his* friends." It is a *comédie larmoyante*. We sympathize hotly with Lamb when we read his letter; but there is something piteous in the thought of the poor little hostess going complacently to bed that night, and never realizing that she had made her one unhappy flight for fame.

There were people, strange as it may appear, who liked Miss Benger's evenings. Miss Aikin assures us that "her circle of acquaintances extended with her reputation, and with the knowledge of her excellent qualities, and she was often enabled to assemble as guests at her humble

tea-table names whose celebrity would have insured attention in the proudest salons of the metropolis." Crabb Robinson, who was a frequent visitor, used to encounter large parties of sentimental ladies, among them Miss Porter, Miss Landon, and the "eccentric but amiable" Miss Wesley,—John Wesley's niece,—who prided herself upon being broad-minded enough to have friends of varying religions, and who, having written two unread novels, remarked complacently to Miss Edgeworth, "We sisters of the quill ought to know one another."

The formidable Lady de Crespigny of Campion Lodge was also Miss Benger's condescending friend and patroness, and this august matron—of imperious temper and insipid mind—was held to sanctify in some mysterious manner all whom she honored with her notice. The praises lavished upon Lady de Crespigny by her contemporaries would have made Hypatia blush, and Sappho hang her head. Like Mrs. Jarley, she appears to have been "the delight of the nobility and gentry." She corresponded, so we are told, with the *litterati* of England; she published, like a British Cornelia, her letters of counsel to her son; she was "courted by the gay and admired by the clever," and she mingled at Campion Lodge "the festivity of fashionable parties with the pleasures of intellectual society, and the comforts of domestic peace."

To this array of feminine virtue and feminine authorship Lamb was singularly unresponsive. He was not one of the *litterati* honored by Lady de Crespigny's correspondence. He eluded the society of Miss Porter, though she was held to be handsome—for a novelist. ("The only literary lady I ever knew," writes Miss Mitford, "who didn't look like a scarecrow to keep birds from cherries.") He said unkindly to Miss Landon that, if she belonged to him, he would lock her up and feed her on bread and water until she left off writing poetry. And for Miss Wesley he entertained a cordial animosity, only one degree less lively than his sentiments towards Miss Benger. Miss Wesley had a lamentable habit of sending her effusions to be read by reluctant men of letters. She asked Lamb for Coleridge's address, which he, to di-

vert the evil from his own head, cheerfully gave. Coleridge, very angry, reproached his friend for this disloyal baseness; but Lamb, with the desperate instinct of self-preservation, refused all promise of amendment. "You encouraged that mopsey Miss Wesley to dance after you," he wrote tartly, "in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off by that simple expedient of referring her to you; but there are more burrs in the wind." . . . "Of all God's creatures," he cries again in an acme of ill humor, "I detest letters-affecting, authors-hunting ladies." Alas for Miss Benger when she hunted hard, and the quarry turned at bay!

An atmosphere of inexpressible dreariness hangs over the little coterie of respectable, unilluminated writers, who, to use Lamb's priceless phrase, encouraged one another in mediocrity. A vapid propriety, a mawkish sensibility, were their substitutes for real distinction of character or mind. They read Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin's books, but would not know the author; and when, years later, Mrs. Gaskell presented the widowed Mrs. Shelley to Miss Lucy Aikin, that outraged spinster turned her back upon the erring one, to the profound embarrassment of her hostess. Of Mrs. Inchbald, we read in *Public Characters* for 1811: "Her moral qualities constitute her principal excellence; and though useful talents and personal accomplishments, of themselves, form materials for an agreeable picture, moral character gives the polish which fascinates the heart." The conception of goodness then in vogue is pleasingly illustrated by a passage from one of Miss Elizabeth Hamilton's books, which Miss Benger in her biography of that lady (now lapsed and lost to fame) quotes appreciatively:

"It was past twelve o'clock. Already had the active and judicious Harriet performed every domestic task; and, having completely regulated the family economy for the day, was quietly seated at work with her aunt and sister, listening to Hume's *History of England*, as it was read to her by some orphan girl whom she had herself instructed."

So truly ladylike had the feminine mind grown by this time that the very

language it used was symbolic rather than plainly interpretative. Mrs. Barbauld writes genteelly of the behavior of young girls "to the other half of their species," as though she could not bear to say, simply and coarsely, men. So full of content were the little circles who listened to the "elegant lyric poetess," Mrs. Hemans, or to "the female Shakespeare of her age," Miss Joanna Baillie (we owe both these phrases to the poet Campbell), that when Crabb Robinson was asked by Miss Wakefield whether he would like to know Mrs. Barbauld, he cried enthusiastically, "You might as well ask me whether I should like to know the Angel Gabriel!"

In the midst of these sentimentalities and raptures, we catch now and then forlorn glimpses of the Immortals,—of Wordsworth at a literary entertainment in the house of Mr. Hoare of Hampstead, sitting mute and miserable all evening in a corner—which, as Miss Aikin truly remarked, was "disappointing and provoking"; of Lamb carried by the indefatigable Crabb Robinson to call on Mrs. Barbauld. This visit appears to have been a distinct failure. Lamb's one recorded observation was that Gilbert Wakefield had a peevish face,—an awkward remark, as Wakefield's daughter sat close at hand and listening. "Lamb," writes Mr. Robinson, "was vexed, but got out of the scrape tolerably well,"—having, indeed, plenty of former experiences to help him on the way.

There is a delightful passage in Miss Jane Porter's diary which describes at length an evening spent at the house of Mrs. Fenwick, "the amiable authoress of *Secrecy*." (Everybody was the amiable authoress of something. It was a day, like our own, given over to the worship of ink.) The company consisted of Miss Porter and her sister Maria, Miss Benger and her brother, Mr. Campbell the poet, and his nephew, a young man barely twenty years of age. The lion of the little party was of course the poet, who endeared himself to Mrs. Fenwick's heart by his attentions to her son, "a beautiful boy of six."

"This child's innocence and caresses," writes Miss Porter, gushingly, "seemed to unbend the lovely feelings of Campbell's heart. Every restraint but those

which the guardian angels of tender infancy acknowledge was thrown aside. I never saw Man in a more interesting point of view. I felt how much I esteemed the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' When we returned home, we walked. It was a charming summer night. The moon shone brightly. Maria leaned on Campbell's arm. I did the same by Benger's. Campbell made some observations on *pedantic* women. I did not like it, being anxious for the respect of this man. I was jealous about how nearly he might think *we* resembled that character. When the Bengers parted from us, Campbell observed my abstraction, and with sincerity I confessed the cause. I know not what were his replies; but they were so gratifying, so endearing, so marked with truth, that when we arrived at the door, and he shook us by the hand, as a sign of adieu immediately prior to his next day's journey to Scotland, we parted with evident marks of being all in tears."

It is rather disappointing after this outburst to find Campbell, in a letter to his sister, describing Miss Porter in language of chilling moderation: "Among the company was Miss Jane Porter, whose talents my *nephew* adores. She is a pleasing woman, and made quite a conquest of him."

Miss Benger was only one of the many aspirants to literary honors whose futile endeavors vexed and affronted Charles Lamb. In reality she burdened him far less than others who, like Miss Betham and Mrs. Stoddart, succeeded in sending him their verses for criticism, or who begged him to forward the effusions to Southey,—an office he gladly fulfilled. Perhaps Miss Benger's vivacity jarred upon his taste. He was fastidious about the gayety of women. Madame de Staël considered her one of the most interesting persons she had met in England; but the approval of this "impudent clever" Frenchwoman would have been the least possible recommendation to Lamb. If he had known how hard had been Miss Benger's struggles, and how scanty her rewards, he might have forgiven her that sad perversity which kept her toiling in the field of letters. She had had the misfortune to be a precocious child, and had written at the age

of thirteen a poem called "The Female Geniad," which was dedicated to Lady de Crespigny, and published under the patronage of that honored dame. Youthful prodigies were then much in favor. Miss Mitford comments very sensibly upon them, being filled with pity for one Mary Anne Browne, "a fine tall girl of fourteen, and a full-fledged authoress," who was extravagantly courted and caressed one season, and cruelly ignored the next. The "Female Geniad" sealed Miss Benger's fate. When one has written a poem at thirteen, and that poem has been printed and praised, there is nothing for it but to keep on writing poems—or prose—until Death mercifully removes the obligation.

It is needless to say that the drama—which then, as now, was the goal of every author's ambition—first fired Miss Benger's zeal. When we think of Miss Hannah More as a successful playwright, it is hard to understand how any one could fail; yet fail Miss Benger did, although we are assured by her biographer that "her genius appeared in many ways well adapted to the stage." She next wrote a mercilessly long poem upon the abolition of the slave trade (which appears to have been read only by antislavery agitators, who were enthusiastic but unremunerative), and two novels—*Marian*, and *Valsinore: or, The Heart and the Fancy*. Of these we are told that "their excellences were such as genius only can reach"; and if they also missed their mark, it must have been because—as Miss Aikin delicately suggests—"no judicious reader could fail to perceive that the artist was superior to the work." This is always unfortunate. It is the work, and not the artist, which is offered for sale in the market-place. Miss Benger's work is not much worse than a great deal which did sell, and she possessed at least the grace of an unflinching and courageous perseverance. Deliberately, and without aptitude or training, she began to write history, and in this most difficult of all fields won for herself a hearing. Her *Life of Anne Boleyn* and her *Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots*, were read in many an English schoolroom, their propriety and Protestantism making them acceptable to the anxious parental mind. A single sentence from *Anne Boleyn* will suffice to show the ease of Miss Benger's

mental attitude, and the comfortable nature of her views:

"It would be ungrateful to forget that the mother of Queen Elizabeth was the early and zealous advocate of the Reformation, and that, by her efforts to dispel the gloom of ignorance and superstition, she conferred on the English people a benefit of which, in the present advanced state of knowledge and civilization, it would be difficult to conceive or to appreciate the real value and importance."

The "active and judicious Harriet" would have listened to this with as much complacency as to Hume.

In *La Belle Assemblée* for April, 1823, there is an engraving of Miss Smirke's portrait of Miss Benger. She is painted in an imposing turban, with tight little curls, and an air of formidable sprightliness. It was this sprightliness which was so much admired. "Wound up by a cup of coffee," she would talk for hours, and her friends really seem to have liked it. "Her lively imagination," writes Miss Aikin, "and the flow of eloquence it inspired, aided by one of the most melodious of voices, lent an inexpressible charm to her conversation, which was heightened by an intuitive discernment of character, rare in itself, and still more so in combination with such fertility of fancy and ardency of feeling."

This leaves little to be desired. It is not at all like the Miss Benger of Lamb's letter, with her vapid pretensions and her stupid insolence. Unhappily, we see through Lamb's eyes, and we cannot see through Miss Aikin's. Of one thing only I feel sure. Had Miss Benger, instead of airing her trivial acquirements, told Lamb that when she was a little girl, bookless and penniless, at Chatham, she used to read the open volumes in the booksellers' windows, and go back again and again, hoping that the leaves might be turned, she would have touched a responsive chord in his heart. Who does not remember his exquisite sympathy for "street-readers," and his unlikely story of Martin B——, who "got through two volumes of *Clarissa*" in this desultory fashion. Had he but known of the shabby eager child staring wistfully at the coveted books, he would never have written the most amusing of his letters, and Miss Benger's name would be to-day unknown.

The Bishop-Elect and Maria

BY HILDA MABEE

MARIA DORRS had married Samuel Flathers when she was a chatty girl of eighteen, and when her father, senior warden at St. Stephen's Church, had just been elected the President of the L. S. & V. Railroad.

In the arrangements, formal and informal, subsequent to the brief courtship between Miss Dorrs and the somewhat gay young Flathers, the latter promised his *fiancée* that he would prove his devotion by becoming at once a vestryman at St. Stephen's, and, moreover, once a vestryman, he promised to remain so as long as he was loyal to his marriage vow,—thus fulfilling with pride the churchly duty as an outward expression of his renunciation of the gay world.

As the years came and went after the death of Mr. Dorrs not only were the family fortunes so increased through wise investments that Mrs. Flathers became the richest woman in Sudbury, but to Samuel fell his father-in-law's obligations as senior warden.

As for Maria Dorrs-Flathers, from a certain point of view she was the most influential woman in her city. She had grown, through financial responsibilities and through the lack of domestic idealism, into a restless woman at home and a great worker in society. She was an honest lover of innovation, a female promoter—even a follower of fads. College settlements, kitchen-gardens, boys' clubs, as well as the latest orchids for a dinner-party, one and all interested her, and to each she had given time, money, and her very self. The guild-house at St. Stephen's was built at her expense. The working-girls' lunch-rooms had been equipped through her interest. It was her gift that established the Episcopal free bed at the General Hospital, and at the new Woman's College she had built and endowed the Dorrs Dormitory in memory of her father. Her husband's partners at "bridge" had suggested to

Sam that upon his death there would follow a Flathers Flat for Failures. But the senior warden assumed his "offer-tory air" and won the game in spite of insinuations.

Mrs. Flathers was a thin, wiry, homely woman of fifty, with an indefinite vocabulary and an aspirated voice. Her friends called her "wonderful"; the public, "a benefactor"; but the architects, plumbers, decorators, and her husband knew her best. She possessed a masculine determination to carry out her plans; but her plans were changed according to whims, and her whims were feminine.

One interest had never varied in fifteen years, although here, too, she had whimsical notions in regard to it. It was the development of the career of the rector of St. Stephen's. For fifteen years the Rev. Charles Archibald had enjoyed the living of that fashionable parish. Perhaps no Episcopal clergyman in Michigan was better fitted to grace this one Episcopal church of Sudbury. Charles Archibald looked the Episcopalian. His big frame, clean-shaven face, and genial smile lent themselves to his type. A commanding presence, an authoritative preacher, he was indeed admirably appointed to wear the cloth. For years the Rev. Archibald had had the one all-absorbing ambition to become a bishop. Indeed, so long had he trimmed his sails for the largest of the diocesan harbors that his clerical brothers sometimes called him a "time-server" to the office.

From the outset, when the young rector of thirty brought his still younger wife to St. Stephen's, until the birth of their second child, the rectory had not been invaded by Maria Dorrs-Flathers, although her influence was felt from the first. But with an increasing and grievous invalidism which fell, after the birth of little Charles junior, upon Mrs. Archibald, she turned constantly for ad-

vice to this efficient friend. Thus the rectory household was fairly in the hands of Mrs. Samuel Dorrs-Flathers.

At the death of his idealized wife the rector leaned like a younger brother upon the one woman of his parish who ministered to him in as generous sympathy as she gave lavishly to her god-children—the two little Archibalds.

The bishop of the diocese was an old man. His physicians knew that his days were numbered; and at the moment when this episode of which we write was about to occur, Samuel Flathers had wittily given the sobriquet to their rector of the "Bishop-elect."

Things certainly looked hopeful for the ambitious man as he sat swinging in his swivel-chair at the desk, reading leisurely his morning mail.

"Ah! here is a letter from Mrs. Maria Dorrs-Flathers," he ejaculated. "Her society paper? What's up now, I wonder?" as he cut open the envelope with "Lakeby" engraved upon its back.

"MY DEAR 'REV. CHARLES,'—You don't deserve to be called by our family pet name, now that you are breaking away from custom this summer! It is too bad! You and your children have been mine for four seasons. I am sure that dear Mary has known how we have tried to care for you and her beloved ones. Still, we must not be selfish; you have left me the children for a month. I will not complain. And I shall see to it that William studies with Sammie's tutor, and that little 'Junior' has his share of Nathan's pony-cart. Your boys and my boys must grow up together as if they were really of one family, such is their god-mother's interest and affection for them.

"Now to my business. Come to dinner to-morrow evening. I have a great deal to set before you after the coffee. As you know, I've been in New York for ten days visiting the Wheelers. I saw a great deal of Father Chatterton's work, and I became inspired by the things accomplished through the Deaconess School. The work those young women are doing is most impressive. We need a deaconess at St. Stephen's. Samuel says the vestrymen and the wardens will like it. I know they ought to, anyway. It will add one more dignity to your en-

vironment, you promising bishop-to-be! That I'll make good her salary until the church finds her indispensable goes without saying. No plan has ever failed yet when we have set on foot a movement. All you and I ever need to do with St. Stephen's is to establish a precedent.

"I'm constantly impressed with what we have done with the church, its growth in numbers and its standing in the country. And you have done it, dear friend. Oh! I shall see you a bishop yet—my heart's desire for you and with you.

"As always, we dine at seven; and you are to give me a whole evening.

Faithfully your friend,

MARIA DORRS-FLATHERS."

The bishop-elect smiled quizzically. "No, she doesn't own me quite body and soul. At least my body is going to New Hampshire for a month. Once I'm bishop, I think my soul will be more mine, too. Now it's a 'deaconess,' is it? What can I do with a 'deaconess,' pray? Why, we've dozens of them now in well-groomed attire, who wait upon me from the robing-room to the very altar, and dance attendance in every society organization of the church. But a 'deaconess' we shall have, if we must!

In the same mail the bishop-elect read from a letter dated from New York:

"... So you are going to Shepherd's Hill for a week during your Granite State sojournings. 'Tis well; you will see Chocorua at the east, and perchance on a nearer horizon you may meet Theodora Hart—my beloved mountain and my beloved cousin. Miss Hart is Franklin's daughter (my first cousin once removed, you see). She is a deaconess by way of profession, who is doing a big work in the world outside of her churchly office. She was with us in our home in New York for two years, but for the past three she has been shaping her ends to work in the outlying districts of New Hampshire, where, she claims, the women need a 'woman' more than they need a clergyman. Just at present she's at Squam Lake, visiting Sister Katharine from St. Luke's. Look her up.

Yours,

JOHN MARCH."

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends," thought the Rev. Charles, as he tucked away these letters into respective pigeon-holes. "A deaconess is demanded by one friend, and another one has one to offer! I am not responsible. Fate will win—Fate and Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers, I mean."

"And I came to find a deaconess, and I found you!"

The Rev. Charles Archibald stood hat in hand, the wind playing with his soft brown hair, the setting sun shining upon his smooth-shaven face, emphasizing its lines of culture. In front of him, looking out across Lake Squam, stood Theodora Hart, a tall, girlishly built woman of twenty-seven, whose health of body and refinement of soul supplemented each other in graceful form and pleasing motion. She wandered across the gravel path skirting the hotel and stood by the clump of sumac, where seats invited one to rest and look upon the lake. The bishop-elect followed.

For three days they had known each other; three wonderful days to the woman—days of inspiration!

They had met on the pretty, white porch of Sister Katharine's cottage. The rapid conversation concerning the work of a deaconess in general and her own work in particular had led them into an intimate relation,—which can grow like quick-grass in summer, when life is at the high tide of the year.

Theodora Hart's work was so much a part of her that in talking of it she revealed not only its results and its possibilities, but her very self. The bishop-elect had, in turn, talked more freely of himself than was his wont. He had told Miss Hart of the parish work at St. Stephen's, its growing demands and his pride in the increase of its resources. He let the reminiscent personal equation have full play, recalling his boyhood ambitions, and his mother's joy in his choice of a life-work. Under cover of the stars alone as they sat in the jasmine-clad porch, Mr. Archibald had gone still farther: he told her of his greatest ambition—the bishopric. She, with the impulse of a girl, had responded, "Why! I'll pray that God may grant so great a heart's desire!"

Now, at the end of the third day, they were together for the last time. On the morrow the deaconess must assume her garb and return to the village of O—mont, where she was giving her services for the summer.

To Mr. Archibald these hours together had, to be sure, quickened life anew, but it was not the spiritual quickening of one whose nature is aroused by the influence of good womanhood. Rather it was a translating. For the time being he was taken from the monotony of ecclesiastical and social routine and habit and given a freedom which was almost primal. He realized life and self as he had not realized them for years—their appeal, the supremacy of nature. His wife's long invalidism had brought domestic self-effacement to him. He thought it had strengthened service and sacrifice. And so it had, doubtless. But it had fostered also a dominant egoism, which was nourished by the admiration of his parishioners and the never-forgetting ambition in the man's heart. But to-night things took upon themselves a different aspect. The man in him, the best that manhood has to offer in elemental emotion, was stirred by his environment and companionship. He effaced the past; he cared not for the future. St. Stephen's was as if it had never been. The bishopric dropped below the horizon. He, at forty-five, was still a youth; she, not yet thirty, was a girl. Life, pressing and human, was theirs; they could not escape it. It was part of the sunset hour. If life might always be such—simple, full, abiding!

"You will come to us? We need you!"

"I do not see the way clear. No, Mr. Archibald, I think my work lies here. I am told that I really succeed with these country folk; that I have a 'way with me' which opens the heart of the hungry women—those who for years have lived on the hillside or in the valleys of these mountainous regions, knowing, unknowingly, eternal truths, but who are absolutely out of touch with humanity in its highest sense. It is not the Prayer-book that I take to them. Over on Moat Mountain and across Chocorua in the township of Passaconaway the women do not need a deaconess. They need just a woman friend! Can you understand?"



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"YOU WILL COME TO US? WE NEED YOU"

"But can't you see, dear friend, that the women of my parish need you, too? The church can turn out deaconesses by the dozens as to 'bones,' but it can't make 'spirit.' Come to us in Sudbury. We need you now; these country people can wait. Why, I need you!"

She looked up, surprised. There had been no word of personality between them, if the ever-recurring personality that emanates between two strong natures which come together with inexplicable interest can be eliminated.

"I have written to-day to Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers, the 'fairy godmother' of our parish," he continued. "It was her wish to create a deaconess at St. Stephen's. Now I am ready to carry out her wish to the very letter. I have written at length, trying to impart to her 'Theodora Hart,' and what a remarkable person I think her. You do not object? I have not trespassed too far, have I, in sharing with my kindest Sudbury friend the knowledge of this new friendship which I have found at Lake Squam?"

She waited a moment, and then: "You must not call this a 'friendship.' We have not proved ourselves already to be worthy of that relation. It is a 'faithship' rather; a great faith in each other. For my part, it has been a high privilege to meet you and to know your work and ambitions. I shall be a better and stronger woman for these three days."

She was about to go on, but the bishop-elect interrupted:

"You must not become a deaconess at St. Stephen's if you think of me as wonderful. I like to have you hug to your heart the delusion, but it would soon be dissipated were you to see me daily in my work. But, seriously, you will think of coming? Say you will consider it during these summer weeks. You can't live in the mountains all winter!"

"Let us talk about Chocorua, and forget everything but the mountains and the sunset. Look quick! See! Isn't that a marvellous benediction resting upon the stern old head of my mountain? Don't you love Chocorua?"

"Yes, I love Chocorua, and I agree with John March in other things, too."

"Why, what do you and Cousin John like together besides the dear old mountain? I'm interested!"

As they had wandered on in conversation, so, too, they had left the seats by the sumac bushes, and were lingering near a dilapidated rail fence. This served the deaconess presently as a comfortable chair, while the rector of St. Stephen's flung himself, with hands behind his head, upon a stray haycock, which seemed to have left the companionship of twenty others upon the hillside just to perform the kindly office of couch to the bishop-elect.

The man evaded the question and went back to her own proposition.

"Yes, we'll forget everything else,—except the mountain and the bishop-elect and the deaconess. I am at the feet of the mountain, and at your feet, too. What shall we talk about?"

The girl did not answer. She was lost in the ecstasy of the moment. Feeling, intense and insistent, tingled in her veins—not recognized as a great human hunger for continual companionship. She apprehended the feeling only as a part of the day's glorification born of a man's inspiration.

But he, he knew, man fashion; and he watched the color come and go upon her face as eagerly as she watched the shifting rays of the sun as they threw shafts of light across the brow of Chocorua.

The rector of St. Stephen's was the first to speak; and he spoke as if he were thinking aloud, rather than opening a new opportunity for conversation. "You are such an optimist! Yes, and something better, too, because you find truth in your ideals. You make me think of Dr. Arnold. One of the boys once said: 'We mustn't lie to Arnold. He'd believe us!'"

She looked down and smiled at the man who was thus pleasantly dissecting her.

"Do you know," he continued, "I think I never met such a woman before. But then, for that matter, no woman has come into my life for years as you have in these three days. I am not myself, either. I feel strangely young, strangely happy, independent." After a few minutes of glad silence he went on: "But think! if you do come to St. Stephen's we can't talk like this together, or watch sunsets. There will be no Lake Squam at our feet, dotted over

with enchanted islands. It is St. Stephen's that looks unreal to me now as I lie here. This is the only real place in the world, Miss Hart—isn't it?"

"I suppose if I should go to St. Stephen's the penalty I should pay would be that I could never enjoy 'holy days' as I have these three. But that is part of life. We are always putting things behind us, or at one side. Anyway, just now it's 'a-holidaying' we are. There's a star! Let's wish, as we did when boys and girls!" The girl herself had slipped down from the rail fence and stood looking down upon the valley, where the glimmering waters had taken upon themselves weird shapes in the vanishing twilight. The bishop-elect "wished," wished with all his heart for the moment, as the deaconess nodded and bowed three times before the first evening candle.

"I ought to go. Sister Katharine offered to help me get my trunk packed for the early morning stage. You will be here for five days longer. I envy you and Sister Katharine; yes, envy you, with downright envy."

Just before they parted at the jasmine gateway Mr. Archibald drew himself up with priestly dignity. They had walked through the sweetbrier path and up the second hill-slope with very few words between them. Whippoorwills were calling to each other; a belated song-sparrow rustled and piped a note as they pushed through the shrubbery in the lane. Night had fallen; the cool breeze from the west had braced the nerve of the bishop-elect. His good-by would have suited his ecclesiastical comrades, even if it was a trifle excessive:

"Dear Miss Hart, you will not decide definitely now. I feel that you need time to think it over. I shall write you. We have an important work to be done, and I feel that you are the one woman in the world to carry out the work. Good night, and God bless you!"

"Why, of course! I'm really very sorry, dear friend, if this affair complicates you in the least. However, I know I can manage it if you leave it to me!"

"I do not say that it complicates me. But I am distressed. I thought you wanted a deaconess. When I found one

who answered more than ordinary requirements, I felt it advisable to negotiate with her, after first writing to you and having received your letter in reply, which was approving."

"Of course my letter was approving. You did right, you Reverend Father. The fault lies with me at that point. I ought to have written with less encouragement; more explicitly. I delayed all summer because I was making up my mind. Oh dear! I wish she had not changed *her* mind. That is where the difficulty arose. You wrote that you were working in vain to get her. Of course I thought she would remain convinced that her New Hampshire career was the only path of duty."

The Rev. Charles was sipping his coffee, looking straight into the cup. It was late September, but a night when summer returns with stifling heat. Now, at eight o'clock, twilight had shut in about them as they sat upon the great south veranda of "Lakeby." The after-dinner coffee service was in front of Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers. It was always a happy moment in this lady's life to engineer the coffee-pot while engineering a scheme.

"I've made up my mind, Charles Archibald. In the first place, whoever comes into this parish must come to stay. She must have no possibilities."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Flathers?"

"I mean she must be a deaconess who belongs to a sisterhood. She must have taken vows, and all that. When I suggested a deaconess I thought, of course, they all took vows of eternal maidenhood. But they don't. Of course the parish would always be 'surmising.' So you see we must have a 'Sister.' Some one, too, who can start a school of embroidery. Why, if you are to be a bishop, you'll have to have embroidery galore, you great man! Besides the needlework to be done, we must have her affiliate herself with the Girls' Friendly more closely than it would be possible for so young a girl."

"Why, that's Miss Hart's forte—getting hold of young and old women; that's her greatest success," interposed her valiant ecclesiastical knight.

"Oh no! girls who are in any kind of



"I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND, CHARLES ARCHIBALD"

trouble would like to go to a Sister so much better than to a young person like themselves, only of a different class socially. Don't you think so yourself, Mr. Archibald?"

"I don't know just what I do think," the man replied. His face was white and drawn in spite of the good dinner and leisurely hour following, on the veranda.

"You look troubled, you poor man, with such a tender heart! We are going to have a Sister at St. Stephen's. It will give you dignity. But this Miss Hart shall come out here at my expense. She shall see the ground. After she's seen it through my eyes, I doubt if she herself will feel it wise to stay."

"That is all very well, dear Mrs. Flathers,—but don't you see, although I did not settle every detail, I did say that the work would be *her* work; that she should create the position. That was

why she finally agreed to come. It will be curiously inconsequential to find, on her arrival, that a plan of work is mapped out, as you suggest, which is not in accord with her ideals and which will immediately change the whole situation."

"Why, my dear man, you are so simple! I mean divinely simple and Christlike. Now don't worry one bit about it, or make mountains out of mole-hills. I sha'n't say that things *must* be so and so. She knows, doesn't she, that I am behind the enterprise? She would wish to consult my advice if she came? She will, in case she blames any one, exonerate you, because you are not Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers. I shall be free from all blame because I have had nothing to do with the affair until now."

It was well that twilight had given place to the shadows of night. Sitting with his back to the lighted hallway,

Maria Dorrs-Flathers could no longer see the expression upon the man's face,—the weary resignation that drew down the corners of her guest's mouth. The new and curious emotions which beset him were for him alone. How could he explain his summer's dream—the long talks, the longer letters, which followed those three days of self-revelation?

The man cringed within himself from himself. He was cowed by this his own inadequacy to meet his own individual demands.

"You are still troubled, you poor dear bishop-elect! You are such an idealist, and so honest, too! Leave it all to me. You are going to the Diocesan Convention at Detroit. Miss Hart shall come here while you are away. We'll entertain her royally. She shall see all that the church is doing, and learn all we hope it may do through this new field. She will realize, if she's half clever, that, after all, she is not the woman for the place. You'll get home Saturday night and she can hear you preach Sunday. You will come out for dinner at night, but I'll have other friends to meet her, too. It will all be very simple."

They had arisen; Mr. Archibald had rung for the man servant, who brought his coat and shovel-hat. He did not enter the house again, but bade an informal good-night to his hostess and walked down the steps to the terrace which skirts the Lake wall.

The great masonry stretched on for two miles, and the man tramped defiantly along its outer edge. The dark waters of Huron beat answering defiance as they struck back upon the granite bulwark.

The porter of the drawing-room car just pulling out of Albany had slipped the striped covers upon the pillows, tucked one behind Theodora Hart's back, shaken out John March's overcoat, given a last whisk of his duster across the rail of the adjacent seat, and vanished into the buffet at the end of the car.

"Why, Cousin John, we're all alone, and I never was so glad in all my life to see anybody as I am to see you! What a fortunate happening for you to be in Albany just when I needed you most!"

There was the faintest twinkle in the corner of John March's eye. He was

too clever a young politician, however, to let his cousin know that he had timed his official business at the State Capitol in order to meet the one woman of his world who meant to him just sweet womanhood.

When Theodora Hart had finished her college work, her father's younger cousin, this same John March, ten years her senior, had asked her to marry him. Theodora treated the offer in almost cavalier fashion. Although her deeper nature fully appreciated the dignity of marriage and the great compliment which John March had paid her, still the fact that she, Theodora Hart, fresh from her school work, with nothing but theories and idealism, was a most unfit companion for a society man with political ambitions, gave her occasion to handle the proposition with a seeming merri-ment, a nonchalance which made possible an adjustment of friendship almost unique. She had said in the end: "Why, John, we're cousins! Of course we can't drift apart even if we want to; but I'm no more fitted to be your wife than you are to be a deaconess. I know I have a career before me, and I know you have a still greater one before you. Let's be awfully good comrades. I'll promise to be proud of you in your success and you'll be proud of me."

John March was proving himself the good comrade now, as he had every day for five years. He was a patient man, but most tenacious. He also had the family characteristic of humor which ever gave a piquancy to this would-be complacent friendship.

An instance of it followed a moment after the porter had left them, when Theodora continued speaking:

"Why, John, I'm so full of my experience in Sudbury I shall talk all the way to New York. I hate to miss this beautiful scenery, but it must be lost for the sake of my story."

"Never mind, Theo," her cousin replied, drawing the shade to rest her eyes. "When you decide to take your wedding journey we'll do the Hudson Valley again."

"You're as shameless as ever, Cousin John! Now listen. You read all the letters that passed between Mr. Archibald and me last summer, didn't you?"

"Indeed I didn't! I read only his; but they were enough for two."

"Don't be facetious. I'm too serious. You agreed with me that I must not let such an opportunity as St. Stephen's parish in Sudbury pass without investigation. You wrote yourself that 'it looked like a direct leading'? John dear, now listen, because from this point on you know nothing except my telegram."

The girl leaned forward more eagerly. "Just before I left home, all aglow with the thought of what my first visit would mean to St. Stephen's as well as to myself, I received a letter from Mr. Archibald stating that he was called to Detroit, but that Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers, who was to entertain me, would be both host and hostess in all senses of the words. From the moment the letter came I sensed a new point of view. However, I went on the date appointed and upon the train set.

"I reached Sudbury at eight o'clock Thursday night. Mrs. Flathers's housekeeper met me at the station, and we bowled along behind prancing steeds for nearly an hour before we reached 'Lakeby,' her beautiful Lake shore home.

"Mrs. Flathers was dining out, but had left word that if I were tired not to wait until her return at ten. Of course I didn't wait. I went to bed in the big Empire bedstead in one of the gorgeously furnished chambers of her gorgeously furnished house. We breakfasted at nine the next morning, Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers and Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers's husband. He wore the strangest French dressing-gown I've ever seen, John—a sort of kimono smoking-jacket. If I ever should marry, John, I should not permit one at my breakfast-table."

There was a momentary thump in the counsellor's heart. Here was a new phase of emotion in Theodora's mind. Of her own accord she had never before mentioned her marriage or the possibility of marriage. John March watched her keenly and wondered, while she went on with her story.

"You've met Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers, John?"

"Oh yes. I can *hear* her now. She indicated herself through her voice. I've

almost forgotten her figure, but I can recall her way of saying things perfectly."

"Well, after breakfast Mrs. Flathers took me in town. We visited the guild-house, college settlement, and other Flathers organizations. We lunched at the Teacup Inn—or at least we pretended to lunch. She talked all the time in a vague way, yet very much to the point, in regard to her ideals for my work—if, as she constantly reiterated, I felt it wise to 'accept their offer if they decided to make me an offer.' She spoke of *my* school of embroidery, and of the cooking-school and the housekeeping department which she wished developed.

"Friday evening she invited the Girls' Friendly Association to 'Lakeby.' Not the poor girls themselves, but the associate members; a group of women the cost of whose beautiful gowns that evening might have established two philanthropic settlements for working-women. She asked me most unexpectedly to talk to these ladies upon my work in New York; and when she introduced me she explained that I was the 'next thing to a Sister of Charity.' I don't know just what she meant, John. Do you?"

"I can imagine what she might have meant," John replied; "but go on with your story."

"Oh, I can't make you feel what I felt. It was all a matter of atmosphere. Up to this particular point she had done nothing, nor had she left undone anything. Yet great waves of doubt and estrangement seemed to envelop me. I felt as some one who might be hypnotized.

"Saturday Mrs. Flathers had engagements. Mr. Flathers stepped in and took me to the country club for luncheon; a most unexpected but very grateful turn of events. I seemed to get hold of myself while sitting in his trap listening to his rehearsal of social events ahead for the autumn. Mr. Flathers remembered you and was very nice in his absurd way, because, of course, he isn't much of a man when you take away his background at 'Lakeby' and his foreground of 'bridge whist.'"

"Don't be too hard on Flathers. He married too young. He really should have waited, as I have, until he knew his mind."



JOHN MARCH WATCHED HER KEENLY AND WONDERED

"We are getting away from the subject, John," Theodora hastened to interpose. For the moment she had looked amused at his insistency, but the tired, drawn look on her white face occasioned by three sleepless nights was too strong to let the smile lie upon her lips.

"Just before driving up to the clubhouse we crossed the links, and Mr. Flathers exclaimed: 'There's Donald McDonald. He holds the bogey for the year.' Just think, John! you remember he married my old Madge Crosby of the class of '95. It all flashed across me in a second; and the next moment there was Madge on the veranda; the same dear old Madge, only more so in avoirdupois and good spirits. After the first greetings I told her my errand in the West. She was amazed. She said: 'Why, how strange! Since we moved here, two years ago, Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers has made a confidante of me in connection with church affairs; just why, I don't know. She has never mentioned a deaconess for St. Stephen's. In fact, there is no demand for such a thing. The work of a deaconess has been distributed amongst the society girls, and it is their salvation. I have heard Mrs. Flathers speak of a sisterhood in connection with a school of embroidery, but it is very vague, even in her mind.' Then of course Madge went on, just as she always did, but what she said I don't remember. My mind had been paralyzed. At last I knew how to act. As I said before, I had felt under a weight. This frankness on the part of my old school friend dispelled doubt. There was simply readjustment before me. Something had gone wrong. It was my duty to alter the grave mistake which had been made, immediately. The more I thought about it as we drove home, the more I realized that I must withdraw at once graciously, if not gracefully. There seemed no one to blame as I thought about it then; indeed, I can see no fault that can be placed anywhere now, as I talk it over with you. It was a matter of standards. The woman with her money thought she wanted a deaconess and then she thought she didn't want one."

"What about Archibald? You're very charitable with the benevolent Mrs. Dorrs-Flathers. Was Archibald equal

to *her* occasion? They make a very pretty pair."

"Don't talk like that, John. The bishop-elect, as the Flatherses call him, is so wrapped up in his work, she tells me, that the details of life, its incidents and episodes, make but momentary impression on him."

"But didn't you see Archibald?"

"Yes; he dined with us Sunday, and after I had told him in a brief and informal chat that I felt the work was not for me, after all, and that I also felt there had been a grave mistake somewhere, he seemed to lose control of his manliness.

"That was the saddest blow of all to me. That great frame of his sunk back into the pillows on the sofa and seemed to shrink. His jaw dropped, and the lines of a querulous woman formed about his mouth. I have so admired his soul, it hurt me to see his body cringe. Once while we were talking he said, 'I don't want you to go away thinking me dishonest or unmanly, Miss Hart.' And later he said: 'I wish I could do something for you. Mayn't I send you some roses at the station?' John March, think of the adequacy of roses in such a moment! Now I've told you all, absolutely all that had any reference to my deaconess's work.

"When I came away Mr. and Mrs. Flathers were effusive in their hospitality for a further visit. She said she hoped that the little ordeal had not been a nervous strain. For her own part, she was glad it had happened. It had been a 'rare pleasure' to know me. As a cap-sheaf to the climax she said, 'If there has seemed to be any duplicity or double-dealing over this little affair, it was just to make matters smooth at both ends.'"

"What are you going to do about it, Theodora? Shall you write to the bishop-elect, or let me write him?"

"Why, Cousin John, how absurd you are! I sha'n't write him and you won't write him. I'm glad it happened, though it hurt awfully. I shall go more softly all the days of my life, that's all. I sha'n't dream dreams so much, and see visions. I have been into another world—their world; and it is part of *life*. I have grown. Their code of thinking is very different from yours or mine,

John. Oh, John, I never realized before that people can be good and yet hurt like this!"

John was silent, and the girl went on analyzing the story:

"To me the three months with their ending make history: to Mrs. Flathers it was a current event; to Mr. Archibald, one of many incidents."

John broke his revery with: "Archibald was a cad. And as for Maria Dorrs-Flathers, she can't help being as she is. God made her so, I suppose. As for you, Theodora, I wish you weren't so everlastingly plucky about things. I came up here to Albany just to meet you. Instead of crying on my shoulder, as you ought to, like any other woman, you take

the thing like an angel, treat it like an experiment in Münsterberg's psychology class, and say 'you've grown.'"

She laughed good-naturedly, while John March looked at her critically.

"Hang it! Theodora, when are you going to give up your garb and churchly authority for tailor-made suits and my word of command? You may spend all my money on your good deeds if you marry me, and the Lord knows you'll have more to spend than you do now in the biggest St. Stephen's in the country."

"John, I don't think you make a successful escort. It's long after luncheon-time. The porter has on his chef's apron, and I'm so 'hungry.'"

John March pushed the button.

When Beauty Dies

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

SHOULD change fall in its fated hour;
Should music cease, should darkness be;
Should star and sun and face and flower
Turn dust of beauty endlessly,
Belovèd, what of you and me?

I question how, by finer sense,
The soul adventures ways unknown,
Or what shall be its recompense
For death? What loveliness atone
For earth's green glory sadly flown?

Yet, since I need not touch, nor sight,
Nor spoken word, however dear,
To read your thought and will aright,
To know your spirit, now and here,
What has our fellowship to fear?

Man's age-long doubt assails in vain
The truth that lightens in your eyes,
Or your still courage, bred of pain:—
Beyond the wreck of worlds and skies,
I shall seek these, when beauty dies.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MUCH has been said in these latter days of the good understanding, or the better understanding, which has established itself between the two great English-speaking peoples on the two shores of the Atlantic. This specific cordiality does not include the Irish, on the eastern shore, possibly because they are taking so much to their ancestral Erse that they can hardly be called English-speaking, or the Canadians on the western shore, where the close contact of their interests with ours is not favorable to the growth of sentiment; but, upon the whole, the understanding is fairly broad, and the question concerning it is how to deepen and confirm it. At present it would be easy to exaggerate its facts. Mr. George Ade, whom Mr. Andrew Lang cannot, on his conscience, accept as a humorist, has noted in the case of a coal-dealer going to Europe from a small town on a branch road in the Middle West that the unintroduced American traveller is not always welcomed at the dock by titled Englishmen; the only Englishmen who did welcome the coal-dealer anywhere were those who were pecuniarily interested in him, such as porters, waiters, cabmen, and publicans.

It is perhaps a cynical view of the case, and there must be exceptions to the coal-dealer's experience; yet it may be doubted whether the inter-marriage of our plutocracy with the British aristocracy has operated to the social advantage of all the Americans landing in England. Probably the same want of logical effect is noted by Englishmen coming to America, with possibly greater disappointment. The belief in the political usefulness of high matrimonial contracts among the flower of the two countries is said to prevail rather more in England than here, where it is a favorite superstition of society journalism rather than a popular conviction. In fact, Mrs. Jeannette Duncan Cotes, in her very amusing satire, "Those Delightful Americans" (the burlesque is only a little pushed), makes us observe that the average American would be will-

ing to have the millionaire follow his daughter with all his dollars when she marries abroad, so that the average American could have a better chance to make some dollars for himself in their exile. It may not be so bad as this, quite, but we believe that the truth lies in some such direction, and we are quite sure that the vast general public with us would regard with indifference the marriage of every moneyed American maiden with every moneyless English nobleman; or experience in such an event only the sort of kindly pleasure which any high act of circus imparts.

Then, if the international marriages are not the basis of our good understanding with the English, it may well be asked what is. Many people think it came about, if we grant its existence, through the mystical support which England gave us in the war we made a few years ago upon Spain, when it was believed by our more impressionable publicists that England stood ready not only to back us in case Spain miraculously got the better of us, but was silently figuring about, and letting the other nations know that she would not suffer any interference in the fight, in case we got the better of Spain. Hard upon this situation developed another in which two kindred peoples could hardly fail to draw closely together, if there is any reason in human events at all. At the end of the Spanish war we found ourselves embarrassed with the task of destroying an infant republic in the Philippines, and almost at the same moment Great Britain had laid upon her the duty of destroying an adolescent republic in South Africa. Of the two, ours was the more odious office, but we had the full sympathy of Great Britain in it, and we were in honor, in common decency, bound to reciprocate her kindness. It was a dose, for we had always professed a tenderness for republics, but we swallowed the dose, and we believe it was this rather than those plutocratic and aristocratic inter-marriages which awakened the sense of consanguinity and community of civiliza-

tion between the two nations. The new English ideal of a preferential tariff may have also had something to do with it. We could not see the adhesion of a mighty free-trade empire to our doctrine of protection, without emotion, without the belief that it was caused by a common motive and a common aim. These things are very subjective; they are very occult in their origin; but they are not the less veritable for all that, and they are the more interesting in the dearth of other explanations, except the growth of both countries in civilization, which really will not explain them.

However, the fact remains, whether accounted for or not, and the great matter is how to promote the good feeling, which we cannot deny. If millionaire marriages, if preferential tariffs, fail to touch the popular heart to finer issues with us, what will hopefully, worthily, effectually appeal to it? We have our own belief as to the true means, and no reader will be surprised to learn that we believe the means is literary. Indeed, literature has been so much the bane between the two nations that it ought to be at least a little the antidote; and our suffering from the long succession of English travellers who have censured our manners and accused our morals, ought now to be somewhat assuaged by the increasing kindness of their difficult sort. A generation ago such a book as Sir Philip Burne-Jones's "Democracy and Dollars" would not have spared us on that large majority of points which he touches with tolerance, with gentleness, with almost a caress. Once so lively an observer would have been a pitiless critic, but now he is no longer so. Sir Philip does not pretend to have plucked the heart out of our mystery, but only to have pierced its epidermis here and there. He gives his conclusions with frankness, but quite without the air of finality, and we think it must be a very impassioned, not to say besotted, American who would generally disagree with him. Of course there always comes a moment for the lively observer when his own shadow is projected so largely upon the object before him that it inevitably engages rather more of his attention; and this has not failed to happen with our latest English censor. But it is fair to say

that it does not happen inordinately. One would not say that at any moment the book was written with entire impersonality; the author is always there with his feelings as well as his opinions; but he is never unhandsomely or churlishly there; he is vastly good-natured; he never loses his temper under the trials which beset the alien everywhere, except when it is a question of reporters and interviewers. Even these he does not take too seriously, though in the cases in which he was abominably used by them he cannot see them quite as the joke which we would always like to make them out. His book will have had condemnation enough to constitute the more than sufficient punishment of its errors of head and heart; and we rather please ourselves in dwelling on its amiable virtues, though it is not the kind of book which we had first or chiefly in mind when we owned our belief that the means of drawing England and America lastingly together would be literary. To this end the literature could not be too noble or serious, or too much like a book by a large-minded and large-spirited Englishman which we have been lately rather belatedly reading.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution," as a moral force, could hardly be overestimated in the direction of our better understanding of the better English sentiment towards us. Its effect to this end is of course the greater because it is indirect. The book is the story of our Revolution—perhaps the most important event in the life of the Anglo-Saxon race—on both sides of the ocean, and it is all the more appealing to the American reader because its first office with him will be to widen and deepen his outlook in the region of English sympathy with his resistance of measures which were essentially un-English. He will always have had some notion of this; from his earliest school-boy days he will have known by heart the burning passages of Chatham's eloquence in our justification; and from his later reading he will have learned how Fox, and Burke, and Walpole, and other of the noblest and wisest spirits of the day were with us in our struggle for English liberties; but without the light

of this latest witness on the facts he could not measure the extent of the English feeling in our favor throughout the war. He could hardly know, without the help of this admirable work, unless he himself went to its sources, how fully that English feeling was the sense that the American Revolution was an English Revolution, and a continuation of the repeated resistance to kingly assumptions which ended only with our success.

The lesson of all truly written history seems to be the underlying unity of human affairs. By its light the wars fought in supposedly national interests are seen to have been fought from political or personal ambitions, and to have kept asunder the peoples whose natural relations would have been friendly. Certain wars, called good, for want of an epithet of closer fit, seem to have been inevitably fought, and these were overruled against the evil inherent in all wars, for the advantage of mankind. The American Revolution, given an English King like George III., was inevitable, for he was himself part of the fatality, but it is almost first among good wars in the results it had for the losers. The English people benefited by the defeat of the King equally with the American people, for with both the cause of English freedom triumphed. We think it had remained for the present historian of our Revolution to make us realize the fact in its full import; and that is why we believe that his book, coming in an era when there is nothing but the fading memories of past grievances to keep Americans and Englishmen unfriendly, will do very much more than the intermarriage of American millions and English titles to bind the two nations in lasting amity, in mutual intelligence.

We Americans are not at all a sentimental people, but we are, in spite of many administrative and financial displays to the contrary, rather passionately conscientious. We do like to think we are right. It is an immense personal satisfaction; what is best and finest in us is very much bound up with our belief that our birth as a nation was without stain; that we are still consecrated by its purity to high uses in the world. If an alien, and, above all, an Englishman, will come offering us the assurance

of his own belief in our creed, how shall we do other than meet him more than half-way, and welcome him as the herald of good-will from all his kind?

It is the uncommon fortune of Sir George Trevelyan to write delightfully as well as convincingly in his story of our Revolution. Even where he convinces us least he does not delight us least, for nothing could be more charming than his study of the colonial conditions from which our national conditions rose. As we read the passages which portray the life of the New England farmer at the time he began to come under the observation of the European visitor, especially the philosophical visitor of French race and prepossessions, we held our breath a little in fear that the picture, frankly shown us at second hand, might be a vignette from some pretty eighteenth-century moral tale. We sighed for the difference which the traveller would find in the same region at our later day, but our courage returned with the perception that the historian's good-will did not carry him beyond a reasonable inference of our colonial virtues and advantages from the vignette. When it came to the study of specific character, of characteristics, the doubt which we seemed to incur was altogether past. The *man* of the Revolutionary period might have been too fondly seen as a type, but the *men* of that time were discerned with an eye whose report of them gave us the sense of ourselves seeing them for the first time, of seeing them alive. There is no affectation or pretence of discovery in our author's method. His Washington, Franklin, Adams, Arnold, Montgomery, Putnam, Lee, are in outline the men we have always known, and yet somehow we have not known them in such actuality before, in such measure of the modernity which resides in the important persons of every time. Where they were provisional, and destined to be outdated by events and conditions, they are as truly shown as where they were permanently great, and destined to outdate events and conditions. Putnam is an instance of the excellence of this portraiture in one kind, and Franklin as well as Adams in another; the analysis of the heroic elements in Arnold and the foreshadowing

of their tragical precipitation is something most uncommon; for it is the defect of history ordinarily to read men's characters backwards, and to judge their whole past by what they eventually did.

If such an English history of the American Revolution could be epitomized for use in schools, so as to present not only the facts, but the feelings of the time—to embody the author's parallel view—we can imagine nothing which would do more to disabuse the forever rising generation of the belief that it was the English people who were warring upon the American people in that struggle, or more to imbue those to whom the future belongs with the fraternal sentiment at present more evident in England than in America. Of course the author had no such conscious purpose, and we do not suppose that Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun had the desire to lure us to our democratic undoing in his praise of our imperial expansion when he wrote his very readable volume on "Greater America." There could hardly be, however, a work which we could less wish to have epitomized for the use of schools than his, if it is at all desirable that our children should grow up in the ideals of humanity which animated the American Revolutionists on both sides of the Atlantic. He sees the difficulty, the absurdity, of a republic with such inherited ideals as ours attempting to realize them in the government of the colonial possessions which fell to us from the war with Spain, and he feels for our embarrassment. But he is very frank with us, and tells that we must put them by, if we hope to get on, as Great Britain has undoubtedly got on with her imperial dependencies. The rights of man are not for man when he is brown, or when he is yellow, or even when he is pale olive; representation goes with taxation only when the skin is absolutely white. Mr. Colquhoun congratulates us upon the coolness with which we have practically ignored our inherited ideals in our colonial empire, but he thinks we would be more comfortable if we denied

them outright, and he invites us to observe that we have done this already in the nullification of the negroes' constitutional right to vote in the South; though he by no means likes the cruelty with which the negroes seem to be used among us. He is a very kindly man and a most amiable though outspoken witness of the embarrassments which have flowed to us from our aggrandizements. Nothing could be more flattering to our national vanity than his recognition of our accomplished and destined greatness. This, as he studies it in such interesting chapters as those on our Pacific and Caribbean expansion, on the incidental problems concerning our civil and military service, on Pan-Americanism in South America and Canada, appears as unquestionable to him as to any most convinced or inspired native expansionist, and he no more spares the doubting Americans than the undoubting American does. He speaks of those who criticise the government policy in the Philippines as "demagogues, cranks, and fanatics," meaning perhaps such demagogues as Professor William James, such cranks as Mr. Schurz or Mr. Schurman, such fanatics as Mark Twain.

Mr. Colquhoun knows his "Greater America" better in bulk than in detail; there he could often be faulted; and he arrives at some of his conclusions with a rapidity which suggests the notion of his arriving with them. That is necessarily the journalistic way, however, and journalism of a very good kind is the impression which his entertaining and well-put-together volume leaves. It can certainly help to do that office which we have imagined literature doing, by increasing the kindness between the English and American imperialists, who will behold their likeness in the mirror held up to them, and be drawn as cordially together as other sorts of Englishmen and Americans are by such a history as Sir George Trevelyan's. We cannot all live in the ideal, and the case of those who live in the actual is not the less to be considered because just now they seem to be having it all their own way.

Editor's Study.

THE readers of the Study might very properly ask us to give a fuller expression of what we meant in the last number when we spoke of "the direct appeal" as the distinctive trait of what is best in our contemporary literature. The writer charges a phrase with his own meanings, and unless he makes these explicit the reader is left to charge it with such meanings as occur to him—which may be quite different.

Moreover, the single illustration offered, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, might easily have been misleading. We associated the trait with plainness of speech, as if that were essential to it; but it is not. Sincerity, the absence of all gloss—these are essential. In these respects Lincoln's speech is a model for the present-day orator. It has no trace of that rhetorical gloss which in some degree veneered even the greatest oratory of the past—especially those examples of it which the schoolboy eagerly selects for show recitations. But rhetoric itself is not, because of these vicious examples, an art to be abandoned. It is not necessary to the directness of eloquent appeal that, like Mark Antony, one should "only speak right on."

Oral as compared with written speech has some disadvantages. It does not select, it must find, its audience, which is usually made up of classes widely differing in taste and intelligence. The master of such speech to-day is not magniloquent; his style is not formed upon that of bygone masters, which would seem out of place and out of time; yet he must avail of all the virtues and the graces of rhetorical art if he would be as effective as Burke and Wirt and Webster were in their time and in the way of their time. The captivating charm, the happy allusiveness, the terse epigram, the convincing argument, the imagination which creates illusion—these belong to the eloquence of every age.

The greatest American master in this field just within the memory of the new generation was George William Curtis; but in the brief period which separates us from him there has been a perceptible

change, so that the way of appeal to-day is not just his way. In the new way will come the new master, and his distinction need not be the plainness of his speech or the lack of any grace or virtue which distinguished the old masters, the great orators of the past.

The directness of the appeal in literary expression involves a complexity of revolt against old forms. The writer is more variously tempted than the speaker into indirections. The latter would never call the sun "the orb of day" or by the classic name of "Phœbus." Yet there was a period in English literature which lasted for a long time, and is not even now wholly beyond the reach of our recollection, when it seemed a breach of dignity for a writer to call anything by its right name. The concrete thing must be relieved of its vulgarity by the masque of a phrase. The horse was "the fleet courser," and all fruits were indiscriminately "Pomona's treasures." Qualities—abstract enough in their common names—were redeemed from the vice of particularity by personification. The processes of abstraction and generalization in the so-called classic age of English literature uprooted all things and set them floating in the air; the mind was not simply a mirror reflecting things, but made composite photographs of the images themselves. Nature was seen as a bundle of these composites.

The gloss of allegory, after its long persistence in literature and art, was long ago repudiated. This was another form of indirection.

The fallacies of analogy, especially those which result from the comparison of the higher to the lower, have affected philosophy more than literature; yet, in poetry at least, fancy has frequently indulged itself in the habit of careless and often incongruous comparison, not justified, as the true parable is, by luminous suggestion or disclosure. When Longfellow writes of

A feeling of sadness and longing
Which is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain,

a beautiful suggestion, which close analysis only makes more convincing, is directly conveyed. But when he calls the stars "the forget-me-nots of the angels" or compares the Delta of the Nile to an outspread fan, the drapery of fancy obscures the reality. There should be no bric-à-brac in the house of Imagination. Veils there may be, enhancing the beauty of the truth, but no superfluous vesture, however alluring.

In the poetic expression of a simple, strong feeling we resent all similes save those which are right in the way like a door that is opened, those which are spontaneous and seem inevitable, as in the old song:

And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

It is a distinguishing excellence of the great Victorian poets that they rejected the indirection of such conceits as abound in Elizabethan verse.

But what we have been saying relates to forms already discarded before the writers of our new generation were well at work, and it is with this new generation that we are reckoning. The writers whose work is now well-nigh done have not only continued, and we may say completed, the eradication of traditional affectations and masquerades,—they have not only achieved this negative accomplishment, but have put literature on an entirely new basis by their attitude toward life and the world. Perhaps Browning sounded the heralding note of the new method, though he was a poet, and it has been in prose rather than in verse that the original scheme has found expression, and mainly in works of fiction like those of Meredith, Mark Twain, James, and Howells. Pater and Symonds, who have passed away, illustrated the new method in their interpretations of history, art, and literature.

We get some idea of what such writers have accomplished when we consider what they have displaced. Take, for example, such a vital force as Charles Dickens was fifty years ago, in volume like that of a tidal wave, matched only in prevalent and overwhelming effect by Victor Hugo, who to the same degree dominated French fiction. Each of these forces seemed to fill the whole space within the limits of

its horizon. These giants of literature are still read with delight for what they were—for the might and variety of their dramatic effects,—but in to-day's literature there is no trace of their influence. Upon all their work was the theatrical gloss which the new method has repudiated. The appeal to sensibility was heightened by the dramatic exaggeration, but the operation went on in a plane removed by the masquerade from that of the direct appeal—the trait of to-day.

In the new interpretation of life it is seen that all superficial aspects are masques, and that if we would be saved from blank realism we must be rid of the gloss of actuality. There may be also the gloss of idealism—of that kind of idealism which is the product not of the creative imagination, but of an arbitrary fancy or of a purely mental determination, and which is as much the evasion of reality as the superficial aspect or incident is its disguise.

We can understand why Charles Reade put in a plea for the truth of his *Cloister and the Hearth* as against what seemed to him the fallacy of George Eliot's *Romola*. But on the other hand we think the novelist of to-day is justified in repudiating Charles Reade's scrap-book of facts as an aid to fiction. Reade probably more than any modern writer protested against what he might truly have called the gloss of invention. Shakespeare instinctively appreciated a certain virtue in actuality as something free from this gloss, and was thus led to adopt already established stories and dramatic embodiments of them which had already impressed generations of men, just as Reade felt on firm ground when there was an old story at his hand. But the creative imagination of Shakespeare not only illumined but transformed the actuality, which he took as he found it rather than incur the perils of invention.

The modern interpretation is not invention, but that true idealism which beneath their superficial aspects reaches to the souls of things. Thus is made possible that intimate appeal which is the most direct, most free from all masques and glosses. The pulse of life—its very own pulse and not the turbulent motions of the writer's, so often mistaken for that of all life—is thus immediately felt

and permitted its own undisturbed communication. The view is clear. Life is seen by its own light. The seer there must be in order that there should be vision; but his attitude, creative as his imagination may—nay, indeed, must—be, is that of ready reception, that of one who sees with “the quiet eye.”

In this clear view the writer is absolved of all cant and sentimentality, and we can see why he no longer flounders in the ditch or kicks against nothings or fights with windmills. The cultivated audience of to-day does not applaud these vain wrestlings, and it is to this audience that the writers who are making the literature of to-day must appeal; those who address another audience are outside the limits of our present consideration. The reader who has followed us thus far will see what whole classes of fiction and essays have been driven out of the field by the new method. It is interesting also to note the wide departures that have been made by writers of the new generation like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Margaret Deland from the themes that engaged their first efforts.

The new attitude of literature is also that of science and philosophy. William James is as original in his psychology as his brother Henry is in his fiction.

The intimate appeal has carried the novel from the field of outward incident and circumstance to that of the human spirit—a realm, if not of recent discovery, at least of recent appreciation and familiar habitation—how far away, indeed, in motive and atmosphere from the world of the *Waverley Novels*! The things of the world do not disappear from this world of the spirit, but they take their proper place, as incidental.

What, then, is to be expected of those new writers who have not yet reached their mature scope of literary accomplishment, and who are still at once within the light and within the shadow of their surviving masters? We doubt not that there is strength in their loins for a more radical transformation of literature in fiction and interpretative criticism, one that shall lead it to greater sincerity and develop a deeper and more fruitful culture of its sub-

jective field—we hesitate to call it “spiritual,” since that term suggests religiosity and is to that degree not pertinent to our meaning; it would be more exact to say “psychical.” We do not lack brave instances for the confirmation of our hope in such writers as those already mentioned—Mrs. Humphry Ward and Margaret Deland,—and we may add to these Arthur Symonds, Maeterlinck, Maurice Hewlett, Kenneth Grahame, Chesterton, Conrad, Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, and Alice Brown without exhausting the list of names which represent established reputations based on high aims characteristic of the new era. Among those which are in the invisible succession to these may we not hope to have a more convincing apostle of the psychically wonderful than Maurice Maeterlinck and an even stronger master of impressionism than Arthur Symonds?

Certain dogmas of the modern realistic school, fixing arbitrary limits to the possibilities of our human nature, along the low lines of a pessimistic theory, must give place to a more hopeful idealism, with ascending lines of deliverance from deepest abysses. This idealism follows the lines of a reaction which in life and nature is inevitable, and though it may seem to be absent from particular human lives, so besotted and depraved that sensibility has lost its quickness and responsive vibrancy, yet it is not the office of the great novelist to invite us to these chambers of dulness or to lead us into dark places that have no outlet to the light.

Are the future masters of fiction therefore to avoid the portrayal of shames and tortures and humiliations? Surely not. Let there be the descent into hell if need be—and it may be the inevitable course—but there must be the recourse of ascent. No living movement stops stock-still at its nadir. It is the depression of a superficial realism that is to be avoided.

We have been considering the new method only, the new attitude of literature toward reality, not the comparative greatness of the accomplishment in the terms of genius—that way lies the uncharted, the unexpected.

The Invalid

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

She lies on a divan, propped up with many cushions. She is clad in a befrilled pink tea-gown, her hair elaborately coiffed. In her hand she holds a cut-glass smelling-salts bottle, which she sniffs from time to time. Beside the couch a tabouret supports a pink and gold chocolate service. She puts down her cup as her visitor enters.

MY dear, I should think it was about time—I'm the sickest thing. I've been flat on my back for two weeks—Will you have a cup of chocolate? It's not very cold—Marie can heat it—of course she's busy now, but— Oh, you won't have any? All right: I won't urge you if you don't care for it. . . . You've been sick too?—Well, I must say you don't look it.

If you will believe me, I'm *nearly* dead—I couldn't describe to you what I go through with every day. . . . No, I haven't any decided pain anywhere, but I am just in agony—all over every moment. Up one day and down the next—I never can tell whether I am going to be able to do anything or not. Now, last night was the Ramsdell's dinner, and I barely managed to drag myself there. I had a perfectly gorgeous time, and we danced afterwards till half past one. . . . My dear, why weren't you there? I looked for you. . . . Oh, you weren't. Well, ever since Beatrice has been taken up by the Van Renssalaer crowd she's gotten awfully exclusive—you never know who she is going to cut next.

As I said, I never can tell from one moment to the next how I'm going to feel. Now, to-night we were to have had Uncle Frank and Aunt Eliza to dinner, but I had to telephone them an hour ago not to come.

. . . Mental treatment? No, not for myself, but I tried it once for the cook. It's really much cheaper than a physician, and they tell you to keep about just as though you were all right—they say you *are* all right. So I thought it would be just the thing for Bridget—it does upset everything to such an extent if one of the servants has to get sick.—I mean sick in bed. Well, it didn't do Bridget a bit of good, and she kept getting worse, and when Henry heard about it he was furious—Henry really has a wretched temper—and insisted on sending for a real doctor. And then he



I CAN'T TELL HOW I'M GOING TO FEEL

made her go to bed for ten days. You can imagine how inconvenient it was just when I had decided to give a series of dinners. But, of course, you never can make men see how annoying those things are. Now, understand, I am not complaining or saying one word against Henry—I believe he means well, but I think if some of the people who are always holding him up to me as a model husband could see him here at home sometimes they would change their minds. I am going to tell you something presently

that I think will open your eyes a little to what I have to endure occasionally. And I never knew any one to thrust *me* at Henry as a model *wife*!

Now, just one evidence of Henry's thoughtlessness—but I'm not complaining, you understand—when I've been lying here all day long, until I am so exhausted in every bone I am ready to faint, Henry will come in looking all tired out and gloomy just when I am so in need of some one to entertain me and cheer me up. And two nights ago, after I had managed to think of the very last thing I wanted to have on my table beside me, Henry put on the most forlorn expression and said in the weakest tone: "Are you sure you have everything now? I've had such a hard day and I'm worn out and want to go to bed." Did you ever hear of anything so inconsiderate? You know every doctor says you must be bright and smiling about an ill person.—Men are so selfish.

So that decided me to get some one else to help wait on me besides Marie and Henry and Jane, the children's nurse. You remember Susie Rogers up at the lake last summer? . . . Why, yes, you do—her brother kept the combination fish and flower store, the third turn from the left after you'd passed the second on the right after leaving the church. Well, she took care



SHE KEPT GETTING WORSE

of the children the week Jane was away burying her sister-in-law. Her services were really invaluable, and just at that time when I *had* to have some one. I told her I never could repay her in money and I would do something handsome for her later. Of course I sent her a nice present at Christmas—I mean nice for her, 'way out

there—I gave her two of my old evening gowns that Marie didn't want and a perfectly beautiful calendar. It was a last year's one, to be sure, but in those little country towns, I suppose, dates aren't very important, and a day or two out of the way doesn't matter particularly.

Well, I promised Susie if Jane had to bury any more of her family or anything happened, I would have her come down this winter and let her see a little of the gayety of city life. And then it occurred to me it would be a good time to ask her down now on a little visit while I'm sick and give her a pleasant time. When I don't want her to do anything for me Marie can take her out to the Park and the Museum of Natural History and the Aquarium and places like that, that she can understand and enjoy. I really do want the girl to have a happy visit and—Oh, what an awful racket those children are making up in the nursery!—Marie! Marie! Tell the children they must not play any more today—they disturb me dreadfully.—And tell Jane to give them early tea and put them right to bed.—My dear, it just seems as though no one in your own house considers you or your comfort when you are sick.

. . . Why, of course I do, now you have your coat off. . . . Twenty-five pounds? If you knew how much you are improved—You know, my dear, I'd be the last to speak about such a thing, but, really, you were a sight, and the unkind things I've heard said about your figure—but it's all right now. How did you do it? . . . Oh no, I never could stand diet and exercise—besides, of course, I don't need it. Madame Hannigan said only the other day as she was fitting me that I had the most perfect figure she ever saw.

. . . My dear, you are not tiring me at all—really, you are not. I promise truly I will tell you when you are. . . . Yes, I will.

. . . No, I can't remember the exact date I began to feel so badly, but I know it was shortly after Henry decided we could not afford to go to Palm Beach this winter—something about Wall Street and stocks and things that went wrong. As I said to him, it's just when you are losing money that you have got to pretend you have plenty. But Henry is so awfully set when he gets an idea into his head—you can't budge him. He said we couldn't afford it and that was the end of it. I've been wretched ever since.

Then Henry insisted on calling in Dr. Trowbridge—I can't bear him; he is about a million years old and lives 'way downtown in a most unfashionable quarter, and I never heard of a single person of social prominence having him. But that is another example of Henry's obstinacy—just because his sister swears by Dr. Trowbridge because he brought them through all sorts of illnesses, I had to have him—as though that recommended him to me in the least as long as I didn't want him!

He made me take the most perfectly beastly doses—and I just believe he did it to be spiteful—and wouldn't let me eat any of the things I like, and in three days he insisted I was better! You can imagine how mad that made me—I never in my life got over the most trifling ailment inside of a week at the shortest. I told him I thought I knew how I felt better than he did and I was not any better. I think that woke him up a little. Anyway, I made up my mind I would get even with him some way, so I just stopped taking his old medicines and doing one thing he told me! Of course I didn't mention anything about this to Henry, for I knew perfectly well he would take the doctor's part—Henry has a way of always taking sides against me. So I let Dr. Trowbridge come in the morning and I have some one else come in the afternoon. . . .

This is the way I arrange:—In the first place, you recollect that stunningly handsome young doctor Williams? . . . Why, yes, you do remember him two years ago at the beach—how he used to tear along in his auto with his hat off and the wind blowing through his curls? . . . Of course you do—the girls were all wild about him. I happened to think how clever he was—Mabel Preston told me of the wonderful way he removed a splinter from her finger. She sort of cried, and he comforted her so nicely she said she wished she could get her fingers full of things every day in the year if Dr. Williams was around to get them out.

I called him up on the 'phone, and told him my case was urgent, so in about half an hour up he came—in his automobile, too. My dear, if you think he's good-looking at a distance you ought to see him near to! Such eyes—all dreamy and far-away and romantic. I wonder why just ordinary business men get to look so prosaic and dull, as though life wasn't worth living at times. I've noticed Henry is beginning to have that look lately.

Well, the moment I saw him I knew instinctively he would understand my case without any difficulty. He stayed about an hour. I hate a doctor who rushes in and rushes out before you have half a chance to tell him how you feel. Dr. Williams seemed to think my trouble was more serious than mere bodily ailment—he said that I required to be properly understood—my constitution was such that I needed sympathy more than medicine. And that's *perfectly* true; when I have my own way and what I want I'm not the same person! Cross me and there you are!

I can't tell you how much better I am when he is here, and then when he goes I feel all down again. We have the loveliest talks—not about common things most people talk to you of, but about your soul and your better self and being noble and unselfish and things, don't you know, you never bother about ordinarily. And he's just crazy over the theatre, the same as I am,

and he knows several actresses, and once when one of them fainted on the stage—I don't remember that he mentioned her name, but I know she was well known—he went back of the scenes and revived her, and when she came to she looked straight at him and said, "Where am I?"

Oh yes, Dr. Williams comprehends my difficulty as no one else ever did. Why, the



SOMETHING HE CALLED STERILIZED WELSH RAREBITS

minute he takes my hand I feel so different. And he doesn't make me diet or do anything I don't like—he says I won't be a bit worse off if I do just as I please. He is so delightful I often forget he is a doctor and only think of him as a man. And, my dear, when I told him sometimes I wasn't hungry he asked for a chafing-dish and things, and made the loveliest mess—something he called sterilized Welsh rarebits—you know that's not a bit like a doctor.

Yesterday afternoon I ate two, and Henry was worried to death because I didn't eat any dinner. I nearly laughed myself into hysterics—if he only knew. And then I got so depressed and heavy I hardly slept all night—if I laugh much all at once it always upsets me.

. . . My dear, there's the bell—I promised to tell you the moment you began to tire me—you know what I mean—your talking tire me—not *you*. Besides, I think that's Dr. Williams. Perhaps you'll stay some other time and meet him.—Marie—Marie—quick, bring the rose-shaded lamp from my room and put it on the table by me, and bring my deep-pink powder—the hard kind I put on with the little calvesfoot.—Hurry! Good-by, dear. Come again soon, when I am feeling stronger and can talk a little more!

The Soldier Boy

OH, come, little boy, it is time now for bed;
The sun has gone down and the west
turns to red.
All night the tin sentries stand guard in
your stead,
So lay aside your gun until the morning.

Oh, look, little boy, see the stars where they
peep.
When taps once has sounded, then soldiers
should sleep.
The foe they must conquer, and watch they
must keep,
When reveille shall call them in the
morning.

Oh, rest, little boy, in your bed soft and
white;
It's drums for the daytime, and dreams for
the night.
You're my little boy while the moon's shi-
ning bright,
But you shall be a soldier in the morning.
CAROLINE McCORMICK.

A Matter of Accent

TWO Irishmen went to an Episcopal church
for the first time and were shown into
a pew near the door. While they were

waiting for the service to begin, one of
them picked up a prayer-book, and after
examining it for a short time, he turned
to his friend: "Come, Pat, let's slide out of
here while we can. This is no place for us;
it's only for rich men. After every third
prayer it says 'Collect.'"
M. F.

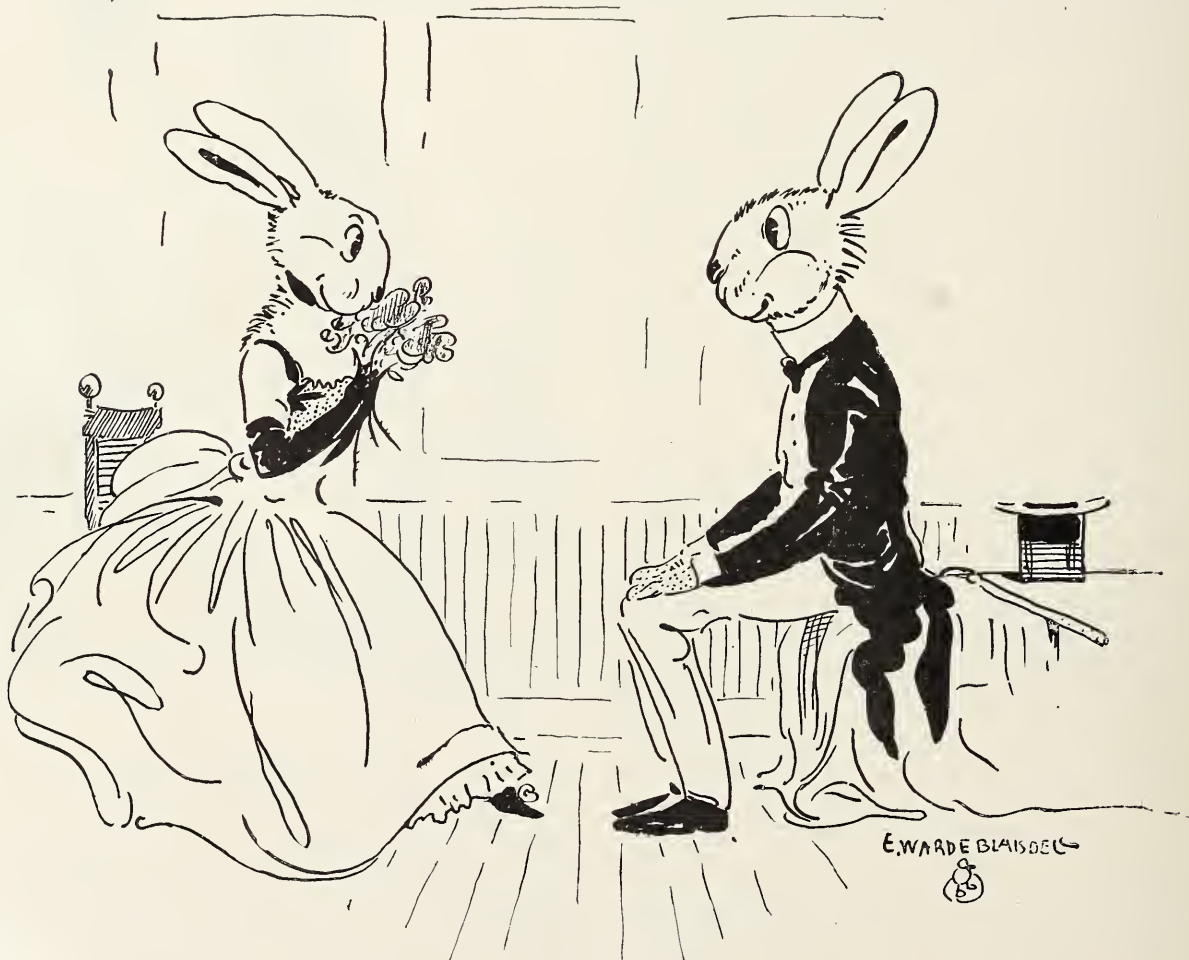
In London Town

I'D like to visit London town,
And see the King walk through the
streets,
And bow and lift his golden crown
To every little girl he meets.

And p'r'aps, if I said, "How d'ye do?"
He'd stop and chat with me a while,
And let me try his crown on, too,
And ask me how I liked the style.

And what if he should say to me,
"I'd love to have you know my wife;
Now, do come home with me to tea—
We'll lay an extra fork and knife."

I'm sure I'd go with all my heart;
And oh, the good things I would try!
Bag pudding, honey buns, cream tart!
And, best of all, live blackbird pie!
WILLARD E. KEYES.



Natural Taste

SHE. "Don't you just love roses, Mr. Hare?"
HE. "Yes; but I must say I like cabbage better."



The Centaur and the Satyr

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

A CENTAUR sad, with dappled flank,
 Sat on a shady lawn.
 Beside him, on a mossy bank,
 A Satyr, tipped with horn.
 "Cheer up! cheer up!" the Satyr cried.
 "Why, man, you have a horse to ride!"
 The Centaur groaned ere he replied,
 And spoke these words forlorn:

"A horse, you say; oh, best of friends,
 That one thing is my curse!
 We all are shaped to diverse ends,
 But mine are too diverse!
 Why, in the great Creator's course,
 Should one end be the other's loss?
 But half a man! not quite a horse!
 Could anything be worse?"

"If dual nature is the game,
 Why not combine in one
 Two natures with a common aim,
 Instead of two which shun?
 Why give me human heart and mind,
 With human longings, cold or kind,
 While this infernal part behind
 Keeps kicking up for fun?"

He ceased, and with his human hands
 He beat his equine breast.
 The Satyr smiled, as one who stands
 "Twixt pity and a jest.
 "If company in woe you seek,
 Be sure, old horse, you're not unique,—
 A fact which you, absorbed in pique,
 Have never even guessed.

"Observe with care my cloven hoof;
 Imagine my disgust
 When well-bred people hold aloof.
 As they've been told they must.
 All, all in vain my human things,
 My light tan gloves, my finger-rings,
 For from the days of Grecian kings
 The hoof has caused distrust.

"Why, when I think of all the cuffs
 Bought for my better half,
 Only to purchase me rebuffs,
 It almost makes me laugh.
 Don't think, dear Dobbin, that I gloat
 To find us in the selfsame boat.
 The horse is on you, I'm the goat,
 And we must both eat chaff."



THE LAMP. *"If there's anything that annoys me it's these people who won't let you smoke if you want to. I should think if it soots me it's none of their business."*

Little Pitchers

THE Misses White were calling on a new neighbor, and while they were awaiting her appearance a small girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there.

Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a low-voiced comment—"Not very p-r-e-t-t-y!"

To her horror the small maiden paused on the threshold, and fixing a contemptuous eye upon the culprit, remarked, with lofty composure, "No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but rather s-m-a-r-t!" E. L. G. C.

Naive

"MAMMA," little Marion asked, after a thoughtful silence, "can the Lord see us here?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can He see grandma out on the farm?"

"Of course."

"And can He see Uncle George in Manila?"

"Yes, dear. Why?"

"Well, mamma, the Lord must have a neck like a giraffe." K. H. S.

Smarty!

OH, Sarah Jane, you think you're smart 'Cause you learn pomes and things by heart,

An' multiply by mor'n two,
An' read a sentence right straight through,
An' stan' up there so big an' proud
A-speakin' pieces, awful loud!
That's showin' off! Don't you suppose
That you know half my aunty knows!

You never 'maged half the tales
She tells! an' 'en she never fails
To answer questions—all you please—
'Bout birds or animals or trees,
Er what's inside of you—er what
Is in the earth. She'll know it—but
She wouldn't think of makin' shows!
No one can tell how much she knows!

So when you're talkin' loud again
Jes you remember, Sarah Jane,
That though you're higher up 'an me,
You've got a heap to learn an' see!
I don't care if you are ahead!
'Cause aunty knows so much! She said
That real smart people don't make shows;
She don't! an' my! what aunty knows!

MINNY MAUD HANFF.

Growing Alike

DOROTHY, aged five: "Mamma, if I grow up and marry a mau named Harry, will my name be Harriet?" E. L. G. C.



Poor Arthur

When Willie smiled, I said, "My child, pray tell me, what's the joke?"

"Oh, it amuses me," said he, "to see the artichoke!"

Technical

LITTLE Alicia, aged five, who has occasionally witnessed a quiet family game, electrified the minister's family, while lunching there the other day, by innocently remarking, as she indicated the sliced beets with a tiny forefinger.

"I will take a stack of those reds, if you please."

Unusual

THE head of the house had telephoned that he would bring home a guest to luncheon—and a guest whom his wife realized that he would delight to honor. Preparations were made accordingly, with results satisfactory to her hospitable and housewifely heart. Unfortunately, six-year-old Dorothy came in a trifle late. Sweeping the table with one all-embracing glance, "Hum!" she queried, audibly, as she climbed into her chair. "Is this lunch?"

"Why, of course it's luncheon, Dorothy."



Inexperience

THE BRIDE. "I want something for dinner. I think I'll take about a quarter of a pound of roast beef."

GROCERMAN. "Sorry, lady, but we don't keep meat. Can't I sell you a large-sized bean?"

her mother hastily intervened, with a repressive gesture.

But Dorothy was not to be stayed. "Well," she returned, incredulously, "maybe it is, but it looks exactly like Sunday dinner!"

E. L. G. C.

The Moon Voyage

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

DO you know, little tad, when the moon is full

And the pine-bush sighs and quivers,
The night elves come and gently pull
A hood over hills and rivers.

It's a great wet hood of misty gray
That spreads from the swamp lagoon;
And grown folks say

It's the passageway—
That leads up to the moon.

There are wee moon-men, I've oft heard tell,
And it's easy to see them sliding,
When bats creep out of the old church bell
And witches on brooms are riding.

It is then they slide and slide and slide
Straight down from the bright moon land;
On a breeze they ride
To your little bedside—
That small and merry moon band.

They carry a spool of silver strands
Like the spider's web in the willow;
And they tie your feet and they tie your hands
And they lift you up from the pillow.
They bundle you up from head to toe

So you can't wake up too soon:

The night winds blow

And away you go—

On a trip to the far-off moon.

There's fun 'way up on the big round moon
And wee lads are in clover;
For every day is a day in June
And playtime's never over.

There are horns and horses and rabbits and hounds—

And oceans of candy and cream;

And circus grounds

And merry-go-rounds—

All free in this land of dream.



Danger

WILLIE. "Hi, there, Nelly! don't let Tommy come over here, he might get run over; there's a train going by."

Grandmamma

MY Grandmamma was cross to-day,
And really very rude:
She would not let me out to play
Until I took my food.
'Twas horrid tapioca, and
I *had* to stuff it down—
I'm sure I've got far more to stand
Than any boy in town.
I made a row (oh, can't I bawl!),
And every one looked sad.
Oh, ain't you sorry for us all
When Grandmamma is bad?

Of course, she isn't always so—
You must not think she is.
She's often kind and nice, I know,
To me and sister Liz.
She gives us sweets and toys and books,
And does not always try

To frighten us with angry looks
And silly words like "fie!"
Then Liz is quiet as a mouse,
And I do all I should—
Oh, what a difference in the house
When Grandmamma is good!

J. J. BELL.

The Beautiful One

THE stars are very beautiful,
I think, and so are trees,
And flowers are, and kittens too,
And baby calves, and bees,
And all those pretty, shiny webs
The little spiders spun,—
But oh, I think my mother is
The beautifulest one.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.



Illustration for "In Necessity's Mortar".

CATHERINE DE VAUCELLES, IN HER GARDEN

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"Othello"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

IN the seventh story of the third decade of the *Hecatommithi* of M. Giovanbattista Giraldi Cinthio, "nobile Ferrarese," first published in 1565, there is an incident so beautifully imagined and so beautifully related that it seems at first inexplicable how Shakespeare, when engaged in transfiguring this story into the tragedy of *Othello*, can have struck it out of his version. The loss of the magic handkerchief which seals the doom of the hero and his fellow victim is far less plausibly and far less beautifully explained by a mere accident, and a most unlikely accident, than by a device which heightens at once the charm of Desdemona and the atrocity of Iago. It is through her tenderness for his little child that he takes occasion to destroy her.

The ancient or ensign, who is nameless as every other actor in the story except the Moor's wife, is of course, if compared with Iago, a mere shadow cast before it by the advent of that awful figure. But none the less is he the remarkably powerful and original creature of a true and tragic genius. Every man may make for himself, and must allow that he cannot pretend to impose upon any other, his own image of the most wicked man ever created by the will of man or God. But Cinthio's villain is distinctly and vividly set before us: a man "of most beautiful presence, but of the wickedest nature that ever was man in the world." Less abnormal and less inhumanly intellectual than Iago, who loved Desdemona "not out of absolute lust" (perhaps the strangest and subtlest point of all that

go to make up his all but inscrutable character), this simpler villain, "no whit heeding the faith given to his wife, nor friendship, nor faith, nor obligation, that he might have to the Moor, fell most ardently in love with Desdemona. And he set all his thought to see if it might become possible for him to enjoy her."

This plain and natural motive would probably have sufficed for any of those great contemporaries who found it easier to excel all other tragic or comic poets since the passing of Sophocles and Aristophanes than to equal or draw near to Shakespeare. For him it was insufficient. Neither envy nor hatred nor jealousy nor resentment, all at work together in festering fusion of conscious and contemplative evil, can quite explain Iago even to himself: yet neither Macbeth nor even Hamlet is by nature more inevitably introspective. But the secret of the abyss of this man's nature lies deeper than did ever plummet sound save Shakespeare's. The bright and restless devil of Goethe's invention, the mournfuler and more majestic devil created by Marlowe, are spirits of less deep damnation than that incarnate in the bluff plain-spoken soldier whose honesty is the one obvious thing about him, the one unmistakable quality which neither man nor woman ever fails to recognize and to trust.

And what is even the loftier Faust, whose one fitting mate was Helen, if compared with the subjects of Iago's fathomless and bottomless malice? This quarry cries on havoc louder than when Hamlet fell. Shakespeare alone could

have afforded to cancel the most graceful touch, to efface the loveliest feature, in the sketch of Cinthio's heroine. But Desdemona can dispense with even this.

The Moor's wife went often, as I have said, to the ancient's wife's house, and abode with her a good part of the day. Whence this man seeing that she sometimes bore about her a handkerchief which he knew that the Moor had given her, the which handkerchief was wrought in Moorish wise most subtly, and was most dear to the lady, and in like wise to the Moor, he bethought him to take it from her secretly, and thence to prepare against her her final ruin. And he having a girl of three years old, which child was much beloved of Desdemona, one day that the hapless lady had gone to stay at the house of this villain, he took the little girl in his arms and gave her to the lady, who took her and gathered her to her breast: (and) this deceiver, who was excellent at sleight of hand, reft from her girdlestead the handkerchief so cunningly that she was no whit aware of it, and departed from her right joyful. Desdemona, knowing not this, went home, and being busied with other thoughts took no heed of the handkerchief. But some days thence, seeking for it and not finding it, she was right fearful lest the Moor should ask it of her, as he was often wont to do.

No reader of this terribly beautiful passage can fail to ask himself why Shakespeare forbore to make use of it. The substituted incident is as much less probable as it is less tragic. The wife offers to bind the husband's aching forehead with this especially hallowed handkerchief: "he puts it from him, and it drops," unnoticed by either, for Emilia to pick up and reflect, "I am glad I have found this napkin."

What can be the explanation of what a dunce who knows better than Shakespeare might call an oversight? There is but one: but it is all-sufficient. In Shakespeare's world as in nature's it is impossible that monsters should propagate: that Iago should beget, or that Goneril or Regan should bring forth. Their children are creatures unimaginable by man. The old chronicles give sons to Goneril, who vanquish Cordelia in battle and drive her to suicide in prison: but Shakespeare knew that such a tradition was not less morally and physiologically incongruous than it was poetically

and dramatically impossible. And Lear's daughters are not monsters in the proper sense: their unnatural nature is but the sublimation and exaggeration of common evil qualities, unalloyed, untempered, unqualified by any ordinary admixture of anything not ravenously, resolutely, mercilessly selfish. They are devils only by dint of being more utterly and exclusively animals—and animals of a lower and hatefulest type—than usual. But any one less thoroughly intoxicated with the poisonous drug of lifelong power upon all others within reach of his royal hand would have been safe from the convincing and subjugating influence of Goneril and Regan. That is plain enough: but who will be fool enough to imagine that he would have been safe against the more deadly and inevitable influence of Iago?

The most fearful evidence of his spiritual power—for it would have been easy for a more timid nature than his wife's to secure herself beforehand against his physical violence by a warning given betimes to either of his intended victims—was necessarily suppressed by Shakespeare as unfit for dramatic service. Emilia will not believe Othello's assurance of her husband's complicity in the murder of Desdemona: the ancient's wife in Cinthio's terrible story "knew all, seeing that her husband would fain have made use of her as an instrument in the lady's death, but she would never assent, and for dread of her husband durst not tell her anything." This is not more striking and satisfying in a tale than it would have been improper and ineffectual in a tragedy. So utter a prostration of spirit, so helpless an abjection of soul and abdication of conscience under the absolute pressure of sheer terror, would have been too purely dreadful and contemptible a phase of debased nature for Shakespeare to exhibit and to elaborate as he must needs have done throughout the scenes in which Iago's wife must needs have figured: even if they could have been as dramatic, as living, as convincing as those in which the light, unprincipled, untrustworthy, loving, lying, foolish, fearless and devoted woman is made actual and tangible to our imagination as none but Shakespeare could have made her: a little afraid, it may be, of



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IAGO

her husband, when she gives him the stolen handkerchief, but utterly dauntless when his murderous hand is lifted against her to silence her witness to the truth.

The crowning mark of difference between such a nature as this and such a nature as that of the mistress for whose sake she lays down her life too late to save her is less obvious even in their last difference of opinion—as to whether there are or are not women who abuse their husbands as Othello charges his wife with abusing him—than in the previous scene when Emilia most naturally and inevitably asks her if he has not just shown himself to be jealous, and she answers:

Who, he? I think the sun where he was
born

Drew all such humors from him.

This would be a most noble stroke of pathos if the speaker were wrong—misled by love into loving error; but the higher Shakespearian pathos, unequalled and impossible for man to conceive as ever possibly to be equalled by man, consists in the fact that she was right. And the men of Shakespeare's age could see this: they coupled together with equally assured propriety and justice of epithet

Honest Iago and the jealous Moor.

The jealousy of the one and the honesty of the other must stand or fall together. Othello, when overmastered by the agony of the sudden certitude that the devotion of his love has been wasted on a harlot who has laid in ashes the honor and the happiness of his life, may naturally or rather must inevitably so bear himself as to seem jealous in the eyes of all—and they are all who know him—to whom Iago seems the living type of honesty: a bluff, gallant, outspoken fellow, no conjurer and no saint, coarse of speech and cynical of humor, but true and tried as steel: a man to be trusted beyond many a far cleverer and many a more refined companion in peril or in peace. It is the supreme triumph of his superb hypocrisy so to disguise the pride of intellect which is the radical instinct of his nature and the central mainspring of his action as to pass for a man of rather inferior than superior intelligence to the less blunt and simple natures of

those on whom he plays with a touch so unerring at the pleasure of his merciless will. One only thing he cannot do: he cannot make Desdemona doubt of Othello. The first terrible outbreak of his gathering passion in a triple peal of thunder fails to convince her that she has erred in believing him incapable of jealousy. She can only believe that he has vented upon her the irritation aroused by others, and repent that she should have charged him even in thought with unkindness on no more serious account than this. "Nay, we must think men are not gods": and she had been but inconsiderate and overexacting, an "unhandsome warrior" unfit to bear the burden and the heat of the day—of a lifelong union and a fellowship in battle and struggle against the trials and the tests of chance, to repine internally for a moment on such a score as that.

Were no other proof extant and flagrant of the palpable truth that Shakespeare excelled all other men of all time on record as a poet in the most proper and literal sense—as a creator of man and woman, there would be overflowing and overwhelming proof of it in the creation and interaction of these three characters. In the more technical and lyrical sense of the word, no less than in height of prophetic power, in depth of reconciling and atoning inspiration, he is excelled by Æschylus: though surely, on the latter score, by Æschylus alone. But if the unique and marvellous power which at the close of the Oresteia leaves us impressed with a crowning and final sense of high spiritual calm and austere consolation in face of all the mystery of suffering and of sin—if this supreme gift of the imaginative reason was no more shared by Shakespeare than by any poet or prophet or teacher of Hebrew origin, it was his and his alone to set before us the tragic problem of character and event, of all action and all passion, all evil and all good, all natural joy and sorrow and chance and change, in such fulness and perfection of variety, with such harmony and supremacy of justice and of truth, that no man known to historic record ever glorified the world whom it would have been so utterly natural and so comparatively rational to fall down before and worship as a God.



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ACT II. SCENE I. A SEAPORT TOWN IN CYPRUS
OTHELLO. "*O my fair warrior*"

For nothing human is ever for a moment above the reach or beyond the scope or beneath the notice of his all but superhuman genius. In this very play he sets before mankind forever not only the perfect models of heroic love and honor, of womanly sweetness and courage, of intelligent activity and joyous energy in evil, but also an unsurpassable type of the tragicomic dullard. Roderigo is not only Iago's but (in Dryden's masterly phrase) "God Almighty's fool." And Shakespeare shows the poor devil no more mercy than Iago or than God. You see at once that he was born to be plundered, cudgelled, and killed—if he tries to play the villain—like a dog. No lighter comic relief than this rather grim and pitiless exhibition of the typic fool could have been acceptable or admissible on the stage of so supreme a tragedy.

Such humorous realism—and it is excellent of its kind—as half relieves and half intensifies the horror of Cinthio's tale may serve as well as any other point of difference to show with what matchless tact of transfiguration by selection and rejection the hand of Shakespeare wrought his will and set his mark on the materials left ready for it by the hand of a lesser genius. The ancient waylays and maims the lieutenant on a dark night as he comes from the house of a harlot "with whom he was wont to solace himself"; and when the news gets abroad next morning, and reaches the ears of Disdemona, "she, who was of a loving nature, and thought not that evil should thence befall her, shewed that she had right great sorrow for such a mishap. Hereof the Moor took the worst opinion that might be, and went to find the ancient, and said to him, 'Thou knowest well that my ass of a wife is in so great trouble for the lieutenant's mishap that she is like to run mad.' 'And how could you,' said he, 'deem otherwise, seeing that he is her soul?' 'Her soul, eh?' replied the Moor. 'I will pluck—that will I—the soul from her body.'"

Shakespeare and his one disciple Webster alone could have afforded to leave this masterly bit of dialogue unused or untranslated. For they alone would so have elevated and ennobled the figure of the protagonist as to make it unimaginable that he could have talked in this

tone of his wife and her supposed paramour with the living instrument of his revenge. Could he have done so, he might have been capable of playing the part played by the merciless Moor who allows the ancient to thrash her to death with a stocking stuffed with sand. No later master of realistic fiction can presumably have surpassed the simple force of impression and effect conveyed by this direct and unlovely narrative.

And as they debated with each other whether the lady should be done to death by poison or dagger, and resolved not on either the one or the other of these, the ancient said, "A way there is come into my mind whereby you shall satisfy yourself, and there shall be no suspicion of it whatever. And it is this. The house wherein you dwell is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber has many chinks in it. I will that with a stocking full of sand we smite Disdemona so sore that she die thereof, whereby there may seem on her no sign of blows: when she shall be dead, we will make part of the ceiling fall, and will shatter the lady's head; feigning that a beam as it fell has shattered it and killed her: and in this wise there shall be no one who may conceive any suspicion of you, every man believing that her death has befallen by accident." The cruel counsel pleased the Moor, and after abiding the time that seemed convenient to him, he being one night with her abed, and having already hidden the ancient in a little chamber that opened into the bedchamber, the ancient, according to the order taken between them, made some manner of noise in the little chamber: and, hearing it, the Moor said, suddenly, to his wife, "Hast thou heard that noise?" "I have heard it," said she. "Get up," subjoined the Moor, "and see what is the matter." Up rose the hapless Disdemona, and, as soon as she came near the little chamber, forth came thereout the ancient, who, being a strong man, and of good muscle, with the stocking which he had ready gave her a cruel blow in the middle of her back, whereby the lady instantly fell, without being able well-nigh to draw breath. But with that little voice that she could get she called on the Moor to help her, and he, risen out of bed, said to her, "Most wicked lady, thou hast the wage of thine unchastity: thus fare those women, who, feigning to love their husbands, set horns on their heads." The wretched lady, hearing this, and feeling herself come to her end, inasmuch as the ancient had given her an-



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ACT III.: SCENE III. BEFORE THE CASTLE

OTHELLO. *"Now, by yond' marble heaven
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words."*



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ACT IV.: SCENE III. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE CASTLE

EMILIA. *"I would you had never seen him!"*

DESDEMONA. *"So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—"*

other blow, said that in witness of her faith she called upon the divine justice, seeing that the world's failed her. And as she called on God to help her, when the third blow followed, she lay slain by the villainous ancient. Then, having laid her in bed, and shattered her head, he and the Moor made the roof-tree of the chamber fall, as they had devised between them, and the Moor began to call for help, for the house was falling: at whose voice the neighbors came running, and having uncovered the bed, they found the lady under the roof-beams dead.

We are a long way off Shakespeare in this powerfully dramatic and realistic scene of butchery: it is a far cry from *Othello*, a nature made up of love and honor, of resolute righteousness and heroic pity, to the relentless and deliberate ruffian whose justice is as brutal in its ferocity as his caution is cold-blooded in its foresight. The sacrificial murder of Desdemona is no butchery, but tragedy—terrible as ever tragedy may be, but not more terrible than beautiful; from the first kiss to the last stab, when the sacrificing priest of retribution immolates the victim whose blood he had forborne to shed for pity of her beauty till impelled to forget his first impulse and shed it for pity of her suffering. His words can bear no other meaning, can imply no other action, that would not be burlesque rather than grotesque in its horror. And the commentators or annotators who cannot understand or will not allow that a man in almost unimaginable passion of anguish may not be perfectly and sedately mindful of consistency and master of himself must explain how Desdemona manages to regain her breath so as to speak three times, and utter the most heavenly falsehood that ever put truth to shame, after being stifled to death. To recover breath enough to speak, to think, and to lie in defence of her slayer, can hardly be less than to recover breath enough to revive and live, if undespatched by some sharper and more summary method of homicide. The fitful and intermittent lack of stage directions which has caused and perpetuated this somewhat short-sighted oversight is not a more obvious evidence of the fact that Shakespeare's text has lost more than any other and lesser poet's for want of the author's revision than is the misplacing of a let-

ter which, as far as I know, has never yet been set right. When *Othello* hears that Iago has instigated Roderigo to assassinate Cassio, he exclaims, "O villain!" and Cassio ejaculates "Most heathenish, and most gross!" The sense is improved and the metre is rectified when we perceive that the original printer mistook the word "villanie" for the word "villaine." Such corrections of an unrevised text may seem slight and trivial matters to Englishmen who give thanks for the like labor when lavished on second-rate or third-rate poets of classical antiquity: the toil bestowed by a Bentley or a Porson on Euripides or Horace must naturally, in the judgment of universities, seem wasted on Shakespeare or on Shelley.

One of the very few poets to be named with these has left on everlasting record the deliberate expression of his judgment that *Othello* combines and unites the qualities of *King Lear*, "the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet" (a verdict with which I may venture to express my full and absolute agreement), and of *Hamlet*, his most tremendous effort "as a philosopher or meditator." It may be so: and Coleridge may be right in his estimate that "*Othello* is the union of the two." I should say myself, but with no thought of setting my opinion against that of the man who at his best was now and then the greatest of all poets and all critics, that the fusion of thought and passion, inspiration and meditation, was at its height in *King Lear*. But in *Othello* we get the pure poetry of natural and personal emotion, unqualified by the righteous doubt and conscientious intelligence which instigate and impede the will and the action of *Hamlet*. The collision and the contrast of passion and intellect, of noble passion and infernal intellect, was never before and can never be again presented and verified as in this most tragic of all tragedies that ever the supreme student of humanity bequeathed for the study of all time. As a poet and a thinker Æschylus was the equal, if not the superior, of Shakespeare; as a creator, a revealer, and an interpreter, infinite in his insight and his truthfulness, his tenderness and his wisdom, his justice and his mercy, no man who ever lived can stand beside the author of *Othello*.

The Slip of the Leash

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

WHETHER it was in his blood or not, as they say it is in the blood of some wild animals which invariably, sooner or later, revert to utter savagery, or whether he was unduly restrained by the conditions of his life, which made a reaction inevitable, Adam Andersen, at a time of life when most men have settled into the calm of acquiescence with fate which is to endure until death, broke his bonds. In other words, he went wild, he freed himself from all which had hitherto held him, and was for himself alone,—or perhaps for that which was in reality greater than himself or anything which had held him. Perhaps in returning to nature he also returned, in a sense, to God, although he broke, to the execration of all who knew of it, like the woman of the Scriptures, his jar of precious ointment.

Adam Andersen was over forty when he left a wife and four children, and a comfortable home, and went, not to the bad—that was not the word for it—but to that which is outside the good or the bad, to freedom from all cords and weights of civilized life. He lived, anyway, on the outskirts of civilization, where he could hear and see, and smell with his sharpened nostrils, that which was outside. He lived in one of the far Western States, on a fine farm which he himself had wrested from the wild. He had a house which was in those parts considered sumptuous, and furniture in those parts considered luxurious. There was a piano, and his daughters took music lessons. In the yard was a croquet set, and he used to watch his children playing the game with a sort of whimsical and admiring contempt. When he had been the age of his eldest boy—eight—he had played with a shovel and a hoe in grim earnest for his bread and butter. The eldest boy was eight, the next was five, then there were two girls, one ten, the other nine. An-

dersen's wife was still good to see—large, and blonde, with a seeming decision of character which, some said, had driven her husband afeld. However, people, for the most part, were on her side.

The day after Andersen disappeared, leaving no trace,—for he had planned his escape well,—and his wife appealed to the people in the scattered settlement to aid her, there had been no lack of volunteers, and there had been fierce blame for the man, although he had left his family in easy circumstances, and his wife was considered to have the brain of a man and to be as competent to run the farm as Adam.

Adam Andersen had simply attired himself in some stout clothes and put a few necessities in the rude old knapsack which he had borne over his shoulders when he first came to those parts, and one night when his wife and family were at a Christmas gathering in the school-house, three miles away, he had stepped—or rather leaped, so glad was the new sense of freedom in him—over the indefinite barrier which kept the settlement from the wild, the civilized man from the savage, and in a trice he was what he had been before he had known himself. He loped like a young wolf along the road farther west. He was a small and wiry man, and his muscles had still the strength and suppleness of youth. He had chosen a strange time for his exit, a night of intense cold, when the stars overhead swarmed in myriads seemingly laced together in a net of frost; but he was warmly clad, and besides he did not mind the cold. He loved it with a fierce animal yearning, for his forefathers had come of a cold climate, and it was the spur of their old impulses which now urged him on. He forged ahead as a Viking might have done at a battle-call, although before him were only wastes of land, instead of sea. He did not seem to feel the cold at all. He

thought, it is true, of his wife and his children, and, paradoxical as it may seem, with intense love, yet still with exultation that he had broken away from that love and its terrible monotony of demand. The going to bed every night to sleep in his carved bedstead underneath the patchwork quilts which his wife had made, to realize beside him that other personality which had become a part of him, and which he had realized as extraneous, even while he loved it; the invariable rising in the morning and going about his tasks; the three meals a day; the sound of his daughters' pounding on the piano which he had purchased for them, and in which he himself took the greatest pride; the sight of his wife about her household tasks; the smell of the bread baking and the sweet cake; the wrangling and playing of the younger children in which he delighted,—he was free from now, and instead was an infinite preciousness of renewed individuality.

"I was being tore to pieces betwixt them all," he said to himself as he leaped along, "and soon there would have been nothing at all left of me." He looked up at the stars, and a sense of his own soul which he had lost for a long time was over him, and along with it, as a matter of sequence, was the sense of God. In his belt were pistols and a hunting-knife; over his shoulder, a rifle. He meant to hunt and trap the valuable game farther off, but when he reached the hunting-fields the desire left him. He was not a man of sentiment. It simply did not appeal to him to hunt, for the sake of profit, his fierce brothers of the out-of-doors. Once he had a good chance to shoot at a deer, and levelled his rifle, but did not fire. Instead of shooting the deer, he made his way to the nearest settlement and purchased some venison which another man had shot. He wore a money-belt. Once, even, he might have killed a bear and had a valuable skin, but let the great shaggy free thing lumber away. That was in the spring, when he had been on the tramp for six months.

At last he fell in with some men on their way to the mines, and he fared along with them. They were not the kind usually seen on such roads, but a meek set rather intimidated by their own adventure, and they had come from

the East. They all rather feared Andersen, who kept himself to himself even while with them, and they had a theory that he was some escaped criminal. Andersen understood, and it filled him with the grim humor that a wild animal might have had. He knew himself that he would not hurt these men, that in reality he had never hurt anything, and the suspicion as to his evil doings seemed to him a fine joke. He listened to the innocent prattle of his companions concerning the gold they would dig out of the earth, and what they would do with it, and he had a sort of wonder concerning his own motives for joining them.

He was too simple to understand that the thirst for gold is in itself as primeval a thing as the thirst for freedom, inasmuch as gold is often the price of it. Then, too, the desire of discovery is as old as the world, and Andersen in setting himself free had become at once as old and as young as the world. It was therefore that he went on with the men to the mines. But he was the one of them all who made a rich find, although it was not for a year's time, and in the mean time there had been hardships which he had borne lightly, since he had not born them with his soul. Frost-bites which do not affect the soul have little sting in them, and neither has hunger under burning suns. Several of the party succumbed, and Andersen surprised them all by his roughly tender care of them, although they still feared him. They called him the wild man. Indeed, he had let his hair and beard grow, and was as shaggy as a bear, and almost as speechless. He never talked with his companions, and none of them knew anything of his antecedents.

When he made his great find it was in the early spring, and he struck out toward home. He did not know why he did so, but it seemed a part of his freedom, the natural impulse of a living thing which has discovered, toward a hole of hiding. It was a long and arduous journey, but he went on doggedly, his pistols in his belt, his rifle over shoulder. Except for the general wildness of his aspect, largely owing to the great growth of his hair and beard, he looked no more worn nor old than when

he started. In reality, hardships had not injured him in the least. They had rather served as a tonic to a peculiar nervous nature which civilization had been rasping beyond endurance.

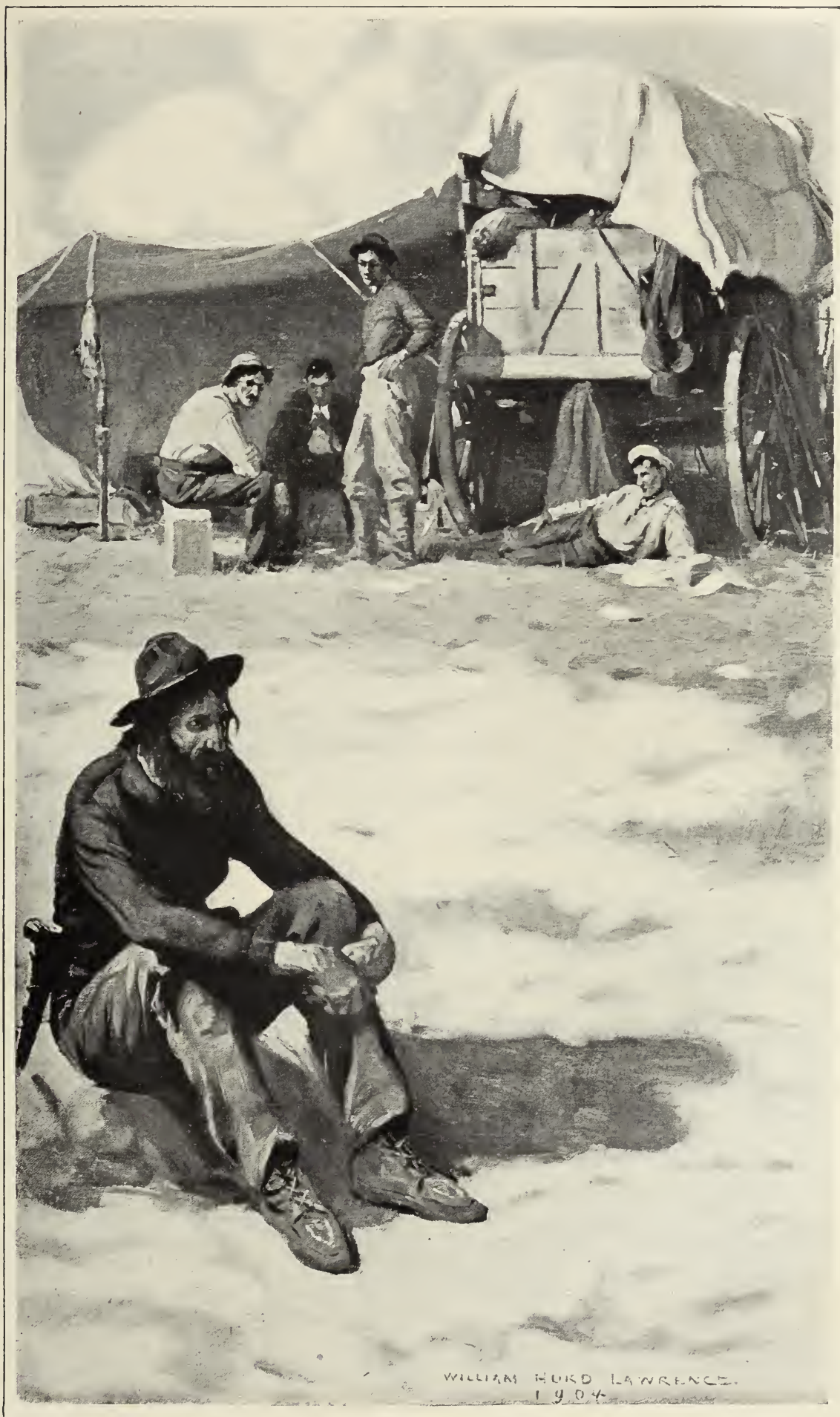
When he reached the outskirts of the settlement in which he had lived before his exit, he slunk cautiously, as if he had been a beast of prey with designs upon the folds. However, he was really in no danger of discovery. Before his departure he had gone clean shaven, and now so hirsute was he that his own wife and children could not have recognized him. There was about the settlement a great growth of forest, and in this he concealed himself. The weather was quite warm, and he had no trouble about living in the open; all his trouble was the lack of food. He had been obliged by necessity to overcome his dislike to slaughter for the sake of food, but even now he had a repugnance to it. At last he hit upon a plan. Under cover of night he stole into the village and robbed a baker's shop, leaving on the counter gold sufficient to twice pay for what he had taken. He also in the same fashion appropriated the contents of hen-coops.

As the summer advanced he built himself a rude shack under the shag of a hill, and laid in a stock of fire-wood. It began to be known in the settlement that there was a wild man living in the woods, but as he always paid for his raids upon the provisions of the place, no rancor was aroused against him, and wild things awakened no particular surprise or curiosity in that vicinity, so frequent they were, not even that wildest of all wild things—a wild man. It is true that some mothers lately from the East forbade their children to stray far into the woods in the locality where the wild man had been seen, but the children themselves, more fearless, made little raids in large companies for mutual protection, and boasted that they had seen the wild man and the wild man's house, and astonishing tales, tintured with their childish fancy, they told of both. The man, in particular, was described as being in appearance something like a prehistoric giant. Nobody in the settlement dreamed of the true state of the case, and yet Adam Andersen had been away only a little over a year. Once it happened

that his own two young children came with the exploring party, and both gazed at him round-eyed, from a flowering thicket, and neither dreamed that he had ever seen him before.

That night Andersen had a bad hour. The hunger of natural affections was upon him again, and crowded out that hunger of the soul which kept him in the wild. Those two utterly common little faces, those young of his flesh and blood, but not of his true self which he had let loose, had filled him with a torture of yearning. He wanted his wife and his children and his home. Once he started up to try to put himself in fitting trim to go home, and then it was over. The smell of the damp spring earth, and the multitude of young growing things which were the music of the first man, were loud in his senses, and his own spirit awakened to the life which satisfied him. Again, while he loved and longed for his wife, he resented his bonds, for in bonds she had held him, and the children, which were all like her rather than like him. He had cut the knot of his conditions of life, and he realized that not yet could the break be made entirely whole, and yet he never for one moment lost sight of his family, or lost his sense of care over them. He slunk on the borders of the fields, to make sure that his wife kept the men to their work; many a night the house-dog barked and howled and strained at his leash because he was under the windows, and they did not know who was there, although the youngest boy suggested fearfully that it might be the wild man, and Andersen heard the grate of the bolt in the door.

It was doubtful, when Andersen went away that night, moving with a curious free padding lope, like a wild animal, which he had acquired since he had left home, if he had ever in his life loved as he did then his wife and children and home. But they had become to him as the angel with whom Jacob wrestled for the sake of a mystery which was more than earth and life and all the natural affections thereof. As Andersen retraced his steps to his shack deep in the heart of the wood, he even wept a little, like a child. It was a damp night, and the wind came from the south full of



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THEY ALL RATHER FEARED HIM

moisture. Presently it began to rain. Andersen lay out in the warm rain and let it soak through him, and felt the winds, and soon the old sense of attaining his full stature—the sense of freedom from trammels which held him to an encumbering happiness—was over him. Still, as he lay there he felt his heart dislocated as Jacob felt his hip after the angelic encounter. He remembered with solicitude that his wife's face had looked thinner and older, that much of the look of decision and feminine imperiousness which had in reality fed upon him had vanished. The woman, bereft of her gentle, subservient husband, settled back into what she really was—a rather incompetent, timid female of her species. Adam had overrated her capability; her manner had misled him. The next year he, covertly observant, saw with concern that the fields had begun to suffer for want of his overlooking. Still his wife and his children retained their prosperous air.

Adam saw that his wife wore a rich silk dress, and bonnet loaded with flowers, and that she held her head high, while her mouth had a pleased, self-conscious expression. He understood her thoroughly. He knew that her beautiful clothes soothed as with a soothing emollient any ache in her heart because of his desertion of her. She was a type of the perfectly common feminine. She was a good woman, she kept the Commandments, but the material frivolity of her had overrun the spiritual, as weeds will overrun the flowers of a garden. And it was the same with the children, who resembled their mother, and it had been becoming the same with Adam. He had been losing the feeling of his own soul, and that from which the soul emanates, by reason of these harmless and pleasant, but utterly earthly and petty, interests. His children were as smartly attired as his wife; none of them looked downcast. He realized that for the time at least, in this atmosphere of religious festivity, and enveloped in their fine feathers, they were not troubled because of him, and his own misgivings were laid at rest. He had placed half of his gold which he had discovered in trust, and the interest was to be sent quarterly to his wife. He told himself

that even if she did let the farm go to waste, she would have enough. And there was the remainder of his wealth, which he had buried as a dog might have buried a bone in a secret place in the woods. He used very little of it. His needs, the needs of a primitive and wild man which he had become, were few, and mostly supplied without coin of the realm. In summer there were always succulent greens, mushrooms, and berries. In winter there was the game which he had now forced himself to kill and eat, for savagery had returned in a degree with his freedom. He really needed little except cartridges, and now and then a rough garment.

All this time, although conscious of a never-ceasing ache of hunger in the earthly heart of him, he had the exaltation of a martyr, the sublime happiness of one who forfeits the good for the sake of the better, and the consciousness of that beyond his earthly life, which had been slipping away from him, was never lost. Always the wonderful perfume of a broken box of ointment was in his nostrils, and his sense of Him for whom it had been broken never left him. A religion so deep and vast that it seemed to furnish his soul with wings toward immensity possessed him. God and his relation to Him became more than his relation toward his kind. He became in the fullest sense himself. His growth, which had been checked, again reasserted itself.

Yet always he kept that watch upon that which he had left. Year after year the fields which had yielded so bountifully under his care suffered. The time came when it was hard for him not to enter the house and ask his wife what it meant, why she did not see to things, but he never did. He knew that she had enough, even if the broad fields, as finally happened, were converted into gardens of flaming weeds instead of grain. But soon after that—it was now three years since his exit—he began to notice that his wife no longer went dressed as richly as formerly, and that his children were even shabby. Then he saw them walking when properly they should have been riding; and one night, stealing into the barn, he found that the horses were all gone. He began to ask himself if anything could have gone wrong with that

trust money. He tramped to the nearest town and possessed himself of papers, and soon enough found what he wanted. The man in whom he had trusted had defaulted. The money was gone. He then began to dole out the money which he had remaining. He was at his wits' end to do so without discovery, but by tramping miles first in one direction, then another, he contrived to send it in quarterly instalments, and he saw with delight that his wife had a new dress and the flowers on her bonnet bloomed anew. But the worry was upon him that the money, since he was using the principal, would soon be gone. He felt that he should invest the remainder. He tramped fifty miles one spring with the money concealed about him, and his pistols in his belt, and he invested it, and it was not long before the investment proved an utter loss. Then he knew that his wife had mortgaged the farm. Still, although the thought of it all was always with him, he seemed to live in his solitude with God, and realize himself that which he should be.

But finally the time came when by spying and listening he found out that his family could not live much longer unless something was done for them. One afternoon, slouching along in the shadows of the woods, he saw his wife and his slender daughters and eldest boy trying to plough the fields with an old horse which they had hired. That was too much for him. There was a man in the settlement who had owed him money for years. Andersen had returned to the simplest notions of right and wrong. That night he went to the great barn of the man who owed him, and got out two stout horses, and he worked all night ploughing his fields. In the morning, when the deserted wife saw what had been done, she thought it was the work of a benevolent neighbor, a widower, who had for some time been making advances to her. There had been a well-grounded report that Andersen was dead. However, Andersen's wife would not listen to the man, and although she saw with delight the work done on her fields, still she made up her mind that she would not admit any knowledge of the man who had done it. Adam worked night after night, and it was the seventh night

that his second daughter discovered him. He was working quite near the house, and guiding the horses in silence, yet it was bright moonlight, and the girl, who was nervous and wakeful, looked out and saw him. He heard her shriek, and hurried with the horses out of the field.

The girl ran down to her mother, who slept on the ground-floor, and she was fairly gasping in hysterics. "Oh, mother! oh, mother!" she cried, catching her breath.

Her mother, white and gasping also, rose up in bed and looked at her.

"It is the wild man who is ploughing our fields," said the girl, choking.

"I don't believe it."

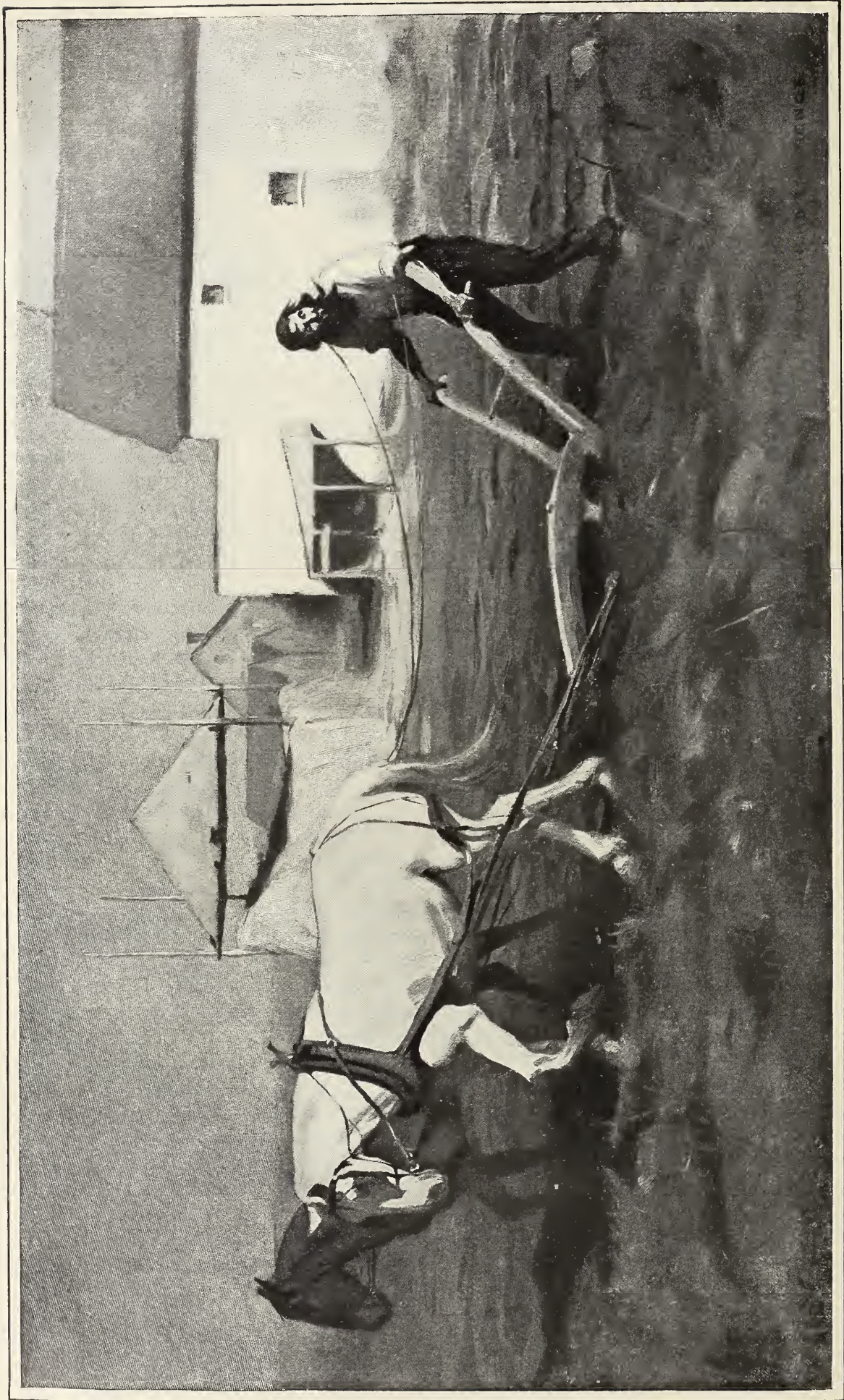
"Yes; I saw him. His beard blew out like a flag as he walked behind the horses."

"I don't believe it. You were dreaming. It was Silas Edgett."

"No, it was the wild man. I saw him."

The next night Adam did not come. He felt that it was of no use. He knew they would all be on the watch. He waited. He thought, if he waited, they might cease to watch. On the third night he stole up to the barn of the neighbor whose horses he had borrowed, and caught the gleam of a lantern from the wide-open doors. They, too, were on the watch. They had discovered that their horses had been used. He waited still three days longer, and made a third attempt. Passing his wife's house, skirting like a shadow the edge of the woods which bordered the road, he distinctly saw white gleams in the windows; he kept on to the barn, and there was still the lantern gleam. A man was actually pacing like a sentinel before the open door. He retreated. The next day he left his shack, taking with him his scanty possessions, for he had a presentiment. He was quite right. The sheriff had been sent for, and that very night his shack was visited, but the wild man had gone. After all, there was nothing very serious in the charge against him. He had merely borrowed without leave a man's horses and ploughed the fields of a poor deserted woman. The widower who was her covert admirer advised the withdrawal of the search party, without further efforts to find the man.

The next day but one, Adam returned



HE WAS PLOUGHING IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT

to his shack, but he was in despair. That had come which he had foreseen. All day he sat on a ledge of stone near his shack, reflecting. It was a beautiful day in spring, and a sudden warm spell had brought out the leaves on the trees. His feet were sunken in a bed of wild flowers. He heard running water and pipes of birds, and it seemed to him that he also heard something else—the trumpet of freedom of life and earth which calls a man to the battle-field of God. But he knew that the time was come when he must return to the trammels of love and happiness and anxiety, which his day and generation had made incumbent upon him, and which, although his soul after a manner delighted in them, were yet not the best for a man of his kind who had in him the memory of the old which is the new.

It was late afternoon when Adam rose up and entered his shack and got out a razor and a bit of looking-glass which he had kept all this time, and he shaved himself and cut his hair. Then he put on a decent suit of clothes which he had also kept, and when it was all done he looked a thin and meek man, and not one to ever kick over his traces of life. Then he left his shack, and went along the road toward his old home. He stopped at the house of a man who owned a mule, a half-mile from his own home, and found the man's wife at home, and bargained with her, with a little money he had left, for the hire of the mule for a few days. These people were newcomers in the settlement and did not know him, but the woman looked at him wonderingly when he told her what fields he wished to plough.

"But," she said, "I thought that man was dead. I thought he ran away and died."

"No," said Adam, "he is alive."

"But they told me he died," persisted the woman.

"No, he is alive."

"Are you him?" asked the woman.

"Yes, I am," replied Adam, and left the woman gaping after him as he went away with the mule. She half feared that she had seen a ghost; then she looked at the solid silver in her hand.

Adam went on, leading the mule with his ragged sides. He was a strong mule, although he showed those ragged patches. Adam went, when he had reached his old home, into the barn and got the plough, and the dog strained at his leash to get at him, barking with joy.

Adam's wife and children in the house heard the dog bark and ran out, and there was Adam ploughing the field,—a small, meek-faced man with an expression of sublime patience and love. Adam's wife screamed.

"It is your father come back!" she cried out. Then she and the slender young girls and the little boys all ran out in the field and up to Adam, and he turned from his ploughing and clasped his wife and then his children in his arms, and his face was beaming, and his heart aching with excess of joy, and his leash was upon him again.

But he still had the sense of blessing which had come to him from his wrestling with that which was the holiest and best of earth and humanity, but which had come between himself and the best of himself.

The Mid-Sea Sun

BY JOHN B. TABB

NO peak to hide his splendor, till the day
Has passed away;
No dial shade of any tree or flower
To mark the hour:
A wave his orient cradle, and a wave
His western grave.

The School of Life

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

MANY fine things have been said on Commencement days about "The American Scholar," "The Value of Learning," "The Influence of Universities," "The Woman's College," and other subjects bearing on the relation of education to life. But the most important thing, the key-word of the problem, which needs not only to be said, but also to be understood and remembered, is that Life itself is the Great School.

The whole framework of things visible and invisible, wherein we mysteriously find ourselves perceiving, reflecting, reasoning, desiring, choosing, and acting, is designed and fitted (so far at least as it concerns us and reveals itself to us) to be a place of training and enlightenment for the human race through the unfolding and development of human persons like you and me.

For no other purpose are these wondrous potencies of perception and emotion, thought and will, housed within walls of flesh and shut in by doors of sense, but that we may learn to set them free and lead them out. For no other purpose are we beset with attractions and repulsions, obstacles and allurements, helps and hardships, tasks, duties, pleasures, persons, books, machines, plants, animals, houses, forests, storm and sunshine, water fresh and salt, fire wild and tame, a various earth, a mutable heaven, and an intricate humanity, but that we may be instructed in the nature of things and people, and rise by knowledge and sympathy into a fuller and finer life. Facts are teachers. Experiences are lessons. Friends are guides. Teaching itself is a method of learning. Work is a master. Love is an interpreter. Joy carries a divining-rod and discovers hidden fountains. Sorrow is an astronomer and shows us the stars. What I have lived I really know; and what I really know I partly own (partly, because the beginning of knowledge is the perception

of its own limits); and so begirt with what I know and what I own, I move through my curriculum, elective and required, gaining nothing but what I learn, at once instructed and examined by every duty and every pleasure.

It is a mistake to say, "To-day education ends; to-morrow life begins." The process is continuous: the idea into the thought, the thought into the action, the action into the character. When the mulberry seed falls into the ground and germinates, it begins to be transformed into silk. This view of life as a process of education was held by the two great races of antiquity—the two races in whose deep hearts the stream of modern progress takes its rise—the two races whose energy of spirit and strength of self-restraint have kept the world from sinking into the dream-lit torpor of the mystic East, or whirling into the blind, restless activity of the barbarian West.

What is it but the idea of the School of Life that sings through the words of the Hebrew psalmist?—"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye. Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle lest they come near unto thee." This warning against the mulish attitude which turns life into a process of punishment,—this praise of the eye-method which is the triumph of teaching,—these are the notes of a wonderful and world-wide school. It is the same view of life that shines through Plato's noble words: "This, then, must be our notion of the just man, that even when he is in poverty or sickness, or any other seeming misfortune, all things in the end work together for good to him in life and death; for the gods have a care of any one whose desire is to become just and to be like God, as far as man can attain His likeness, by the pursuit of virtue."

Not always, indeed, does the Greek use so strong an ethical emphasis. For him the dominant idea is the unfolding of reason, the clarifying of the process of thought and imagination. His ideal is a man who sees things as they are, and understands their nature, and feels beauty, and follows truth. It is the Hebrew who hammers home the nail of righteousness. The foundations of his school are the tablets on which the Divine Law is inscribed. The ideal of his education is the power to distinguish between good and evil, and the will to choose the good, and the strength to stand by it. Life, to his apprehension, fulfils its purpose in the development of a man who walks uprightly and keeps the Commandments. Æschylus and Ezekiel lived in the same century.

Reason and Righteousness: what more can the process of life do to justify itself than to unfold these two splendid flowers on the tree of our humanity? What third idea is there that the third great race, the Anglo-Saxon, may conceive, and cherish, and bring to blossom and fruition? There is only one: the idea of Service. Too much the sweet reasonableness of the Greek ideal tended to foster an intellectual isolation: too much the strenuous righteousness of the Hebrew ideal gave shelter to the microbe of Pharisaism. It was left for the Anglo-Saxon race, quickened by the new word and the new life of a Divine Teacher, to claim for the seed an equal glory with the flower and the fruit: to perceive that righteousness is not reasonable, and reason is not righteous, unless they are both communicable and serviceable; to say that the highest result of our human experience is to bring forth finer and better men and women able and willing to give of that which makes them better to the world in which they live. This is the ultimate word concerning the School of Life. I catch its inspiring note in the question of that very noble gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, who said, "To what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge unless room be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage be the result?"

This, then, is what the education of life is to bring out: Reason, Righteous-

ness, and Service. But if life itself be the school, what becomes of our colleges and universities? They are, or they ought to be, simply preparatory institutions to fit us to go on with our education. Not what do they teach, but how do they prepare us to learn?—that is the important question. I measure a college not by the height of its towers, nor by the length of its examination papers, nor by the pride of its professors, but chiefly by the docility of its graduates. I do not ask, where did you leave off, but are you ready to go on? Graduation is not a stepping-out; it is either a stepping-up, —*gradu ad gradum*,—a promotion to a higher class, or a dropping to a lower one. The cause for which a student is dropped may be invincible ignorance, incurable frivolity, or obstructive and constrictive learning.

"One of the benefits of a college education," says Emerson, "is to show a boy its little avail." Hamilton and Jefferson and Madison and Adams and Webster were college men. But Franklin and Washington and Marshall and Clay and Lincoln were not. A college education is good for those who can digest it.

The academic atmosphere has its dangers, of which the greatest are a certain illusion of infallibility, a certain fever of intellectual jealousy, and a certain dry idolatry of schedules and programmes. But these infirmities hardly touch the mass of students, busy with their athletics, their societies, their youthful pleasures. The few who are affected more seriously are usually cured by contact with the larger world. Most of the chronic cases occur among those who really never leave the preparatory institution, but pass from the class to the instructor's chair, and from that to the professorial cathedra, and so along the spiral, bounded ever by the same curve and steadily narrowed inward.

Specialists we must have, and to-day we are told that a successful specialist must give his whole life to the study of the viscosity of electricity, or the value of the participial infinitive, or some such pin-point of concentration. For this a secluded and cloistered life may be necessary. But let us have room also in our colleges for teachers who have been out

in the world, and touched life on different sides, and taken part in various labors, and carried burdens, and been buffeted, and learned how other men live, and what they need. Great is the specialist and precious! but I think we still have a use for masters of the old type, who knew many things, and were broadened by experience, and had the power of vital inspiration, and could start their pupils onward and upward through the struggles and triumphs of a life-long education.

There is much discussion nowadays of the subjects which may be, or perhaps must be, taught in a college. A part, at least, of the controversy is futile. For the main problem is not one of subjects, but of aim and method. "Liberal studies," says one of the finest of living English teachers, "pursued in an illiberal spirit fall below the mechanical arts in dignity and worth."

There are two ways of teaching any subject: one opens the mind, the other closes it. The mastery of the way to do things is the accomplishment that counts for future work. I like the teacher who shows me not merely where he stands, but how he got there, and encourages and equips me to find my own way through the maze of books and the tangled thickets of human opinion. Rules are good, and definitions are useful, and a supply of sound and trustworthy judgments on various subjects is like a traveller's stock of condensed provisions: but best of all is a knowledge of the art of travel, how to use maps and follow indications, how to choose the best road and keep it, how to get the good of the journey and reach the goal.

Let us keep our colleges and universities true to their function, which is preparatory and not final. Let us not ask of them a yearly output of "finished scholars." The very phrase has a mortuary sound, like an epitaph. He who can learn no more has not really learned anything. What we want is not finished scholars but equipped learners; minds that can give and take; intellects not cast in a mould but masters of a method; people who are ready to go forward wisely toward a larger wisdom.

The chief benefit that a good student may get in a good college is not a definite

amount of Greek and Latin, mathematics and chemistry, botany and zoölogy, history and logic, though this in itself is good. But far better is the power to apprehend and distinguish, to weigh evidence and interpret facts, to think clearly, to infer carefully, to imagine vividly. Best of all is a sense of the unity of knowledge, a reverence for the naked truth, a perception of the variety of beauty, a feeling of the significance of literature, and a wider sympathy with the upward-striving, dimly groping, perplexed, and dauntless life of man.

I will not ask whether such a result of college training has any commercial value, whether it enables one to command a larger wage in the market-place, whether it opens the door to wealth, or fame, or social distinction; nor even whether it increases the chance of winning a place in the aristocracy of "*Who's Who*." These questions are treasonable to the very idea of education, which aims not at a marketable product, but at a vital development. The one thing certain and important is that those who are really nurtured and disciplined and enlightened in any college enter the School of Life with an advantage. They are "well prepared," as we say. They are fitted to go on with their education in reason and righteousness and service, under the Great Master.

I do not hold with the modern epigram that "the true university is a library." Through the vast wilderness of books flows the slender stream of literature, and often there is need of guidance to find and follow it. Only a genius or an angel can safely be turned loose in a library to wander at will.

There is a certain kind of reading that is little better than an idle habit, a substitute for thought. Of many books it may be said that they are nothing but the echoes of echoing echoes. If a good book be, as Milton said, "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured," still the sacred relic, as in the vial of St. Januarius at Naples, remains solid and immovable. It needs a kind of miracle to make it liquefy and flow,—the miracle of interpretation and inspiration,—wrought most often by the living voice of a wise master, communicating

to the young heart the wonderful secret that some books are alive. Never shall I forget the "Open Sesame" which I first heard in the reading of Milton's *Comus* by my father, and of Cicero's Letters by my old Latin professor.

The Greeks learned the alphabet from the Phœnicians. But the Phœnicians used it for contracts, bills of lading, and accounts; the Greeks for poetry and philosophy. Contracts and accounts of all kinds are for filing. Literature is of one kind only: the interpretation of life and nature, through the imagination, in clear and personal words of power and charm; and this is for reading.

To get the good of the library in the School of Life you must bring into it something better than a mere taste for reading. You must bring the power to read, between the lines, behind the words, beyond the horizon of the printed page. St. Philip's question to the Chamberlain of Ethiopia was crucial: "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

I want books not to pass the time, but to fill it with beautiful thoughts and images, to enlarge my world, to give me new friends in the spirit, to purify my ideals and make them clear, to show me the local color of unknown regions and the bright stars of immortal truth.

Time is wasted if we read too much looking-glass fiction, books about our own class and place and period, stories of American college life, society novels, tales in which our own conversation is repeated and our own prejudices are embodied,—kodak prints, gramophone cylinders. I prefer the real voice, the visible face, things which I can see and hear for myself without waiting for Miss Arabella Tompkins's report of them. I wish to go abroad, to hear new messages, to meet new people, to get a fresh point of view, to revisit other ages, to listen to the oracles of Delphi and drink deep of the springs of Pieria. The only writer who can tell me anything of real value about my familiar environment is the genius who shows me that, after all, it is not familiar, but strange, wonderful, crowded with secrets unguessed and possibilities unrealized.

The two things best worth writing about in poetry and fiction are the symbols of nature and the passions of the

human heart. I want also an essayist who will clarify life by gentle illumination and lambent humor; a philosopher who will help me see the reason of things apparently unreasonable; a historian who will show me how peoples have risen and fallen; and a biographer who will let me touch the hand of the great and the good. This is the magic of literature. This is how real books help to educate us in the School of Life.

There is no less virtue, but rather more, in events, tasks, duties, obligations, to unfold and develop our nature. The difference is not between working people and thinking people, but between people who work without thinking and people who think while they work. What is it that you have to do? To weave cloth, to grow fruit, to sell bread, to make a fire, to prepare food, to nurse the sick, to keep house? It matters not. Your task brings you the first lesson of reason,—that you must deal with things as they are, not as you imagine them or desire them to be. Wet wood will not burn. Fruit-trees must have sunshine. Heavy bread will not sell. Sick people have whims. Empty cupboards yield no dinner. The house will not keep itself. Platitudes, no doubt; but worth more for education than many a metaphysical theory or romantic dream. For when we face these things and realize their meaning, they lead us out of the folly of trying to live in such a world as we would like it to be, and make us live in the world which is.

"Let us follow the argument whithersoever it leads us," said Plato. That was the spirit that made Greek philosophy triumphant. Let us deal with the facts in their unmistakable verity. That is the spirit that makes a reasonable, fearless, temperate, serviceable manhood and womanhood. Orchids feed on air: apple-trees, on earth. Men and women grow when they are rooted in reality.

The mystic visions of the Orient are a splendid pageant. But for guidance I follow Socrates, whose gods were too noble to deceive or masquerade, whose world was a substantial embodiment of divine ideals, and whose men and women were not playthings of Chance or Fate, but living souls, working, struggling, fighting their way towards

victory. I do not wish to stay with the nurse and hear fairy-tales. I submit to the School of Life. In the presence of the mysteries of pain and suffering, under the pressure of disaster and disease, I turn not for counsel to some Scythian soothsayer, but to a calm, wise teacher like Hippocrates, who says: "As for me I think that these maladies are divine like all others, but that none is more divine or more human than another. Each has its natural principle, and none exists without its natural cause."

The spirit which faces the facts is intellectual fortitude. And fortitude is the sentinel and guardian virtue; without it all the other virtues are in peril. Daring is inborn, and often born blind. But fortitude is implanted, nurtured, unfolded in the School of Life. I praise the marvellous courage of the human heart, enduring evils, facing perplexities, overcoming obstacles, rising after a hundred falls, building up what gravity pulls down, toiling at tasks never finished, relighting extinguished fires, and hoping all things. I find fault with Byron's line, "*fair women and brave men*,"—for women are not less brave than men, but often more, though in a different way. Life itself takes them in hand, these delicate and gracious creatures, and if they are worthy and willing, true scholars of experience, educates them in a heroism of the heart, which suffers all the more splendidly because it is sensitive, and conquers fear all the more gloriously because it is timorous.

The obstinacy of the materials with which we have to deal, in all kinds of human work, has an educational value. Some one has called it "the total depravity of inanimate things." The phrase would be final if depravity could be conceived as beneficent. No doubt a world in which matter never got out of place and became dirt; in which iron had no flaws and wood no cracks; in which gardens had no weeds and food grew ready cooked; in which clothes never wore out and washing was as easy as the advertisements describe it; in which the right word was not hard to find, and rules had no exceptions, and things never went wrong, would be a much easier world to live in. But for purposes of training

and development it would be worth nothing at all. It is the resistance that puts us on our mettle: it is the conquest of the reluctant stuff that educates the worker. I wish you enough difficulties to keep you well and make you strong and skilful.

No one can get the full benefit of the School of Life who does not welcome the silent and deep instruction of Nature. This earth on which we live, these heavens above us, these dumb companions of our work and play, this wondrous living furniture and blossoming drapery of our school-room,—all have their lessons to impart. But they will not do their teaching swiftly and suddenly; they will not let us master their meaning in a single course, or sum it all up in a single treatise. Slowly, gradually, with infinite reserves, with delicate confidences, as if they would prolong the instruction that we may not forsake their companionship, they yield up their significance to the student who loves them.

The scientific study of nature is often commended on merely practical grounds. I would honor and praise it for higher reasons, for its power to train the senses in the habit of veracious observation, for its corrective influence upon the audacity of a logic which would attempt to evolve the camel from the inner consciousness of a philosopher, for its steadying, quieting effect upon the mind. Poets have indulged too often in supercilious sneers at the man of science, the natural philosopher. Thus Wordsworth calls him

"a fingering slave,—
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave."

The contempt is ill founded; the sneer is indiscriminate. It is as if one should speak of the poet as

A man of trifling breath,—
One that would flute and sonneteer
About his sweetheart's death.

Is there any more danger of narrowing the mind in the patient scrutiny of plants and birds than in the investigation of ancient documents and annals, or the study of tropes, metaphors, and metres? Is it only among men of science that we can find pettiness, and irascibility, and domineering omniscience; or do they

sometimes occur among historians and poets? It seems to me that there are no more serene and admirable intelligences than those which are often found among the true naturalists. How fine and enviable is their lifelong pursuit of their chosen subject. What mind could be happier in its kingdom than that of an Agassiz or a Guyot? What life more beautiful and satisfying than that of a Linnæus or an Audubon?

But for most of us these advanced courses are impossible; what we must content ourselves with is not really worthy to be called nature-study; it is simply nature-kindergarten. We learn a little about the movement of stars and clouds, a few names of trees and flowers and birds; some of the many secrets of their life and growth; just the words of one syllable, that is all; and then if we are wise and teachable, we walk with Nature, and let her breathe into our hearts those lessons of humility, and patience, and confidence, and good cheer, and tranquil resignation, and temperate joy, which are her "moral lore,"—lessons which lead her scholars onward through a merry youth and a strong maturity and a serene old age, and prepare them by the pure fellowship of this world for the enjoyment of a better.

The social environment, the human contact in all its forms, plays a large part in the School of Life. "The city instructs men," said Simonides. Conversation is an exchange of ideas: this is what distinguishes it from gossip or chatter.

The organization of work, the division of labor, implies and should secure a mutual education of the workers. Some day, when this is better understood, the capitalist will be enlightened and the labor-union civilized. Even the vexed problem of domestic service is capable of yielding educational results to those who are busy with it; the employer may learn something of the nature of fair dealing, the responsibilities of command, the essential difference between a carpet-sweeping machine and the girl who pushes it; and the servant may learn something of the dignity of doing any kind of work well, and the virtue of self-respecting obedience, and the sweet reasonableness of performing the task that is paid for.

I do not think much of the analogy between human society and the beehive or the ant-hill, which certain writers are now elaborating in symbolistic fashion. It passes over and ignores the vital problem which is ever pressing upon us humans—the problem of reconciling personal claims with the claims of the race. Among the bees and the ants, so far as we can see, the community is all: the individual is nothing. There are no personal aspirations to suppress; no conscious conflicts of duty and desire; no dreams, even, of a better kind of hive, a new and perfected formicary. It is only to repeat themselves, to keep the machine going, to reproduce the same hive, the same ant-hill, that these perfect communisms blindly strive. But human society is less perfect and therefore more promising. The highest achievements of humanity come from something which, so far as we know, bees and ants do not possess: the sense of imperfection, the desire of advance. Ideals must be personal before they can become communal. It was not until the rights of the individual were perceived and recognized, including the right to the pursuit of happiness, that the vision of a free and noble state, capable of progress, dawned upon mankind.

Life teaches all but the obstinate and mean how to find a place in such a state, and grow therein. A true love of others is twinned with a right love of self—that is, a love for the better part, the finer, nobler self, the man that is

"to arise in me,
That the man that I am may cease to be."

Individualism is a fatal poison. But individuality is the salt of the common life. You may have to live in a crowd, but you do not have to live like it, nor to subsist on its food. You may have your own orchard. You may drink at a hidden spring. Be yourself if you would serve others.

Learn also how to appraise criticism, to value enmity, to get the good of being blamed and evil-spoken of. A soft social life is not likely to be very noble. You can hardly tell whether your faiths and feelings are real until they are attacked.

But take care that you defend them with an open mind and by right reason.

You are entitled to a point of view, but not to announce it as the centre of the universe. Prejudice, more than anything else, robs life of its educational value. I knew a man who maintained that the chief obstacle to the triumph of Christianity was the practice of infant baptism. I heard a woman say that no one who ate with his knife could be a gentleman. Hopeless scholars, these!

What we call society is very narrow. But life is very broad. It includes "the whole world of God's cheerful, fallible men and women." It is not only the famous people and the well-dressed people who are worth meeting. It is every one who has something to communicate. The scholar has something to say to me, if he be alive. But I would hear also the traveller, the manufacturer, the soldier, the good workman, the forester, the village school-teacher, the nurse, the quiet observer, the unspoiled child, the skillful housewife. I knew an old German woman, living in a tenement, who said, "My heart is a little garden, and God is planting flowers there."

"*Il faut cultiver son jardin*,"—yes, but not only that. One should learn also to enjoy the neighbor's garden, however small; the roses straggling over the fence, the scent of lilacs drifting across the road.

There is a great complaint nowadays about the complication of life, especially in its social and material aspects. It is bewildering, confusing, overstraining. It destroys the temper of tranquillity necessary to education. The simple life is recommended (and rightly) as a refuge from this trouble. But perhaps we need to understand a little more clearly what simplicity is. It does not consist merely in low ceilings, loose garments, and the absence of bric-à-brac.

Life may be complicated in a log cabin. There is a conventionalism of the Philistines as well as of the Athenians. A country town, with its set formulas of propriety, its minute etiquette, its subtle rivalries, its undercurrents of gossip, and its inveterate convolutions of prejudice, may be as complicated as the Labyrinth itself.

The real simplicity is not outward, but inward. It consists in singleness of aim, clearness of vision, directness of purpose, openness of mind, cheerfulness of spirit, sincerity of taste and affection, gentle candor of speech, and loyalty to the best that we know. I have seen it in a hut. I have seen it in a palace. It is the bright ornament and badge of the best scholars in the School of Life.

Song

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

THE dark is dying, dying,
Weary, faint, forlorn,
I fling my casement open
To clasp the virgin Morn.

And now the Day is dying—
She that I love, I swear,
But see,—th' Evening woman,
With star-dust in her hair.

One of Life's Paradoxes

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"DON'T tell me, if it distresses you."
"Yes; we must start right. I don't mind its distressing me,"—neither could catch a smile just then,—
"so much as admitting the compliment to him. He wasn't worth it. I never thought he was, you understand. And I fought against it. It is humiliating that it was true and that he knew it! And now to have to hurt you with it, John!"

"Don't take it so hard, dear. I understand. Don't."

"How good you are! That's only another reason I'm sorry. You don't know how a girl prizes her first bloom. Don't you"—she looked up, puzzled, at his moved, embarrassed face—"don't you care about it?"

He did not try to belittle what he felt she exaggerated. Her high key was part of her exquisiteness and preciousness for him. "But certainly now we can forget about it. Perhaps if it hadn't been for him you never would have cared for a dull chap like me."

"There is something in that. Yes. It taught me values and how to judge them: how to appreciate a man like you,—bless your heart!" Marcia just missed being pretty. Her mouth was bad—too full, with full chin and throat; an ugly mouth, but sensitive. The fine eyes had a tinge of melancholy in their thoughtfulness. And the ugly mouth and beautiful eyes had the sweetest, tenderest smile imaginable. She poured it over him now. "Still..."

The regret, the wish, remained. Often, in the first years of their marriage, memory thrilled her with longing for the glory and the dream. It was not the man she regretted, but if only she could have cared for John that way, too. Dear old John! as if she could love him any more. But no contrition for the thought quite denied it, nor the admission of it that was in her attempts to make amends to him for the lack, in her incense, of the ultimate sweetness,—which he never missed.

With the high opinion one has of what he does not understand, and the admiration for what he cannot do, John considered her a very remarkable woman. The compliments her music brought, her taste for the poets, her cult of art, drew such pride of loyalty as sometimes made her feel foolish. But in their evenings alone he wanted tunes, or, better still, cribbage. Needed to rest his mind after the office, he said; and to Marcia blocks would have been about as diverting.

"You do the society and culture," he told her, "and let me pay the bills and admire you. That suits me." But if Chopin and Shakespeare were on her mind all day, they would not stay off her tongue at night. And then John grew sleepy by eight o'clock.

Once the study of woman was to hold the favor of her lord. Now the fetish is companionship. In its beginning her struggle was to catch up; shortly in many cases she outstripped. First and last it is the woman who makes the effort, who modifies, sacrifices. One by one Marcia gave up her interests for domesticity—like a beggar of the Orient, maiming herself for the sake of her profession. John did not know. Things had always suited him. He never bothered about their dissimilarities. If he had formulated it at all, he would have thought they had enough as it was, and Marcia could see what she liked at the matinées. But to Marcia a thing unshared with him was half spoiled. Love meant so much, she wanted it to mean everything. She insisted on hanging the shrine of the Most Beneficent Presence with the trivialities of life.

The upshot was restlessness, lack of occupation, a little condescension in her tenderness, a little self-pity in her devotion.

Then the boy came.

Marcia never forgot that morning when she woke conscious of a strange little presence near her arm that thrilled

like a caress. John looked worn. He seemed actually to have borne half of everything for her. With that ineffable smile of hers, she closed her eyes again on security and content. To think she had ever weighed the piano and the Ladies Literary Society against this!

Edith, three years younger, was accepted as her share of work. She reflected gratefully that the very absence of fine frenzy was what made this sweet rationality possible.

Life had given her what she lacked judgment to keep for herself,—an individual interest. For, through John's office and her nursery years, his even success never sought her participation, and he left the children to her, sure that she knew more of measles, manners, and spelling; and very much impressed by her ideas of "control," "discipline," "development," "elimination,"—especially with such model youngsters to show for it! Around them her ambitions and idealizations settled. She could afford now to have her husband merely one of the essential, taken-for-granted good things of life, like food and light.

The summer Ward passed—barely—for the high school, his father took him down to the warehouse for the holidays. Time the boy began some practical training, he said; and Marcia agreed. The boy himself liked better to do things with hands than head. The novelty and importance of business caught him. He was at an age when school seems simply a prison from life. As September came closer, notch by notch, he had so much to say about it that one day his father took him up with, "Well, what do you say to staying with me, then?"

It was so summary, so unprecedented, for John to take a hand with the children!

"I never dreamed of your considering it," Marcia said to him, alone. "I thought we agreed that a foundation education at least was essential."

"Oh, he has that. He has as much as I ever got."

"I always hoped," she said, skilfully, "that we could give the children more than either of us had."

"That's the idea exactly. I'd like to give the boy a start. Mine was such a grind. And since he likes business—"

"Isn't he young to know what he likes? There's no need for him to decide yet."

"Except that he can't begin too young what he means to do. People waste too much time these days getting ready; the best preparation for doing a thing is to begin doing it. And if he's his father's son—"

"Mayn't he be a little his mother's? Sometimes I think Edith is more your child and Ward mine, and that his knack at drawing—"

"Oh, they all go through that, don't they? Like whooping-cough and writing valentines. Ward never got much out of books. I don't believe he'd get hold of Greek and logarithms."

"A manual course, then," she pleaded, with the desperation that sees defeat. "We mustn't let him stop altogether! In any case four years more will give us all time to judge better, and won't do him any harm."

"Neither will the business training. Now, Little Mother, leave the boy to me. It's time I did my share by him. Isn't it possible the father may know best about the son?" How could he know better than the mother? Marcia had long ago learned that when John had an opinion it was likely to be worth while. But he was wrong now—wrong. "Have your way with the girl. Give her all the schooling you want. It means a lot to women—they have time for it, and they ought to have everything possible to make up. Besides, I believe in girls having something to fall back on in emergency. And I'm not afraid of its spoiling her mother's daughter. So you take the girl, and I the boy. Now, is that a bargain?"

It seemed hardly a fair bargain, since, after all, both were to be as he approved. But the deeper fallacy she herself did not see fully then. Heretofore their dissimilarities had carried them at best in parallel, at worst in opposite, directions. Now suddenly, for the first time, they found themselves moving squarely against each other. And since it was simply one *no* against one equally legitimate *aye*, she thought it fair to leave the deciding vote to the boy.

Before him she tried to put all sides of the matter, while he listened, perforce, but restlessly half attentive. "Don't you see the point, son?"

"Yes, yes, mamma, but . . ."

"Oh, Ward," her arms around him, "you will be so sorry in a few years!"

Ward squirmed. He hated to hurt her feelings, but he hated heroics and baby-fying too.

She took her hands from him quickly. "All right, son. I know you must work out your own life sooner or later. I just hoped it would be a little later, that's all. Good luck to you." The brave smile she gave him had more than usual of its heart-breaking sweetness. It was harder than cutting his curls had been, or Edith's first day at school.

By the time Ward's friends were getting off to college he was thoroughly restless again. "I'm not going to be satisfied with a desk or counter. But I'm ignorant. The call is for trained men. All the same I'm fitter than the other fellows just from being out, and I'm hungrier, and more mature at it. So I can almost catch up in a year or two if you'll give me a good coach," he argued, eagerly.

"What do you want to do, then?" John asked, so gravely that Marcia grew anxious.

"I don't know exactly, but five or six years of general study . . ."

"No," said John. At the tone Ward stiffened; he knew the finality of his father's rare authority. "When you know your own mind I'll help you. That's the first trouble you've got to correct. Knowing what you don't want is too easy. You didn't like the office because it was dull. When I put you out, you didn't like the sort of people you had to rub up against. You never did anything at school. You like books now only to read them." Ward caught his mother's eyes, and humor betrayed her before she could get to cover. She could only hope the children would judge their father by the balanced standard she had learned. "Three years ago nothing would do but business."

"I should never have been allowed to stop!"

"Oh, son!" Marcia reminded him. "You would have called that tyranny. And your father thought you might be right."

"Then you have both done me wrong." The heat and single eye of youth. "Now

I'm all out of it. Haven't a decent start even. How should I know what I'm for? And Edith—Edith is to have college."

"Edith is conscientious about everything and always does creditably, though she's not so bookish either," his father explained, patiently. But Ward was gone.

Marcia's big eyes were on her husband, but she knew I-told-you-so was a word obsolete in any standard domestic dictionary. John shook his head at her, smiling, sorry. "But there is justice in what he says," she began. "Please!" His hand had closed over the light fingers on his arm.

"No, dear, you please." His manner was apology, decision. "You don't understand. I have been afraid of this for some time. The boy is variable, Marcia, and he doesn't like work."

"He just hasn't found his line yet."

"Oh, there's too much of this new talk about specialties. It's all right for genius, perhaps. But a man with the intelligence and energy to do one thing well, can do several; and he'll never do anything at all unless he has at bottom a love of work for itself that makes him take hold of whatever comes up."

"But it isn't so necessary for him to make money, is it? Unless that is what he most wants, or is the game he most likes, like you. We . . ."

"He mustn't count on us. He must stand on his own feet. It is necessary for him to be a man, to succeed. I'm afraid he's been a mother's boy too long, and that I've shirked some of my duty on you. He needs hardening."

"But this is cruel, John."

"So is an operation. Now, Little Mother, don't fret. For every dollar that goes to Edith another shall be put by for Ward when he can be trusted with it. You'll say I'm right some day."

Marcia shook her head. But what was the use of arguing when it was simply an honest difference of opinion, with reasons on both sides? When John, who had the non-interference of large natures, did put a hand on things, it was a controlling grip. And she had once secretly thought him good but a little dull! He was dull only in her lines. But that was the trouble. If the marriage of likes may lead to ruts, the marriage of unlikes not only involves less union, but the children

of it are sure, in themselves, to be cross-currents and complications.

Marcia's conviction grew with results. Ward shut up in himself. With most of his friends away, he took to staying home in the evenings alone in the den on which he spent all his money, with a good eye for color, line, style. His father's friendliness drew no response. When Marcia slipped up to him one night, he hurried some papers under cover, and stood passive as she drew his cheek to hers. He could not allow for the complications of her loyalties and diplomacies.

But she had a glimpse of the papers. "Some of those correspondence courses," she told John.

"Good. Perhaps he's got the point already. Let's see if he sticks to it, Little Mother, and then . . ."

But Ward never again brought up the subject of college.

He did not even conceal a resentment against Edith plodding faithfully along at her Latin and violin. How any of it could be such drudgery to a child of hers, Marcia marvelled. The girl looked pale and listless, her mother saw. Except for the consequences of that other withdrawal from school she might have considered a rest for Edith. As it was, she tried tutors and tonics and saved her all the outside demands,—which might have refreshed and balanced.

All attempts to draw Ward's confidences, to offer partnership in his night work, met blank silence. His passion for scholarship on the correspondence plan itself seemed to die of defiance. He took to going out at night.

Children are one of life's paradoxes,—a tie, or less happily a bond, they are quite as often and may be simultaneously a dividing wedge. Between Marcia and John the estrangement of conscious disagreement grew, only emphasized by the constrained courtesy that avoided the subject.

Then Edith, barely seventeen, herself became a problem.

One June moonlight Marcia, stepping out on the porch, saw the dark of a coat-sleeve against the white shoulders of Edith's dress. "Daughter?"

From lifelong assurance Edith knew where to hide her face. "I know, mamma! There must be something

dreadful the matter with me,—I didn't mind."

Hastings met it gallantly. Of course he was out of school only a little over a year, and making just ten dollars a week; but he and Edith loved each other; they meant to be married some day.

And Marcia had never thought of him, except as a boy who carried the child's books home from school!

"It won't do to be harsh with it," she told John. "The martyr is assured the moment his opinion gets him into trouble; he can't turn back then for his own self-respect; he is beyond further consideration. But they are two as frank and high-minded young ones as ever were; if we keep them so the thing will run its course and die naturally."

"All right, Little Mother; you know best about such things."

Her grateful smile was instant; her hand crept under his. "But I'm sorry," she mused; "I hoped to save her until . . . They must be kept from nonsense at least. I wonder if I told her . . ." He understood. That she should remember and regret after all these years! The tenderness of his half-depreciatory admiration reached her; and sharing the problem drew them closer than for a long time.

So Marcia let them feel free, guiding chiefly by keeping close to both.

Their openness made Ward's reserve more cutting. At last Marcia got courage to speak to John. "Is there nothing we can do?"

The look on his face warmed her toward him. "Not long ago I suggested that he go on the road for the house." So he was worrying too! "It's a better paying job than his, and a liberal education for a young fellow. He declined, without reasons, in that dumb abused way he's taken to lately. So I told him he must be on his own responsibility from now on, and he said—"

"What?"

"Thank you; I would appreciate that courtesy."

"A—h!"

"He looks uncannily like you sometimes, Marcia, though he hasn't your lower face at all. A sensitive, high-spirited youngster, without a balance-wheel."

"Yet. He's nebulous; he'll find a cen-



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman

"YOUR FATHER'S YOUR FRIEND TOO, DEAR"

tre; he'll develop." She comforted her sore heart as well as his. "But if there was only something we could do!" The implication seemed that the wrong thing had been done in the first place. In her heart she blamed him for it all, and he knew she did. Their oneness in sympathy was only momentary.

After a year of it, Hastings was still at the house in every free hour—morning, noon, and night. He was getting fifteen a week now.

Edith still lacked a year of college; she was not as advanced as some of the girls. She took for granted the course mapped out for her, but without enthusiasm. Meanwhile she and Hastings had some magic statistics that made twenty dollars a week the goal of their ambitions, the open sesame of a dream.

"This won't do, Little Mother," John said.

Marcia knew it would not, glad for the honest concordance, with this breach of silence and inactivity about Ward widening between them. But now her trouble was not for Edith only. Hastings was a dear boy!

A summer with a camping party where mails were irregular only dammed the flood. The way the young eyes leaped together as Edith stepped from the train choked Marcia with sympathy and regret.

Reluctantly she dropped school; and, cheerfully indifferent, Edith saw herself equipped with a regular trousseau and turned into a bud.

But Marcia, coming down late to close the house, would find the two young people, in all their festive array, deep in the study of food values and cost. The cotillon? Oh! They had forgotten to go.

"Why should I, anyway?" Edith answered later—"when I'd much rather do other things. Why can't we be married this spring? I'll be nineteen. But what real objection is there, mamma? You can't have anything against Hastings."

"He's a nice boy," Marcia admitted.

"And we know the dearest place out on the suburban electrics, mamma, with four rooms and a stable and chicken-house, and three acres, and trees and shrubs and a garden,—for only eighteen dollars a month. And Hastings knows a half-grown boy who would go with us. Our wedding-presents would furnish it, and

if you and papa would only give us a cow for yours— Mamma! You needn't laugh! I'd just love it."

"You don't know anything about it, child." Marcia wiped her eyes and grew sober. "Besides, there are other things to marriage, daughter, that you must consider beforehand, that you have no right to go into unready: expenses and—obligations." She held both the girl's hands.

"I know," Edith breathed. "But expenses depend on people and circumstances, don't they? Hastings and I don't care for fancy draperies and things, like Ward; and I'd rather spend Saturday in the kitchen than any other way. There are really very few people who have as much as you and papa, and yet . . ." Only a very pink ear was visible. "It's a dreadful ordeal, of course, but it's worth it, don't you think?" She looked up bravely. "Isn't it, mother?"

The two women looked into each other's eyes.

Marcia retreated hurriedly. "But your father will never consent."

"Oh, mummer, you dear mummer! You always were our friend!"

"Your father's your friend too, dear," she reminded her, pleased, ashamed, doubtful, the girl's look reflected in hers. "It's a question with each of us what the truest friendship to you is."

"She's too young," John said, immediately. "She has never known other men. She ought to have her girlhood."

"She doesn't seem to care for the things other girls like,—candy and dances and popularity."

"Why, Marcia, are you advocating it?"

"No, no; just trying to look all around it."

"Your father's right," she told the girl. "He's very apt to be. The only way to be sure yourself and satisfy him is by trying his plans."

So Hastings gave up his evenings with her, and, not to interfere, even dropped out of the gayeties; and Edith faithfully tried to know other men, and succeeded in interesting only a few of them, and herself not at all. The feeling of an undeclared friend at court helped, but her father was very cool to Hastings now. The girl's eyes were oftener heavy from crying than from having too good a time.

By Lent Marcia was worried about her, and was giving tonics again.

"He never will be the man for her," John said. "He has already reached his limit. A hundred to a hundred and twenty-five a month is all he'll ever be worth. He has no initiative. I know that type of young fellow. Steady and accurate enough; but there will always be scores of others who would do his work just as well."

"But he's a good boy, John, and if he never does give her luxuries, what's our money for?"

"Not to ruin our children, surely, dear. Are there to be no men in the family because there's a little cash? I don't know myself what it's for," he went on. "Ward apparently will never be able even to take care of it." Marcia's forehead dropped to her arm. "He does no more at the store than the other trifling clerks who do just enough to draw their pay. I used to think of myself at this time of life getting out of harness somewhat, with younger shoulders to take the pull. I thought I was building for the boy. He seems to have no feeling of obligation or gratitude."

"I doubt," Marcia said, "if it's any use to expect them to repay us in our way; or if we have the right. They have been paying us back all along. They have given us life, as truly as we them. And for the rest, I believe love and service are constants, like energy and matter: we do something for some one; he doesn't return it, but some one else does; or he does to some one else. Often it looks pretty remote, to be sure; parents who do most don't always get most, and their children don't always make the best parents; but the children of selfish children are often the salt of the earth. So the balance is struck. Ours will do their share one way or another. Edith is asking for her chance now."

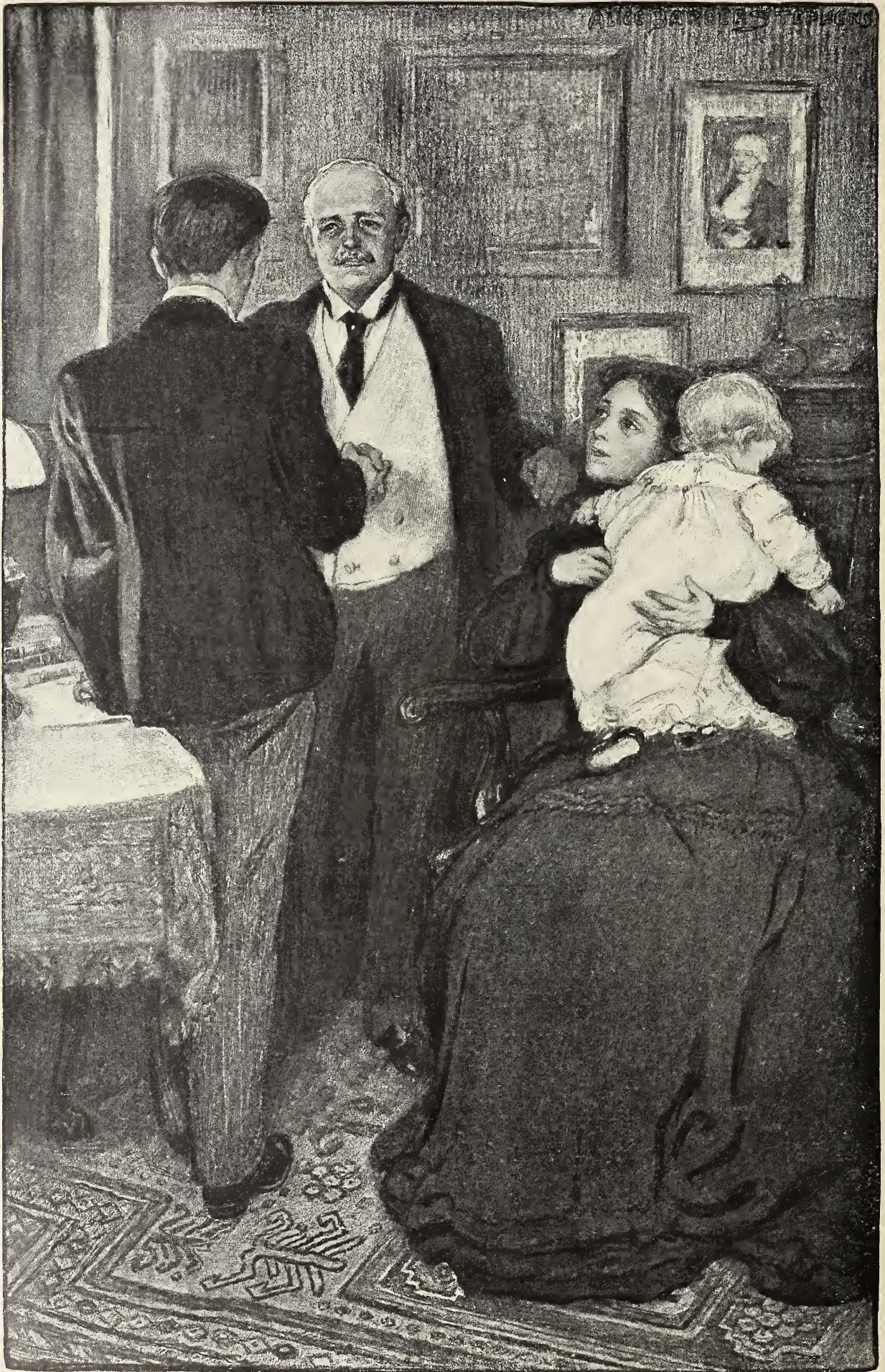
"You *are* advocating this foolish marriage, Marcia."

"Yes, I believe I am now." She reached a hand toward him in an instinctive effort to get in touch. "It was a desperate disappointment to me at first. I thought Ward had my tastes and temperament and might do the things I couldn't—being a woman; the things I gave up,—for him. Then I hoped some-

thing from Edith. At least I wanted to keep her fresh for some fine marriage. I couldn't think that boy—he's a nice boy, John—could be the man. But I'm coming to see that *we* are the ones to profit by our experiences, not other people. We have no right to relive *our* lives in the children. They may be very different, and they have the right of personality. I might have allowed that to myself, too, long ago." She paused in brief memory. "It is *them*, *their* happiness, we must consider. Mere love is of no value unless it understands and sympathizes; and to have people do the wrong thing for you in its name is only a thorn in the flesh. Edith and Hastings must decide for themselves; and now that I admit that, I can see that they belong to each other, John. They—don't you see what I mean?—they chime perfectly. It's temperament, tastes, interests, points of view. What luck! They have all that, besides a love as fundamental as ours. And then, when all is said and done, it isn't the same as if they could ever really want."

John sat thoughtfully playing with her hand, brushing the finger-tips absently across his lips. At last he straightened up with a sigh. "Maybe, maybe. But if Ward was too young to know his mind, so is Edith now. And," decisively, "if you're wrong the damage would be beyond help; if you're right, a year won't change it. We'll try Europe for Edith till next spring."

Europe! It had no charms for Marcia, with John and Ward on this side. And to send Edith without her seemed equally impossible. Ward needed her as much as Edith, though he could not have seemed farther off in China. She knew little of what he did. He was always out at night, late coming in. One thing she knew,—the coming-in was steady; she never missed that step in the dark past her door. Sometimes when small clues made her distrustful of some particular occasion, chance would show her it had been most innocent. But for the most part she knew nothing. Direct questions he resented as interference or curiosity. He was at an age especially jealous of his (dubious?) independence and manhood. If he would only fall in love, Marcia thought; anything for an incentive! Things didn't come to the right people or at the right



MARCIA, LOOKING AT BOTH, WAS CONTENT

time. She could only count on his blood and her past work; there was nothing to do now but be on hand. And now Europe!

After the proposition, Edith pulled herself slowly out of her first sea of tears, to an entirely new rebellion. "It's too much," she answered her mother's familiar arguments; "we've done our share. It's just that he's determined to have his own way, as with Ward. Well, even so, then, mamma, what right has he to feel so *sure* HE'S right?"

John stood in the doorway.

The girl caught her breath, swayed toward flight, faced him. "It's true, papa," she apologized.

"I'm sorry you feel so, daughter. It may be, of course. But I think not. I try not to have it so."

"Oh, papa! You know we'll do anything to please you,—wait, I mean, until I'm older. But why should we? You'll not be better satisfied. Hastings won't be different. We know he'll never be rich." It never occurred to her to consider their changing.

"If it can't stand delay . . ." John began.

"Delay is bad enough, but separation!"

"That's a good test, too."

"I'm not sure that it's a fair one. It's those who don't adapt who die. But with us the point is simply that we will lose those years."

"With still several left, daughter."

"But none like them. Oh, papa, we can only be young while we are young. We want to be happy *now*. Why can't people ever have what they want when they want it?"

In the silence Ward's steps came down the stairs; the front door closed after him going out.

Marcia laid a hand on her husband's arm. "What about our bargain, John?"

She had declared against him! Dropping all argument, she had claimed her extreme prerogative! There was no answer; *she* had always played fair.

His eyes were distressed, but he squared his shoulders, and held out two hands. "All right, children, it shall be a Jersey cow!"

The months that followed were not happy for either John or Marcia. Their love and confidence in each other's mo-

tives was a live wire by which they could send messages across the gap of difference; but the gap was wide and deep. For John it was doubly hard,—to help genially to clinch a mistake, in the soreness of defeat, of Marcia's judgment, and in the final bitterness of knowing she had a certain apparent justification.

Ward quite threw himself into the preparations, enclosing and embowering the porch, decorating the house. He seemed more contented, less antagonistic. It no longer took insistence to exclude them; they had accepted his separate life. And he drifted naturally into talking more about himself, even confessing to some cartoons in local papers, signed only with a gripped hand. Marcia smiled to catch John calling his friends' attention to them with his old half-shamefaced pride.

As to what the long run would have proved of Edith's marriage, neither of her parents was ever to be satisfied. For, after little more than a year of laughing experiences and joy at the crest, for the young people whose clarity and lightness of heart made even physical discomforts lyrical, Edith died when her baby was born.

"And I urged her at school when she had no spirit for it," Marcia moaned, crushed, "and kept her at her violin all afternoon, because it would have been recreation to *me*, and she was worn out with our opposition when she married. We've sacrificed both the children, John, to our theories and *our* ambitions, piling up mistakes because of that first mistake!"

The truth was out between them like a naked sword. But in the new community of blame was the beginning of a trail through the canyon.

"We used our best judgment, dear." John thought more to comfort her than to defend himself. "We did mean their good. Everybody is bound to make mistakes. There's no telling what would have come if we had done differently. It's all like your old problem about sending them to Sunday-school,—you were afraid that if you made them go, they'd dislike it, if you didn't, they might never go at all. The fact is,—our interference makes very little difference one way or another." And that was, perhaps, the most the years

brought John,—their mingling of gain in knowledge and obedience with loss in effort and ideality.

Marcia could allow him the excuse, for his mistakes and abilities had the same source,—he was always single-eyed and confident. But for herself she could not shake off the responsibility. All her life she had been aware of a double consciousness, debating every issue, sometimes yielding against her stronger judgment, sometimes blundering on heedless or defiant. She had known better; or she might have known!

It brought them, however, to common ground of action toward the little legacy that Marcia took from Hastings's dazed and helpless hands. They grew closer together over this baby than even formerly over their own; for where once John had let her do as she thought, now they thought alike; and they had more real joy of it, through the softening of self-importance and overseriousness that comes with the third generation.

"You two between you have spoiled the kid already," Ward laughed, when she was at the toddling, babbling age. "But then grandparents always do, don't they?"

"Oh, I don't believe she would spoil!" Marcia defended them. "She was born sweet."

"And we haven't curdled it by thunderstorms," John added, teasing her like a playful kitten.

"Well, you never risked our immortal futures," Ward remembered, good-naturedly, "by giving us what we wanted for any such simple reason as because we did."

"We're going to let this child *grow* up," John said, with earnest lightness. "Not too much machinery, eh, mummer? Perhaps her Creator knows as much about making men and women as we do."

The unintentional implications of the speech sobered John, made Ward open a book hurriedly, and Marcia hide her face against the child.

"I—ah—the house received your resignation to-day, Ward." John spoke evenly, but his mouth twitched. "May—we ask your plans?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you now," Ward answered, with the unkindness of embarrassed bravado. "Hoard and Rand are going to take me in."

"The architects? As what?"

"Oh, I've been at it several years now. Studied through the mails and at nights with Halley and so on. Those cartoons, you remember,"—once started, he went on, irresistibly,—“the ones signed with the clenched fist,—that's mine,—didn't seem enough to do. I tried window-decorating, too, at night."

"Son! And you never told us!"—Those nights.

"I didn't intend to tell you anything until there was something to tell. That decorating was pretty slick. The Haskell Dry Goods Company offered me a good job. But that was about the time I got on to this and knew I'd struck the trail. I happen, by the way," he couldn't help adding, "to be the only one who didn't put money into the firm."

Marcia knew she must not let herself speak out. Ward hated a scene so. But the ugly mouth and beautiful eyes made their own confession.

"Let me congratulate you heartily," John said.

But Ward's hand grew slack in his. "You—you might have helped a fellow."

John winced.

"Oh, son! Didn't he?" Marcia reminded him. "What made you clench your fist?" John turned toward her; their eyes met; they had taken the last step in crossing the chasm. She had at least granted him, too, the right of personality. "And then you would not let us near you."

"I know." It was half resentment, half a boast. "Well, maybe that was what started it. And perhaps it was necessary," he admitted, with the magnanimity of success. "Anyhow now . . ."

"Now," said John, "you've done all I ever asked; and you've proved your point, and have the satisfaction of knowing you did it alone. So I hope," he smiled, "you will feel now that you can let us help you a little."

He was not a romantic figure: what was left of his hair spattered with gray; waist-girth putting chest-measure to shame; hands fat and hairy. But his mature virility was no less masterful than the younger verve was fine.

The two men gripped in a new friendship of equality based on understanding and respect. And Marcia, looking at both, was content.



TYPES OF NATIVE CRAFT ON THE NILE

On the Nile

BY G. S. H. AND R. DE P. TYTUS

OUR first view of the Nile was at the Kasr-el-Nil bridge in Cairo, but the true meaning, the real portent of its hurrying flood, whipped into ugly little brown waves by an incipient sand-storm, was obscured by the intense movement of life which played across the iron highway. A lattice-work of girders shut off the water, and it was with difficulty we could make out our dahabeah lying among a maze of funnels and masts at the western bank; while our eyes were much more attractively engaged in scanning the stream of brown humanity which surged around our decrepit arrabeah, elbowing bodily and verbally its tortuous way between horses, donkeys, camels, and the howling syces of closed broughams, whose veiled occupants looked out on the throng with beautiful, tired eyes. A

quick turn at the Ghezireh and we are out of the turmoil, looking for our boat from the high bank which gives us a downward view of all the shipping, and hides from our Western eyes the faults, which, did we but know it, must be sought from below upwards.

Underneath us, on this side of a dirty yellow expanse, whose opposite edge is the pink wall of an abandoned palace, are spread the different methods of river locomotion: towering tourist-steamers of two and three decks; fat, squat post-boats, grimy after much voyaging and little paint; launches belonging to the Cairo élite, spick and span with glinting varnish and shining brass-work, and, like many of their owners, hiding an unknown quantity under a modern smartness; while here, there, and everywhere, in possible and impossible places, are the sail-



ONE OF THE VILLAGES FAR BEYOND CAIRO

ing-dahabeahs, their infinitely slender yards and blowing flags and pennants filling every chink of the picture with grace and color.

There are three ways of "doing" the river—by steam, by sail, or by a combination of the two, which, being interpreted, means a dahabeah and a tug. The steam method may again be divided into three classes—tourist, express, and private steamers. The express steamers run with the avowed intention of carrying as many natives and as much freight as great a distance and in as short a time as Allah pleases; first-class passengers are only a secondary consideration, and therefore they are given the whole of the upper deck, excellent accommodation, and a chance for studying the genus Egyptian such as no other method provides. The tourist-steamers, on the other hand, take up the white man's burden, and cater only to the tourist, stopping to show him each and every temple in the Nile Valley, setting his hours for rising and retiring, for eating and sight-seeing, keeping a guiding and restraining hand over him

during the whole of the three weeks which are considered necessary for him to become thoroughly acquainted with one of the greatest civilizations of history, and finally shaking him off in Cairo, where he is very likely to wake up and wonder what it was really all about. Finally, for those mortals blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, there remains the private steam-dahabeah—not perhaps a dahabeah in the usual acceptance of the term, but no one has as yet had the temerity to call them yachts, which, in fact, they little resemble. They are of all kinds and all sizes, from the small launch with a single cabin to the large boats capable of accommodating fourteen or fifteen people, and the hiring of one of them resembles the chartering of a yacht at home, in that one does what one pleases, goes where one wishes, and calls neither wind nor current master.

The sailing-dahabeah is a house-boat of one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet in length, carrying a large crew, twenty or thereabouts, and propelled by

an enormous lateen-sail placed well in the bows, assisted by a smaller steering-sail at the extreme stern. For an existence of absolute comfort and freedom from every care, saved from monotony by the new sights and sounds—for the river, even to an old inhabitant, is wonderful in its unique gift of continual surprises,—and rendered as nearly perfect as may be by the marvellous climate, sailing on the Nile carries the palm over any river life in the world. Of course you must be willing to go slowly, for keeping time engagements means breaking the hearts of your crew, and they cannot be trained otherwise.

Our first day on the river some years ago we thought a foretaste of all the days to come. Cairo dropped slowly behind in the warm, still afternoon; the breeze which filled the enormous sail in front, and its smaller sister behind, was scarcely perceptible on the upper deck, which, rug-covered and palm-decorated, and sheltered from the sun by gay canvas appliqué, breathed comfort and peace from its great billowy divans. Past the yellow walls and overhanging balconies of old Cairo,—past the island of Roda, perfuming the river with its myriad scented gardens and tickling the eye with the color-play of its palaces,—past the seven different spots where Moses sprang fully armed from the bulrushes, — past the noise and glare of the sweltering city to the cool green of the cultivated land lying dim and gray under the slanting western glow, we drifted on in languid dignity. As the sun set in a golden level behind the blue triangles of the pyramids, we sent some late-lingering guests

ashore to catch the evening train for Cairo, bade our last good-by to the Citadel—the twin shafts of which showed hazily against the dark-blue shadow of the earth rushing up out of the eastern sky,—and went below to our first dinner on the Nile.

The tourist-boats start in quite another way—a breakneck rush from the hotel to the boat, off in the cool of the morning, and up to Bedrachein by noon for the excursion to Sakkarah. It seems like pandemonium, this first crowded bankside, with the donkey-boys shrieking and gesticulating over their diminutive donkeys, to a running accompaniment of blows from the dragoman's stick on well-seasoned brown shoulders. It is all so new and strange, and we seem so curiously out of scale with our means of locomotion as we jog along the bank and up through the palms to Memphis and the Step Pyramid.

That first ride will never be forgotten. A chance acquaintance who had just “done” the river had told us when we arrived at Sakkarah to be sure and pick out Fair Rosalie as the best donkey in the place, but of course when the time came we were only too thankful to find ourselves safely on any donkeys at all, in the midst of that screeching Bedlam. We ambled along, and the donkey-boy—a



A MODERN STEAM-DAHABEAH

grinning, blue-nightgowned youth—began to air his three words of English for our benefit, so that finally we made bold to ask him the name of one of the steeds. Picture our surprise when the answer came, "prompt as rhyme," "He Fair Rosalie!" Proud was no word for it. At the greatness thrust upon him the fortunate rider sat up very straight and stiff, waiting for a chance to parade his luck, when a neighbor at table—a stocky youth from "the States"—hove alongside, and sang out, "I say, I've got a peach of a donkey,—her name's Fair Rosalie,—ain't she a corker?" We were aghast, almost personally insulted by his silly mistake, but, after all, he was more to be pitied than snubbed, and—he had pushed on ahead, while in his place a puffing, blowing little Englishman in check riding-breeches pressed hard for the right of way. "Aw—by Jove—jolly fools these Arabs," he drawled in a voice of serious objection. "Boy says my donkey's named

Fair Rosalie—beastly amusing, because—er—can't be, you know!" and he too was lost in the crowd. Were we going mad, or—no; quite in another direction, for before he knew it Fair Rosalie's rider found himself prone in the dust beside Fair Rosalie, while the donkey-boy explained that he had only twisted her tail to make her go faster, and a white-haired Princeton professor in gold-rimmed spectacles bent over the sufferer and asked if he were hurt. The unfortunate one mounted and went on, but the professor still hovered protectingly alongside, his mild voice murmuring: "I have been greatly interested in studying the poetic strain which one finds so prominently exemplified in the Eastern races, and in these people of Egypt it seems curiously interwoven with the most apparently material side of their existence. Could there be anything more charming, for instance, than the name its master has bestowed

on this pretty little steed of mine—Fair Rosalie?"

That was the last straw. It had now become a question of solving the mystery or losing our minds, so we set to work, and soon discovered that every donkey in the place was called "Fair Rosalie," except one, which rejoiced in the proud appellation of "God save the Queen." The explanation was touching in its simplicity. It seems that on the first tourist-boat of the season several people had asked for a particularly good donkey named "Fair Rosalie"; now no one is quicker than an Arab to seize an opportunity, and so when the next horde of tourists burst on Bedrachein, the miracle was already wrought, and every donkey in the village had been rechristened, save Britain's national anthem,—which perhaps was a question of politics.



DONKEY-BOYS' RACE AT LUXOR



THE WATER-FRONT AT LUXOR

Before the barrage was built at Asiut, on a certain day three sailing-dahabeahs, *Maat*, *Herodotus*, and *Tih*, left for Luxor within a few hours of each other, and a race for first arrival for the owners, and first choice of sheep for the crews, was a matter of course.

In the stretch of over two hundred miles all kinds of vicissitudes lurked among the curves and shallows. Heavy squalls roaring round the Arabian mountains drove us flying southward, or a flat calm enveloped the land in breathless haze and made necessary the back-breaking work of towing; or again, a light breeze gently swelling the enormous sails carried us slowly past the low-lying fields, where the plaintive song of the children came floating out to us in minor cadences, "Oh, boat with the great white sail, give as you gave before."

Where the principal food of a large crew is bread, which is never by any chance baked on board, the supply must naturally be replenished at certain in-

tervals, and it was our misfortune to have one of these intervals at the half-way point in the race. The making of the loaves is an important matter, and it is usually the custom to give two or three days to the process, but the race fever held every one in its grasp to such an extent that the reis would only allow the crew twelve hours, with which, moreover, they seemed quite satisfied. During the evening we walked up through black tortuous alleys to the public ovens, ostensibly to urge the men to greater exertions, but in reality to find out how in the world they could do it.

Entering through a low doorway, we were shoved roughly into a corner as a great beast with hoarse gruntings and gurglings rushed past in the murky gloom. Once more, before we could move, this formless animal brushed by us, ere with the help of a match we found that a huge camel with bandaged eyes was dragging round a great beam which ran the mill in the centre of the room.



A VIEW OF ASSUAN

Taking our turn between his rapid flights, we darted through another door into a thick steam, in which black shadows danced and trampled in great vats of dough, while farther on three men by the light of a petroleum flare were shaping the dough into small round loaves. On once more to the two ovens, where brown bronze devils raked blazing fagots with their bare hands to the chant of an infinitely old droning crone in the corner. At every stage of the work some member of the crew squatted huddled on his haunches, keeping count of progress made by dropping pebbles into an earthenware pot, and paying each worker in kind,—to the measurers grain, to the kneaders dough, and to the oven-men a percentage of the crisp, brown, freshly baked loaves.

We were away early next morning, and at Keneh had overtaken our competitors, and the three dahabeahs were together again. Three great pyramids of canvas, one hundred and twenty feet from deck to truck, rushed in close order round wide curves, brushed across shallows where touching the bottom would mean dismasting, past a laboring upbound post-boat as if she

were anchored, and faster and faster under the rising gale the three over-canvassed boats surged south. Suddenly ahead appeared the crucial point in the shape of a reverse curve in the stream, which here bent sharply on itself, entailing a short reach almost in the wind's eye.

Our rivals were both flat-bottomed steel boats, with no grip on the water to prevent them from sliding sideways, while our good ship *Tih*, on the other hand, of greater depth and heavily over-sparred, was almost as handy as an American schooner. There was no taking in of sail,—there was no time for it,—and as the *Herodotus* crashed into the bank on one side, spilling her crew overboard to fight the wind and current with a tow-rope, the *Maat* dropped her men on the other, while through the passage between the *Tih* staggered. Our old reis, whose eighty-nine years had dropped from him at the same time as his turban, took the tiller. Every one braced himself for a capsize,—could he avoid it? The big yard—we knew there was a weak spot in it—writhed like a wounded thing, the water was already flowing over the lee side of the lower deck,—one more quivering

wrench, and "al hamdo lil lah," we were full around. A straight run down the wind, during which we held our lead, and—we were first in Luxor by thirty minutes! Two years later the poor old *Tih*, overspurred and cranky, capsized in a night squall, and nearly drowned her passengers.

Assuan has, socially, two phases: as a resort for the pleasure-loving winter tourist who wants to be comfortably amused, and as a last resort in many a case of lungs and kidneys, where gymkhanas are remote from the struggle for existence. And so it is only the first phase that comes out in the Assuan sports; they are certainly amusing,—consisting, as a rule, solely of donkey events, and are warmly patronized by the youths and maidens of the place, who, clad in hopelessly new riding-togs, or the fluffiest and most unsuitable muslins, enter in the affinity races and other mixed events with an ardor only bred of much and temporary flirtation.

At Luxor there is none of this; only the small circle of dahabeah people who live there for science or for love, and the weekly influx off the tourist-boats; and the difference is bound to show, and does, in the sports. There are two presiding genii of the Luxor sports, to wit, the parson, who is clerk of the course, and Yusuf, a native dragoman, who collects and manages all the native entries. For Luxor is the only place on the river where the gymkhana has an indigenous, as well as a European, character.

There is no funnier sight anywhere than the camel-race, as the great unmanageable brutes come zigzagging down the course, with their legs flying in every direction, and the native rider perched on each beast bounding aloft at such a rate that he only hits the saddle about every thirty feet. There is the three-legged Bishareen-race, genuine Kipling fuzzy-wuzzies on a broad grin, and the race of the water-buffaloes, who puff and blow along like ill-tempered caricatures, the incarnation of "wallowing" and ugliness; now and again a frantic chorus of shrieks shows where one has thrown his male jockey and charged off the course into the terror-stricken crowd, till perchance some wee girl who has been tending him day after day in the fields leads the great

brute meekly back again into the straight and narrow way. The horse-race is a joy to see—the wild Arab horses hurtling neck and neck down the course, their bareback riders sitting like centaurs all of a piece with their steeds, free and fearless as their own desert winds. Not that the tourist side is dull either,—"contrariwise," indeed,—and the donkey-races, donkey tandems, goolah-pegging, and so forth, lead one up to a fitting climax in the mad rush back to the river after the sports are over—a whirling chaos of dust and shrieks along the narrow dike, where carriages, donkeys, pedestrians, horses, and camels, all at full speed, push and plunge past till one's brain reels, and one is merely a distracted item in the motley living kaleidoscope which proves that another Luxor race-meeting is of the past.

The law and order consequent to Western ideas of progress are not always as patent, however, as at Luxor and Assuan; and, in fact, there are some places on the river where it is still deemed unsafe to tie up.

Some time since we stopped on a bank in order to visit some little-known tombs back in the mountains. Up in the hills an English artist whom we knew and a very good tiffin awaited us, and the fine frescos at our journey's end more than repaid us for the long ride on bridleless donkeys. When we reached our boat, early in the afternoon, a crowd of about two hundred or so were grouped close round, examining it with the greatest interest. We had decided earlier in the day to stop for the night, so steam was down and the fires banked. The noise and jabbering of the curious throng on the bank became finally so unbearable that the laundry-"boy"—six feet four or thereabouts—took it into his head to disperse them. This he proceeded to do after an approved method of his own, which consisted—after his turban had been knocked off by some wit of the village—in hurling sun-dried bricks at the crowd with great force and accuracy.

The mob laughingly melted under this vigorous treatment, when an unfortunately aimed missile caught a small boy in the side of the head, and cut a long deep gash in his scalp. We carried the poor little chap on board, did up his head with iodoform, gave him a new cap and some

backsheesh, and started the fires, hoping to be away before his relatives heard of the accident. The lad was very proud of his bandaged head, and showed it with great glee to his friends, exhibiting his backsheesh as he strutted about, and altogether posing as the capitalist of the district. In half an hour more steam would be up, and we were just congratulating ourselves, when, "Why don't you go home and show your beautiful face to your mother?" was suggested to the victim, and the proud capitalist started on a run for the village. A sort of groan went up all over the boat, and the expression muttered by some one, "Now it's all over but the shouting!" seemed to fit our case exactly.

We waited for the inevitable with our eye on the steam-gauge and a sailor at each mooring-rope. Presently we heard it approaching—the frenzied wail of outraged motherhood,—and over the bank a screaming black whirlwind burst upon our men, and drove them incontinently back to the boat. She and her friends—there were a dozen frothing furies to bear her company—were strategists of the first order, and having seized the mooring pegs and ropes, sat on them, wailing and beating their breasts, and defying us to move.

It was an awesome sight, but a nuisance, as the safety-valve was popping merrily, and we were feeling more and more keenly our inability to enjoy the sunset from some other point of view on the river. The temper of our crew had been slowly rising for some time, and before we realized what had happened, the sailors, under the leadership of the chief stoker, were a flying wedge in rapid motion, wreaking a fierce vengeance on the male relations of the furies.

It was very difficult to recall this marauding sortie, but the reis finally got them in hand, and they returned sullenly to the fore-deck. We then sent for the Mudir, and sat down to wait in what patience we might. Three more filibustering expeditions of the crew were suppressed, but not until countless turbans had been trampled in the dirt and six men thrown into the river. All things have an end, however, and after faddling for hours over coffee and ciga-

rettes, with the lad as exhibit A, and the chief men of the village as jury, the Mudir decided that one pound backsheesh was right and proper, and that we might depart in peace. This we refused to do, however, as it was then late, so we demanded an armed guard, which we posted in a half-mile circle on the shore to keep away distant but devoted relatives, who had been arriving in droves all the afternoon. The only person to see us off in the morning was the divorced husband of the mother of the boy, who had tramped twelve miles to have his finger in the backsheesh pie, and whose loud adjectives of disappointment were hurled after us as we washed the mud of that village from our decks.

The ascent of the First Cataract used to be a matter of both danger and interest. Some of the former still remains, owing to the absurdly incapable manner in which the plans for the navigation channel have been carried out, but the latter is replaced by a measureless monotony of marvellously constructed steel gates which close enormous basins with wonderful precision and absolute silence.

Perhaps it is the doing away with all the strenuous cataract life that disappoints one,—for when all is said and done, the effect of crowds of pulling, singing natives, fifty to a tow-rope, three and four lines of them shouting and hauling in unison to the beat of their leader's flag, is but poorly replaced by one soberly clad European manipulating numberless valves and levers. One accomplishes a journey now in three hours which formerly often occupied as many days, and for which even Charles Dudley Warner, who did everything on the river more rapidly than any one else either before or since, took four hours thirty-five and one-half minutes. The stern-wheelers of the War Department pass through the locks several times a week, but for the tourist travelling in a dahabeah the tortuous channel to the first basin holds enough lurking terrors in the shape of sharp rocks, showing through and above the swirling waters, to give sufficient excitement to the beginning of the ascent.

The Assuan Dam is the open sesame to a whole new river world, that upper reach which seems so unlike Egypt, and

yet more unlike anything else. The entire conformation of the country changes—the channel narrows into a ribbonlike belt, and the cultivated area on either side dwindles to a mere strip, but a strip of such exquisite beauty that one wonders how it happened, with that ever-present menace of the desert rimming it close. Great hedges of castor-oil plant, shading from green to bronze and back again; clumps of feathery doom-palms and thickets of sunt-trees—a variety of mimosa with delicate frondlike leaves and tiny fluffy yellow balls of blossom, aromatically sweet; and in the midst, sheltered by palm and bamboo screens, and clinging to the sheer bank, great moist sakiehs groaning out their round to the treading of the bullocks and the floating song of the driver.

Beyond, the desert—saffron-gold sand in great masses, broken by gaunt, dark, prune-colored mesas of rock, looming up out of the wide expanse like so many lost Step Pyramids, or derelict temples of some strange uncouth giants of old. There are but few craft on the river; now and then one passes a native boat with queer slanting poop, a grim survival of the old Nubian slave-dhows of lurid memory,—or perhaps a tiny raft made of inflated skins floats downstream with a load of fresh-cut green and a shiny brown-bodied skipper bestriding it. But of tourist life there is little.

Every winter an artist moors his boat under the shadow of Abu-Simbel, and pitches his tent over against the temple, that he may paint what seems the climax of Egyptian grandeur; his poultry-farm is transferred to the bank, the indispensable chicken-boy sits among the coops in the shadow of the centuries, and the ducks go gayly forth to swim with strings tied to their legs, and are ruthlessly hauled back to shore again at stated intervals. Once we found an artist brave enough to try and paint from the frescos in the deep-gathered gloom of Queen Nefertari's temple, by the same process of reflected sunlight as Rameses's artisans used centuries on centuries ago when they hewed and deco-

rated the only temple in Egypt ever raised to a woman. Our artist was sitting in a black corner, in a general atmosphere of dust and bats, while a sailor from his dahabeah worked an improvised heliostat concocted out of a bedroom mirror, a tin bath-tub, a sheet of white paper, and several pieces of family plate. But for the most part the disciples of the brush prefer the larger temple, with its sterner beauty. It is grandly lonely there on the face of the eternal cliff, with the sweep of golden sand like a molten sunbeam running down from the mountain's crest.

Of the real social life of the river the tourist sees but little,—one must be of it to be in it: the good-humored rivalry between the various dahabeahs where one dines or lunches, the domestic complications between the cook and his boy, the all-pervasive pigeon of one's diet, and the odd way the Christmas turkey has of dying just before he is about to be killed, so that, barred in scorn from the master's table, he comes up done to a turn on the lower deck. Dining out on a dahabeah has great charm, and London and Paris can offer but a poor substitute for the moonlight row in the felucca, the scrambling over the side, the wild excitement of a different menu, and then the still dropping down-stream under the stars to one's own boat again. Besides, one never knows whom one is going to meet, for nowhere in the world is there a more charming coterie of people worth while than on the Egyptian river—savants, artists, scientists, archaeologists, architects,—men with a work to do, an aim to strive for, a goal to reach.

It all has an infinite, individual charm of its own,—a heritage, perhaps, of ancient days and past supremacy,—the evolution from a power political to a power beautiful, by which Egypt still holds the world in bond; but however that may be, life in the Nile Valley, for all its hard work, its play of mind and patience of research, has—to even the most parched scientist of them all—the lightness and care-freedom of a bird song, the unstinted latent laughter of river and wind and sun.

In Necessity's Mortar

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

THERE went about the Rue St.-Jacques a notable shaking of heads on the day that Catherine de Vaucelles was betrothed to François de Montcorbier.

"Holy Virgin!" said the Rue St.-Jacques; "the girl is a fool. Why has she not taken Noël d'Arnaye—Noël the Handsome? I grant you Noël is an ass, but then he is of the nobility, look you. He has the Dauphin's favor. Noël will be a great man when our exiled Dauphin comes from Geneppe yonder to be King of France. Then, too, she might have had Philippe Sermaise. Sermaise is a priest, of course, and one may not marry a priest, but Sermaise has money, and Sermaise is mad for love of her. She might have done worse. But François! Eh, death of my life! what is François? Perhaps—he, he!—perhaps Ysabeau de Montigny might tell, you say? Perhaps, but I cannot. François is a kindly, peaceable lad enough, I dare say, but what does she see in him? He is a scholar?—well, the College of Navarre has furnished food for the gallows before this. A poet?—rhyming will not fill the pot. Rhymes are a thin diet for two lusty young folk like these. And who knows if Guillaume de Villon, his foster-father, has one *sou* to rub against another? He is canon at St.-Benoît-le-Bétourné yonder, but canons are not Midases. The girl will have a hard life of it, neighbor, a hard life, I tell you, if—he, he!—if Ysabeau de Montigny does not knife her some day. Eh, yes, Catherine has played the fool."

Thus far the Rue St.-Jacques.

This was on the day of the Fête-Dieu. It was on this day that Noël d'Arnaye blasphemed for a matter of a half-hour, and then went to the Crowned Ox, where he drank himself into a happy insensibility; that Ysabeau de Montigny, having wept a little, sent for Gilles Raguyer, a priest, and aforetime a rival

of François de Montcorbier for her favors; and that Philippe Sermaise grinned and said nothing. But afterward he gnawed at his under lip like a madman as he went about seeking for François de Montcorbier.

It verged upon nine in the evening—a late hour in those days—when François climbed the wall of Jehan de Vaucelles's garden.

A wall!—and what is a wall to your true lover? What bones, pray, did the *Sieur* Pyramus, that famous Babylonish knight, make of a wall? Did not his protestations slip through a chink, mocking at implacable granite and more implacable fathers? Most assuredly they did; and Pyramus was a pattern to all lovers. Thus ran the meditations of Master François as he leaped down into the garden.

He had not seen Catherine for three hours, you understand. Three hours! three eternities rather. In a patch of moonlight François paused and cut an agile caper, as he thought of that coming time when he might see Catherine every day.

"Madame François de Montcorbier," he said, tasting each syllable with gusto. "Catherine de Montcorbier. Was there ever a sweeter juxtaposition of sounds? It is a name for an angel. And an angel shall bear it—eh, yes, an angel, no less. O saints in Paradise, envy me! Envy me," he cried, with a heroic gesture toward the stars, "for François would change places with none of you to-night."

He crept through orderly rows of chestnuts and acacias to a window where a dim light burned. Then he unslung a lute from his shoulder and began to sing, secure in the knowledge that deaf old Jehan de Vaucelles was not likely to be disturbed by sound of any nature till that time when it should please God that the last trump be noised about the tumbling heavens.

It was good to breathe the mingled odor of roses and mignonette that was thick about him. It was good to sing to her a wailing song of unrequited love and know that she loved him. François dallied with his bliss, parodied his bliss, and lamented in the moonlight with as tuneful a dolor as Messire Orpheus may have evinced when he carolled in Hades.

Sang François:

"O Beauty of her, whereby I am undone!
O Grace of her, that hath no grace for me!

O Love of her, the bit that guides me on
To sorrow and to grievous misery!

O Beauty of her, my poor heart's enemy!

O Pride of her, that slays! O pitiless,
great,

Sweet Eyes of her! Have done with
cruelty!

Have pity upon me ere it be too late!

"Happier for me if elsewhere I had gone
For pity—ah, far happier for me,
Since never of her may any pity be won,
And, lest dishonor slay me, I must flee.

Haro! I cry (and cry how uselessly!):

Haro! I cry to folk of all estate,

For I must die unless it chance that she
Have pity upon me ere it be too late.

"A time draws on 'neath whose disastrous
sun

Your beauty's flower must fade and wane
and be

No longer beautiful, and thereupon

I may not mock at you—not I, for we
Shall both be old and vigorless;—*ma*
mie,

Drink deep of love, drink deep and do not
wait

Until love's spring run dry. Have pity
on me!

Have pity upon me ere it be too late!

"Lord Love, that all love's lordship hast in
fee,

Lighten, ah, lighten thy displeasure's
weight,

For all true hearts should, of Christ's
charity,

Have pity upon me ere it be too late."

Then, from above, a voice fluted in the twilight—a high, sweet, delicate voice: "You have mistaken the window, Monsieur de Montcorbier. Ysabeau de Montigny dwells in the Rue du Fouarre."

"Ah, cruel!" sighed François. "Will you never let that kite hang upon the wall?"

"It is all very well to groan like a bellows. Guillemette Moreau did not sup here for nothing. I know of the verses you made her—and the gloves you gave her at Michaelmas, too. St. Anne!" cried the voice, somewhat sharply; "she needed gloves badly enough. Her hands are raw beef. And the head-dress at Easter, too—she looks like the steeple of St.-Benoît in it. But every man to his taste, Monsieur de Montcorbier. Good night, Monsieur de Montcorbier." But for all that the window did not close.

"Catherine—" he pleaded; and under his breath he expressed uncharitable aspirations as to the future of Guillemette Moreau.

"You have made me very unhappy," said the voice, with a little sniff.

"It was before I knew you, Catherine. The stars are beautiful, *ma mie*, and a man may very reasonably admire them; but the stars vanish and are forgotten when the sun appears."

"But Ysabeau is not a star," the voice pointed out; "she is simply a lank, good-for-nothing, slovenly trollop."

"Ah, Catherine—"

"I believe you are still in love with her."

"Catherine—"

"Otherwise, you will promise me for the future to avoid her as you would the Black Death."

"Catherine, her brother is my friend. Catherine—"

"René de Montigny is, as all the Rue St.-Jacques knows, a gambler and a drunkard, and in all likelihood a thief. But you prefer the Montignys to me, it appears. An ill cat seeks an ill rat. Very heartily do I wish you joy of them. You will not promise? Good night, then, Monsieur de Montcorbier."

"Mother of God! I promise, Catherine."

From above, Mademoiselle de Vaucelles gave a luxurious sigh. "Dear François!" said she.

"You are a tyrant," he complained. "Madame Semiramis was not more cruel. Madame Herodias was less implacable, I think. And I think that neither was so beautiful."

"I love you," said Mademoiselle de Vaucelles.

"But there was never any one so many

fathoms deep in love as I. Love bandies me from the postern to the frying-pan, from hot to cold. Ah, Catherine, Catherine, have pity upon my folly! Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard, and I will do it; bid me believe the sky is made of calfskin, that morning is evening, that a fat sow is a windmill, and I will do it. Only love me a little, dear."

"My king, my king!" she murmured, with a deep thrill of speech.

"My queen, my tyrant! Ah, what eyes you have! Ah, pitiless, great, sweet eyes—sapphires that in the old days might have ransomed every monarch in Tamerlane's stable! Even in the night I see them, Catherine."

"Yet Ysabeau's eyes are brown."

"Then are her eyes the gutter's color. But Catherine's eyes are twin firmaments."

And about them the acacias rustled lazily, and the air was sweet with the odors of growing things, and the world, drenched in moonlight, slumbered. Without was Paris, but old Jehan's garden wall cloistered Paradise.

"Has the world, think you, known lovers, long dead now, that were once even as happy as we?"

"Love was not known till we discovered it."

"I am so happy, François, that I fear death."

"We have our day. Let us drink deep of love, not waiting until the spring run dry. Ah, Catherine, death comes to all, and yonder in the churchyard the poor dead lie together, hugger-mugger, and a man may not tell an archbishop from a ragpicker. Yet they have exulted in their youth, and have laughed in the sun with some frank lass. We have our day, Catherine."

"I love you!"

"I love you!"

So they prattled in the moonlight. Their discourse was no more overburdened with wisdom than has been the ordinary communing of lovers since Adam first awakened ribless. Yet they were content.

Fate grinned and went on with her weaving.

Somewhat later François came down the deserted street, treading on air. It

was a bland summer night, windless, moon-washed, odorful with garden scents; the moon, nearing its full, was a silver egg set on end ("Leda-hatched," he termed it: "one may look for the advent of Queen Helen ere dawn"); and the sky he likened to blue velvet studded with the gilt nail-heads of a seraphic upholsterer. François was a poet, but a civic poet; then, as always, he pilfered his similes from shop-windows.

But the heart of François was pure magnanimity, the heels of François mercury, as he tripped past the church of St.-Benoît-le-Bétourné, all snow and ink in the moonlight. Then with a jerk François paused.

On a stone bench before the church sat Ysabeau de Montigny and Gilles Raguyer. The priest was fuddled, hiccuping his amorous dithyrambs as he paddled with the girl's hand. "You tempt me to murder," he was saying. "It is a deadly sin, my soul, and I have no mind to fry in hell while my body swings on the St.-Denis road, a crow's dinner. Let François live, my soul. My soul, he would stick little Gilles like a pig." He began to blubber at the thought.

"Holy Macaire!" said François, "here is a pretty plot a-brewing." Yet, because his heart was filled just now with loving-kindness, he forgave the girl. "*Tantène ira?*" said François; and aloud, "Ysabeau, it is time you were abed."

She wheeled upon him in apprehension; then, with recognition, her eyes flamed. "Now, Gilles!" cried Ysabeau de Montigny; "now, coward! He is unarmed, Gilles. Look, Gilles! Kill for me this betrayer of women!"

Under his mantle François loosened the short sword he carried. But the priest plainly had no mind to the business. He rose, tipsily fumbling a knife, fear in his eyes, snarling like a cur at sight of a strange mastiff.

"Vile rascal!" said Gilles Raguyer, as he strove to lash himself into a rage. "O coward! O parricide! O Tarquin!"

François began to laugh. "Let us have done with this farce," said he. "Your man has no stomach for battle, Ysabeau. And you do me wrong, my lass, to call me a betrayer of women. Doubtless the tale served well enough to urge Gilles on; but you and I and

God know that naught has passed between us save a few kisses and a trinket or so. It is no knifing^e matter. Yet, for the sake of old time, come home, Ysabeau; your brother is my friend, and the hour is somewhat late for honest women to be abroad."

"*Enné?*" shrilled Ysabeau; "and yet, if I cannot strike a spark of courage from this lump here, there come those who may help me, François de Montcorbier. 'Ware Sermaise, Master François!"

François wheeled. Down the Rue St.-Jacques came Philippe Sermaise, like a questing hound, with drunken Jehan le Merdi at his heels. "Holy Virgin!" thought François, "this is likely to be a nasty affair. I would give a deal for a glimpse of the patrol lanterns just now."

He edged his way toward the cloister, to get a wall at his back. But Gilles Raguyer followed him, knife in hand.

"O hideous Tarquin! O Absolom!" growled Gilles; "have you no respect for churchmen?"

Then, with an oath, Sermaise ran up. "Heart of God!" he panted; "so I have found you at last! There is a certain crow needs picking between us two, Montcorbier."

Thus hemmed in by his enemies, François temporized. "Why do you accost me thus angrily, Master Philippe?" he babbled. "What harm have I done you? What is your will of me?" But his fingers tore feverishly at the strap by which his lute was swung over his shoulder, and presently it fell at his feet, leaving him unhampered and his sword-arm free.

This was fuel to the priest's wrath. "Sacred bones of Benoît!" he snarled, "I could make a near guess what window you have been caterwauling under." Then from beneath his gown he suddenly hauled out a rapier and struck at the boy while François was yet tugging at his sword.

Full in the mouth he struck him, splitting the lower lip through. François felt the piercing cold of the steel, the tingling of it against his teeth, then the warm, grateful spurt of blood; through a red mist he saw Gilles and Ysabeau run screaming down the Rue St.-Jacques.

He drew and made at Sermaise, for-

getful of le Merdi. It was shrewd work. Presently they were fighting in the moonlight, hammer and tongs, as the saying is, and presently Sermaise was cursing like a madman, for François had wounded him in the groin. Window after window rattled open as the Rue St.-Jacques ran nightcapped to peer at the brawl.

Then, as François drew back his sword to slash at the other's shaven head—Frenchmen had not yet learned to thrust with the point in the Italian manner—Jehan le Merdi leaped from behind, swift as a snake, and wrested away his sword. Sermaise closed with a glad cry.

"Heart of God!" cried Sermaise. "Pray, bridegroom, pray!"

But François jumped backward, tumbling over le Merdi, and then with apish celerity caught up a great stone and flung it with all his strength full in the priest's face.

The rest was hideous. For a single heart-beat Sermaise stood swaying on his feet, his outspread arms making a tottering cross, his face a black, formless horror, featureless, void. François, staring at him, began to choke. Then the man's wrists fell, and in the silence his rapier tinkled on the flagstones with the sound of breaking glass, and Philippe Sermaise slid down, crumpling like a broken toy. Afterward you might have heard a long, awed sibilance go about the windows overhead as the Rue St.-Jacques, watching, caught its breath again.

His heart hammering at his ribs, François de Montcorbier turned and ran. He cried like a beaten child as he went through the moon-washed Rue St.-Jacques, making strange whistling noises. His split lip was a clammy dead thing that flapped against his chin as he ran.

"François!" a man cried, meeting him; "ah, name of God, François!"

It was René de Montigny, lurching from the Crowned Ox, half tipsy. He caught the boy by the shoulder and hurried him, still sobbing, to Fouquet the barber-surgeon's, where they sewed up his wound. But in accordance with the police regulations, they first demanded an account of how he had received it. René lied up-hill and down-dale, while in a

corner of the room François cried monotonously.

Fate grinned and went on with her weaving.

The Rue St.-Jacques had toothsome sauce for its breakfast. The quarter smacked its lips over the news, as it pictured François de Montcorbier dangling from Montfaucon. "Horrible!" said the Rue St.-Jacques, and deduced a snug moral for the edification of the children.

Guillemette Moreau had told Catherine of the affair before the day was aired. The girl's wrath flamed.

"Sermaise!" said she. "Bah! what do I care for Sermaise? He killed him in fair fight. But within an hour, Guillemette—within an hour after leaving me he is junketing on church porches with that trollop. They were not there for holy water. Midnight, look you! And he swore to me—chaff, chaff, chaff! His honor is chaff, Guillemette, and his heart a bran-bag. Oh, swine, filthy swine! Eh, well, let the swine stick to his sty. Send Noël d'Arnaye to me."

Noël came, his head tied in a napkin.

"Eh?" said she, "another swine fresh from the gutter? Faugh! it is a bottle, a hogshead! Noël, I will marry you if you like."

He fell to mumbling her hand. An hour later she told Jehan de Vaucelles she intended to marry Noël the Handsome when he should come back from Geneppe with the exiled Dauphin. The old man, having wisdom, lifted his brows and then went back to his reading.

The patrol had taken Sermaise to the prison of St.-Benoît, where he lay all night. That day he was carried to the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu. He died the following Saturday.

But death exalted the man to some nobility; before one of the apparitors of the Châtelet he exonerated Montcorbier, under oath, and asked that no steps be taken against him. "I forgive him my death," he said, manly enough at the last, "by reason of certain causes moving him thereunto." Then he demanded the glove they would find in the pocket of his gown. It was Catherine's glove. The priest kissed it, then began to laugh. Shortly afterwards he died, still gnawing at the glove.

François and René had vanished. "Good riddance," said the Rue St.-Jacques. But Montcorbier was summoned to appear before the court of the Châtelet to answer for the death of Sermaise, and in default of his appearance was subsequently condemned to banishment from the kingdom.

They were at St.-Pourçain-en-Bourbonnais, where René had kinsmen. Under the name of des Loges, François had there secured a place as tutor, but when he heard that Sermaise had cleared him of blame, he set about procuring a pardon. It was January before he succeeded in this.

Meanwhile he had learned a deal of René's way of living. "You are a thief," he said to him, the day his pardon came, "but you have played a kindly part by me. I think you are Dysmas, René, not Gestas. Eh, I throw no stones. You have stolen, but I have killed. Let us go to Paris, lad, and start afresh."

Montigny grinned. "I shall certainly go to Paris," he said. "My friends wait for me there—Guy Tabary, Petit Jehan, and Colin de Cayeux. We are planning to visit Guillaume Coiffier, a fat priest with some six hundred crowns in the cupboard. You will make one of the party, François."

"René, René," said he, "my heart bleeds for you."

Again Montigny grinned. "You think a great deal about blood nowadays," he commented. "A man might take you for one of the Nine Worthies. Alexander! will you stable the elephant you took from Porus in the Rue St.-Jacques? Eh, my faith, let us first see what the Rue St.-Jacques has to say about it. After that I think you will make one of our party."

There was a light, crackling frost underfoot the day that François came back to the Rue St.-Jacques. A brisk, clear January day. It was good to be home again.

"Eh, Guillemette, Guillemette," he laughed. "Why, lass—"

"Faugh!" said Guillemette Moreau, as she passed him, nose high in air. "A murderer, a priest-killer."

Then the sun went black for François. It was a bucket of cold water, full in the



H. Pyle.

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"THE KING HIMSELF HAULED ME OUT OF GAOL"

face. He gasped, staring after her; and pursy Thomas Tricot, on his way from mass, nudged Martin Blaru in the ribs.

"Martin," said he, "fruit must be cheap this year. Yonder in the gutter is an apple from the gallows-tree, and no one will pick it up."

Blaru turned and spat out: "Cain! Judas!"

This was but a sample. Everywhere François found masklike faces and skirts drawn aside. A little girl in a red cap, Robin Trouseccaille's daughter, flung a stone at him as he slunk into the cloister of St.-Benoît-le-Bétourné. In those days a slain priest was God's servant slain, no less.

"My father!" he cried, rapping upon the door of the Hôtel de la Porte-Rouge, "oh, my father, open to me, for I think that my heart is breaking!"

Presently his foster-father, Guillaume de Villon, came to the window. "Murderer!" said he. "Betrayers of women! Now, by the caldron of John! how dare you show your face here? I gave you my name and you soiled it. Back to your husks, rascal!"

"O God, O God!" François cried, as he looked up into the old man's implacable face. "You, too, my father!" He burst into a fit of sobbing.

"Go!" the priest stormed; "go, murderer!"

It was not good to hear François's laughter. "What a world we live in!" he giggled. "You gave me your name and I soiled it? Eh, Master Priest, Master Pharisee, beware! As God lives, I will drag that name through every muck-heap in France."

Yet he went to Jehan de Vaucelles's house. "I will give God one more chance at my soul," he said.

In the garden he met Catherine and Noël d'Arnaye coming out of the house. They stopped short. Her face, half muffled in her cloak, flushed to a wonderful rose of happiness, her great eyes glowed, and Catherine reached out her hand to him with a glad little cry.

His heart was hot wax as he fell upon his knees before her.

"O heart's dearest, heart's dearest!" he cried, "forgive me that I doubted you!"

And then for an instant, I think, the

balance hung level. But after a while, "Monsieur d'Arnaye," said she, in a crisp voice, "thrash for me this betrayer of women."

Noël was a big, bluff man, half English, topping François by two feet. He lifted the boy by his collar, caught up a stick, and set to work. Catherine watched them, her eyes gemlike, cruel.

François did not move a muscle in resistance. God had chosen.

After a little, though, d'Arnaye flung François upon the ground, where he lay quite still for a moment. Then slowly he rose to his feet. He never looked at Noël. For a long time he stared at Catherine de Vaucelles, frost-flushed, defiant, incredibly beautiful. Afterward he went out of the garden, staggering like a drunken man.

He found Montigny at the Crowned Ox. "René," said he, "there is no charity on earth, there is no God in heaven. But in hell there is most assuredly a devil, and I think that he must laugh a great deal. What was that you were telling me about the priest with six hundred crowns in his cupboard?"

René slapped him on the shoulder. "Now," said he, "you talk like a man." He opened the door at the back and cried: "Colin, you and Petit Jehan and that pig Tabary may come out. I have the honor, messieurs, to offer you a new Companion of the Cockleshell."

When the Dauphin came from Geneppe to be crowned King of France, there rode with him Noël d'Arnaye and his brother Raymond. The news that Charles the Well-served was now servitor to Death brought the exiled Louis post-haste to Paris, where the Rue St.-Jacques turned out full force to witness his coronation. They expected Saturnian doings of Louis XI. in those days, a return of the Golden Age; and when the new King began his reign by granting Noël a snug fief in Picardy, the Rue St.-Jacques applauded.

"Noël has served him these ten years," said the Rue St.-Jacques; "it is only just. And now, neighbor, we may look to see Noël the Handsome and Catherine de Vaucelles make à match of it. The girl has a tidy dowry, they say; old Jehan turned out richer than the quar-

ter suspected. Eh, death of my life, yes! You may see his tomb in the Innocents' yonder, with weeping seraphim and a yard of Latin on it. I warrant you that rascal Montcorbier has lain awake in half the prisons in France thinking of what he flung away. Seven years, no less, since he and Montigny showed their thieves' faces here. Eh, the world wags, neighbor, and they say there will be a new tax on salt if we go to war with the English."

Somewhat to this effect also ran the meditations of Catherine de Vaucelles one hot August night as she sat at her window, overlooking the acacias and chestnuts of her garden. Noël, brave in blue and silver, had just gone down the Rue St.-Jacques, singing, clinking the fat purse whose stoutness was still a novelty to him. That evening she had given him her promise to marry him at Michaelmas.

It was a black night, moonless, windless. There were a scant half-dozen stars overhead, and the thick scent of roses and mignonette came up to her in hot, stifling waves. Below her the tree-tops conferred stealthily, and the fountain plashed its eternal remonstrance to the conspiracy they lisped of.

But after a while Catherine rose and stood contemplative before a long mirror that was in her room. Catherine de Vaucelles was twenty-five now, in the full flower of her beauty. Blue eyes the mirror showed her, far apart, unfathomable; honey-colored hair that hung heavily about her face, a mouth that curved in a petulant bow, a firm chin; only her nose left something to be desiderated,—for that feature, though well formed, was unduly diminutive, and bent by perhaps a hair's breadth to the left. She might very reasonably have smiled at what the mirror showed her; but, for all that, she sighed.

"O Beauty of her, whereby I am undone," said Catherine, wistfully; then on a sudden she burst into tearless sobbing. "Ah, God in heaven, forgive me for my folly! Sweet Christ, intercede for me who have paid so dearly for my folly!"

And like an echo to her thoughts stole through the open window the sound of a voice singing below.

Sang the voice:

"O Beauty of her, whereby I am undone!
O Grace of her, that hath no grace for me!
O Love of her, the bit that guides me on
To sorrow and to grievous misery!
O Beauty of her, my poor heart's enemy—"

and broke off in a fit of coughing.

She remained immovable for a matter of two minutes, her proud little head poised alertly. Then, with a gasp, she sprang to the gong and struck it seven or eight times.

"Macée, there is a man in the garden. Bring him to me, Macée—ah, love of God, Macée, make haste!"

Blinking, he stood upon the threshold. Then, without words, their lips met.

"My king!" said Catherine; "heart's emperor!"

"O rose of all the world!" he cried.

There was very little need of speech.

But after a moment she drew away and stared at him. François, though he was but thirty, seemed an old man now. His bald head shone in the candle-light. His face was a mesh of tiny wrinkles, wax white, and his lower lip, puckered by the scar of his wound, protruded in an eternal grimace. As Catherine looked at him, his faded eyes, half covered with blue film, shifted uneasily, and with a jerk he glanced backward over his shoulder. The movement started a cough tearing at his throat.

"Holy Macaire!" said he. "I thought Henri Cousin, the executioner, was at my heels. Why do you stare so, lass? Have you anything to eat? I am famished, Catherine."

Silently she brought him meat and wine. He fell upon it wolfishly. He ate with his front teeth, like a sheep.

When he had ended, Catherine came to him and took both his hands in hers and lifted them to her lips. "God, God, God!" she sobbed, and her voice was the voice of an old woman.

François pushed her away. Then he strode to the mirror and regarded it intently. With a snarl he turned about. "Yes," said he, "you killed François de Montcorbier as surely as Montcorbier killed Sermaise. Eh, Holy Virgin! that is scant cause for grief. You made



"VILLON—THE SINGER FATE FASHIONED TO HER LIKING"

François Villon. What do you think of him, lass?"

She echoed the name.

"Heart of God! You have not heard of François Villon? The Rue St.-Jacques has not heard of François Villon? Pigs, pigs, that dare not peer out of their sty! Why, I have capped verses with the Duke of Orléans. The very street-boys know my 'Ballad of the Women of Paris.' Not a drunkard in the realm but rants my 'Orison for Master Cotard's Soul' when the bottle passes. The King himself hauled me out of Meung gaol last September, swearing that in all France there was not my equal at a ballad. And you have never heard of me!" Once more a fit of coughing choked him.

She gave him a woman's answer: "I do not care if you are the greatest lord in the kingdom or the vilest thief that steals ducks from Paris Moat. I love you, François."

For a long time he stood silent, blinking, peering into her love-lit face almost quizzically. She loved him; no questioning that. But presently he put her aside and went slowly toward the open window. This was a matter for consideration.

The night was black as a pocket. Staring into it, François threw back his head and drew a deep, tremulous breath. The rising odor of roses and mignonettes, keen and intolerably sweet, had roused unforgotten pulses in his blood, had set his heart a-drum.

She loved him! Through all these years, with a woman's unreasoning faith, she had loved him, had trusted him. He knew well enough how matters stood between her and Noël d'Arnaye; the host of the Crowned Ox had been garrulous that evening. She was rich. Here for the asking was a competence, love, an ingleside of his own. And he knew that he dare not take it.

"Because I love her. Mother of God! has there been in all my life a day, an hour, a moment when I have not loved her! Just to see her once was all that I craved,—as a lost soul might crave one splendid glimpse of heaven's harps and lutes before the pit take him. And I find that she loves me—me! Fate must have her jest, I see, though the firmament

crack for it. She would have been content enough with Noël, thinking me dead. And with me? Ah, if I dared hope that this last flicker of life left in my crazy carcass might burn clear! I have but a little while to live; if I dared hope that I might live that little cleanly! But the next cup of wine, the next light woman? You know the answer, François Villon. And the matter rests with me. Choose, François Villon—choose between the old, squalid, foul life yonder and her happiness. Say if it be of greater import that you be saved from the gibbet or she be happy."

Staring into the darkness, he fought the battle out. Squarely he faced the issue; for a little while he saw François Villon as the last seven years had made him, saw the wine-sodden soul of François Villon, rotten and weak and honey-combed with vice. It had its moments of nobility; momentarily, as now, it might be roused to finer issues; but he knew that no power on earth could hearten it daily to curb the brutish passions. It was no longer possible for François Villon to live cleanly.

Then he turned to her with a crooked smile.

"Listen," said he. "Yonder is Paris—laughing, tragic Paris, who once had need of a singer to voice all her splendor and all her misery. Fate made the man; in necessity's mortar she pounded his soul into the shape Fate needed. To kings' courts she lifted him; to thieves' hovels she thrust him down; Lutetia's palaces and abbeys and taverns and lupanars and gutters and prisons and its very gallows—Fate dragged him past each in turn that he might make the Song of Paris. He could not have made it here in the smug Rue St.-Jacques. And now the song is made, Catherine. So long as Paris endures, François Villon will not be forgot. Villon the singer Fate fashioned to her liking; Villon the man she has damned, body and soul."

She gave a startled little cry and ran to him, her hands fluttering to his breast. "François!" she breathed.

It was not good to have to kill the love in her face.

"You loved François de Montcorbier. François de Montcorbier is dead. The Pharisees of the Rue St.-Jacques killed

him seven years ago. That day François Villon was born. That was the name I swore to drag through every muck-heap in France. I have done it, Catherine. The Companions of the Cockleshell—eh, well, the world knows us. We robbed Guillaume Coiffier, we robbed the College of Navarre, we robbed the Church of St.-Maturin—the list is somewhat lengthy. René de Montigny's bones swing in the wind yonder at Montfaucon. Colin de Cayeux they broke on the wheel. The rest—in effect, I am the only one justice spared—because I had a gift of rhyming, they said. Pigs! if they only knew! I am immortal, lass. *Exegi monumentum*. Villon's glory and Villon's shame will never die."

He flung back his head and laughed harshly, a shabby, tragic figure. She had drawn away from him a little. But still the nearness of her, the faint perfume of her, shook in his veins, and still he must play this ghastly comedy to the end, since the prize he played for was her happiness.

"A thief—a common thief!" But again her hands fluttered back. "I drove you to it. Mine is the shame."

"Holy Macaire! what is a theft or two? Hunger that makes the wolf sally from the wood may well make a man do worse than steal. I could tell you— Ask in hell, of one Thevenin Pensete, who knifed him in the Cemetery of St. John," he hissed at her.

He hinted a lie, for it was Montigny who killed Thevenin Pensete. But Villon played without scruple now.

Catherine's face went white. "Stop," she pleaded; "no more, François—ah, Holy Virgin! do not tell me any more."

But after a little she came back to him, touching him with a curious loathing. "Mine was the shame. I drove you to this, François. If you still care for me, I will be your wife." Yet she shuddered.

He saw it. His face, too, was paper.

"He, he, he!" François laughed, horribly. "If I still love you! Eh, ask of Denise, of Jacqueline, of Pierrette, of Marion the Statue, of Jehanne of Brit-tany, of Blanche Slippermaker, of Fat

Peg—ask of any trollop in all Paris how François Villon loves. You thought me faithful! You thought I preferred you to any light o' love! Eh, the *credo* of the Rue St.-Jacques is somewhat narrow-minded. For my part, I find one woman much the same as another." And his voice shook, seeing how beautiful she was, seeing how she suffered. But he managed a laugh.

"I do not believe you," Catherine said, in muffled tones. "François! You loved me, François. Ah, boy, boy!" she cried, with a quick lift of speech; "come back to me, O boy that I loved."

It was a difficult business. But he grinned in her face.

"He is dead. Let François de Montcorbier rest in his grave. Your voice is very sweet, Catherine, and—and he could refuse you nothing, could he, lass? Ah, God, God, God!" he cried, in his agony, "why can you not believe me? I tell you Necessity pounds us in her mortar to what shape she will. I tell you that Montcorbier loved you, but François Villon prefers Fat Peg. An ill cat seeks an ill rat." And with this last great lie a sudden peace fell upon his soul, for he knew that he had won.

Her face told him that. Loathing. Loathing. He saw it there.

"I am sorry," said Catherine, dully. "I am sorry. Oh, for God's sake!" the girl wailed, on a sudden, "go, go! Do you want money? I will give you anything if you will only go. Oh, you beast! Oh, swine, swine, swine!"

He turned and went, staggering like a drunken man.

Once in the garden, he fell upon his face in the wet grass. About him the mingled odor of roses and mignonette was thick and intolerably sweet; the fountain plashed interminably in the night, and above him the chestnuts and acacias rustled and lisped as they had done seven years ago. Only he was changed.

"O Mother of God," the thief prayed, "grant that Noël may be kind to her! Mother of God, grant that she may be happy! Mother of God, grant that I may not live long!"



THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST

Scene between Ogden and Promontory, near the point where the last tie was laid in 1869 by Colonel King

The First Transcontinental Railroad

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

IN history we have the record of every day but yesterday and of every generation but the last. Our first transcontinental railroad was begun only forty years ago; yet as compared with what we know of its story our information concerning the Boston Tea-party is precise. Possibly this is a tribute to the moral over the material; possibly the blinding aurora of the civil war still so plays on the retina of our memories as to obscure all lesser events on that horizon: at all events, when recently an American man of letters was asked for literature concerning the history of this railroad-building he was at a loss satisfactorily to refer to any.

Even in looking back into the story it is difficult to realize that the building of a railroad to the Pacific coast had been publicly proposed before New England had a mile of railroad; and that as far

back as 1840 the Pacific railroad project had already become popular, and was timely matter with newspaper and magazine editors.

But by 1845 the subject had taken so firm a hold on popular fancy that an ingenious memorialist of Congress, Robert Mills, in advocating the building of a transcontinental highway for automobiles—"steam carriages," he termed them—modestly claimed to have advanced the idea of a Pacific railroad in 1819. This the historians will not allow; it is certain, however, that in 1840 dispute had already arisen as to the honor of having first proposed a transcontinental line.

The seeds thus sown in the thirties ripened in the succeeding decade into an agitation that became national. A New York merchant surrendered so completely to the fascination of the Pacific-road

idea that he gave his life and his fortune to efforts to arouse public opinion on the subject and to move Congress to action. It was not that he had aim of personal aggrandizement, for he proposed to assume the construction and general superintendence of the road at a salary so nominal as four thousand dollars a year: he was primarily moved by the glorious national possibilities of his enterprise; and it must still move the reader of the long and somewhat tedious story of the Pacific-road project to picture Asa Whitney, towering in breadth and strength above all early promoters, his illusions still unshattered, but the span of his life exhausted, keeping a dairy in the city of Washington and selling milk to mitigate the poverty of his declining years.

Thomas H. Benton, in a burst of public eloquence, proposed in 1849 that the Pacific line when built be adorned with a statue of Columbus hewn from a granite peak of the Rockies, the mountain itself its massive pedestal, with an outstretched arm pointing India to the west-bound passenger. Benton's idea was never carried out; but in the Black Hills, more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands a great cairn overlooking the highest point at which the first transcontinental road crosses the Rockies. A newer track-alignment has left this early monument at some distance from the present route, and though at one point a glimpse of it may still be had from the car window, it is now some hundreds of feet above the railroad summit. It commemorates the energy and perseverance of two men, to whom chiefly is due the credit for the building of the Union Pacific. Sometime, perhaps, beside the monument to Oakes and Oliver Ames a more modest memorial may rise to the memory of poor Asa Whitney, who surrendered his life and fortune to an idea because to him it was a national and a glorious one.

In truth, there never has been in American industrial achievement and there never again can be so widespread and stirring a public sentiment as that which called for the building of a Pacific railroad. We can never again be poor; we can never again be only vaguely conscious of a Samson-like national strength and

youthfully impatient to test it. We have tested our strength since then in too many ways; possibly we are not quite proud of all of them. Nor can we ever return to a public sentiment that knows no jealousy of extraordinary riches; and as to industrial enterprises, we have been surfeited: every day we taste of new ones with palates more jaded.

It was otherwise then. The great plains were the home of the Indian and the buffalo. Pikes Peak was a watchword, the Rocky Mountains a dream, and California a fever when national thought crystallized into a demand for the first Pacific road. The idea took hold of men as powerful as Webster, as sagacious as Lincoln, as cold as Jefferson Davis, as dramatic as Sumner, and as politic as Buchanan. Douglas and Benton in their day lent to it their eloquence. The ten years that led up to the civil war saw the project discussed by each succeeding Congress with an earnestness and attention second only to that expended on the slavery question. Indeed, the railroad matter as soon as it became tangible became political, and divided men into alignment of suspicion and resentment as the Missouri Compromise divided them. But it forced recommendations from succeeding Presidents in annual messages for years, and when the young Republican party found itself for the first time in power the Pacific-road project enlisted the aggressiveness of men so resourceful and domineering as Thaddeus Stevens, John Sherman, and Henry Winter Davis. The matter got before the Twenty-eighth Congress in 1845 in the form of Asa Whitney's memorial, and from that time forth for fifty years it engaged Congressional attention in some form during nearly every session. Davis, the historian of the Union Pacific, notes that ten years before a Pacific-road bill was finally passed, the Senate of the Thirty-second Congress was giving more time to the subject than to any other topic of legislation. In 1853 the project got into its first Presidential message; the Thirty-second Congress gave it its first special committee, and national appropriations already made put into the field corps of engineers, whose survey reports filled eleven large volumes.

During all of these years of the early

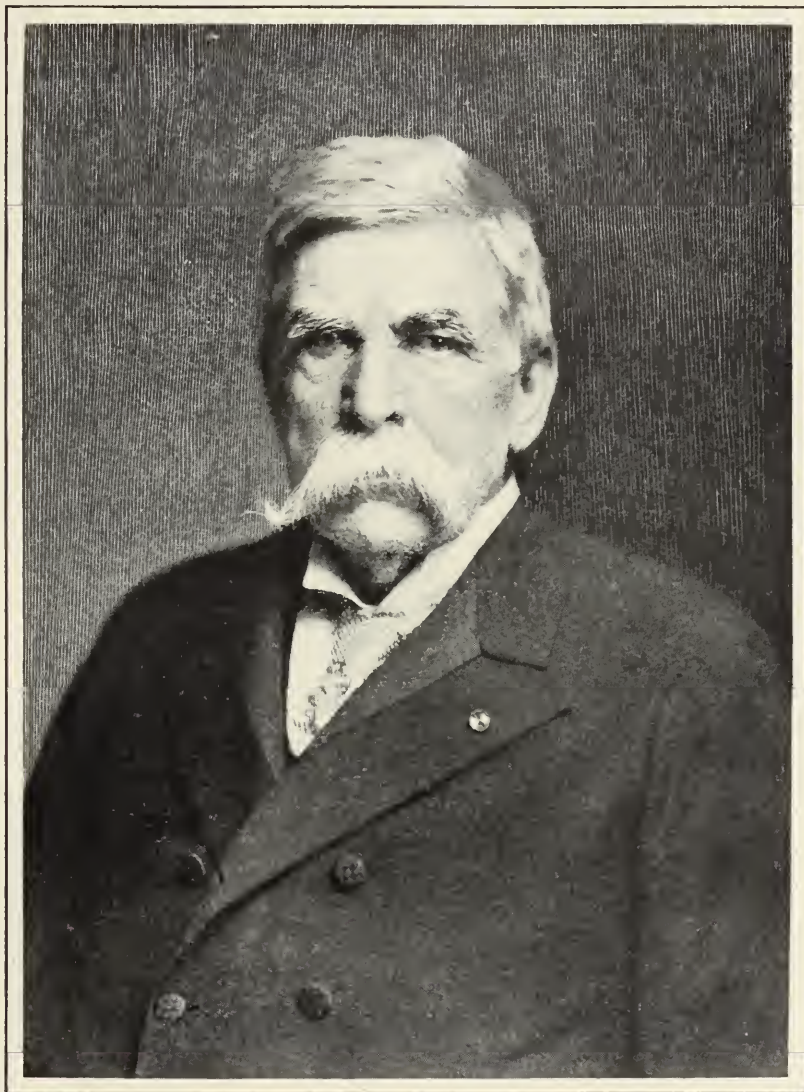
agitation and up to 1861 there was no real chance for a Pacific-railway bill to pass Congress. All parties agreed that such a road should be built, but where? The South wanted a southern route and the North a northern route, and these greater interests were split in turn into minor interests. There were at different periods a New York-Chicago interest endorsed by Seward, a St. Louis interest championed by Benton, a Memphis interest backed by Arkansas and Tennessee, a Charleston interest urged by Gadsden, and a nominal Texas interest upheld by Sam Houston.

The struggle over the eastern terminus or termini of the road—for compromise measures at times proposed no less than three lines, with six termini—might have gone on for another twenty years had not the guns at Sumter relieved the situation of its most serious complications.

The Republican party had in its first national platform committed itself to Pacific-railway legislation, and the Democratic platforms of 1856 and 1860 echoed pledges of friendliness to the project. But when Congress assembled in July, 1861, there were many vacant seats. The small but alert Southern element that had opposed Pacific legislation in every form was absent, as well as those larger Southern interests that had fought for a Pacific road south of the 35th parallel.

The shock and stress of the civil war had incalculably strengthened the chances for Federal action, and the discussion in the war Congress lost at once the wordy aspect of earlier years. That form of legislative inactivity known as side-stepping was plainly at an end. There were left

but two strong Pacific-railway interests, and of these the more powerful was backed by New York, New England, and Chicago interests, which stood for a line



Photograph by Pach Bros.

GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific during its construction

on the 41st parallel. Seward, indeed, had said in debate, ten years before, "Make a route across the continent wherever you please; there will be but two terminals to that road, one at New York, the other at San Francisco." Moreover, Chicago was already pushing west with its roads to the Missouri River, and William B. Ogden, founder of the Chicago and Northwestern system, stood with the New York interests against a Northern Pacific route. He was already pushing the Northwestern westward from Chicago, and when the Pacific-railroad bill of 1862 passed Congress

the contest between Chicago and St. Louis as to which should secure the main Pacific line had been won by the former in the provision that the initial eastern point of the new line should be at a point on the 100th meridian, "between the south margin of the valley of

the east line of Section 10." In the end the legal terminus was fixed by the Supreme Court of the United States on the Iowa side of the Missouri River, where west of Council Bluffs the traveller finds to-day what is known as the Transfer Station; though this is, in matter of fact, some distance south of Section 10.



CHIMNEY ROCK

Famous landmark for emigrants and travellers across the continent

the Republican River and the north margin of the valley of the Platte River in the Territory of Nebraska," and the final bill of 1864 confirmed this location. The principal eastern terminus was given to Omaha in a provision that, of several branches provided for east of this point, the Iowa branch should be built to the initial point on the 100th meridian from "a point on the western boundary of the State of Iowa to be fixed by the President of the United States," and Abraham Lincoln fixed the point within the limits of the township in Iowa opposite the town of Omaha, in Nebraska, and afterwards "east of and opposite to

Sitting with the mountain engineer on the porch of the hotel, Lincoln held him for two hours or more, and drew from him the facts he had obtained, and his opinion as to the best route for a railroad across the continent and the possibility of building one.

In 1862, while in command of the District of Corinth, Mississippi, General Dodge was ordered by Grant to proceed to Washington to report to the President; Lincoln had remembered the talk of 1858 on the hotel porch of Council Bluffs. The question of the eastern terminus for the newly authorized railroad was then a national question. In General Dodge's

General Grenville M. Dodge, who was chief engineer of the Union Pacific, and in charge of construction during 1866 and thereafter, still survives, a Nestor in the honorable company of American construction engineers, and his name will always be coupled with the work of putting the first railroad across the Rockies. His reminiscences throw a pretty side-light on this decision of Lincoln's concerning the eastern terminus. General Dodge in 1858 (assigning the date from recollection), after a summer of engineering reconnaissances west of the Missouri, camped with his party at Council Bluffs. Abraham Lincoln at that time was visiting the Bluffs. He heard of General Dodge's return and of his surveys, and sought him out.



CHEYENNES RECONNOITRING THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE UNION PACIFIC

From an old Print

opinion there was from an engineering view-point but one national route for a railroad to cross Iowa, the Missouri River and the great plains. The route proposed by him was that along which the Union Pacific was afterward built. It offered the advantage of a great, open road from Omaha to Salt Lake, 600 miles of it up a single valley—that of the Platte. This, in turn, led to the natural pass over the Rockies, the lowest in all the range, and to the continental divide at a point where it lay in a basin 500 feet below the general level instead of on a mountain summit. Any engineer, in General Dodge's opinion, who should fail to avail himself of so rich possibilities should have his diploma taken from him. In designating the Missouri River terminus as he did, Lincoln acted on these views.

The political aspect of extending government aid in the building of the first transcontinental railroad must always remain an extraordinary feature in our national legislation. The civil war alone made such a step possible. The period had rudely brushed aside constitutional and *laissez-faire* legislators and reasoning, and the men who stood in Congress for action went in this case

to the other extreme. The building of a Pacific road had every war argument in its favor. Such a line, it was urged, would bind California more closely to the Northern interest, and would enable the United States more promptly to repel any attack on the coast ports. Moreover, it would enable the government easily to control Indian outbreaks among those tribes still unreasonable enough to object to being exterminated.

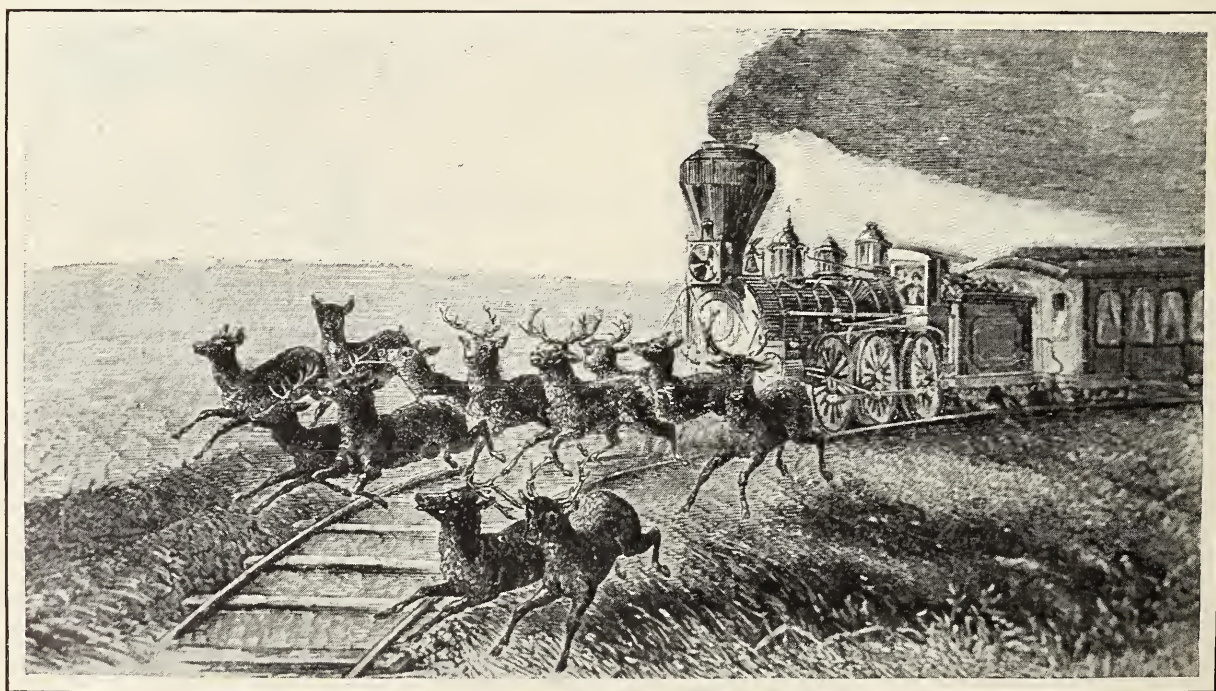
It must not be forgotten, however, that during the gloomy days of the civil war Indian outbreaks, whether justifiable or not, were serious matters to a government struggling to maintain itself; and an argument seeming trivial now might have seemed serious when people were excited or depressed by every rumor and portent. Even in 1867 General Sherman regarded the completion of the Pacific road as an end to the Mormon question; and it was the real beginning of the end.

The very name used by Congress in creating the corporation, "The Union Pacific Railroad Company," implies a reflection of the Union sentiment of the civil-war period. The use of the word has been ascribed to the "union" of various corporations and plans in the project. But there is undoubtedly more

than this to it. By far the most powerful arguments in favor of the road were the war needs of the government. The word "Union" was everywhere foremost in the thought and speech of that day, and Federal action was meant to come as a final answer to the demand of nearly twenty years for national legislation on the Pacific-road subject; to the foes of the Union it was flung as an evidence of confidence and strength on the part of the Republican party and its Union administration. But of the burdens carried during those days by Abraham Lincoln there is no more pathetic glimpse than this, that in the midst of the profound anxieties of his struggle to preserve the nation he was required by Congress to determine the detail of the proper track-gauge for the Pacific railroad. Nor will it surprise any one conversant with the legislative spirit of the war period that after President Lincoln had long and painstakingly considered the subject and decided on a track-gauge of five feet, Congress cheerfully and at once passed a law changing the gauge to four feet eight and one-half inches.

The act of 1862 was supplemented by a second act in 1864 containing more liberal subsidy provisions, and under this charter the Union and Central Pa-

cific railroads were built. The coterie of capitalists who undertook the enterprise believed that their chief profits would come from the construction rather than from the railroad as an investment, and in order to insure these to themselves they acquired the charter of the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency—a name afterward changed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, at the instance of George Francis Train, to "The Crédit Mobilier of America"; and The Crédit Mobilier not only constructed the Union Pacific, but made for itself and for a number of American statesmen the most sensational record of a long and exciting day of plots and counterplots in Pacific-railroad history. For the beginning of construction much work had already been done. General Dodge had crossed the Missouri River as early as 1853 in the interest of projected Iowa railroads, which sought to ascertain where a Pacific road would be likely to fix a Missouri River terminus. Until the civil war General Dodge was busy with reconnaissances and surveys. When he entered the service, Peter A. Dey took it up, and in 1862 put regular parties in the field on the first range of the Rockies, called the Black Hills, and over the Wasatch Range, under a son of Brigham Young's.



DEER RACE WITH THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
From a Print made in 1866

These surveys extended from the Missouri River to the California State line, and included twenty-five thousand miles of reconnaissances and over fifteen thousand miles of instrumental surveys. They were made almost entirely under army protection, but despite all precaution men were scalped by Indians. Ground for construction was broken at Omaha, with a florid speech by George Francis Train, December 2, 1863, and actual construction began on the Union Pacific very early in 1864. Leland Stanford, on January 8, 1863, had turned the first shovelful of earth at Sacramento for the California end of the undertaking. In nine months the Omaha enthusiasts had completed the first eleven miles of one end of the transcontinental line. The Californians had come to a standstill with thirty-one miles. Thus the race started slowly; but at its close Jack Casement was laying seven and a half miles of Union Pacific track between sun and sun.

The route the new road followed from the Missouri River had long been famous on the frontier. Spaniards had probably reached what is now Nebraska as early as 1541, but it was more than a hundred years later when Indians on the Mississippi described to Father Marquette the course of the Missouri, and his map showing the Platte flowing into the Missouri is still preserved. White men in 1739 explored the Platte as far as the present city of North Platte in Nebraska, and French traders made a highway of the river for more than a hundred years. The expeditions of Lewis and Clarke, close upon the Louisiana Purchase, opened the country to American influence, and St. Louis became the great outfitting-point for the adventurers and traders who penetrated to the remote regions of the Northwest. In 1812,

young Robert Stuart, bound overland from the mouth of the Columbia River with despatches for John Jacob Astor, found himself unhorsed among mountain wastes in what is now Wyoming.



THOMAS C. DURANT
Builder of the Union Pacific Railroad

The little party groping half famished toward the head waters of the Missouri stumbled on the North Fork of the Platte River, followed it through the Black Hills, wintered under its cottonwoods on the Nebraska bottoms, and in the spring brought to St. Louis the first definite story of a trip down the line of the future Pacific railroad. In 1825, trappers of the American Fur Company had made headquarters as far west as the Beaver Valley in Wyoming, and Jim Bridger had already tasted of the waters of the Great Salt Lake. In 1820, Jacques Laramie, murdered on the bank of a Wyoming tributary of the Platte, had left his name not alone to that river, but to the plains, the mountains, the peak, the county, the city, and the fort that

still bear it. Trappers, headed by Bridger and Milton Sublette, bought Fort Laramie in 1835, and it became the rendezvous of a generation of men that has passed, and whose like we can never see again. Frémont was there in 1842, and Parkman, following the Platte trail in 1846, has left the story of his trip up the valley that General Dodge was to follow with his surveyors for the overland route.

In 1832, Captain Bonneville camped under Chimney Rock, and penetrating Wyoming, skirted the Wind River Mountains. He was the first white man to take a wagon across the continental divide on the line of the future railroad. Here the Mormon pioneers began their long journey to their unknown home beyond the mountains, for Frémont's narrative had decided Brigham Young upon his great undertaking. Along the Platte, year after year, were strung the wagons of the Forty-niners, and in a calm made sweet by the blossom of the wild plum, rose the camp-fires of the patient homeseekers following the overland trail.

But the valley scenes changed when the railroad contracts were let. The grading-camp made a rough companion to the quiet outfit of the emigrant. Civilization, now really coming, advanced in its mask of vice—the characteristic of its rise and its decline. The grader, the gambler, the criminal, and the adventurer moved together across the plains with the tough town, the outlaw, and the vigilance committee. The forks of the Platte were reached by the tracklayers at the close of the second season's building—1866; but before these first 246 miles were completed some conception of the enormous difficulties of the undertaking had dawned on the promoters.

The Union Pacific was building across a desert with a base at Omaha that was likewise beyond a railroad connection. The engine for the Omaha railroad-shops was dragged across country from Des Moines. The Central Pacific, building from the western coast, was compelled to get everything except ties by ship, around the Horn or by way of Panama. Marine insurance was on a war basis, and the capital of the Californians was eaten into by indemnity tolls. The Union Pacific lacked even the tie-supply afforded the Californians by the Sierra

Nevadas, and was compelled to skirmish hundreds of miles up and down the Missouri River for ties and bridge timbers. Moreover, the Indians of the plains had already filed their protest against the novel invasion. Before the rails had been laid two hundred miles from the Missouri River, Turkey Leg and his Cheyennes swooped down on Plum Creek, scalped a hand-car pilot, derailed the freight-train following, and with the engineman and fireman burning in the wreckage plundered the box-cars and made away, heavy with booty.

It happened that General Dodge in his car—a travelling arsenal—was on his way down from the "front" when news of the capture reached Plum Creek Station. On his train were twenty-odd men, in part the crews, some discharged men, and adventurers bound for the rear—all of them strangers to the chief engineer. The reports coming in by telegraph brought every one to the little station platform. General Dodge called on the men about him to fall in and go forward to recapture the freight-train. Every man within hearing went into line, and by his bearing showed he was a soldier: and when, reaching the scene, the chief gave the order to deploy as skirmishers, these frontiersmen advanced as steadily and in as good order as the veterans that climbed the face of Kenesaw.

In truth, every contractor's camp had a military front. Engineering parties were always guarded by detachments of United States troops, and a little station in Wyoming still bears the name of Percy, for Engineer Percy T. Brown, killed by Indians. "Engineers reconnoitred, surveyed, located, and built inside picket-lines. Men marched to work at the tap of the drum," says General Dodge. "They stacked their arms on the dump, and were ready at a moment's warning to fall in and fight for their territory. General Casement's track-train could arm a thousand men at a word, and from him as its head down to its chief spiker, such a battalion could be commanded by experienced officers of every rank from general to captain."

Amid these difficulties construction proceeded with such materials as could be brought up from St. Louis and St. Joseph during three months of water

transportation; but on November 7, 1867, the last railroad link east of the Missouri in the transcontinental line was completed. William B. Ogden had pushed the Chicago and Northwestern Railway into Council Bluffs, and that road, then as now a powerful ally of the Union Pacific, began pouring track material into the Council Bluffs yards, giving the latter road an actual railroad base for its supplies. It was needed. The Central Pacific party, taking advantage of the law of 1866, which opened the continent to a race between East and West builders, was bending every effort to get to Salt Lake ahead of its Eastern competitor. During 1867, General Dodge had already pushed the Union Pacific to Cheyenne in Wyoming, which after November 14 became the winter terminus.

The whole country now awoke to the contest that the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific were entering upon. Which should reach Salt Lake first, and which should win the big government subsidies, ranging through the mountains from \$64,000 to \$96,000 a mile?

The Union Pacific chief engineer, after a New York conference during the winter of 1867-8, returned to Omaha, called his staff around him, and laid out his plans. These centred upon Ogden, Utah, 502 miles west of the end of the track, as the objective point for 1868, and Humboldt Wells, 216 miles west of Ogden, for the spring of 1869. Preliminary lines had been run, but no final location had been made west of Laramie City, where town lots were sold in April, 1868. General Dodge had already solved the vital problem of the pass across the Rockies by getting lost one afternoon in the Black Hills—if it is fair so to describe the accident which led to the remarkable discovery. For over two years all explorations had failed to reveal a satisfactory crossing of this secondary range known as the Black Hills, which, on account of their short approaches and their great height, is the most difficult of all the ranges to get over. On this occasion General Dodge, returning from a Powder River campaign, leaving his troops, with a scout and a few men rode up Lodge Pole Creek along the overland trail, and struck south along the crest of the mountains. Indians be-

set the little party before noon, and got between them and their trains. Holding the Indians at bay with their Winchesters, they retreated. It was nearly night when they finally escaped the enemy, and meantime they had ridden down an unknown ridge that led out of the hills and clear to the plains without a break. That night General Dodge told his guide that if they saved their scalps he believed they had found the crossing of the Black Hills: over this pass the trains of the Union Pacific run to-day.

This engineering work of running the lines through the Black Hills, then, had in 1867 already been done; but beyond that point absolutely everything remained to be done. Engineering parties were distributed during the winter months to be on the ground when spring opened, and those destined for Utah crossed the Wasatch Mountains on sledges, with the snow over the tops of the telegraph-poles. The track was laid across the Black Hills, and this gave an opportunity of running ties down the mountain streams instead of bringing them 800 miles from the Missouri River. Even after the builders had reached the Hills the country afforded nothing but the road-bed and ties, and it took forty carloads of material a day to supply "the front." In April, graders were at Laramie working from daylight till dark, and from the start to the season's finish the construction crews worked every day without an hour's loss of time. Every man, from the chief of construction to the water-carriers, seemed bitted for a finish heat, and that season the contractors actually pushed their grade to Green River, to Ogden, to Salt Lake, and to far Humboldt Wells.

Winter caught the builders at the foot of the Wasatch Range, but it no longer stayed them. The spirit of the fight had got beyond that, and the frozen earth was dynamited like rock. Track was laid across the Wasatch on a bed covered with snow and ice, and one of General Casement's track-laying trains, track and all, slid bodily off the ice into the ditch! Even the Mormons roused themselves, and under Brigham Young's exhortation turned mightily into the race. In rail-roading then, as in politics later, the watchword was, "Claim everything," and

the Central Pacific people astonished the Eastern builders by filing a map "claiming" to build as far east as Echo, some distance east of Ogden.

The two companies had 20,000 men at work. The Casement brothers of the Union Pacific construction forces rose to the occasion. Eastern newspapers were carrying daily head-lines, "The Union Pacific built — miles to-day." In the beginning a mile a day was considered good work, but the Casements had long been laying two miles a day, and now were working seven days in the week and every hour that light gave them, and they crowned their supreme efforts by laying in one day nearly eight miles of track between daylight and dark.

The Central Pacific people meantime stayed not for stake or stopped not for stone. They had fourteen tunnels to build, but they did not wait to finish them. Supplies, even to engines, were hauled over the Sierras, and the work was pushed until in the spring of 1869 the opposing track-layers met at Promontory, Utah: the moment at which the law had declared a junction must be made had arrived.

On May 10, Leland Stanford, Governor of California and president of the Central Pacific, and Durant, Duff, and Sidney Dillon, of the Union Pacific, assembled with their friends to drive the spike that was to signalize the completion of the great undertaking. A little company of regular soldiers with a garrison band from Fort Douglas preserved the military atmosphere of the long struggle. The Mormons who had helped so faithfully with the road-bed were there, and the coolies from San Francisco and the Irish track-layers from the Atlantic seaboard faced each other. Strawbridge and Reed, the rival superintendents of construction, placed under the rails the last tie of California laurel. Spikes of silver and of gold from Montana, Idaho, and Nevada were presented and driven into it, and Dr. Harkness, on behalf of the great Pacific State, presented the last spike, wrought of California gold.

The country was waiting for the coming moment. Telegraph-wires everywhere had been silenced to repeat the blows of this silver maul which were to ring from the little valley in the Sierras

to end and end of the United States. The first engine from the Pacific faced the first engine from the Atlantic, and amid the silence of uncovered heads the Governor of California and Vice-President Durant of the Union Pacific drove the last spike.

Surely no such story is written anywhere on the records of our railroads. The days when Dodge ran the line, Jack Casement laid the rail, Leland Stanford drove the spike, and Bret Harte supplied the poem can never return. Literature and the railroad had not become wholly divorced when the California poet wrote, "What the Engines said." From the stages of theatres and on the first pages of newspapers particular announcement was made of the celebration to come on the next day. The rejoicing in San Francisco reached the extravagance of a kermess. In the bay the shipping was bright with bunting, and between gayly decorated buildings processions of jubilant citizens marched all day. What matters it that we know now the electric current suffered a stage fright and the ring of the sledge on the last spike could not be made to repeat beyond Omaha? Is it not enough that the chief operator was equal to the occasion and drove the heavy blows in dignified clicks at the telegraph-office on the Missouri River? What is of consequence is the way in which the clicks were received—the blows repeated at San Francisco on the great bell of the City Hall, and cannon booming with the last stroke off Fort Point: and on Capitol Hill in Omaha a hundred guns following the explosion of bombs and the screaming of steam-whistles. Capitalists, prominent citizens, volunteer firemen, and horse-shoers could still walk happily in one tiresome procession when the last Pacific railroad spike was driven. Grant took the news in the White House, Chicago turned out a parade four miles long, New York was saluting the Pacific coast with salvos of artillery, Trinity chimes were ringing Old Hundred, and Trinity voices were chanting *Te Deum* when the earliest transcontinental line was finished; and in Philadelphia the old bell was ringing in Independence Hall. For American railroading surely those were the golden days.

The First of October

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

A DRAMATIC EPISODE

CHARACTERS IMPLICATED :

MR. RICHARD TARRANT.
MRS. RICHARD TARRANT.
A janitor.
A furniture-polisher.
A hall-boy.
A boss painter.
Two assistant painters.
LENA.
A paper-hanger.
An electrician.

THE scene displays a drawing-room and library of an up-town apartment, opening into each other and the hall behind them, and allowing through the drawing-room door a view of the end of the hall, with the hall door. Silk portières, drawn back, hang between these rooms, one of which, the library, is unpapered, except for large triangular strips, the remains of the wall-covering chosen by the recent occupants, alternating with corresponding triangles of white plaster. On one of these latter is scrawled in enormous letters, *READY FOR NEW PAPER!*

The wainscoted library is simply furnished with a handsome mahogany side-board bearing an alarm-clock, a large packing-case, a barrel, a dictionary, and a large white-enamelled bedroom chair. The drawing-room contains a piano, a

table, a dilapidated Morris chair, a pyramid of four large boxes and three pairs of brass andirons. Hung on the one large, ornamental nail, at a drunken angle, is an enormous engraving of the *Sistine Madonna*.

The door from the hall is pushed violently open and Mr. Richard Tarrant enters the drawing-room, a large leather grip in one hand and a cast of the *Winged Victory* under the other arm. He directs around the room a malignant glance, which is arrested definitely by the *Madonna*, and changes suddenly into a look of horrified surprise. Sinking into the Morris chair, he lets the *Victory* fall across his knees, and shakes his fist feebly at the helpless engraving, muttering: "Foiled again!"

The door opens slowly and cautiously, and a gay flower-hat projects into the room, to be instantly withdrawn. He calls out, crossly: "Well, what's the matter? Why not come in?"

The door opens again and Mrs. Richard Tarrant enters, an alabaster bust of Wagner in his tam-o'-shanter under her arm, and a very tall and fragile glass vase in the other hand.

Mrs. Tarrant: "Oh, it's you? I didn't know—"

Mr. Tarrant: "You didn't know? Did



MR. RICHARD TARRANT ENTERS THE DRAWING-ROOM

you think anybody who hadn't paid for a month of this abomination of desolation would be likely to intrude? I guess not."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Why, how cross you are, Dick!"

Mr. Tarrant: "Do you find me so? I thought I was singularly controlled. Will you do me the honor to look at that?" *He points to the Madonna.*

Mrs. Tarrant deposits the vase and bust carefully on the floor, steps off a few paces, returns to them and places them on another spot, equally indefensible, considers a moment, and finally restores them to her arms; clasping them tightly to her breast, she raises her eyes to the engraving. Then: "It isn't hung straight, is it?"

Mr. Tarrant, rising in rage, and just saving the Victory from annihilation by a lightninglike clutch: "Hung straight? Hung straight? Will you tell me why it is hung at all? Did I or did I not give that man fifty cents?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "You ought to be ashamed, Dick. It's a very valuable picture. What would your aunt Caroline think? Just because you don't happen to admire it as much as most people—"

Mr. Tarrant: "I deny that they do! I deny it flatly! It's all nonsense. They think they have to; it's like Don Quixote, and all this defective statuary—it's a bluff, a bluff! I am going to form a society for people with the courage of their convictions: the Anti-Sistine—"

Mrs. Tarrant: "That sounds awfully wicked, somehow, and it's all nonsense, anyway. Now, see here, Dick; if we stand here talking all the morning, what is the good of your giving up the day to help me? Why don't we put these things down and get to work?"

Mr. Tarrant: "Well, put 'em down, then. Only, don't pick 'em up again the next minute."

They advance together to the kitchen table, lay the articles upon it, and then glance despairingly around the room.

Mr. Tarrant: "Sweet scene! Well, well, be it ever so humble—"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Dick! How can you? Now let's get to work."

Mr. Tarrant: "By all means."

They advance to the table again, seize it by opposite ends, and move it a few feet from its first position; then with an

air of decision Mrs. Tarrant picks up the Victory and the tall vase and sets them on the topmost of the pile of boxes. Her husband follows her with the bust of Wagner.

Mr. Tarrant, with a sigh of well-earned relief: "There! I'm glad we've got that done! Now I can see my way."

Mrs. Tarrant glances at him suspiciously, but discovering nothing from his expression, continues to bustle about the room.

Mrs. Tarrant: "Where do you suppose the other things can be, dear? The man promised that the van would get here at nine promptly. There really isn't much we can do till the right furniture for the right rooms—"

Mr. Tarrant, bitterly: "Promised! Promised! Yes, indeed. And the agent promised that the apartment should be completely papered by yesterday noon; and the paperer promised to have the men here by eight-thirty every morning; and the dealer promised to furnish the paper last week; and the janitor promised to see that the floors were done to-day; and Lena promised to get back from her cousin's last night. Why should the carter alone be faithful?"

Mrs. Tarrant, despondently: "I know. It's dreadful. What good will it do to put the furniture right, because the floors must all be done, and the walls, too?"

Mr. Tarrant: "We'd better tackle the boxes."

Mrs. Tarrant, doubtfully: "Well, yes, except that you don't know which boxes these are."

Mr. Tarrant: "But they've got to be unpacked sometime, no matter which they are, haven't they?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Ye-es, but— Ah, how stupid of us, Dick! They're all labelled. Just look and see what's in the top one."

Mr. Tarrant, peering about on all sides of the pyramid of boxes, and shaking his head: "There's not a label among 'em."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Why, but, dearest, there must be; you tacked them on yourself—don't you remember? The top box must be upside down, Dick, and that covers it up!"

Mr. Tarrant, with conviction: "That's it; they ought to have been labelled on the bottom."



"THERE! I'M GLAD WE'VE GOT THAT DONE"

Mrs. Tarrant, reprovingly: "But, Dick, you couldn't be sure that they'd put them upside down?"

Mr. Tarrant, resignedly: "No, but you could bet on it."

A pause, during which they regard the pile of boxes with growing curiosity.

Mr. Tarrant, finally, with decision: "Well, I'm going for the top one, anyhow. We can't sit here and look at 'em all day. Got a hammer?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "No. You'll have to ask the janitor. Just call down."

Mr. Tarrant, stepping to a tube near the hall door, pressing an adjacent bell, and alternately applying his ear and mouth to the tube:

"Hello! Will you ask the janitor to lend me a hammer a minute, till mine comes? What?"

Here he puts his ear to the tube.

"Oh no, just send it up. No, not a ladder—a hammer. Hello, get that? Not a lad— Oh, hang it all," *hastily putting his mouth to the tube*, "I'm talking into the wall! No, that's all right—the wall's all right, I mean. I want a hammer. Wait! Wait, till I can hear you!"

He puts his ear to the wall, and listens inquiringly for several seconds. Hearing nothing, he turns away disgustedly.

"Of all fool affairs! First you bang your ear into the wall and then you talk into it!"

Mrs. Tarrant giggles, and runs hastily to open the door in answer to the ring of the janitor—a fat, cheerful man with no collar on—who enters the drawing-room, hammer in hand, and addresses them:

"You wanted a hammer, I b'lieve, Mr. Parrot. I brought it myself. Just please be careful of it: I have to be a little pertic'ler who I lend it to." *He glances patronizingly around the room.* "You ain't real settled yet, are you? Well, it takes time. The last parties in this apartment they come in in May, and they didn't get their things fixed to suit 'em till they left for the summer. How's that? She ordered slip-covers for all the furniture—they had grand furniture, not a plain piece of wood in the apartment—and they come two weeks after she got back in the fall! How's that? I see your picture come all right." *He glances at the Madonna.* "I hung it m'self, the man was so pertic'ler. He said the gentleman had give him fifty cents and he didn't want no risks. It's a fine picture, all right." *Mr. Tarrant groans.* "Well, if I can do anything else, just let me know, Mr. Parrot." *He goes out.*

Mr. Tarrant takes the hammer, confronts the boxes, and scowls. Then tucking the hammer under his arm, he lifts down the Wagner and the Victory and places them with an audible thud on the table, his wife following with the tall vase. Mounting the kitchen chair, he pries off the top of the upper box and struggles to remove the contents.

Mrs. Tarrant, excitedly: "What is it, Dick? What can it be? I don't remember anything like that. Why, it's one big thing! How beautifully they packed it, didn't they?"

Mr. Tarrant pauses suddenly in the unwrapping process and directs a baleful glare at the object of his labors. He shakes the shapeless bundle distrustfully once or twice, tears a hole in one side of the paper and exposes a large pink rosebud. He bursts out angrily: "Oh! this is too much! This is insult to injury! And I came up early for the priceless pleasure of unveiling this! Do you mean to say that those lunatics have packed this horror in a box all by itself, when I specially told them just to lay it on the top somewhere and hurry it along?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Why, it's your cousin Marie's Dresden vase! Isn't that funny? But you oughtn't to have told them that, Dick—it was a very expensive present, and she may come East any day."

Mr. Tarrant, brandishing the large sky-blue jug adorned with corpulent cupids, garlands, and gilded handles: "I don't give a cent if it is or she does. My whole married life has been blighted by this thing—blighted. For two years I have exposed that object to chances enough to wreck a—a cannon; I have held doors open with it; I've pitched cigars into it; I've trained a puppy to stand on it—and not a hair of its head is injured! You never know your relatives' real character till you're married. To think I have a cousin capable of giving me a thing like that! See here, Bess, what do you bet I can't whack it at that Madonna broadside and never bruise either of 'em?" He brandishes the jug at arm's length, to his wife's visible horror.

Mrs. Tarrant: "Dick, Dick, be careful!"

Mr. Tarrant: "Oh, don't worry, my dear; they have charmed lives. A torpedo would slide off baffled from either

one of 'em." He gets down from the chair on which he has been standing during this scene and pulls the top box from the pile.

A pause follows, during which he aims paper wads at the Dresden vase, and his wife peers out of the window. Presently she turns to him with a determined cheerfulness: "Anyhow, Dick, it's a nice location. You know, if you could see a little, little bit farther, you could see the river."

Mr. Tarrant, pessimistically: "Yes. And if I could see a little farther still, I could see Spain; but I can't."

Mrs. Tarrant sighs.

The bell rings. She opens the door and admits the Furniture-polisher—a short, stained young man in discolored overalls, with a number of small, dripping pails in one hand and a bundle of unclean rags in the other. He greets her: "Goot day, ma'am. I come to bolish."

Mrs. Tarrant, doubtfully: "To what?"

The Furniture-polisher: "To bolish. Yes. All done to-day. Sure. Do I come by this way?"

He pushes into the drawing-room and deposits his pails on the floor, smiling placidly around him. Mr. Tarrant stares at him. Mrs. Tarrant gasps comprehendingly: "Dick, it's the furniture man! I made them swear to send him to-day to rub up all the furniture. I thought we'd be all settled, certainly, by now. And here he is."

The Furniture-polisher: "Sure, I come to bolish. Where do I begin?"

Mrs. Tarrant, mournfully: "You can't begin anywhere. I'm so sorry, but nothing has come yet. This is all there is."

The Furniture-polisher: "Then I do not bolish? No?"

Mr. Tarrant, with forced cheerfulness: "You might begin on these boxes. Or try some of the busts and statuary. Try the party with the tam—"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Richard!"

The Furniture-polisher: "We do not bolish marple. It does no goot. Well, I come again. Goot day, ma'am."

He picks up the pails and retires. Mrs. Tarrant follows him sadly to the door, murmuring: "I'm so sorry. I meant to have it all done. When it does come, you'll come again, won't you, and attend to it?"

The Furniture - polisher, politely:
"Sure."

He goes out. Mr. Tarrant sniffs scornfully: "You'll never see him again, Bess. Well, it's just like that song Mrs. Ritch sings—we can't seem to get the place and the time and the loved one all together, as you might say! Now by the time we *get* the furniture—"

Mrs. Tarrant, wisely oblivious of this carping mood: "Oh, Dick, I'll tell you what we can do. We can hang the pictures, anyway."

Mr. Tarrant, approvingly: "That's not a bad idea, Bess, not at all. I'll get the ladder-chair." *He starts out of the room.*

Mrs. Tarrant: "You can't—it hasn't come. Send down for the janitor's ladder."

Mr. Tarrant leaves the room, and while his wife brings in framed pictures of assorted shapes and sizes from the hall to the drawing-room his voice is heard: "Yes, this is Mr. Tarrant—fourth floor. Yes. . . . No; just send it up. We don't need him—only the ladder. . . . That's very kind, but it won't be necessary. . . . Yes; one of you boys. . . . Oh yes, I'll be careful. . . . Oh, certainly; I know all about ladders. . . . Lord! yes, like a mother! . . . No, not Parrot—Tarrant."

In a few minutes he enters the drawing-room with an uncertain-looking step-ladder. Mrs. Tarrant meanwhile has leaned fifteen to twenty pictures in two piles against the base-board; then dissatisfied with this arrangement, she separates them, making a kind of dado around the two sides of the room, the faces turned in. Standing off to view the effect, she is struck with the impracticability of this disposal of them, and makes a second tour of the room, bent double for the purpose of reversing them. Mr. Tarrant, who has been watching her from the door, with a strained patience, here interposes: "If you're going around many more times, Bess, I might as well take the ladder back."

Mrs. Tarrant, panting: "Oh, are you there?"

Mr. Tarrant: "Yes. It's a good enough game, if you like it, but too hard on the back for me. Now hand 'em up, and say when—where, I mean."

She hands him a coffee-colored photo-

graph of the Mona Lisa, heavily framed in oak. He regards it disgustedly: "That! You know, Elizabeth, of all the frauds that were ever perpetrated, that is, that really is, the very worst!"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Nonsense!"

Mr. Tarrant: "Look me in the eye and say you like it!"

Mrs. Tarrant: "I do."

Mr. Tarrant: "Elizabeth!"

Mrs. Tarrant: "I—I think I do, Dick—I am almost sure I do!"

Mr. Tarrant: "Oh, well, if you have no more regard than that for the future life, hand her up." *A pause, during which he slips the end of a coil of wire, produced from his pocket, through one of the screw-holes of the picture, and pressing a hook, from the other pocket, to the moulding, loops the wire over it. The picture dangles unsteadily as he inquires:* "There; about there, I should say?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Oh dear, no—that's too high. In a picture like that the eyes ought to be on a level with one's own eyes. Drop it a little."

Mr. Tarrant, turning toward her, still supporting the free end of the wire: "One's eyes? Whose eyes? Yours or mine?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Oh, anybody's, stupid!"

Mr. Tarrant: "I see. Edward Ritch's, for example. This would just about suit him—sitting down."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Dick! Please don't argue! I read that was the way to do it somewhere, but of course if you make fun of it—"

Mr. Tarrant: "I'm not making fun at all. I'm only being practical. We might match 'em up to various people's eyes, and then everybody would be pleased once, anyhow."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Dick, if you don't begin, we sha'n't get a thing done!"

Mr. Tarrant, snapping off the wire with scissors from his vest pocket: "Well, here goes. I'll fasten it about here. That all right?"

Mrs. Tarrant, standing directly behind him to get a full-face view: "I can't see a thing: you cover it all up."

Mr. Tarrant, stepping down (at which the picture slips a few inches), jumping hastily back, while the ladder sways and

his wife screams: "But I have to stay here, Bess, or it will fall."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Well, just hold off to one side for a moment, can't you? Really, I can't see a thing."

Mr. Tarrant, leaning for a second at a perilous angle, and speaking under his arm: "There! If you didn't see it then," adjusting himself with difficulty, "you never will in this life. Unfortunately, I never took up Japanese juggling in college—they didn't offer it then."

Mrs. Tarrant, absently, selecting another picture: "Do they now?"

Mr. Tarrant: "Heavens, yes! And art-photography and landscape-gardening and palmistry. Which leads into the question: Does education really educate—What! Are you going to put *that* in here?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Why, yes. Wouldn't you?"

Mr. Tarrant: "No, I should not. I think it's improper. So does your uncle George."

Mrs. Tarrant, angrily: "I don't care if he does! The old prig! Who told you?"

Mr. Tarrant, looking shy: "He did."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Richard! I don't believe you. The idea! Horrid old thing!"

Mr. Tarrant, magnanimously: "Oh, well, never mind. I can stand it. I'll take *my* guests into the dining-room. And he may not come up here—he hates the elevated." He hangs the next picture in silence. Mrs. Tarrant's fixed and resentful gaze is directed into space. "Give me another, Bess. Give me that lad with the horses."

Mrs. Tarrant, her eyes still fixed, mechanically selects and hands him a third picture. He strings in the wire, whistling softly: "You know, Bess, we'll have these done in no time; it'll be a great help."

Mrs. Tarrant, burying her face suddenly: "Uncle George is an old pig! I never liked him. Th-the idea of his s-saying that! Did he?"

Mr. Tarrant, in amazement: "Saying what?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "You know."

Mr. Tarrant: "Oh, that! Great Scott! what does it matter what the old granny said? He doesn't like striped socks, either, but I never let it keep me awake nights."

The bell rings.

Mrs. Tarrant wipes her eyes, arranges her hair, and kisses her husband's chin forgivingly. She opens the door, admitting a thin darky Hall-boy in buttons, who inquires: "Yo' ain't expectin' a dray, was yo'?"

Mr. Tarrant, calling out with elaborate irony: "A dray? Heavens, no! If there's anything on earth I don't expect, it's that. Once I thought I had reason to, but not now."

Mrs. Tarrant, excitedly: "Hush, Dick! Yes, of course we are. Is it out there? Tell them to come—"

The Hall-boy: "It ain't here—no, m'm. I sent 'em away. Yo' name's Parrot, ain't it?"

Mrs. Tarrant, icily: "The name is Tarrant."

The Hall-boy: "Oh. The janitor he said Parrot. The man said the name was Tarrant, like that, he says: Tarrant. So I says they ain't no parties—"

Mr. Tarrant, leaping to the hall: "Where did he go? Back to the old place?"

The Hall-boy: "No, suh. He said there was another fam'ly further up, on C'lumbus, an' maybe he'd mixed 'em up, and he'd try there 'fore he went back. He said they was named some kind of bird, too."

Mr. Tarrant: "Oh, Lord! Do you know how far up?"

The Hall-boy: "Eighty-six, he said. He ain't been gone long. I come up 's soon as I thought. I just happened to think it might be you, after all. He was sure 'twas you, the man was, though."

Mr. Tarrant, seizing his hat from the drawing-room: "I'm going up to try to catch him, Bess. If any one else comes for me, boy, let them in—do you hear? You've made a lot of trouble."

The Hall-boy: "Yes, suh. He says it jest like that, Tarrant—"

Mr. Tarrant pushes him aside and flies out of the door, followed by the boy. Mrs. Tarrant sinks into the Morris chair, patting her eyes with her handkerchief. The bell rings violently. She opens the door, admitting the Boss Painter—a tall man with an oily smile—and two Assistant Painters—fat, ferocious-looking creatures—laden with pails, brushes, and miles of filthy grayish cloth.

The Boss Painter, with a Jewish accent: "Good morning, madam. We have come for the spot on the ceiling. It's a nice day, ain't it, madam?"

Mrs. Tarrant, pointedly: "I don't know. I've not been out lately. Is this your idea of the time to begin a morning job? I hope you're prepared to finish up to-day. Mr. Tarrant says that if there is any further delay he will certainly stop everything right here and employ other men. You promised—"

The Boss Painter: "Yes, madam. And here we are. Whatever Mr. Untermeyer promises, that he will do. Oh yes, madam. All will be finished to-day—everything. The spot on the ceiling, the woodwork—"

Mrs. Tarrant, ironically: "And I suppose the library will be papered to-day? And these floors cleaned and waxed?"

The Boss Painter: "Oh, madam, we are not the paperers. I cannot tell. Mr. Untermeyer, he told me only of the spot on the—"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Yes, I know. Did he tell you to get here at eleven o'clock—or almost that?"

The Boss Painter: "No, indeed, madam. The men start out early, but of course it is a long way from the shop. Now we are all ready."

During this conversation the Assistant Painters have deposited their pails and brushes on the floor and seized the bundle of grayish cloth by opposite ends, which they pull back and forth in the futile manner of operatic sailors working at ropes. Mrs. Tarrant, staring at them, bursts out nervously: "What are those men trying to do?"

The Boss Painter, soothingly: "The

cloth to protect the wall-paper, madam. For the spot on the ceiling. Then the kalsomine will not fall. Now we are all ready."

One of the Assistant Painters here mumbles something unintelligible to Mrs.



"ONE'S EYES? WHOSE EYES?"

Tarrant, who looks inquiringly at him. He repeats: "Und tags."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Tags? What does he mean?"

The Assistant Painters, dropping the cloth and folding their hands over their stomachs, repeat together, staring vaguely at nothing: "Tags, lady, tags."

The Boss Painter: "It is tacks that George wants. Tacks for these cloth. Have you not some tacks, madam?"

Mrs. Tarrant, decidedly: "No, I have not. At least, if there are any in the tool-box, I don't know where it is. Why didn't you bring some?"

The Boss Painter, cheerfully: "That's

all right, madam. I will get some. We need so much of them—yes, indeed. To tack up all over the walls. Come, George.”

The Assistant Painters gather up the pails and brushes, and walk stolidly out of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Tarrant, observing their movements with horror: “But where are you going? Come back! Are you all going?”

The Assistant Painters, together, as before: “Tags, lady, tags.”

Mrs. Tarrant, wildly: “But it doesn’t take three men to buy one paper of tacks! Let him go alone!”

The Boss Painter, reassuringly: “That’s all right, madam, we will come back. But we must have tacks. Yes, indeed. It shall be all finished. Come, George.”

He passes out of the hall door, followed closely by one Assistant bearing the pails. The other, who resembles an animated bundle of soiled cloth, is intercepted by Mrs. Tarrant, who implores him: “Why must you go? It’s too absurd! Three men for a five-cent paper of tacks! Can’t you stay?”

The Assistant Painter, placidly: “Ve must mind der boss, lady. All right. I come again, sure.” *He slips out of the door, nodding at her.* “Ve must go how der boss says. Tags, lady, tags!”

Mrs. Tarrant sinks again into the Mor-

ris chair, staring hopelessly at the wall. Suddenly the hall door is flung open and Mr. Tarrant bursts into the room, exclaiming: “Weren’t those our painters I met? What’s the matter?”

Mrs. Tarrant: “Yes, they were. They’ve gone to buy a paper of tacks.”

Mr. Tarrant: “A paper—”

Mrs. Tarrant: “Yes. They must have tacks.”

Mr. Tarrant, angrily: “Three men for—”

Mrs. Tarrant, calmly: “I couldn’t keep them here by force. There’s no use in fussing about it. Perhaps they’ll come back—sometime. Did you catch the dray?”

Mr. Tarrant: “No. They’d gone back. I telephoned ’em, though.”

Mrs. Tarrant: “Well, maybe they’ll get here.” *Then with an air of patient remonstrance:* “Dick dear, if we don’t get to work at something, the morning will just have been wasted. Why don’t you see what’s in the next box?”

Mr. Tarrant, dazed but obedient, reaches up and into the next box, which is covered with newspaper only, and produces a nutmeg-grater and a muffin-ring. He looks plaintively at his wife: “You don’t want me to carry these one by one into the kitchen?”

Mrs. Tarrant, reassuringly: “No, indeed, dear. I’m afraid we can’t do much, though, even if the things do come later, because the electricity is probably turned off, and I know the gas is—”

Mr. Tarrant: “What do you mean? Why is it?”

Mrs. Tarrant: “Because the last people didn’t pay for two months.”

Mr. Tarrant, rising to a wrathful height: “And how does that affect me, pray? Is that any of my business?”

Mrs. Tarrant: “So



“THEY’VE GONE TO BUY A PAPER OF TACKS”

I said to the hall-boy when he told me. But he said he couldn't help it. And of course he couldn't."

Mr. Tarrant rushes to the tube in the hall, and his voice is heard in the following monologue: "I want to speak to the janitor immediately. Ask him to step to the— Oh, you are! Well, see here, janitor, what's the meaning of this nonsense about the electricity being cut off? . . . Oh, they did. Well, you just tell them, if they come, that they'd better keep out of this apartment. . . . Well, what if he didn't? What in—in time do I care? That's not my affair, is it? They'd better wait and see if I pay mine. . . . Well, good heavens! am I to sit in the dark because somebody else— Well, I should rather think not. . . . Oh, of course, it's not your fault, but mind they don't get up here. . . . Then let 'em settle it with Mr. Reisenberger, and not annoy me. . . . Very well; I wish you would. That's all." *He appears again in disgusted triumph:* "Well, of all the incompetent, impertinent corporations of robbers in this fair land, I'm betting on the gas company for first place! Mind you don't let anybody in to touch these lights, now, Bess!"

Mrs. Tarrant, who has lifted the large grip on to the table during his absence, and having begun to unpack it, fallen a victim to anxiety for her three original charges, and carried the tall green vase to a sheltered corner of the room: "I don't know. I think the paint and paper people are the worst."

Mr. Tarrant, mechanically following her to the corner with the Wagner and the Victory: "What are you going to do now?"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Unpack the glasses so you can take back the bag and get the rest. I don't want to trust those claret-glasses to the men."

She takes out of the bag during the following conversation two dozen delicate gold-trimmed wine-glasses of assorted sizes, each carefully wrapped in tissue-paper. Unwrapping each one, she looks it carefully over, dusts it lightly with the paper, and stands it on the table.

Mr. Tarrant, mournfully: "I think they were very prudent. These are no times for painters to be walking about the streets alone. And they know it. They're likely to be seized half a dozen

times on a block, dragged in, and forced to paint at the point of the bayonet."

The bell rings. Mrs. Tarrant goes to the door and admits the Hall-boy, who addresses them: "Mr. Parrant, a telephone message foh yuh, sir. I didn't jes ketch the name, but the party says you'll know who he is, an' was it the other book-shelf you meant, 'case he's been sold the oak one. An' you kain call him up ef 'twasn't the other one, but ef 'twas the oak one, you needn't. I mean, you kain. He wasn't jes sure."

Mr. Tarrant, excitedly: "You mean that fool janitor at forty-seventh street has sold my oak book-shelf and kept that old painted thing?"

The Hall-boy: "Yes, sir. Or else the other one. You kain call him up and he knows the party's name. he sol' 'em to. He wasn't sure, he says."

Mr. Tarrant: " ! ! ! "

Mrs. Tarrant: "Still, dear, if he knows his name—"

Mr. Tarrant, starting from the room furiously: "He'll know some more names before I'm through with him."

Mrs. Tarrant: "Why don't you use this telephone?"

Mr. Tarrant, balefully: "Because I wish to be alone when I converse with him. Get along, Sam."

The Hall-boy: "Yes, sir. You kain call him up—he wasn't jest—" *They go out.*

Mrs. Tarrant returns to her glasses and dusts one or two more. The bell rings. She opens the door, admitting Lena—a plump and stolid Swede—who greets her: "Good morning. Mrs. Tarrant think I come late? My cousin was sick. I just get back. Mrs. Tarrant has had her lunch?"

Mrs. Tarrant, wearily: "No, Lena. Get me some. Oh, Lena, I'm so glad you've come! Now perhaps we can get something done. I'll have it in here. Open some sardines and make some chocolate. I doubt if Mr. Tarrant will get back, and I can't wait, anyhow, I'm so hungry. I'll have it in here."

Lena: "Yes, Mrs. Tarrant."

Mrs. Tarrant: "And, Lena, if a man should come about the electric lights, he's not to touch them. Don't let him in, or he'll take them away. It's a mistake. The other people didn't pay, and

he wants to take them out, but he can't. Just keep the chain on and tell him Mr. Tarrant will attend to it—do you understand?"

Lena: "Yes, Mrs. Tarrant."

Mrs. Tarrant wanders into the library and fumbles aimlessly in the packing-case. She draws out a magazine and begins to read it, pulling herself up on the barrel and kicking her feet rhythmically against the sides. Meanwhile Lena sets the kitchen table in the drawing-room for luncheon, passing in and out with table-cloth, carafe, dishes, teacups, etc. Presently she stands between the portières and announces: "Luncheon is served, Mrs. Tarrant."

Mrs. Tarrant slips off the barrel, and still reading the magazine, takes her place at the table, propping her story in front of her against the chocolate-pot. She begins to eat. The bell rings. Lena goes to the door and admits the Paper-hanger, a tall, thin man, profoundly dejected, with two rolls of paper under his arm. Lena closes the door into the drawing-room and escorts him through the hall into the library, drawing the portières closely between the rooms, then returns to the drawing-room, announcing: "The paper-hanger, Mrs. Tarrant."

Mrs. Tarrant, gratefully: "Thank Heaven! Now we may get something done. I wonder if he calls this a day's work? Do you suppose he can paper the library to-day, Lena?"

Lena: "No, Mrs. Tarrant."

Mrs. Tarrant, dejectedly: "I suppose not. Well, I hope he will do his best, now he is so late."

She continues to eat and read. The Paper-hanger lays his rolls on the side-board, leaves the room, returns with trestles and a board, leaves again, returns with a pail of paste and a brush, consults his watch, and seats himself on the floor, leaning against the packing-case. He takes a newspaper from his pocket, relights the stump of a cigar in his mouth, and smokes as he reads. Mrs. Tarrant continues to eat and read in the drawing-room. After a few minutes she looks up and says to herself: "How still he is! Well, he's probably a good workman." She resumes her reading. Presently she looks up again, sniffing inquiringly: "What is that vile smell?

Is anybody smoking?" She sniffs a moment longer, then walks to the portières and flings them apart, gazing in horrified amazement at the Paper-hanger, who returns her gaze calmly.

Mrs. Tarrant, with dignity: "Who are you, please?"

The Paper-hanger: "I'm the paper-hanger, lady."

Mrs. Tarrant, with marked restraint: "You don't seem to be hanging much paper now."

The Paper-hanger: "No, lady; I have only just come."

Mrs. Tarrant, desperately: "Well, why don't you begin and hang some now?"

The Paper-hanger, removing his cigar in injured surprise: "Now, lady? Why, lady, it's after twelve o'clock! It's my lunch hour! I can't work all the time!"

Mrs. Tarrant, persistently: "But you came only a few minutes ago—just before twelve!"

The Paper-hanger, with melancholy resignation: "Yes, lady, but it's after twelve now. I must have some rest!"

Mrs. Tarrant, explosively: "You are perfectly ridiculous, and Mr. Tarrant will see Mr. Untermeyer directly and put a stop to this. This house should have been ready four days ago."

The Paper-hanger: "Yes, lady."

Mrs. Tarrant leaves the library abruptly by the door leading into the hall and disappears.

Lena enters a moment later to clear the table, to whom the Paper-hanger, rising, remarks: "I must go back to the shop for more paper. Here is not enough. Tell the lady."

Lena, piling the dishes on a tray: "You do not begin now?"

The Paper-hanger: "Here is not enough—but two rolls. If I begin, I must soon stop. Better have enough. The boss did not say. Tell the lady."

He takes the rolls under his arm and goes out. The hall door closes. Lena carries the tray out, and returns for the table-cloth. Mr. Tarrant enters, calling: "Bess! Where are you?"

Lena: "Mrs. Tarrant is in her bedroom, Mr. Tarrant."

Mr. Tarrant: "Oh, hello, Lena! Glad to see you." He goes out, returning presently with Mrs. Tarrant, whose voice is heard indistinctly along the hall.

She starts again at the wine-glasses, which Lena has left undisturbed at one end of the table: "And it was just ten minutes to twelve when he came!"

From this point on, having absent-mindedly rewrapped the glass in her hand after dusting it, she begins to put the others back into the bag, under the impression that she is cleaning and packing them preparatory to their removal. She does this three or four times before the lessening array on the table draws Mr. Tarrant's attention to her actions. He stares at her curiously, opens his mouth as if to speak once or twice, then shakes his head vaguely and holds his peace.

Mrs. Tarrant, fitting in the glasses with much precision, and occasionally gesturing emphatically with one to point her story: "So I just walked out and left him, cigar and all. And that's why I think—" She pauses abruptly and looks severely at the few remaining glasses on the table, then at the one in her hand, then at the bag. "That's why I— Why, Dick Tarrant, what am I doing?"

Mr. Tarrant, simply: "I don't know."

Mrs. Tarrant, confusedly: "Well, but—but I thought I was unpacking these glasses?"

Mr. Tarrant, deprecatingly: "It had that look at first."

Mrs. Tarrant, accusingly: "But now I'm packing them!"

Mr. Tarrant, intelligently: "Exactly."

Mrs. Tarrant, pathetically: "But, Dick, what am I doing that for?"

Mr. Tarrant, gaining time: "Well, of course I couldn't tell all in a minute, you know—the first shot out of the box—but perhaps you—er—perhaps—"

Mrs. Tarrant, with compressed lips: "It's because I was talking so. It's too

idiotic. Will you tell me what we have accomplished to-day?"

Mr. Tarrant, brightly: "Why, we've moved those three—er—objects at least eight times, and we've—"



BUT LENA WAS THERE

Mrs. Tarrant, uncertainly: "Oh, don't, Dick! If I wasn't so angry I should cry. But—but I don't see what good that would do, do you?"

Mr. Tarrant, decidedly: "Not a bit—do you know it's dark? Too dark to work, by George!" It has suddenly begun to darken, with the quick darkness that precedes a shower.

Mrs. Tarrant, expressively: "Work!"

Mr. Tarrant, pressing a button in the wall, whereat the ghostly clanging of a bell in the distance causes them to jump nervously: "Yes, madam, work—or perhaps you regard this as amusement?" He presses another button, and a glare of white light floods the room. "If you think that lugging a cross-looking gentleman in a marble tam-o'-shanter and a lady without any head, that rubs off on your coat, all around a room twenty times a day, is my idea of sport, you have

failed to read my nature correctly—truly, you have!”

Mrs. Tarrant, crossly: “I never pretended to read your nature. Do you realize that the van hasn’t come all this time? Where is it?”

Mr. Tarrant, setting the sherry-glasses, which he has hastily removed from the bag, on to the table: “My dear child, if I could tell you where that van was, I shouldn’t be here juggling with the marble gentleman and the plaster lady I mentioned before. I should be drawing ten dollars a half-hour, sitting behind a plate-glass window with TARRANT THE PALMIST on it.”

Mrs. Tarrant, smiling reluctantly: “You are the silliest thing! What shall we do with all that glass, dear?”

Mr. Tarrant, looking at her in amazement: “What shall we do with it? Why, how do I know? What were you going to do with it when you began?”

Mrs. Tarrant, apologetically: “Why, really, Dick, I don’t remember. I—oh yes—I wanted to get them out of the bag so we could take it down. I didn’t think of doing anything special with them. But they can’t stay here this way. The men may begin to paint here in the morning. I suppose”—tentatively—“they really ought to be in the dining-room.”

Mr. Tarrant, decidedly: “Then let them go in there by themselves. Really, Elizabeth, I should think—”

Mrs. Tarrant, hastily: “I know—I ought to have thought. But”—meekly—“I didn’t.”

Mr. Tarrant, appeased: “Oh, well, we’ll take a tray and have ’em in in a jiffy.”

Mrs. Tarrant, deprecatingly: “There isn’t any tray, dear.”

Mr. Tarrant, ironically: “Then one by one?”

Mrs. Tarrant: “No, indeed, Dick; of course not.”

Mr. Tarrant: “I’ll tell you, Bess, we’ll back the table in, just as it is. Why not?”

Mrs. Tarrant, fearfully: “Oh, we couldn’t—I wouldn’t dare!”

Mr. Tarrant: “Nonsense! Here, now, I’ll back in, and you come on slowly. Tell me when to stop. Ready, now!”

They seize the table by opposite ends and move slowly and painfully toward

the door to the hall, Mrs. Tarrant’s face a picture of horror. At every third step she emits a stifled scream, while her husband inquires nervously: “Is that the sill?” At length they land it safely in the hall, through which their progress is ascertained by various bumps, gasps, and squeals, growing fainter as they get farther away.

Lena, entering with hat and umbrella: “If I am to get the milk before it rain, I must soon go. It is very dark.”

As she steps into the hall, the bell rings. She opens the door cautiously, one hand on the chain. The head and shoulders of a man appear in the opening. He remarks: “’lectrician. Come to fix your lights.”

Lena, firmly: “No, you cannot come in. It is all right. We keep them.”

The Electrician: “Well, I ain’t going to steal ’em, am I? Somp’n’s matter with your circuit—they’ll all be out in half an hour. I’ll fix you up for to-night and come in in the mornin’.”

Lena, impassively: “No. Mr. Tarrant will speak about it. It is all right.”

The Electrician, angrily: “All right nothing. I tell you it’s wrong all over the house. I been in every flat but this. You can’t use the gas, either, till eight o’clock; plumber’s in the cellar. Lemme in, will you?”

Lena, placidly: “No. It is all right. You cannot take them.”

The Electrician, with rising wrath: “Who wants to take ’em? I ain’t goin’ to hurt your light—I’m goin’ to fix it for yer, yer crazy Swede! Can I get in?”

Lena, patiently: “No. Go away. It is all right.”

The Electrician, exploding: “All right, then, stay in the dark, if you want ter! It don’t hurt me. You need a keeper, you do.”

He turns away, and Lena closes the door triumphantly. After waiting a moment with her ear to the crack, she goes out.

Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant enter the library, talking. Mrs. Tarrant, meditatively: “I suppose they really ought to have gone in the sideboard.”

Mr. Tarrant, firmly: “Elizabeth, nothing on earth would induce me to touch those glasses again. So don’t let’s discuss it. The boss may grind them to powder, but I shall never disturb them.”

Mrs. Tarrant, pacifically: "Very well, dear; Lena will attend to them."

Mr. Tarrant, fretfully, raising himself to the barrel and dangling his legs against the sides: "I don't see why it is that we had such good luck with the packing, from the other end, and everything goes like the dickens here. Why, down there we just slipped them into the boxes, and it went like nothing at all."

Mrs. Tarrant, wearily: "Yes—but Lena was there."

Mr. Tarrant: "Oh, Lena! She only did what you told her. We did the planning."

Mrs. Tarrant, persistently: "Yes, but I'm beginning to think that's the hardest part—to do the things. I don't see that planning accomplishes so much."

Mr. Tarrant, gloomily: "It's supposed to."

Mrs. Tarrant, with the air of one who has lived through her illusions: "I know. That article in the magazine about moving said so; but in that article everything happened just as they planned, and nothing does here."

She blows her nose sadly.

Mr. Tarrant gets down from the barrel, and crossing to her, puts an arm around her shoulder. They walk into the drawing-room slowly. He begins soothingly: "Poor little girl, you're all tired out. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll let Lena tell the men where to put the things when they come, and we'll—"

The light in the room fades slowly out. It is almost perfectly dark. Mrs. Tarrant screams. Mr. Tarrant gasps: "What the devil—"

Mrs. Tarrant: "Oh, they took them! They came and took them, after all! Isn't that horrid!"

Mr. Tarrant, fiercely: "I'll take them! I'll— Here, let's light the gas."

He scratches a match from his pocket and applies it to a gas-tip in the chandelier. There is no result. He tries another. It will not light. Mrs. Tarrant giggles hysterically and explains: "There won't be any gas till eight o'clock, dear—it leaks somewhere. The janitor told me about it."

Mr. Tarrant, with portentous calm: "I will see the electric-light company to-morrow. Elizabeth, put on your hat

and come out with me. We shall go mad if we stay in this place any longer. If necessary, we will walk the streets in the rain till dinner-time, and then we will go and have something to eat in a Christian place. Perhaps there will be music there. At least it will be lighted!"

Mrs. Tarrant, submissively: "Very well, dear. Can you scratch a match while I see if my hat is all right?"

He lights a match and holds it over her head while she pins on her hat before the glass door of the bookcase. As he lights a second, to allow her to finish, she catches sight of the group of ornaments in the corner and points to them apologetically: "If the men do get here early, Dick, they'll begin here, and these had better be with the others, I think."

Mr. Tarrant, remonstrating: "Elizabeth, I have sworn not to touch those things again!"

Mrs. Tarrant, wearily: "Oh, well, if you don't want to help—" *She takes the Wagner and the Victory under either arm and passes into the library.*

Mr. Tarrant, philosophically: "Oh, yes, I'll help." *He picks up the Dresden jug and the tall green vase and follows her through the darkness to the sideboard.*

Mrs. Tarrant, with a sigh: "There! I'm all ready! Come on, Dick." *She passes into the hall from the library and disappears. Through the darkness his voice is heard from the rear:* "Hello! Please ask the janitor to step— Oh, it is you? Well, I'm going out now, janitor, and will you please open the door for the men when they come with the van? What? . . . Oh, heavens! I don't know; they ought to have been here at nine. Tell 'em so. . . . Yes, sign, please. And if the maid comes, let her in. . . . Lena—a Swedish girl—I don't know her last name; it doesn't matter—she's the one. . . . Lord! yes, I'll take the responsibility. If she's Lena, and cross-eyed a little, she'll do. . . . No, indeed, I'll not leave my key with the boy. Where's my second key? . . . Well, is that my fault? . . . Oh, I don't care where they put 'em—anywhere! . . . Anywhere, I said. . . . I can't tell when I will be back—late, I should say. . . . Not Parrot—Tarrant. . . . Yes. Good-by."

The hall door closes.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER IX

"HER ladyship will be in directly, sir—at least, I believe so," said the butler, looking distractedly round the room.

"Wasn't I expected?" said Darrell, with a smile.

"Oh yes, sir—yes, sir! Will you kindly take a seat?"

The man's air of resignation convinced Darrell that Lady Kitty had probably gone out without any orders to her servants, and had now forgotten all about her luncheon-party,—a state of things to which the Bruton Street household was no doubt well accustomed.

"I shall claim some lunch," he thought to himself, "whatever happens. These young people want keeping in their place.—Ah!"

For he had observed, placed on a small easel, the print of Madame de Longueville in costume, and he put up his eyeglass to look at it. He guessed at once that its appearance there was connected with the Fancy Ball which was now filling London with its fame, and he examined it with some closeness. "Lady Kitty will make a stir in it—no doubt of that!" he said to himself as he turned away. "She has the keenest *flair* of them all for what produces an effect. None of the others can touch her—Mrs. Alcot—none of them!"

He was thinking of the other members of a certain group, at that time well known in London society—a group characterized chiefly by the beauty, extravagance, and audacity of the women belonging to it. It was by no means a group of mere fashionables. It contained a large amount of ability and accomplishment: some men of aristocratic family, who were also men of high character, with great futures before them; some persons from the literary or artistic worlds, who possessed, besides their literary or artistic gifts, a certain art of

agreeable living; and some few others,—especially young girls—admitted generally for some peculiar quality of beauty or manner, outside the ordinary canons. Money was really presupposed by the group as a group. The life they belonged to was a life of the rich; the houses they met in were rich houses. But money as such had no power whatever to buy admission to their ranks; and the members of the group were at least as impatient of the claims of mere wealth as they were of those of mere virtue.

On the whole, the group was an element of ferment and growth in the society that had produced it. Its impatience of convention and restraint, the exaltation of intellectual or artistic power which prevailed in it, and even the angry opposition excited by its pretensions and its exclusiveness, were all perhaps rather profitable than harmful at that moment of our social history. Old customs were much shaken; the new were shaping themselves, and this daring coterie of young and brilliant people, living in each other's houses, calling each other by their Christian names, setting a number of social rules at defiance, discussing books, making the fame of artists, and—now and then—influencing politics, were certainly helping to bring the new world to birth. Their foes called them "The Archangels," and they themselves had accepted the name with complacency.

Kitty of course was an Archangel, so was Mrs. Alcot, Cliffe had belonged to them before his travels began, Louis Harman was more or less of their tribe, and Lady Tranmore, though not herself an Archangel, entertained the set in London and in the country. Like various older women connected with the group, she was not of them, but she "harbored" them.

Darrell was well aware that he did not belong to them, though personally he

was acquainted with almost all the members of the group. He was not completely indifferent to his exclusion; and this fact annoyed him more than the exclusion itself.

He had scarcely finished his inspection of the print when the door again opened and Geoffrey Cliffe entered. Darrell had not yet seen him since his return and since his attack on the government had made him the hero of the hour. Of the newspaper success Darrell was no less jealous and contemptuous than Lady Tranmore, —though for quite other reasons. But he knew better than she the intellectual quality of the man, and his disdain for the journalist was tempered by his considerable though reluctant respect for the man of letters. They greeted each other coolly, while Cliffe, not seeing his hostess, looked round him with annoyance.

"Well — we shall probably entertain each other," said Darrell, as they sat down, — "Lady Kitty often forgets her engagements."

"Does she?" said Cliffe, coldly, pretending to glance through a book beside him. It touched his vanity that his hostess was not present, and still more that Darrell should suppose him a person to be forgotten. Darrell, however, who had no mind for any discomfort that might be avoided, made a few dexterous advances; Cliffe's brow relaxed, and they were soon in conversation.

The position of the ministry naturally presented itself as a topic. Two or three retirements were impending; the whole position was precarious. Would the cabinet be reconstructed without a dissolution, or must there be an appeal to the country?

Cliffe was passionately in favor of the latter course. The party fortunes could not possibly be retrieved without a general shuffling of the cards, and an opportunity for some wholly fresh combination involving new blood.

"In any case," said Cliffe, "I suppose our friend here is sure of one or other of the big posts?"

"William Ashe? Oh! I suppose so, — unless some intrigue gets in the way." Darrell dropped his voice. "Parham doesn't in truth hit it off with him very well. Ashe is too clever, and Parham doesn't understand his paradoxes."

"Also I gather," said Cliffe with a smile, "that Lady Parham has her say?"

Darrell shrugged his shoulders.

"It sounds incredible that one should still have to reckon with that kind of thing at this time of day. But I dare say it's true."

"However, I imagine Lady Kitty — by the way, how much longer shall we give her?" — Cliffe looked at his watch with a frown — "may be trusted to take care of that."

Darrell merely raised his eyebrows, without replying.

"What! not a match for one Lady Parham?" said Cliffe, with a laugh. "I should have thought — from my old recollections of her — she would have been a match for twenty?"

"Oh! — if she cared to try."

"She is not ambitious?"

"Certainly; — but not always for the same thing."

"She is trying to run too many horses abreast?"

"Oh! I am not a great friend," said Darrell, smiling, — "I should never dream of analyzing Lady Kitty. Ah!" — he turned his head — "are we not forgotten, or just remembered? — which?"

For a rapid step approached, and a sound of silk skirts. The door opened and a lady appeared on the threshold. It was not Lady Kitty, however. The newcomer advanced, putting up a pair of fashionable eye-glasses and looking at the two men in a kind of languid perplexity, intended, as Darrell immediately said to himself, merely to prolong the moment and the effect of her entry. Mrs. Alcot was very tall and inordinately thin. Her dark head on its slim throat, the poetic lines of the brow, her half-shut eyes, the gleam of her white teeth, and all the delicate detail of her dress, and, one might even say, of her manner, gave an impression of beauty, though she was not in truth beautiful. But she had grace and she had daring — the two essential qualities of an Archangel; she was also a remarkable artist, and no small critic.

"Mr. Cliffe!" she said, with a start of what was evidently agreeable surprise — "Kitty never told me. When did you come?"

"I arrived a few days ago. Why weren't you at the Embassy last night?"

"Because I was much better employed. I have given up crushes. But I would have come—to meet you. Ah! Mr. Darrell!" she added, in another tone, holding out an indifferent hand,—“where is Kitty?” She looked round her.

"Shall we order lunch?" said Darrell, who had given her a greeting as careless as her own.

"Kitty is really too bad; she is never less than an hour late," said Mrs. Alcot, seating herself. "Last time she dined with us I asked her for 7.30. She thought something very special must be happening, and arrived—breathless—at half past eight. Then she was furious with me because she was not the last. But one can't do it twice. Well"—addressing herself to Cliffe,—“are you come home to stay?”

"That depends," said Cliffe, "on whether England makes itself agreeable to me."

"What are your deserts? Why should England be agreeable to you?" she replied, with a smiling sharpness. "You do nothing but croak about England."

Thus challenged, Cliffe sat down beside her, and they fell into a bantering conversation. Darrell, though inwardly wounded by the small trouble they took to include him, let nothing appear, put in a word now and then, or turned over the pages of the illustrated books.

After five minutes a fresh guest arrived. In walked the little Dean, Dr. Winston, who had originally made acquaintance with Lady Kitty at Grosville Park. He came in overflowing with spirits and enthusiasm. He had been spending the morning in Westminster Abbey with another Dean more famous though not more charming than himself, and with yet another congenial spirit, one of the younger historians,—all of them passionate lovers of the rich human detail of the past, the actual men and women, kings, queens, bishops, executioners, and all the shreds and tatters that remained of them. Together they had opened a royal tomb, and the Dean's eyes were sparkling as though the ghost of the queen whose ashes he had been handling still walked and talked with him.

He passed in his light disinterested way through most sections of English

society, though the slave of none; and he greeted Darrell and Mrs. Alcot as acquaintances. Mrs. Alcot introduced Cliffe to him, and the small Dean bowed rather stiffly. He was a supporter of the government, and he thought Cliffe's campaign against them vulgar and unfair.

"Is there no hope of Lady Kitty?" he said to Mrs. Alcot.

"Not much. Shall we go down to lunch?"

"Without our hostess?" The Dean opened his eyes.

"Oh! Kitty expects it," said Mrs. Alcot, with affected resignation—"and the servants are quite prepared. Kitty asks everybody to lunch—and then somebody asks her—and she forgets. It's quite simple."

"Quite," said Cliffe, buttoning up his coat,—“but I think I shall go to the club.”

He was looking for his hat, when again there was a commotion on the stairs—a high voice giving orders—and in burst Kitty. She stood still as soon as she saw her guests, talking so fast and pouring out such a flood of excuses that no one could get in a word. Then she flew to each guest in turn, taking them by both hands,—Darrell only excepted,—and showing herself so penitent, amusing, and charming that everybody was propitiated. It was Fanchette, of course—Fanchette the criminal, the incomparable. Her dress for the ball!—Kitty raised eyes and hands to heaven—it would be a marvel, a miracle! Unless indeed she were lying cold and quiet in her little grave before the time came to wear it. But Fanchette's tempers—Fanchette's caprices!—no! Kitty began to mimic the great dressmaker torn to pieces by the crowd of fashionable ladies,—stopping abruptly in the middle to say to Cliffe,

"You were going away?—I saw you take up your hat."

"I despaired of my hostess," said Cliffe, with a smile. Then, as he perceived that Mrs. Alcot had taken up the theme and was holding the others in play, he added in a lower voice, "And I was in no mood for second-best."

Kitty's eyes twinkled a moment as she turned them on Madeleine Alcot.

"Ah! I remember—at Grosville Park

—what a bad temper you had. You would have gone away furious.”

“With disappointment—yes,” said Cliffe, as he looked at her with an admiration he scarcely endeavored to conceal. Kitty was in black, but a large hat of white tulle, in the most extravagant fashion of the day, made a frame for her hair and eyes, and increased the general lightness and fantasy of her appearance. Cliffe tried to recall her as he had first seen her at Grosville Park, but his recollection of the young girl could not hold its own against the brilliant and emphatic reality before him.

At luncheon it chafed him that he must divide her with the Dean. Yet she was charming with the old man, who chatted history, art, and Paris to her, with a delightful innocence and ignorance of all that made Lady Kitty Ashe the talk of the town, and an old-fashioned deference besides, that insensibly curbed her manner and her phrases as she answered him. Yet when the Dean left her free she returned to Cliffe as though in some sort they two had really been talking all the time, through all the apparent conversation with other people.

“I have read all your telegrams,” she said. “Why did you attack William so fiercely?”

Cliffe was taken by surprise, but he felt no embarrassment,—her tone was not that of the wife in arms.

“I attacked the official—not the man. William knows that.”

“He is coming in to-day if possible—he wanted to see you.”

“Good news! William knows that he would have hit just as hard in my place.”

“I don’t think he would,” said Kitty, calmly. “He is so generous.”

The color rushed to Cliffe’s face.

“Well scored! I wish I had a wife to play these strokes for me. I shall argue that a keen politician has no right to be generous. He is at war.”

Kitty took no notice. She leant her little chin on her hand, and her eyes perused the face of her companion.

“Where have you been—all the time—before America?”

“In the deserts—fighting devils,” said Cliffe, after a moment.

“What does that mean?” she asked, wondering.

“Read my new book. That will tell you about the deserts.”

“And the devils?”

“Ah!—I keep them to myself.”

“Do you?” she said, softly. “I have just read your poems over again.”

Cliffe gave a slight start, then looked indifferent.

“Have you? But they were written three years ago. Dieu merci, one finds new devils like new acquaintances.”

She shook her head.

“What do you mean?” he asked her, half amused, half arrested.

“They are always the old,” she said, in a low voice. Their eyes met. In hers was the same veiled restless melancholy as in his own. Together with the dazzling air of youth that surrounded her, the cherished, flattered, luxurious existence that she and her house suggested, they made a strange impression upon him. “Does she mean me to understand that she is not happy?” he thought to himself. But the next moment she was engaged in a merry chatter with the Dean, and all trace of the mood she had thus momentarily shown him had vanished.

Half-way through the luncheon, Ashe came in. He appeared, fresh and smiling, irreproachably dressed, and showing no trace whatever of the hard morning of official work he had just passed through, nor of the many embarrassments which, as every one knew, were weighing on the Foreign Office. The Dean, with his keen sense for the dramatic, watched the meeting between him and Cliffe with some closeness, having in mind the almost personal duel between the two men—a duel of letters, telegrams, or speeches, which had been lately carried on in the sight of Europe and America. For Ashe now represented the Foreign Office in the House of Commons, and had been much badgered by the Tory extremists who followed Cliffe.

Naturally, being Englishmen, they met as though nothing had happened, and they had parted the day before in Pall Mall. A “Hullo, Ashe!” and “Hullo, Cliffe!”—glad to see you back again,” completed the matter. The Dean enjoyed it as a specimen of English “phlegm,” recalling with amusement a recent visit to Paris—Paris torn between government and opposition, the salons of the one di-

vided from the salons of the other by a sulphurous gulf, unless when some Lazarus of the moment, some well-known novelist or poet, cradled in the Abraham's bosom of Liberalism, passed amid shrieks of triumph or howls of treason into the official Inferno.

Not that there was any avoiding of topics in this English case. Ashe had no sooner slipped into his seat than he began to banter Cliffe upon a letter of a supporter which had appeared in that morning's *Times*. It was written by Lord S——, who had played the part of public "fool" for half a generation. To be praised by him was disaster, and Cliffe's flush showed at once that the letter had caused him acute annoyance. He and Ashe fell upon the writer, vying with each other in anecdotes that left him presently close-plucked and bare.

"That's all very well," said Kitty, amid the laughter which greeted the last tale, "but he never told *you* how he proposed to the second Lady S——."

And lifting a red strawberry, which she held poised against her red, laughing lips, she waited a moment—looking round her. "Go on, Kitty!" said Ashe, approvingly,—"*go on*."

Thus permitted, Kitty gave one of the little "scenes," arranged from some experience of her own, which were very famous amongst her intimates. Ashe called them her "parlor tricks," and was never tired of making her exhibit them. And now, just as at Grosville Park, she held her audience. She spoke without a halt, her small features answering perfectly to every impulse of her talent, each touch of character or dialogue as telling as a malicious sense of comedy could make it; arms, hands, shoulders, all aiding in the final result—a table swept by a very storm of laughter, in the midst of which Kitty quietly finished her strawberry.

"Well done, Kitty!" Ashe, who sat opposite to her, stretched his hand across and patted hers.

"Does she love him?" Cliffe asked himself, and could not make up his mind, closely as he tried to observe their relations. He was more and more conscious of the exciting effect she produced on himself, doubly so indeed because of that sudden stroke of melancholy wherewith

—like a Rembrandt shadow—she had thrown into relief the gayety and frivolity of her ordinary mood.

The stimulus, whatever it was, played upon his vanity. He too sought an opening and found it. Soon it was he who was monopolizing the conversation, with an account of two days spent with Bismarck in a Prussian country house—during the triumphant days of the winter which followed on Sadowa. The story was brilliantly told, and of some political importance. But it was disfigured by arrogance and affectation, and Ashe's eyes began to dance a little. Cliffe meanwhile could not forget that he was in the presence of a rival and an official, could not refrain after a while from a note of challenge here and there. The conversation diverged from the tale into matters of current foreign politics. Ashe, lounging and smoking, at first knew nothing, had heard of nothing, as usual. Then a comment or correction dropped out; Cliffe repeated himself vehemently—only to provoke another. Presently, no one knew how, the two men were measured against each other *corps à corps*,—the wide knowledge and trained experience of the minister, against the originality, the force, the fantastic imagination of the writer.

The Dean watched it with delight. He was very fond of Ashe, and liked to see him getting the better of "the newspaper fellow." Kitty's lovely brown eyes travelled from one to the other. Now it seemed to the Dean that she was proud of Ashe, now that she sympathized with Cliffe. Soon, however, like the god at Philippi, she swept upon the poet and bore him from the field.

"Not a word more politics!" she said, peremptorily, to Ashe, holding up her hand. "*I* want to talk to Mr. Cliffe about the ball."

Cliffe was not very ready to obey. He had an angry sense of having been somehow shown to disadvantage, and would like to have challenged his host again. But Kitty poured balm into his wounds. She drew him apart a little, using the play of her beautiful eyes for him only, and talking to him in a new voice of deference.

"You're going, of course? Lady M—— told me the other day she *must* have you!"



MRS. ALCOT ARRIVES

Cliffe, still a little morose, replied that his invitation had been waiting for him at his London rooms. He gave the information carelessly, as though it did not matter to him a straw. In reality, as soon as, while still in America, he had seen the announcement of the ball in one of the New York papers, he had written at once to the Marchioness who was to give it—an old acquaintance of his—practically demanding an invitation. It had been sent indeed with alacrity, and without waiting for its arrival Cliffe had ordered his dress in Paris. Kitty inquired what it was to be.

"I told my man to copy a portrait of Alva."

"Ah, that's right," said Kitty, nodding,—"*that's* right. Only it would have been better if it had been Torquemada."

Rather nettled, Cliffe asked what there might be about him that so forcibly suggested the Grand Inquisitor. Kitty, cigarette in hand, with half-shut eyes, did not answer immediately. She seemed to be perusing his face—with difficulty.

"Strength, I suppose—" she said at last, slowly. Cliffe waited, then burst into a laugh.

"And cruelty?"

She nodded.

"Who are my victims?"

She said nothing.

"Whose tales have you been listening to, Lady Kitty?"

She mentioned the name of a French lady. Cliffe changed countenance.

"Ah, well, if you have been talking to her," he said haughtily, "you may well expect to see me appear as Diabolus in person."

"No.—But it's since then—that I've read the poems again. You see, you tell the public so much—"

"That you think you have the right to guess the rest?" He paused, then added with impatience: "Don't guess, Lady Kitty! You have everything that life can give you. Let my secrets alone."

There was silence. Kitty, looking round her, saw that Madeleine Alcot was entertaining her other guests, and that she and Cliffe were unobserved. Suddenly Cliffe bent towards her, and said with roughness, his face struggling to conceal the feeling behind it:

"You heard—and you believed—that I tormented her—that I killed her?"

The anguish in his eyes seemed to strike a certain answering fire from Kitty's.

"Yes,—but—"

"But what?"

"I didn't think it very strange—"

Cliffe watched her closely.

"That a man should be—an inhuman beast—if he were jealous—and desperate? You can sympathize with these things?"

She drew a long breath, and threw away the cigarette she had been holding suspended in her small fingers.

"I don't know anything about them."

"Because"—he hesitated—"your own life has been so happy?"

She evaded him. "Don't you think that jealousy will soon be as dead as—saying your prayers and going to church? I never meet anybody that cares enough—to be jealous."

She spoke first with passionate force, then with contempt, glancing across the room at Madeleine Alcot. Cliffe saw the look, and remembered that Mrs. Alcot's husband, a distinguished Treasury official, had been for years the intimate friend of a very noble and beautiful woman, herself unhappily married. There was no scandal in the matter, though much talk. Mrs. Alcot meanwhile had her own affairs: her husband and she were apparently on friendly terms; only neither ever spoke of the other; and their relations remained a mystery.

Cliffe bent over to Kitty.

"And yet you said you could understand?—such things didn't seem strange to you."

She gave a little reckless laugh.

"Did I? It's like the people who think they could act or sing—if they only had the chance. I choose to think I could feel. And of course I couldn't. We've lost the power. All the old, horrible, splendid things are dead and done with."

"The old passions, you mean?"

"And the old poems! *You'll* never write like that again!"

"God forbid!" said Cliffe, under his breath. Then as Kitty rose he followed her with his eyes. "Lady Kitty, you've thrown me a challenge that you hardly understand!—Some day I must answer it!"

"Don't answer it," said Kitty, hastily.

"Yes,—if I can drag the words out," he said, sombrely. She met his look in a kind of fascination, excited by the memory of the story which had been told her, by her own audacity in speaking of it, by the presence of the dead passion she divined, lying shrouded and ghastly in the mind of the man beside her. Even the ugly things of which he was accused did but add to the interest of his personality for a nature like hers, greedy of experience, and discontented with the real.

While he on his side was flattered and astonished by her attitude towards him. As Ashe's wife, she would surely dislike and try to trample on him. That was what he had expected.

"I hear you are an Archangel, Lady Kitty," said the Dean, who, having obstinately outstayed all the other guests, had now settled his small person and his thin legs into a chair beside his hostess with a view to five agreeable minutes. He was the most harmless of social epicures, was the Dean, and he felt that Lady Kitty had defrauded him at lunch—in favor of that great, ruffling, Byronic fellow Cliffe, who ought to have better taste than to come lunching with the Ashes.

"Am I?" said Kitty, who had thrown herself into the corner of a sofa, and sat curled up there in an attitude which the Dean thought charming, though it would not—he was aware—have become Mrs. Winston.

"Well, you know best," said the Dean. "But at any rate be good and explain to me what is an Archangel."

"Somebody whom most men and all women dislike," said Kitty, promptly.

"Yet they seem to be numerous," remarked the Dean.

"Not at all!" cried Kitty, with an air of offence,—“not at all! If they were numerous, they would of course be popular.”

"And in fact they are rare—and detested? What other characteristics have they?"

"Courage," said Kitty, looking up.

"Courage to break rules? I hear they all call each other by their Christian names,—and live in each other's rooms,—and borrow each other's money,—and

despise conventionalities. I am sorry you are an Archangel, Lady Kitty!"

"I didn't admit that I was," said Kitty, "but if I am—why are you sorry?"

"Because," said the Dean, smiling, "I thought you were too clever to despise conventionalities."

Kitty sat up with revived energy and joined battle. She flew into a tirade as to the dulness and routine of English life, the stupidity of good people, and the tyranny of English hypocrisy. The Dean listened with amusement, then with a shade of something else. At last he got up to go.

"Well, you know, we have heard all that before. My point of view is so much more interesting—subtle—romantic! Anybody can attack Mrs. Grundy, but only a person of originality can adore her. Try it, Lady Kitty! It would be really worth your while."

Kitty mocked and exclaimed.

"Do you know what that phrase—that name of abomination—always recalls to me?" pursued the old man.

"It bores me even to guess," was Kitty's petulant reply.

"Does it? I think of some of the noblest people I have ever known—brave men—beautiful women—who fought Mrs. Grundy—and perished!"

The Dean stood looking down upon her with an eager, sensitive expression. Tales that he had heeded very little when he had first heard them ran through his mind; he had thought Lady Kitty's intimate *tête-à-tête* with her husband's assailing in the press disagreeable and unseemly; and as for Mrs. Alcot, he had disliked her particularly.

Kitty looked up unquelled.

"'Tis better to have fought and lost—
Than never to have fought at all—"

she quoted, with one of her most radiant and provoking smiles.

"Incorrigible!" cried the Dean, catching up his hat. "I see!—once an Archangel—always an Archangel."

"Oh no!" said Kitty. "There may be 'war in heaven.'"

"Well, don't take Mrs. Alcot for a leader, that's all," said the Dean, as he held out a hand of farewell.

"Now I understand!" cried Kitty, triumphantly. "You detest my best friend!"

The Dean laughed, protested, and went. Ashe, who had been writing letters while Kitty and the Dean were talking, escorted the old man to the door.

When he returned, he found Kitty sitting with her hands in her lap, lost apparently in thought.

"Darling!" he said, looking at his watch—"I must be off directly—but I should like to see the boy."

Kitty started. She rang, and the child was brought down. He sat on Kitty's knee, and Ashe, coming to the sofa, threw an arm round them both.

"You are not a bad-looking pair," he said, kissing first Kitty, and then the baby. "But he's rather pale, Kitty. I think he wants the country."

Kitty said nothing, but she lifted the little white embroidered frock, and looked at the twisted foot. Then Ashe felt her shudder.

"Dear, don't be morbid!" he cried, resentfully. "He will have so much brains that nobody will remember that. Think of Byron!"

Kitty did not seem to have heard.

"I remember so well when I first saw his foot,—after your mother told me,—and they brought him to me," she said, slowly. "It seemed to me it was the end—"

"The end of what?"

"Of my dream."

"What *do* you mean, Kitty!"

"Do you remember the masque in the *Tempest*? First, Iris, with saffron wings, and rich Ceres, and great Juno—"

She half closed her eyes.

"Then the nymphs and the reapers—dancing together on 'the short-grassed green,'—the sweetest, gayest show—"

She breathed the words out softly. "Then, suddenly—"

She sat up stiffly and struck her small hands together:

"Prospero starts and speaks. And in a moment—without warning—with 'a strange, hollow, and confused noise'—she dragged the words drearily,—"*they heavily vanish*. That"—she pointed shuddering to the child's foot—"was for me the sign of Prospero."

Ashe looked at her with anxiety, finding it indeed impossible to laugh at her.

She was very pale, her breath came

with difficulty, and she trembled from head to foot. He tried to draw her into his arms, but she held him away.

"That first year I had been so happy," she continued in the same voice. "Everything was so perfect, so glorious. Life was like a great pageant, in a palace. All the old terrors went. I often had fears as a child—fears I couldn't put into words, but that overshadowed me. Then when I saw Alice—the shadow came nearer. But that was all gone. I thought God was reconciled to me, and would always be kind to me now. And then I saw that foot,—and I knew that He hated me still. He had burnt His mark into my baby's flesh. And I was never to be quite happy again,—but always in fear, fear of pain—and death—and grief."

She paused. Her large eyes gazed into vacancy, and her whole slight frame showed the working of some mysterious and pitiful distress.

A wave of poignant alarm swept through Ashe's mind, coupled also with a curious sense of something foreseen. He had never witnessed precisely this mood in her before; but now that it was thus revealed, he was suddenly aware that something like it had been for long moving obscurely below the surface of her life. He took the child, and laid him on the floor, where he rolled at ease, cooing to himself. Then he came back to Kitty, and soothed her with extraordinary tenderness and skill. Presently she looked at him, as though some obscure trouble of which she had been the victim had released her, and she were herself again.

"Don't go away just yet," she said in a voice which was still low and shaken. He came close to her, again put his arms round her, and held her on his breast in silence.

"That is heavenly!" he heard her say to herself after a while, in a whisper.

"Kitty!" His eyes grew dim, and he stooped to kiss her.

"Heavenly," she went on, still as though following out her own thought rather than speaking to him,—"*because one yields—yields!* Life is such tension—always."

She closed her eyes quickly, and he watched the beautiful lashes lying still upon her cheek. With an emotion he

could not explain,—for it was not an emotion of the senses, just as her yielding had not been a yielding of the senses, but a yielding of the soul,—he continued to hold her in his arms, her life, her will, given to him wholly, sighed out upon his heart.

Then gradually she recovered her balance; the normal Kitty came back. She put out her hand and touched his face.

"You must go back to the House, William."

"Yes, if you are all right."

She sat up, and began to rearrange some of her hair that had slipped down.

"You have carried us both into such heights and depths, darling!" said Ashe, after he had watched her a little in silence, "that I have forgotten to tell you the gossip I brought back from mother this morning."

Kitty paused, interrogatively. She was still pale.

"Do you know that mother is convinced Mary Lyster has made up her mind to marry Cliffe?"

There was a pause, then Kitty said, with incredulous contempt, "He would never *dream* of marrying her!"

"Not so sure! She has a great deal of money, and Cliffe wants money badly."

Ashe began to put his papers together. Kitty questioned him a little more, intermittently, as to what his mother had said. When he had left her, she sat for long on the sofa, playing with some flowers she had taken from her dress, or sombrely watching the child, as it lay on the floor beside her.

CHAPTER X

'MY lady! It's come!'

The maid put her head in just to convey the good news. Kitty was in her bedroom, walking up and down in a fury which was now almost speechless.

The housemaid was waiting on the stairs. The butler was waiting in the hall. Till that hurried knock was heard at the front door, and the much-tried Wilson had rushed to open it, the house had been wrapped in a sort of storm silence. It was ten o'clock on the night of the ball. Half Kitty's costume lay spread out upon her bed. The other half

—although, since seven o'clock, all Kitty's servants had been employed in rushing to Fanchette's establishment in New Bond Street, at half-hour intervals, in the fastest hansoms to be found—had not yet appeared.

However, here at last was the end of despair. A panting boy dragged the box into the hall, the butler and footman carried it up-stairs and into their mistress's room, where Kitty in a white peignoir stood waiting, with the brow of Medea.

"The boy that brought it looked just fit to drop, my lady!" said the maid, as she undid the box. She was a zealous servant, but she was glad sometimes to chasten these great ones of the land, by insisting on the seamy side of their pleasures.

Kitty paused in the eager task of superintendence and turned to the under-housemaid, who stood by, gazing open-mouthed at the splendors emerging from the box.

"Run down and tell Wilson to give him some wine and cake!" she said, peremptorily. "It's all Fanchette's fault—odious creature!—running it to the last like this—after all her promises!"

The housemaid went, and soon sped back. For no boy on earth would she have been long defrauded of the sight of her ladyship's completed gown.

"Did Wilson feed him?" Kitty flung her the question as she bent, alternately frowning and jubilant, over the creation before her.

"Yes, my lady. It was quite a little fellow. He said his legs were just run off his feet," said the girl, growing confused as the moon-robe unfolded.

"Poor wretch!" said Kitty, carelessly. "I'm glad I'm not an errand—Blanche!—you know, Fanchette may be an old demon, but she *has* got taste! Just look at these folds, and the way she's put on the pearls! Now then—make haste!"

Off flew the peignoir, and, with the help of the excited maids, Kitty slipped into her dress. Ten times over did she declare that it was hopeless, that it didn't fit in the least, that it wasn't one bit what she had ordered, that she couldn't and wouldn't go out in it, that it was simply scandalous, and Fanchette should never be paid a penny. Her maids understood her, and simply went on, pulling, patting,



THE FINISHING TOUCHES

fastening, as quickly as their skilled fingers could work, till the last fold fell into its place, and the under-housemaid stepped back with clasped hands and an "Oh! my lady!" couched in a note of irrepressible ecstasy.

"Well?" said Kitty, still frowning—"eh, Blanche?"

The maid proper would have scorned to show emotion; but she nodded approval. "If you ask me, my lady, I think you have never looked so well in anything."

Kitty's brow relaxed at last, as she stood gazing at the reflection in the large glass before her. She saw herself as Artemis—à la Madame de Longueville—in a hunting-dress of white silk, descending to the ankles, embroidered from top to toe in crescents of seed-pearls and silver, and held at the waist by a silver girdle. Her throat was covered with magnificent pearls, a Tranmore family possession, lent by Lady Tranmore for the occasion. The slim ankles and feet were cased in white silk, cross-gartered with silver and shod with silver sandals. Her belt held her quiver of white-winged arrows; her bow of ivory inlaid with silver was slung at her shoulder, while across her breast, the only note of color in the general harmony of white, fell a scarf of apple-green holding the horn, also of ivory and silver, which, like the belt and bow, had been designed for her in Madame de Longueville's Paris.

But neither she nor her model would have been finally content with an adornment so delicately fanciful and minute. Both Kitty and the goddess of the Fronde knew that they must hold their own in a crowd. For this there must be diamonds. The sleeves, therefore, on the white arms fell back from diamond clasps; the ivory spear in her right hand was topped by a small genius with glittering wings; and in the masses of her fair hair, bound with pearl fillets, shone the large diamond crescent that Lady Tranmore had foreseen, with one small attendant star at either side.

"Well, upon my word, Kitty!" said a voice from her husband's dressing-room.

Kitty turned impetuously.

"Do you like it?" she cried. Ashe approached. She lifted her horn to her mouth and stood tiptoe. The movement

was enchanting; it had in it the youth and freshness of spring woods; it suggested mountain distances and the solitudes of high valleys. Intoxication spoke in Ashe's pulses; he wished the maids had been far away that he might have taken the goddess in his very human arms. Instead of which he stood lazily smiling.

"What Endymion are you calling?" he asked her. "Kitty, you are a dream!"

Kitty pirouetted, then suddenly stopped short and held out a foot.

"Look at those silk things, sir. Nobody but Fanchette could have made them look anything but a botch. But they spoil the dress. And all to please mother and Mrs. Grundy!"

"I like them. I suppose—the nearest you could get to buskins? You would have preferred ankles *au naturel*? I don't think you'd have been admitted, Kitty."

"Shouldn't I! And so few people have feet they can show!" sighed Kitty, regretfully.

Ashe's eyes met those of the maid, who was trying to hide her smiles, and he and she both laughed.

"What do you think about it, eh, Blanche?"

"I think her ladyship is much better as she is," said the maid, decidedly. "She'd have felt very strange when she got there."

Kitty turned upon her like a whirlwind. "Go to bed!" she said, putting both hands on the shoulders of the maid—"go to bed at once! Esther can give me my cloak. Do you know, William, she was awake all last night thinking of her brother—"

"The brother who has had an operation? But I thought there was good news?" said Ashe, kindly.

"He's much better," put in Kitty. "She heard this afternoon. She won't be such a goose as to lie awake, I should hope, to-night. Don't let me catch you here when I get back!" she said, releasing the girl, whose eyes had filled with tears. "Mr. Ashe will help me, and if he pulls the strings into knots, I shall just cut them—so there! Go away, get your supper, and go to bed. Such a life as I've led them all to-day!" She threw up her hands in a perfunctory penitence.

The maid was forced to go, and the

housemaid also returned to the hall, with Kitty's opera-cloak and fan, till it should please her mistress to descend. Both of them were dead tired, but they took a genuine disinterested pleasure in Kitty's beauty and her fine frocks. She was not by any means always considerate of them; but still, with that wonderful generosity that the poor show every day to the rich, they liked her; and to Ashe every servant in the house was devoted.

Kitty meanwhile had driven Ashe to his own toilet, and was walking about the room, now studying herself in the glass, and now chattering to him through the open door.

"Have you heard anything more about Tuesday?" she asked him, presently.

"Oh yes!—compliments by the dozen. Old Parham overtook me as I was walking away from the House, and said all manner of civil things."

"And I met Lady Parham in Marshall's," said Kitty. "She does thank so badly!—I should like to show her how to do it. Dear me!" Kitty sighed. "Am I henceforth to live and die on Lady Parham's ample breast?"

She sat with one foot beating the floor, deep in meditation.

"And shall I tell you what mother said?" shouted Ashe, through the door.

"Yes."

He repeated—so far as dressing would let him—a number of the charming and considered phrases in which Lady Tranmore, full of relief, pleasure, and a secret self-reproach, had expressed to him the effect produced upon herself and a select public by Kitty's performance at the Parhams'. Kitty had indeed behaved like an angel,—an angel in *toilette de bal*, reciting a *proverbe* of Alfred de Musset's. Such politeness to Lady Parham; such smiles, sometimes a shade malicious, for the Prime Minister, who on his side did his best to efface all memory of his speech of the week before from the mind of his fascinating guest; smiles from the Princess, applause from the audience; an evening, in fact, all froth and sweet stuff, from which Lady Parham emerged grimly content, conscious at the same time that she was henceforward very decidedly, and rather disagreeably, in the Ashes' debt; while Elizabeth Tranmore went home in a tremor of delight,

happily persuaded that Ashe's path was now clear.

Kitty listened, sometimes pleased, sometimes inclined to be critical or scornful of her mother-in-law's praise. But she did love Lady Tranmore, and on the whole she smiled. Smiles indeed had been Kitty's portion since that evening of strange emotion, when she had found herself sobbing in William's arms for reasons quite beyond her own defining. It was as if, like the Prince in the fairy-tale, some iron band round her heart had given way. She seemed to dance through the house; she devoured her child with kisses: and she was even willing sometimes to let William tell her what his mother suspected of the progress of Mary's affair with Geoffrey Cliffe, though she carefully avoided speaking directly to Lady Tranmore about it. As to Cliffe himself, she seemed to have dropped him out of her thoughts. She never mentioned him, and Ashe could only suppose she had found him disenchanting.

"Well, darling! I hope I have made a sufficient fool of myself to please you!"

Ashe had thrown the door wide, and stood on the threshold, arrayed in the brocade and fur of a Venetian noble. He was a somewhat magnificent apparition, and Kitty, who had coaxed or driven him into the dress, gave a scream of delight. She saw him before her own glass, and the crimson senator made eyes at the white goddess as they posed triumphantly together. "You're a very rococo sort of goddess, you know, Kitty!" said Ashe. "Not much Greek about you!"

"Quite as much as I want, thank you," said Kitty, curtsying to her own reflection in the glass. "Fanchette could have taught them a thing or two! Now come along! Ah!—wait!—"

And gathering up her possessions, she left the room. Ashe, following her, saw that she was going to the nursery, a large room on the back staircase. At the threshold she turned back and put her finger to her lip. Then she slipped in, reappearing a moment afterwards to say in a whisper: "Nurse is not in bed. You may come in." Nurse indeed knew much better than to be in bed. She had been sitting up to see her ladyship's

splendors, and she rose smiling as Ashe entered the room.

"A parcel of idiots, nurse, aren't we?" he said, as he, too, displayed himself, and then he followed Kitty to the child's bedside. She bent over the baby, removed a corner of the cot-blanket that might tease his cheek, touched the mottled hand softly, removed a light that seemed to her too near—and still stood looking.

"We must go, Kitty."

"I wish he were a little older," she said, discontentedly, under her breath, "that he might wake up and see us both! I should like him to remember me like this."

"Queen and huntress, come away!" said Ashe, drawing her by the hand.

Outside, the landing was dimly lighted. The servants were all waiting in the hall below.

"Kitty!" said Ashe, passionately. "Give me one kiss. You're so sweet to-night—so sweet!"

She turned.

"Take care of my dress!" she smiled, and then she held out her face under its sparkling crescent, held it with a dainty deliberation, and let her lips cling to his.

Ashe and Kitty were soon wedged into one of the interminable lines of carriages that blocked all the approaches to St. James's Square. The ball had been long expected, and there was a crowd in the streets, kept back by the police. The brougham went at a foot's pace, and there was ample time either for reverie or conversation. Kitty looked out incessantly, exclaiming when she caught sight of a costume or an acquaintance. Ashe had time to think over the latest phase of the negotiations with America, and to go over in his mind the sentences of a letter he had addressed to the *Times* in answer to one of great violence from Geoffrey Cliffe. His own letter had appeared that morning. Ashe was proud of it. He made bold to think that it exposed Cliffe's exaggerations and insinueries neatly, and perhaps decisively. At any rate he hummed a cheerful tune as he thought of it.

Then suddenly and incongruously a recollection occurred to him.

"Kitty! do you know that I had a letter from your mother, this morning?"

"Had you?" said Kitty, turning to him with reluctance. "I suppose she wanted some money."

"She did. She says she is very hard up. If I cared to use it, I have an easy reply."

"What do you mean?"

"I might say, d——n it, we are too!"

Kitty laughed uneasily.

"Don't begin to talk money matters now, William, *please*."

"No, dear, I won't. But we shall really have to draw in."

"You *will* pay so many debts!" said Kitty, frowning.

Ashe went into a fit of laughter.

"That's my extravagance, isn't it? I assure you I go on the most approved principles. I divide our available money among the greatest number of hungry claimants it will stretch to. But after all it goes a beggarly short way."

"I know mother will think my diamond crescent a horrible extravagance," said Kitty, pouting. "But you are the only son, William, and we must behave like other people."

"Dear, don't trouble your little head," he said; "I'll manage it somehow."

Indeed, he knew very well that he could never bring his own indolent and easy-going temper in such matters to face any real struggle with Kitty over money. He must go to his mother, who now—his father being a hopeless invalid—managed the estates, with his own and the agent's help. It was, of course, right that she should preach to Kitty a little; but she would be sensible and help them out. After all, there was plenty of money. Why shouldn't Kitty spend it?

Any one who knew him well might have observed a curious contrast between his private laxity in these matters and the strictness of his public practice. He was scruple and delicacy itself in all financial matters that touched his public life—directorships, investments, and the like, no less than in all that concerned interest and patronage. He would have been a bold man who had dared to propose to William Ashe any expedient whatever by which his public place might serve his private gain. His proud and fastidious integrity, indeed, was one of the sources of his growing power. But as to private debts—and the tradesmen

to whom they were owed!—his standards were still essentially those of the Whigs from whom he descended, of Fox the all-indebted, or of Melbourne, who has left an amusing disquisition on the art of dividing a few loaves and fishes in the shape of bank-notes among a multitude of creditors.

Not that affairs were as yet very bad. Far from it. But there was little to spare for Madame d'Estrées—who ought, indeed, to want nothing; and Ashe was vaguely meditating his reply to that lady, when a face in a carriage near them, which was trying to enter the line, caught his attention.

"Mary!" he said, "à la Sir Joshua—and mother. They don't see us. Query, will Cliffe take the leap to-night? Mother reports a decided increase of ardor on his part. Sorry you don't approve of it, darling!"

"It's just like lighting a lamp to put it out—that's all!" said Kitty, with vivacity. "The man who marries Mary is done for."

"Not at all. Mary's money will give him the pedestal he wants, and trust Cliffe to take care of his own individuality afterwards! Now if you'll transfer your alarms to *Mary*, I'm with you!"

"Oh! of *course* he'll be unkind to her. She may lay her account for that. But it's the *marrying* her!" And Kitty's upper lip curled under a slow disdain.

William laughed out.

"Kitty, really!—you remind me, please, of Miss Jane Taylor—

'I did not think there could be found—a little heart so hard!'

Mary is thirty; she would like to be married. And why not? She'll give quite as good as she gets."

"Well, she won't get—anything. Geoffrey Cliffe thinks of no one but himself."

Ashe's eyebrows went up.

"Oh, well, all men are selfish,—and the women don't mind."

"It depends on how it's done," said Kitty.

Ashe declared that Cliffe was just an ordinary person, "*l'homme sensuel moyen*,"—with a touch of genius. Except for that, no better and no worse than other people. What then?—the world was not made up of persons of enormous

virtue like Lord Althorp and Mr. Gladstone. If Mary wanted him for a husband, and could capture him, both in his opinion would have pretty nearly got their deserts.

Kitty, however, fell into a reverie, after which she let him see a face of the same startling sweetness as she had several times shown him of late.

"Do you want me to be nice to her?" She nestled up to him.

"Bind her to your chariot wheels, madam! You can!" said Ashe, slipping a hand round hers.

Kitty pondered.

"Well, then, I won't tell her that I *know* he's still in love with the Frenchwoman. But it's on the tip of my tongue."

"Heavens!" cried Ashe. "The Vicomtesse D——, the lady of the poems? But she's dead! I thought that was over long ago."

Kitty was silent for a moment, then said with low-voiced emphasis:

"That any one could write those poems, and then *think* of Mary!"

"Yes—the poems were fine," said Ashe—"but make-believe!"

Kitty protested indignantly. Ashe bantered her a little on being one of the women who were the making of Cliffe.

"Say what you like!" she said, drawing a quick breath. "But, often and often, he says divine things—divinely! I feel them there!" And she lifted both hands to her breast with an impulsive gesture.

"Goodness!" said Ashe, kissing her hand because enthusiasm became her so well. "And to think that I should have dared to roast the divine one in a *Times* letter this morning!"

The hall and staircase of Yorkshire House were already filled with a motley and magnificent crowd when Ashe and Kitty arrived. Kitty, still shrouded in her cloak, pushed her way through, exchanging greetings with friends, shrieking a little now and then for the safety of her bow and quiver, her face flushed with pleasure and excitement. Then she disappeared into the cloak-room, and Ashe was left to wonder how he was going to endure his robes through the heat of the evening, and to exchange a laughing remark or two with the Parlia-

mentary Secretary to the Admiralty, into whose company he had fallen.

"What are we doing it for?" he asked the young man, whose thin person was well set off by a Tudor dress.

"Oh! don't be superior!" said the other. "I'm going to enjoy myself like a schoolboy!"

And that, indeed, seemed to be the attitude of most of the people present. And not only of the younger members of the dazzling company. What struck Ashe particularly, as he mingled with the crowd, was the alacrity of the elder men. Here was a famous lawyer already nearing the seventies, in the Lord-Chancellor red of a great ancestor; here an ex-Viceroy of Ireland with a son in the government, magnificent in an Elizabethan dress, his fair bushy hair and reddish beard shining above a doublet on which glittered a jewel given to the founder of his house by Elizabeth's own hand; next to him, a white-haired judge in the robes of Judge Gascoyne; a peer, no younger, at his side, in the red and blue of Mazarin: and showing, each and all, in their gay complacent looks a clear revival of that former masculine delight in splendid clothes which came so strangely to an end with that older world on the ruins of which Napoleon rose. So with the elder women. For this night they were young again. They had been free to choose from all the ages a dress that suited them; and the result of this renewal of a long-relinquished eagerness had been in many cases to call back a bygone self, and the tones and gestures of those years when beauty is its own chief care.

As for the young men, the young women, and the girls, the zest and pleasure of the show shone in their eyes and movements, and spread through the hall, and up the crowded staircase, like a warm contagious atmosphere. At all times, indeed, and in all countries an aristocracy has been capable of this sheer delight in its own splendor, wealth, good looks, and accumulated treasure; whether in the Venice that Petrarch visited; or in the Rome of the Renaissance Popes; in the Versailles of the Grand Monarque; or in the Florence of to-day, which still at moments of festa reproduces in its midst all the costumes of the Cinquecento.

In this English case there was less dignity than there would have been in a Latin country, and more personal beauty; less grace perhaps, and yet a something richer and more romantic.

At the top of the stairs stood a Marquis in a dress of the Italian Renaissance, a Gonzaga who had sat for Titian, a veritable collar of the Golden Fleece round his neck, while up the marble stairs, watched by a laughing multitude above, streamed Gainsborough girls and Reynolds women, women from the courts of Elizabeth or Henri Quatre, of Maria Theresa or Marie Antoinette, the figures of Holbein and Vandyck, Florentines of the Renaissance, the youths of Carpaccio, the beauties of Titian and Veronese.

"Kitty, make haste!" cried a voice in front as Kitty began to mount the stairs. "Your quadrille is just called!"

Kitty smiled and nodded, but did not hurry her pace by a second. The staircase was not so full as it had been, and she knew well as she mounted it, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her eyes flashing greeting and challenge to those in the gallery, the diamond genius on her spear glittering above her, that she held the stage, and that the play would not begin without her.

And, indeed, her dress, her brilliance, and her beauty let loose a hum of conversation—not always friendly.

"What is she?"

"Oh, something mythological!—she's in the next quadrille." "My dear, she's Diana!—look at her bow and quiver, and the moon in her hair." "Very incorrect!—she ought to have the towered crown!" "Absurd, such a little thing to attempt Diana!—I'd back Actæon!"

The latter remark was spoken in the ear of Louis Harman, who stood in the gallery looking down. Harman shook his head. "You don't understand. She's not Greek, of course; but she's Fairy-land. A child of the Renaissance, dreaming in a wood, would have seen Artemis so,—dressed up and glittering, and fantastic—as the Florentines saw Venus. Small, too, like the fairies!—slipping through the leaves; small hounds, with jewelled collars, following her!"

He smiled at his own fancy, still watching Kitty with his painter's eyes.

"She has seen a French print somewhere," said Cliffe, who stood close by. "More Versailles in it than Fairy-land, I think!"

"It is *she* that is Fairy-land," said Harman, still fascinated.

Cliffe's expression showed the sarcasm of his thought. Fairy, perhaps!—with the touch of malice and inhuman mischief that all tradition attributes to the Little People. Why, after that first meeting, when the conversation of a few minutes had almost swept them into the deepest waters of intimacy, had she slighted him so, in other drawing-rooms and on other occasions? She had actually neglected and avoided him,—after having dared to speak to him of his secret! And now Ashe's letter of the morning had kindled afresh his sense of rancor against a pair of people too prosperous and too arrogant. The stroke in the *Times* had, he knew, gone home; his vanity writhed under it, and the wish to strike back tormented him, as he watched Ashe mounting behind his wife, so handsome, careless, and urbane, his jewelled cap dangling in his hand.

The quadrille of gods and goddesses was over. Kitty had been dancing with a fine clumsy Mars, in ordinary life an honest soldier and deer-stalker, the heir to a Scotch dukedom; having as her *vis-à-vis* Madeleine Alcot—as the Flora of Botticelli's spring,—and a slim Mercury in fantastic Renaissance armor. All the divinities of the Pàntheon indeed were there, but in Gallicized or Italianate form; scarcely a touch of the true antique, save in the case of one beautiful girl who wore a Juno dress of white, whereof the clinging folds had been arranged for her by a young Netherlands painter, Mr. Alma-Tadema, then newly settled in this country. Kitty at first envied her; then decided that she herself could have made no effect in such a gown, and threw her the praises of indifference.

When, to Kitty's sharp regret, the music stopped and the glittering crew of Immortals melted into the crowd, she found behind her a row of dancers waiting for the quadrille which was to follow. This was to consist entirely of English pictures revived—Reynolds, Gains-

borough, and Romney,—and to be danced by those for whose families they had been originally painted. As she drew back, looking eagerly to right and left, she came across Mary Lyster. Mary wore her hair high and powdered,—a black silk scarf over white satin, and a blue sash.

"Awfully becoming!" said Kitty, nodding to her. "Who are you?"

"My great-great-aunt!" said Mary, curtsying. "You, I see, go even further back."

"Isn't it fun?" said Kitty, pausing beside her. "Have you seen William? Poor dear, he's so hot! How do you do?" This last, careless greeting was addressed to Cliffe, whom she now perceived standing behind Mary.

Cliffe bowed stiffly.

"Excuse me. I did not see you. I was absorbed in your dress. You are Artemis, I see,—with additions."

"Oh! I am an 'article de Paris,'" said Kitty. "But it seems odd that some people should take me for Joan of Arc." Then she turned to Mary. "I think your dress is quite lovely!" she said, in that warm, shy voice she rarely used except for a few intimates, and had never yet been known to waste on Mary. "Don't you admire it enormously, Mr. Cliffe?"

"Enormously," said Cliffe, pulling at his mustache. "But by now my compliments are stale."

"Is he cross about William's letter?" thought Kitty. "Well, let's leave them to themselves."

Then, as she passed him, something in the silent personality of the man arrested her. She could not forbear a look at him over her shoulder. "Are you—Oh! of course, I remember." For she had recognized the dress and cap of the Spanish grandee.

Cliffe did not reply for a moment, but the harsh significance of his face revived in her the excitable interest she had felt in him on the day of his luncheon in Bruton Street; an interest since effaced and dispersed, under the influence of that serenity and home peace which had shone upon her since that very day.

"I should apologize, no doubt, for not taking your advice," he said, looking her in the eyes. Their expression, half bitter, half insolent, reminded her.

"Did I give you any advice?" Kitty wrinkled up her white brows. "I don't recollect."

Mary looked at her sharply — suspiciously. Kitty, quite conscious of the look, was straightway pricked by an elfish curiosity. Could she carry him off? — trouble Mary's possession there and then? She believed she could. She was well aware of a certain relation between herself and Cliffe, if, at least, she chose to develop it. Should she? Her vanity insisted that Mary could not prevent it.

However, she restrained herself and moved on. Presently looking back, she saw them still together, Cliffe leaning against the pedestal of a bust, Mary beside him. There was an animation in her eyes, a rose of pleasure on her cheek which stirred in Kitty a queer sudden sympathy. "*I am a little beast!*" she said to herself. "Why shouldn't she be happy?"

Then, perceiving Lady Tranmore at the end of the ballroom, she made her way thither, surrounded by a motley crowd of friends. She walked as though on air, "raining influence." And as Lady Tranmore caught the glitter of the diamond crescent, and beheld the small divinity beneath it, she too smiled with pleasure, like the other spectators on Kitty's march. The dress was monstrously costly. She knew that. But she forgot the inroad on William's pocket, and remembered only to be proud of William's wife. Since the Parhams' party, indeed, the unlooked-for submission of Kitty, and the clearing of William's prospects, Lady Tranmore had been sweetness itself to her daughter-in-law.

But her fine face and brow were none the less inclined to frown. She herself as Katharine of Aragon would have shed a dignity on any scene, but she was in no sympathy with what she beheld.

"We shall soon all of us be ashamed of this kind of thing," she declared to Kitty. "Just as people now are beginning to be ashamed of enormous houses and troops of servants."

"No,—please!—only bored with them!" said Kitty. "There are so many other ways now of amusing yourself,—that's all."

"Well, this way will die out," said

Lady Tranmore. "The cost of it is too scandalous,—people's consciences prick them."

Kitty vowed she did not believe there was a conscience in the room; and then, as the music struck up, she carried off her companion to some steps overlooking the great marble gallery, where they had a better view of the two lines of dancers.

It is said that as a nation the English have no gift for pageants. Yet every now and then—as no doubt in the Elizabethan masque—they show a strange felicity in the art. Certainly the dance that followed would have been difficult to surpass even in the ripe days and mother-lands of pageantry. To the left, a long line, consisting mainly of young girls in their first bloom, dressed as Gainsborough and his great contemporaries delighted to paint these flowers of England,—the folds of plain white muslin crossed over the young breast, a black velvet at the throat, a rose in the hair, the simple skirt showing the small pointed feet, and sometimes a broad sash defining the slender waist. Here were Stanleys, Howards, Percys, Villiers, Butlers, Osbornes,—soft slips of girls bearing the names of England's rough and turbulent youth, bearing themselves to-night with a shy or laughing dignity, as though the touch of history and romance were on them. And facing them,—the youths of the same families, no less handsome than their sisters and brides,—in Romney's blue coats, or the splendid red of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

To and fro swayed the dancers, under the innumerable candles that filled the arched roof and upper walls of the ballroom; and each time the lines parted they disclosed at the farther end another pageant, to which that of the dance was in truth subordinate,—a dais hung with blue and silver, and upon it a royal lady whose beauty, then in its first bloom, has been a national possession, since as the "sea-king's daughter" she brought it in dowry to her adopted country. To-night she blazed in jewels as a Valois queen, with her court around her, and as the dancers receded, each youth and maiden seemed instinctively to turn towards her as roses to the sun.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful world!" said Kitty to herself, in an ecstasy, pressing

her small hands together, "how I love you!—love you!"

Meanwhile Darrell and Harman stood side by side near the doorway of the ballroom, looking in when the crowd allowed.

"A strange sight," said Harman. "Perhaps they take it too seriously."

"Ah! that is our English upper class," said Darrell, with a sneer. "Is there anything they take lightly?—*par exemple!* It seems to me they carry off this amusement better than most. They may be stupid, but they are good-looking! I say, Ashe"—he turned towards the newcomer who had just sauntered up to them,—“on this exceptional occasion is it allowed to congratulate you on Lady Kitty's gown?"

For Kitty, raised upon her step, was at the moment in full view.

Ashe made some slight reply, the slightness of which indeed annoyed the thin-skinned and morbid Darrell, always on the lookout for affronts. But Louis Harman, who happened to observe the Under-Secretary's glance at his wife, said to himself, "By George! that queer marriage is turning out well, after all!"

The Tudor and Marie Antoinette quadrilles had been danced. There was a rumor of supper in the air.

"William!" said Kitty, in his ear, as she came across him in one of the drawing-rooms, "Lord Hubert takes me in to supper. Poor me!" She made an extravagant face of self-pity and swept on. Lord Hubert was one of the sons of the house,—a stupid and inarticulate Guardsman, Kitty's butt and detestation. Ashe smiled to himself over her fate, and went back to the ballroom in search of his own lady.

Meanwhile Kitty paused in the next drawing-room, and dismissed her following.

"I promised to wait here for Lord Hubert," she said. "You go on, or you'll get no tables!"

And she waved them peremptorily away. The drawing-room, one of a suite which looked on the garden, thinned temporarily. In a happy fatigue, Kitty leant dreamily over the ledge of one of the open windows, looking at the illuminated space below her. Amid the col-

ored lights figures of dream and fantasy walked up and down. In the midst flashed a flame-colored fountain. The sounds of a Strauss waltz floated in the air. And beyond the garden and its trees rose the dull roar of London.

A silk curtain floated out into the room, under the westerly breeze; then, returning, sheathed Kitty in its folds. She stood there hidden, amusing herself like a child with the thought of startling that great heavy goose Lord Hubert.

Suddenly a pair of voices that she knew caught her ear. Two persons, passing through, lingered, without perceiving her. Kitty, after a first movement of self-disclosure, caught her own name and stood motionless.

"Well, of course you've heard that we got through," said Lady Parham. "For once Lady Kitty behaved herself!"

"You were lucky!" said Mary Lyster. "Lady Tranmore was dreadfully anxious—"

"Lest she should cut us at the last?" cried Lady Parham. "Well, of course, Lady Kitty is 'capable de tout.'" She laughed. "But perhaps as you are a cousin I oughtn't to say these things."

"Oh! say what you like!" said Mary. "I am no friend of Kitty's and never pretended to be!"

Lady Parham came closer, apparently, and said confidentially: "What on earth made that man marry her? He might have married anybody. She had no money, and worse than no position."

"She worked upon his pity, of course, a good deal. I saw them in the early days at Grosville Park. She played her cards very cleverly. And then it was just the right moment. Lady Tranmore had been urging him to marry."

"Well, of course," said Lady Parham, "there's no denying the beauty."

"You think so?" said Mary, as though in wonder. "Well, I never could see it. And now she has so much gone off."

"I don't agree with you. Many people think her the star to-night. Mr. Cliffe, I am told, admires her."

Kitty could not see how the small ferret eyes of the speaker, under a Sir Joshua turban, studied the countenance of Miss Lyster as she threw out the words.

Mary laughed.

"Poor Kitty! She tried to flirt with

him long ago—just after she arrived in London—fresh out of the convent. It was so funny! He told me afterwards he never was so embarrassed in his life,—this baby making eyes at him! And now—oh no!”

“Why not now? Lady Kitty’s very much the rage, and Mr. Cliffe likes notoriety.”

“But a notoriety with—well, with some style—some distinction! Kitty’s sort is so cheap and silly.”

“Ah, well, she’s not to be despised,” said Lady Parham. “She’s as clever as she can be. But her husband will have to keep her in order.”

“Can he?” said Mary. “Won’t she always be in his way?”

“Always, I should think. But he must have known what he was about. Why didn’t his mother interfere? Such a family,—such a history!”

“She did interfere,” said Mary. “We all did our best,”—she dropped her voice—“I know I did. But it was no use. If men like spoilt children, they must have them, I suppose. Let’s hope he’ll learn how to manage her. Shall we go on? I promised to meet my supper-partner in the library.”

They moved away.

For some minutes Kitty stood looking out, motionless. But the beating of her heart choked her. Strange ancestral

things,—things of evil—things of passion—had suddenly awoke as it were from sleep in the depths of her being and rushed upon the citadel of her life. A change had passed over her from head to foot. Her veins ran fire.

At that moment, turning round, she saw Geoffrey Cliffe enter the room in which she stood. With an impetuous movement she approached him.

“Take me down to supper, Mr. Cliffe. I can’t wait for Lord Hubert any more, I’m *so* hungry!”

“Enchanted!” said Cliffe, the color leaping into his tanned face as he looked down upon the goddess,—“but I came to find—”

“Miss Lyster? Oh! she is gone in with Mr. Darrell. Come with me. I have a ticket for the reserved tent. We shall have a delicious corner to ourselves.”

And she took from her glove the little coveted pasteboard, which—handed about in secret to a few intimates of the house—gave access to the sanctum sanctorum of the evening.

Cliffe wavered. Then his vanity succumbed. A few minutes later the supper guests in the tent of the élite saw the entrance of a darkly splendid Duke of Alva, with a little sandalled goddess, all compact, it seemed, of ivory and fire, on his arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

August on the River

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

THE swooning heat of August
Swims along the valley’s bed.
The tall reeds burn and blacken,
While the gray elm droops its head,
And the smoky sun above the hills is glaring hot and red.

Along the shrinking river,
Where salmon-nets hang brown,
Piles the driftwood of the freshets,
And the naked logs move down
To the clanking chains and shrieking saws of the mills above the town.

Outside the booms of cedar,
The fish-hawks drop at noon;
When night comes trailing up the stars,
We hear the ghostly loon;
And watch the herons swing their flight against the crimson moon.

The Little Tyrant of the Burrows

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ALONG the edge of the woodland he found the young, green turf of the pasture close and soft. As he paused for a moment, with his long, trunklike nose thrust into it, his fine sense could detect nothing but the cool tang of the grass stems, the light pungency and sweetness of the damp earth below. With a savage impatience of movement he jerked himself a foot or more to one side, and again thrust his nose into the turf. Here he evidently detected something more to his taste than the sweetness of grass and earth, for he began to dig fiercely, biting the matted roots apart, and tearing up the soil with his powerful little fore paws. In a few seconds he dragged forth a fat, cream-colored grub about an inch and a half in length, with a copper-colored head. The grub twisted and lashed about, but the victor ate furiously, wrinkling his flexible snout away from his prey in a manner that gave him a peculiarly ferocious, snarling expression.

Nearly six inches in length, with a round, sturdy body, short tail, very short sturdy legs, and fine fur of a clouded leaden gray, this fierce and implacable little forager might have been mistaken by a careless observer for an ordinary mole. But such a mistake on the part of any creature not larger than a ground-sparrow or wood-mouse or lizard would have resulted in instant doom; for this tiny beast, indomitable as a terrier and greedy for meat as a mink, was the mole-shrew.

Having devoured the fat grub, and finding his appetite still unappeased, the shrew at once resumed his vehement digging. His marvellously developed nostrils had assured him that a little farther on beneath the turf were more grubs, or well-conditioned earthworms, or the stupid big red-brown beetles called "May-bugs." In a few seconds only his hind quarters were visible among the grass

roots. Then, only a twitch of his short tail, or a kick of his hind claws. At this moment a broad, swift shadow appeared overhead; and a hungry marsh-hawk, dropping like a shot, clutched with eager claws at the mouth of the burrow. That deadly clutch tore up some grass roots and some fresh earth, but just failed to reach the diligent burrower. Tail and hind legs had been nimbly drawn in just in time, as if forewarned of the swooping peril; and the hawk flew off heavily, to resume his quartering of the pasture.

Unruffled by his narrow escape, the shrew went on with his burrowing. He ran his gallery close under the roots of the turf, where the grubs and beetles were most numerous. Sometimes he would dip an inch or more to avoid a bit of difficult excavation, but more often he would press so closely to the surface that the thin layer of sod above him would heave with every surging motion. The loose earth, for the most part, was not thrust behind him, but jammed on either side or overhead, and so vigorously packed in the process as to make strong walls to the galleries, which zigzagged hither and thither as the moment's whim or the scent of some quarry might dictate.

In the absolute darkness of his straitened underworld the shrew felt no consciousness of restriction. His eyes tight closed, the thick earth pressing upon him at every point, he felt nevertheless as free as if all the range of upper air was his. The earthy dark was nothing to him, for the nerves of his marvellous nose served all the purposes of sight and hearing. It was, indeed, as if he heard, felt, smelled, and saw, all with his nose. If the walls of the narrow tunnel pressed him too straitly, he could expand them by a few seconds of digging. In fact, his underground world, limited as it was, for the moment contented him utterly. From time to time he would scent, through perhaps a quarter-inch of earth, a

worm or a grub ahead of him. Then he would drive forward almost with a pounce, clutch the prey, and devour it delightedly there in the dark.

Suddenly the earth broke away before him, and his investigating nose poked itself through into another gallery a shade larger than his own. This fact might well have made him draw back, but his was not the drawing-back disposition. His nose told him that the rival digger was a mole, and had but recently gone by. Without a second's hesitation he clawed through, and darted down the new tunnel, seeking either a fight or a feast, as fate might decree.

In his savage haste, however, the shrew was not discriminating; and all at once he realized that he had lost the fresh scent. This was still the mole's gallery, but there was no longer any sign that its owner had very lately traversed it. As a matter of fact, several yards back the shrew had blundered past the mouth of a branching tunnel, up which the mole, ignorant that he was being pursued, had leisurely taken its way. The pursuer stopped, hesitated for a moment, then decided to push ahead and see what might turn up. In half a minute a breath of the upper air met him, and he came out at one of the exits which the mole had used for dumping earth.

At this point the shrew seemed to decide that he had had enough of underground foraging. He stuck his head up through the opening and looked over the green turf. The opening was close to a pile of stones in the fence corner, which promised both shelter and good hunting. Having hastily dusted the loose earth from his face and whiskers, he emerged, ran to the stone heap, and whisked into the nearest crevice.

On a warm gray stone near the top of the pile, gently waving its wings in the sunshine, glowed a gorgeous red and black butterfly. The intensity of its coloring seemed to vibrate in the unclouded radiance. Suddenly from just beneath the stone on which it rested slipped forth the shrew, and darted at it with a swift, scrambling leap. The beautiful insect, however, was wide awake, and saw the danger in good time. One beat of its wide, gorgeous wings uplifted its light body as a breath softly

uplifts a tuft of thistle-down. The baffled shrew jumped straight into the air, but in vain; and the great butterfly went flickering aimlessly over the pasture to find some less perilous basking-place.

Angered by this failure, the shrew descended the stone heap and scurried over to the fence, poking his nose under every tussock of weeds in search of the nest of some ground-bird. Along parallel with the fence he hunted, keeping out about a foot from the lowest rail. He found no nest; but suddenly the owners of a nest that was hidden somewhere in the neighborhood found him. He found himself buffeted by swift, elusive wings. Sharp little beaks jabbed him again and again; and the air seemed full of angry twittering. For a few moments he stood his ground obstinately, wrinkling back his long snout and jumping at his bewildering assailants. Then, realizing that he could do nothing against such nimble foes, he drew back and ran under the fence. He was not really hurt, and not at all terrified; but he was beaten, and therefore in a very bad temper.

Since his return to the green upper world ill luck had persistently followed his ventures, and now his thoughts turned back to the burrows under the grass roots. He remembered also that mole which had so inexplicably evaded him. Keeping close to the fence, he hurried back to the stone heap, on the other side of which lay the entrance to the burrows. He was just about to make a hurried and final investigation of the pile, when his nose caught a strong scent which made him stop short and seem to shrink into his skin. At the same instant a slim, long, yellow-brown animal emerged from the stones, cast a quick, shifting glance this way and that, then darted at him as smoothly as a snake. With a frantic leap he shot through the air, alighting just beside the mouth of the burrow. The next instant he had vanished; and the weasel, arriving a second too late, thrust his fierce, triangular face into the hole, but made no attempt to squeeze himself down a passage so restricted.

The shrew had been terrified, indeed; but his dogged spirit was by no means cowed or given over to panic. He felt fairly confident that the weasel was too

big to pursue him down the burrow; but presently he stopped, scraped away the earth on one side, and turned around to face the menace. Small though he was, the weasel would have found him a troublesome and daring antagonist in such narrow quarters. When he saw a glimmer of light reappear at the entrance of the burrow, he understood that his big enemy was not going to attempt the impossible. Reassured, but still hot with wrath, he turned again, and went racing through the black tunnel in search of something whereon to wreak his emotions.

Now, at this moment the lazy old mole who owned these burrows was returning from his tour of investigation. He came to the fork where the shrew had gone by an hour before. The strong, disagreeable, musky smell of the intruder arrested him. His keen nose sniffed at it with resentment and alarm, and told him the whole story there in the dark more plainly than if it had passed in daylight before his purblind eyes. It told him that some time had gone by since the intruder's passing. But what it could not tell him was that the intruder was just now on his way back. After some moments of hesitation the long, cylindrical, limp body of the mole scuffled out into the main tunnel and turned toward the exit. Its movement was rather slow and awkward, owing to the fact that the fore legs were set on each side of the body like flippers—an excellent arrangement for digging but a very bad one for plain walking.

The mole had not advanced more than a yard or so along the main tunnel when again that strong, musky smell smote his nostrils. This time it was fresh and warm. Indeed, it was startlingly imminent. Elongating his soft body till it was not more than half its usual thickness, the mole doubled in his tracks, intent upon the speediest possible retreat. In that very instant, while he was in the midst of his awkward effort to turn, the shrew fell upon him, gripping and tearing his soft, unprotected flank.

The mole was not altogether deficient in character; and he was larger and heavier than his assailant. Seeing that escape was impossible, and stung by the pain of his wounds, he flung himself with energy into the struggle, biting desper-

ately and striving to bear down his lighter opponent. It was a blind smother of a fight, there in the pitch-black narrow tunnel, the walls of which pressed ceaselessly upon it and hemmed it in. From the smother came no sound but an occasional squeak of rage or pain, barely audible to the lurking spiders among the grass stems just overhead. The thin turf heaved vaguely, and the grass blades vibrated to the unseen struggle; but not even the low-flying marsh-hawk could guess the cause of these mysterious disturbances.

For several minutes the mole made a good fight. Then the indomitable savagery of his enemy's attack suddenly cowed him. He shrank and tried to draw away; and the enemy had him by the throat. In that moment the fight was ended; and in the next the invader was satisfying his ravenous appetite.

When this redoubtable little warrior had eaten his fill, he felt a pleasant sense of drowsiness. First he moved a few feet farther along the tunnel, till he reached the point where it was joined by the smaller gallery of his own digging. At this point of vantage, with exits open both ways, he hastily dug himself a little pocket or side chamber where he could curl himself up in comfort. Here he licked his wounds for a minute or two, and carefully washed his face with his clever, handlike fore paws. Then with a sense of perfect security he went to sleep, his nose, most trusty of sentinels, on guard at the threshold of his bedchamber.

While he slept in this unseen retreat, among the short grasses just above his sleep went on the busy mingling of comedy and tragedy, of mirth and birth and death, which makes the sum of life on a summer day in the pastures. Everywhere the grass and the air above were thronged with insects. Through the grass came gliding soundlessly a long, smooth, sinuous brown shape with a quick-darting head and a forked, amber-colored, flickering tongue. The snake's body was about the thickness of a man's thumb, and his back was unobtrusively but exquisitely marked with a reticulation of fine lines. He seemed to be travelling rather aimlessly, doubtless on the watch for any small quarry he might catch sight of; but when he

chanced upon the fresh-dug hole where the shrew had begun his burrowing he stopped abruptly. His fixed, opaque-looking eyes grew strangely intent. With his head poised immediately over the hole, he remained perfectly rigid for some seconds. Then he glided slowly into the burrow.

The blacksnake, so called in spite of his brown color, had an indiscriminating appetite for moles and shrews alike. It was of no concern to him that the flesh of the shrew was rank and tough; for his sense of taste was rudimentary, and to digestion so invincible as his, tough and tender were all one. He had learned, of course, that shrews were averse to being swallowed, and that they both could and would put up a stiff fight against such consummation. But he had never yet captured one in such a position that he could not get his coils around and crush it. What he expected to find in the burrow which he entered so confidently was a satisfying meal, followed by a long, safe sleep.

As he trailed along the windings of the tunnel his motion made a faint, dry, whispering sound, which, with his peculiar, sickly, elusive scent, travelled just before him, and reached the doorway of the little chamber where the shrew was dozing. The sleeper was wide awake at once. Instantly, too, he understood the whole peril. To do him justice, it was not flight he thought of, but fight. His little heart swelled with rage at this invasion of his rest. Experienced fighter that he was, he fully understood the advantages of his situation. As the head of the invader stole past his doorway he sprang, and sank his long, sharp teeth deep into the back of the snake's neck. With this hold the advantage was all his, so long as he could maintain it; and he hung to the grip like a bulldog, biting deeper and deeper every minute. Fettered completely by the narrowness of the tunnel, unable to lash or coil or strike, the snake could only writhe impotently and struggle to drag his adversary farther down the burrow toward some roomier spot where his own tactics would have a chance. But the shrew was not to be dislodged from his point of vantage. He clung to his doorway doggedly. At last his deadly teeth found

the backbone—and bit it through. And with a quiver the writhing of the big snake stopped.

Victor though he was, the shrew was slow to accept conviction of his victory over so mighty an antagonist. Though all resistance had ceased, he kept on gnawing and worrying, till he succeeded in completely severing the head from the trunk. Then, feeling that his triumph was secured, he turned back into his chamber and curled up again to resume his rudely interrupted siesta.

Having thus effectually established his lordship of the burrows, this small champion might have reasonably expected to enjoy an undisturbed and unanxious slumber. But fate is pitilessly whimsical. It chanced at this time that a red fox came trotting down along the pasture fence. He seemed to have a very vague idea of where he was going or what he wanted to do. Presently his keen, investigating nose sniffed the sod just at the point whereunder the sleeping shrew lay hidden. The turf that formed the little fighter's ceiling was not more than half an inch in thickness.

The odor that came up through the grass roots was strong and not particularly savory. But the red fox was not overparticular just then. After a few hasty but discreet sniffings, which enabled him to locate the careless slumberer, he pounced upon the exact spot and fell to clawing the sod ferociously. His long nails and powerful fore paws tore off the thin covering of turf in less time than it takes to tell it; and the next instant the shrew was hurled out into the sunlight, dazzled and half stunned. Almost before he touched the grass a pair of narrow jaws snapped him up. Without a moment's delay the fox turned and trotted off up the pasture with his prey, toward his den on the other side of the hill; and as the discriminating sunlight peered down into the uncovered tunnel, in a few minutes flies came to investigate, and many industrious beetles. The body of the dead snake was soon a centre of teeming, hungry, busy life, toiling to remove all traces of what had happened. For Nature, though she works out almost all her ends by tragedy, is ceaselessly attentive to conceal the red marks of her violence.

The Wrong Door

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON

THE stairs were long and dark; they seemed to stretch an interminable length, and she was too tired to notice the soft carpet and wonder why Mrs. Wilson had departed from her iron-clad rules and for once considered the comfort of her lodgers. The rail of the banisters lay cold but supporting under the pressure of her weary hand, and, at her own door at last, she fitted the key in the lock. Something was wrong; it would not turn; she drew it out and tried the handle. The door opened, and entering, she stood rooted to the spot.

Had her poor little room doubled its size and trebled its furniture? Her imagination, always active, for one wild moment suggested that old Grandaunt Crosbie from over the seas had remembered her poor relatives and worked the miracle; she always had Grandaunt Crosbie as a possible trump in the hand of fate. And then the dull reality shattered her foolish castle—she was in the wrong room. All this comfort had a legitimate possessor, whose Aunt Crosbie did her proper part in life.

She walked mechanically to a window and looked down; yes, there was the bleak yard she usually found below her, four houses off; she had come into the wrong door, and now to retrace her useless steps.

She paused a moment, and slowly revolving, made bitter inventory of the charming interior. Soft, bright stuffs at the windows, on the chairs; pictures; books; flowers even; a big bunch of holly on the mantelpiece. A sitting-room—no obnoxious bed behind an inadequate screen, no horrid white china pitcher in full view! What woman owned all this? She stared about for characteristic traces. No sewing! Pipes! It belonged to a man.

She must go. She moved toward the door, and dropped her eyes on the little hard-coal fire in the grate; it tempted her, and, with a sort of defiance, she moved

over to it and warmed her chilled fingers. A piano, too, and not to teach children on! To play upon, to enjoy! When was her time to come? Every dog has his day! Where was hers? Here some man was surrounded with comforts and pleasures, and she slaved all day at her teaching, and came home at night tired, cold, to a miserable little half-furnished room—alone.

Resting her arms on the mantelpiece, she dropped her face a moment on them and rebelled, kicking hard against the pricks; and sunk in that profitless occupation, heard vaguely the sound of rapid steps and suddenly realized what they might mean.

She straightened her young form and stared, fascinated, at the door. Good heavens! What should she do? What should she say? If she appeared confused, she would be thought a thief; she must have some excuse: she had come—to—find a lady—was waiting! She sank into a little chair and tried not to tremble visibly to the most unobservant eye, and the door opened, shut, and the owner of the room stood before her.

"How do you do?" said Amory, and coming forward, he shook hands warmly. "Please forgive me for being late, but I could not get away a moment before. Where"—he looked about the room—"where is Mrs. White?"

The girl had risen nervously, and stood with her fingers clasped, looking at him; she answered, stammering, "She—I—she—couldn't come."

"Couldn't come?" repeated the young man. "I'm awfully sorry. Do sit down."

She still stood, holding to the back of her chair. "She said she would come if she could, and I was to—but I had better go."

Amory laughed. "Not a bit of it. Now I've got you, I sha'n't let you go. It was very brave of you to come alone. You know brothers-in-law are presump-



SHE STARED FASCINATED AT THE DOOR

tuous sometimes." He smiled down into the soft, shy, dark eyes raised to his, and looked at his watch. "You must have waited a half-hour; I said four o'clock. I'm so sorry."

Her eyes dropped. "I was late, too," she answered, and felt a horrible weight lifted from her. (They surely could not be coming; she could go in a moment; he would never know until she was beyond his reach. But she reckoned without her host.)

"Draw up to the fire," he began, and wheeled up a big armchair, and gently made her sit in it. "Put your feet on the fender and let's have a long talk. You know I sha'n't see you before the wedding, and I'd like to know something of my brother's wife. Tom said I must see you once before you and he got off to Paris, and I may not be able to get West for the wedding; so this is the one chance I shall have." He drew his chair near, and looked down at her with friendly, pleasant eyes.

She must say something. She rested her head on the high back of her chair, and felt a sensation of bewildered happiness. It was dangerous; she must get away in a moment; but for a moment she might surely enjoy this extraordinary situation that fortune had thrust upon her—the charm of the room, the warmth, and something more wonderful still—companionship. She looked at him; she must say something.

"You think you can't come to the wedding?" she said, and blushed.

Amory shook his head. "I'm afraid not, though of course I shall try. Now"—he stared gravely at her—"now tell me how you came to know Tom and why you like him. I wonder if it is for my reasons or ones of your own."

He was surprised by the deep blush which answered his words. What a wonderful wild-rose color on her rather pale cheek!

"Don't you think it very warm in here?" said the girl.

Amory got up, and going to the window, opened it a little; then, stopping at his desk, picked up a note and brought it to the fire.

"Why, here is a note from Mrs. White," he said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

She had risen, and laid her hand an

instant on his arm. "Don't open it—yet," she said. Her desperation lent her invention; just in this one way he must not find her out. She gave him a look, half arch, half pleading. "I'll explain later," she said.

Amory felt a stir of most unnecessary emotion; he understood Tom.

"Of course," he said, dropping it on the mantelpiece,—“just as you like. Now let's go back to Tom. You see,”—he sat down, and tipping his chair a little, gave her a rather curious smile,—“Tom and I have been enigmas to each other always, deeply attached and hopelessly incomprehensible, and I had my own ideas of what Tom would marry—and—you are not it;—not in the least!” He leant forward and brought his puzzled gaze to bear upon her.

She settled deeply into her chair, half to get farther away from those searching gray eyes, half because she was taking terrible risks, and she might as well enjoy it; the chair was so comfortable, and the fire so cheerful, and Amory—it occurred to her with a sort of exhilaration what it would be to please him. She had pleased other people, why not him? Her lids drooped; she looked down at her shabby gloves.

"What did you expect?" she said.

He leant back and laughed. "What did I expect? Well, frankly, a silly little blond thing, all curls and furbelows!"

She raised those heavy lids of hers and gazed straight at him. "Was that Tom's description?" she asked, and raised her eyebrows. They were delicately pencilled, and Amory watched her and noted them.

"No," he answered; "he didn't describe you, but I thought that was his taste. Now, you are neither silly nor little; no blonde; you have no curls and no furbelows. In fact"—he smiled with something delightfully intimate in his eyes—"in fact, you are much more the kind of girl *I* should like to marry."

It gave her an absurd little thrill. She sat up, rebellious. "If *I* would have liked you," she returned.

Amory laughed and put his hands in his pockets. "Of course," he said; "but you would, you know!"

"Why?" she demanded, opening her eyes very wide; and again he inwardly

complimented her on her eyebrows, and above them her hair grew in a charming line on her forehead. The little points are all pretty, he thought, and it is the details that count in the long run. How much one could grow to dislike blurry eyebrows and ugly ears, even if a woman had rosy cheeks and golden hair!

"Why? Because I should bully you into it. I'm an obstinate kind of creature, and get things by hanging on. Women give in if you worry them long enough. But tell me more about Tom," he went on. "Did he dance and shoot his way into your heart? I wish I'd been there to see! You take a very bad tintype, by the way. Tom sent me that." He got up, and taking a picture from the mantelpiece, tossed it into her lap, and leaning over the back of her chair, looked down on it. "Have you a sentiment about it?" he added, smiling. "It does look like Tom."

She held it and gravely studied it. She colored, and, still looking at the picture, felt her way suddenly open. "Yes, it does look like him," she said, and putting it down, leant forward and looked into the fire. "Do you want to know why I accepted Tom?" she added, slowly. She was fully launched on a career of deception now, and felt a desperate exultation.

Amory stared at her and nodded.

She kept her eyes on the fire. "I wanted—a home."

Amory sat motionless, then spoke. "Why—why, weren't you happy with your aunt and uncle?"

She shook her head. "No; and Tom was good and kind and very—"

Amory got up and shook himself. "Oh, but that's an awful mistake," he said.

"I know," said the girl, and turning, looked at him a moment. "Well, I've come to tell you that I have—" She hesitated.

Amory slid down into the chair beside her. "Changed your mind?"

"Yes."

"That note of your aunt's?"

"Yes."

He sat back and folded his arms. "I see," he said, and there followed a long silence.

The girl began buttoning and unbuttoning her glove. She must go; she was

frightened, elated, amused. She did not want to go, but go she must. Would he ever forgive her?

"Don't—don't hate me!" she said.

Amory awoke from his stunned meditation. "My dear young lady, of course not," he began; "only, Tom will be terribly broken up. It's the only thing to do now, I suppose, but why did you do the other?"

She looked at him. As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, she thought. "I was unhappy and foolish." She hesitated. "But you needn't be troubled about Tom. He—" Again she hesitated.

"Not troubled about old Tom!" expostulated Amory.

"Wait." She put up her hand. "He made a mistake, too; he doesn't care so very much, and he has already flirted—"

Amory laid his hand on her chair. "Tom!"

"Yes," she repeated; "he really is rather a flirt, and—"

"Tom!"

She nodded. "Yes; really, it did hurt me a little, only—"

"Tom!"

She faced him. "Yes, Tom. What do you think Tom is—blind and deaf and dumb? Any man worth his salt can flirt."

Amory stared at her. "Oh, he can, can he?"

She nodded. "He was very good and kind, but I saw that he was changing; and then he met a little fair-haired, blue-eyed—"

Amory interposed. "I told you."

She gave him a curious smile. "Yes, a silly little blond thing,—just that."

But his satisfaction in his perspicacity was short-lived; he walked up and down the room in his perplexity. "I can't get over it," he murmured. "I thought it a mad love-match, all done in a few weeks; and to have it turn out like this! You—"

"Mercenary," she interjected, with a sad little smile.

He looked at her. "Yes; and Tom—"

"Fickle," she ended again.

"Yes, and Tom fickle. Why, it shakes the foundations!"

The girl felt a sudden wave of shame and weariness. She must go. She hadn't been fair, but it had been so sudden, so difficult. She looked at him, and getting

up, wondered if she would ever see him again.

"I must go," she said. "I came—" She hesitated, and a sudden desire to have him know her as herself swept over her. It needed only another lie or two in the beginning, and then some truth would come through to sustain her. She went on: "I came because I wanted to know what you were like; Tom had talked so much of you, and I wanted some one to understand and perhaps explain; and now I must go and leave your warm, delightful room for the comfortless place I live in. Don't think too hardly of me."

Amory shook his head. "You don't leave me until you have had your tea." He rang the bell. "But what do you mean by a comfortless home? Does Mrs. White neglect you?"

She looked at the fire. "I don't live with her—now; I live alone; I work for my living."

Amory got up as the maid brought in the tea-tray, and setting it beside them, he poured out her tea; as he handed her the cup, he brought his brows together sternly, as though making out her very mysterious words.

"You work for your living?" he repeated. "I thought you lived with Mrs. White, and that they were well off."

"I did, but now I've come back to my real life, which I would have left had I married Tom."

He nodded. "I see. I had heard awfully little about it all; I was away, and then it was so quickly done."

"I know," she went on, hurriedly; "but let me tell you, and you will understand me better later—that is, if you want to understand me."

"Most certainly I do." Amory sustained the strange sad gaze of her charming, heavy-lidded eyes in a sort of maze. Her mat skin looked white, now that her blushes were gone, and her delicate, irregular features a little pinched. He drank his tea and watched her while she talked.

"I teach music," she began; "to do it I left my relations in the country and came to this horrible great city. I have one dreary, cold room, as unlike this as two rooms can be. I have tried to make it seem like a home, but when I saw this I knew how I had failed."

"Poor little girl!" said Amory.

"I have the ordinary feelings of a girl," she went on, "and yet I see before me the long stretch of a dreary life. I love music; I hear none but the strumming of children. I like pictures, books, people; I see none. I like to laugh, to talk; there is no one to laugh with, to talk to. I am very—unhappy." The last words were spoken very low, but the misery in them touched Amory deeply.

"Poor little girl!" he said again, and gently laid his hand on the arm of her chair. "But how can Tom know this and let you go? You are mistaken in Tom, I am sure, and—"

The girl straightened her slender figure and rose. "Oh no! it is all right. He doesn't love me, your Tom; and so the world goes— I must go, too. I—"

"Don't go," said Amory. "Let me—"

She shook her head. "You have no more to do; you have comforted and warmed and fed a hungry wanderer, and she must make haste home. Thank you for everything; thank you."

Amory felt a pang as she stood up. Not to see her again—why, that was absurd! Why should he not see her? She had quarrelled with Tom, yes, and perhaps the family might be hard on her; but he—he understood, and why should he shake off her acquaintance? She was not for Tom. Well, it was just as well. How could any one think this girl would suit Tom—big-bearded, clumsy, excellent fellow that he was?

He put out his hand. "Mary," he said.

The girl stared at him with eyes suddenly wide open; he smiled into them.

"I have a right to call you that," he proceeded, "haven't I? I might have been your brother." He took her hand, and then laughed a little. "I am almost glad I am not. You wouldn't have suited Tom, and as a sister, somehow, you wouldn't have suited me!" He laughed again. "But"—he hesitated; she still stared straight up at him with her soft, dark eyes, and he thought them very beautiful—"but why shouldn't I see you—not as a brother, but an acquaintance—a friend? You say you need them. Tell me where you have this room of yours?"

The vivid beauty of her blush startled him, and she drew her hand quickly from his.



"THERE," SHE SAID; "READ MRS. WHITE'S NOTE, AND THEN THAT"

"Oh no!" she said, hurriedly. "Let things drop between us; here—forever."

Amory stood before her with an expression which reminded her of his description of himself—obstinate; yes, he looked it.

"Why?" he urged. "Just because you are not to marry Tom, is there any reason why we should not like each other—is there? That is—if we do! I do," he laughed. "Do you?"

Her lids had dropped; she looked very slim, and young, and shy. "Yes," she said.

It gave Amory a good deal of pleasure for a monosyllable.

"Well, then, your number?" he said.

She shook her head.

"I'll ask Tom," he retorted. "He will tell me."

He was baffled and curiously charmed by the smile that touched her sharply curved young mouth.

"Tom may," she said.

"I was ready to accept you as a sister," he persisted, "and you won't even admit me as a casual visitor!"

She took a step toward the door. "Wait till you hear Tom's story," she said.

Amory stared curiously at her. "Do you think he will be vindictive, after all?" he said. "Why should he be, if what you say is just?"

She paused. "Wait till you see Tom and Mrs. White; then if you want to know me, why—" She was blushing again.

"Well," Amory demanded, "what shall I do?"

She looked up with a sort of childish charm, curling her lip, lighting her eyes with something of laughter and mischief. "Why, look for me and you'll find me."

"Find you?" repeated Amory, bewildered.

She nodded. "Yes, if you look. Tomorrow will be Sunday; every one will be going to church, and I with them. Stand on the steps of this house at 10.30 precisely, and look as far as you can, and you will see—me. Good night."

"Good night." Amory took her hand. "Let me see you home; it's dark."

She laughed. "You don't lack persistency, do you?" she said, with a sweet-

ness which gave the words a pleasant twist. "But don't come, please. I'm used to taking care of myself; but—before I go let me write my note also." She went to the desk and scratched a line, and folding it, handed it to him. "There," she said; "read Mrs. White's note and then that, but wait till you hear the house door bang. Promise not before."

"Please—" began Amory.

"Promise," she repeated.

"I promise," he said, and again they shook hands for good-by.

"That's three times," thought the girl as she went to the door, and turning an instant, she smiled at him. "Good-by." The door closed softly behind her, and Amory waited a moment, then went to it, and opening it, listened; the house door shut lightly, and seizing his notes, he stood by the window in the twilight and read them. The first was as follows:

"DEAR MR. AMORY,—Mary and I had to return unexpectedly to Cleveland. Forgive our missing this chance of meeting you, but Mr. White's note is urgent, as his sister is very ill. Mary regrets greatly not seeing you before the wedding.

Yours sincerely,

BARBARA WHITE."

Amory threw the paper down. "Do I see visions?" he cried, and hastily unfolded the second; it ran as follows:

"Forgive me; I got into the wrong house, the wrong room. I was very tired, and my latch-key fitted, and I didn't know until I saw your fire, and then you came. Don't think me a very bold and horrid girl, and forgive me. Your fire was so warm and bright, and—you were kind. M."

Amory stared at the paper a moment; then, catching his hat and flying down the stairs, opened the outer door.

The night was bitter cold, with a white frost everywhere; but in the twilight no solitary figure was in view; the long street was empty. He ran the length of it, then back to his room, and throwing down his hat, he lit his pipe. It needed thought.



THE MARSH GOLD IS NOW STACKED IN TREASURIES

Marshes

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

AS you look down the seaward level of the marsh under a cloudless sun still mounting, and near the slack water of its noon, the shagginess before you is a close-cropped fur. There is no chance for the grass blade of double face—that owns both radiance and dark.

But later and late, when spines of blue shade from hardy bordering savins dart out across the marsh, like skaters at pastime, then its spaces are modelled and moulded into hassocks of dimpled shadow.

You discover it has variation, whereas morning laid it before you flat as a pan. The plain places are now made rough for

your delight. The happy eye runs among these modulations as an accustomed finger on the keyboard, making a music from such rhythm. The music of the eye.

Over its hollows are shaken intricate patterns of bearded grasses, knotted fantastically. Along little runs of babbling sea-water are sown long thin acres of moving purple, soon to be garnered of evening into the diurnal harvestry of shadows.

The west wind that rears strange cities of pearl from a horizon of mingled indigo and magenta, and domes them in aerial blue, lets loose a scurrying army of shadows. They coast on the plain; like



THE MARSH IS THE MOST RESERVED OF ALL LANDS

that of an ice-boat is the speed of their sliding passage.

Their mystery shall enhance at times the breadth and perspective of this open land; their prankishness reveal, at sunlit moments, a league-distant spire, a warm pyramidal gable, notes of brilliancy enfolded in swathing violet.

When the canny juggler of the lower sky sends up ball after ball of dun-colored cloud, and plays with them over the sky in cross-current and freaky gust, their dainty planes of moving shadow run swiftly underneath, like a second game which must be carried on in dexterous mimicry. Fades the tiny ball into air itself—whist! its double is tangled in reeds, lost in the pool. Or if the magician deftly pat and model his unreluctant little cloud until it flush into an airy face, mocking, dissolving, laughing, or

melting into a sort of skyey marriage with some other hastening neighbor who dances forward, hand outstretched, their faithful earthy similitudes of air-spun dark prove quick in sympathetic change.

Sometimes these little Ariels are bearing messages across this world of blowing grass to the unguessed folk inhabiting its cool recesses. Again, they dash towards you with gifts and surprises from that horizon and lay them all at the threshold of your happy mind.

And, as nearing sun and drumlin become at last confounded, one long emissary after another flits out from pasture edge across the leagues of marsh to hale back his fellow. But they all flit together and fleet away into a horizon of disguise. A blur of mystery follows their rustling, and only a cricket closes the curtain.

Then draws near the marsh hour of reticence.

However far the moon probe silver index along a creek noiselessly filling with sea, however limpid the strange enamel of its light brimming the *champlervé* of the plain, little is divulged and less denoted. By the dim runnel floats an evanescence of sweet grass, hidden, shy. Savored once, it is already vanished; yet, keener, sweeter under the flood of dew than when day seeks it out and crushes it in heat, it is yours once more by the next fence, though at last it slip away.

Your fancy must step with twilight as it withdraws. Long huddled caravans of marsh-oak are encamped, their ungainly beasts of the desert loose-hobbled for the night. The stacks beyond, looming in wavering mist, are hooded tents of vagrants and wanderers, crouching for an hour.

Is it the vast river, flowing silently there? Are those its templed recesses, indeterminate, stretching into the vague? Strange birds bark out of the silence. Gigantic forms sway in closing gloom. Even the moon is drowned. And only that broad Something like a Nile floods steadily through your dreams that night—flowing from rock-cut faces to a delta.

The marsh is the most reserved of all lands. Self-appointed, it is careless keeper of unhedged preserves. For in summer its tide of coarse rank grass fulls deep above ooze and black mud.

Your dog's inquisitive plume may wave over its less treacherous levels as he dashes after wild fowl already risen. Cows stray a little from plashy sloping meadows into rich foot-holes. Unseen snake may trail sinuous grasses around the little hummock, exploring mole or field-mouse astray slip or slop horribly in a miniature quagmire. But the debatable land once fairly past, the voice of the marsh is upheld by wing alone.

Dike-paths across it there be, invisible for folding grass (save when the farmer



AN OVERFLOW OF SWAMP COLOR

passes, knee-deep), guarded by wrecks of obsolete salt-mills—black cripples on whom depredation of pirate wind and man have done disaster and disarray. And below the brilliance of landward dune, flecked by olive-bush and scrawl of tough unsubmerged root, the old light-house mare may plod with older master through heavy cart track. There the boys hurry down to the Neck to bathe. The young folk on a Sunday flock by it to the beach. But the marsh in its humming radiance, lit by dragon-fly, nicked by swallow, haunted by cry of plover, draws undisturbed its double breath of life.

Little creeks, fingering estuaries, lesser ditches and runs, bring the far sea, booming unseen behind its dune wall, miles inland—salt to salt grass. Its strength percolates the ooze, and the tough, light stems of vigorous grass stand deep in a tide not obvious, invisible—a sort of secret heart of delight. How must the marsh await this driving pulse of the sea! And its upper waving and blossoming know both sea and land wind, the summer squall, the hydra of August thunder-head, and sudden dark that falls.

In September the marsh is peopled. Its lovely solitudes invaded, man comes to seek that which he terms his own. Little has he toiled for it. No dressing has he laid thereon. A windy March finds no sower striding across those locked barrens. Ploughing and delving therein is none, save by the primal forces that harrow at their will. And by the most devious of ways, the volcanic intermittent power sifting and dissecting the deep marsh loam comes from a moon beyond our immediate ether.

Without stimulation or cultivation of man, it has attained a proud maturity. He lays scythe to it in the neap tides, evading the real master, who bubbles into laughter in the outer bay, with regal strength to give and give again, spending carelessly in the law of truest giving.

From red farms far up the creek road where flame the maples, antique wagons come shackling over the uneven marsh roads, threading island after island. The old horses are tethered in the alders. Luncheon, stone bottle, an extra friendly

coat of autumnal hue for the frosty evening drive, these are tucked under the seat, and the little army of workers is spread out over the marsh.

Then appear strange domed cities along its rifled spaces. The marsh gold is now stacked in treasuries. As each rises, men upon it trample and pack close, making splendid shapes of action and motion against a rollicking sky.

And this is done not for a day. For, in the more inaccessible spots, the winter frost only can unseal these treasuries, and they be then available and withdrawn.

So with some lurking doubt of that old master who may be creeping silently near, and whose October and wintry power they distrust, the men build little Stenenge-like foundations, through which a tide may run. And, indeed, as one sees them at times, unroofed, scarring the marsh with their circular notches, it is as if prehistoric giants had left here their camp-fire or altar signs.

Now is the velvet of the marsh clean shorn away. Grooves and ugly furrows everywhere show the serrate path of machine. In their angular gashes the iridescent glaze of salty deposit shines in sunlight. Aerid marsh gas startles the sense as one adventures uncertain footing.

But wait a little until the winds have combed this ruffled surface, and the autumnal noon warmth has mellowed these poor stumps of grass and castaways of stick and stem. A glory unlike any budding April emanation shall enwrap the limitless russet and olive stretches and their coiling tide-runs.

Patch by patch, stains of bulbous samphire gather about the reaches. Its fine crimsons fleck the level distances. It is an overflow of swamp color, an escape from pasture brilliancies.

And the rose-gray of rosemary waves in delicate tufts, each as exquisitely upright as though some dainty child had been planting here a perishable garden. But the rosemary holds fast.

The marsh islands are glowing for miles and miles. Their undiminished orange and embrowned scarlet flash from the varied perspective like signals at sea. Over them is a stubborn sky of intense blue that fights winter to the death, and is sown already with a great wind,



EVEN THE MOON IS DROWNED

wreaking dearth among the oaks and those quivering poplars that tremulously fringe the swampy lowlands. And the great stacks on their staddles shine, polished gold and ruddy, against the inflamed copses, the breezy purples of far away, the greener spaces of lower sky.

If the flood be out upon the marsh, and your dory with it, you may nose up many a run, under the shadow of the domed houses, and see the fresh tide laving their trailing thatch, and their semblances keen in its thin lucid mirror, wherein shines also the faint laughing visage of this amphibious land.

The excitement of poling above the stubble, far into the heart of such silence, is intense. As the last laborer turned from the ravaged marsh, the sea master followed these retreating footsteps. With him you seem to venture into an unknown country of surprise, wherein the accustomed face of nature is varied and alert, a country neither stable nor quite safe. For if you watch not your tide and

keep no wary eye upon the dark serpent of a run you have trailed, the tide, drawing back to its bay again, laden with floating stock and wreck of weed, may leave you on a quaking soil, impossible for flesh or fish.

The marsh has renewed its equanimity. The foot of man has stepped from it, and purified, saline, compensated, it breathes in the hollow of a dream. And through the slumbrous Indian summer, when haze descends on the broads and irradiates the gleaming island farms, it lies unconscious of aught save the white wing and the regularity of tide.

And when frost is etched deep and ice hangs thick-lipped on the creeks, and great floes rise and crack with impulsion from the sea, the marsh then, in gold and white, awaits its final despoilment.

Long after, in loneliness and desertion, it trembles at the cannonade upon the bar, and feels the spume and showering spray borne inland by Atlantic gales. Terrible hosts war upon it in blind darkness. It



TOUGH, LIGHT STEMS OF VIGOROUS GRASS STAND DEEP

is shaken by thundering feet, pierced by their javelins. There is no neutral ground. Such open territory is invaded. And the foe is scornful, and would rather rage on an ocean, resonant, electric, replying. It withdraws to sea, and the pallor of a wintry sun strikes on desolation and a few dishevelled domes.

But long after, it feels the stir of spring tides far down in its unlocking

heart, and stretches in a lighter sleep as the geese cry over—northerly.

And the tamed birds at the marsh farm hearken too, and start from their hollows, craning their necks, straining cropped wings, yearning after that racial call in the midnight as it sweeps by on splendor of gray wing—all life, returning. life into regions still touched with death!



The Case of Mr. Helmer

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

HE had really been too ill to go; the penetrating dampness of the studio, the nervous strain, the tireless application, all had told on him heavily. But the feverish discomfort in his head and lungs gave him no rest; it was impossible to lie there in bed and do nothing; besides, he did not care to disappoint his hostess. So he managed to crawl into his clothes, summon a cab, and depart. The raw night air cooled his head and throat; he opened the cab window and let the snow blow in on him.

When he arrived he did not feel much better, although Catharine was glad to see him. Somebody's wife was allotted to him to take in to dinner, and he executed the commission with that distinction of manner peculiar to men of his temperament.

When the women had withdrawn and the men had lighted cigars and cigarettes, and the conversation wavered between municipal reform and *contes drolatiques*, and the Boznovian attaché had begun an interminable story, and Count Fantozzi was emphasizing his opinion of women by joining the tips of his overmanicured thumb and forefinger and wafting spectral kisses at an annoyed Englishman opposite, Helmer laid down his unlighted cigar and, leaning over, touched his host on the sleeve.

"Hello! what's up, Philip?" said his host, cordially; and Helmer, dropping his voice a tone below the sustained pitch of conversation, asked him the question that had been burning his feverish lips since dinner began.

To which his host replied, "What girl do you mean?" and bent nearer to listen.

"I mean the girl in the fluffy black gown, with shoulders and arms of ivory, and the eyes of Aphrodite."

His host smiled. "Where did she sit, this human wonder?"

"Beside Colonel Farrar."

"Farrar? Let's see,"—he knit his brows thoughtfully, then shook his head. "I can't recollect; we're going in now and you can find her and I'll—"

His words were lost in the laughter and hum around them; he nodded an abstracted assurance at Helmer; others claimed his attention, and by the time he rose to signal departure he had forgotten the girl in black.

As the men drifted toward the drawing-rooms, Helmer moved with the throng. There were a number of people there whom he knew and spoke to, although through the increasing feverishness he could scarce hear himself speak. He was too ill to stay; he would find his hostess and ask the name of that girl in black, and go.

The white drawing-rooms were hot and overthronged. Attempting to find his hostess, he encountered Colonel Farrar, and together they threaded their way aimlessly forward.

"Who is the girl in black, Colonel?" he asked; "I mean the one that you took in to dinner."

"A girl in black? I don't think I saw her."

"She sat beside you!"

"Beside *me*?" The Colonel halted, and his inquiring gaze rested for a moment on the younger man, then swept the crowded rooms.

"Do you see her now?" he asked.

"No," said Helmer, after a moment.

They stood silent for a little while, then parted to allow the Chinese minister thoroughfare,—a suave gentleman, all antique silks, and a smile "thousands of years old." The minister passed, leaning on the arm of the general commanding at Governors Island, who signalled Colonel Farrar to join them; and Helmer drifted again, until a voice repeated his name insistently, and his hostess leaned forward from the brilliant group surrounding her, saying: "What in the

world is the matter, Philip? You look wretchedly ill."

"It's a trifle close here, — nothing's the matter."

He stepped nearer, dropping his voice: "Catharine, who was that girl in black?"

"What girl?"

"She sat beside Colonel Farrar at dinner,—or I thought she did—"

"Do you mean Mrs. Van Sielen? She is in white, silly!"

"No—the girl in black."

His hostess bent her pretty head in perplexed silence, frowning a trifle with the effort to remember.

"There were so many," she murmured,—"let me see:—it is certainly strange that I cannot recollect. Wait a moment! Are you sure she wore black? Are you *sure* she sat next to Colonel Farrar?"

"A moment ago I was certain—" he said, hesitating. "Never mind, Catharine; I'll prowl about until I find her."

His hostess, already partly occupied with the animated stir around her, nodded brightly; Helmer turned his fevered eyes and then his steps toward the cool darkness of the conservatories. But he found there a dozen people who greeted him by name, demanding not only his company but his immediate and undivided attention.

"Mr. Helmer might be able to explain to us what his own work means," said a young girl, laughing.

They had evidently been discussing his sculptured group, just completed for the new facade of the National Museum. Press and public had commented very freely on the work since the unveiling a week since; critics quarrelled concerning the significance of the strange composition in marble. The group was at the same time repellent and singularly beautiful; but nobody denied its technical perfection. This was the sculptured group: A vaquero, evidently dying, lay in a loose heap among some desert rocks. Beside him, chin on palm, sat an exquisite winged figure, calm eyes fixed on the dying man. It was plain that death was near; it was stamped on the ravaged visage, on the collapsed frame. And yet, in the dying boy's eyes there was nothing of agony, no fear, only an intense curiosity as the lovely winged figure gazed straight into the glazing eyes.

"It may be," observed an attractive girl, "that Mr. Helmer will say with Mr. Gilbert,

"It is really very clever,

But I don't know what it means."

Helmer laughed and started to move away. "I think I'd better admit that at once," he said, passing his hand over his aching eyes;—but the tumult of protest blocked his retreat, and he was forced to find a chair under the palms and ferns. "It was merely an idea of mine," he protested, good-humoredly,—“an idea that has haunted me so persistently that, to save myself further annoyance, I locked it up in marble."

"Demoniac obsession?" suggested a very young man, with a taste for morbid literature.

"Not at all," protested Helmer, smiling; "the idea annoyed me until I gave it expression. It doesn't bother me any more."

"You said," observed the attractive girl, "that you were going to tell us all about it."

"About the idea? Oh no, I didn't promise that—"

"Please, Mr. Helmer!"

A number of people had joined the circle; he could see others standing here and there among the palms, evidently pausing to listen.

"There is no logic in the idea," he said, uneasily,—“nothing to attract your attention. I have only laid a ghost—"

He stopped short. The girl in black stood there among the others, intently watching him. When she caught his eye, she nodded with the friendliest little smile; and as she started to rise she shook her head and stepped back with a gesture for him to continue.

They looked steadily at one another for a moment.

"The idea that has always attracted me," he began, slowly, "is purely instinctive and emotional, not logical. It is this: As long as I can remember I have taken it for granted that a person who is doomed to die, never dies utterly alone. We who die in our beds—or expect to—die surrounded by the living. So fall soldiers on the firing-line; so end the great majority,—never absolutely alone. Even in a murder, the murderer

HE STOPPED SHORT, THE GIRL IN BLACK INTENTLY WATCHING HIM

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark



at least must be present. If not, something else is there.

"But how is it with those solitary souls isolated in the world,—the lone herder who is found lifeless in some vast waterless desert, the pioneer whose bones are stumbled over by the tardy pickets of civilization,—and even those nearer us,—here in our city,—who are found in silent houses, in deserted streets, in the solitude of salt meadows, in the miserable desolation of vacant lands beyond the suburbs?"

The girl in black stood motionless, watching him intently.

"I like to believe," he went on, "that no living creature dies absolutely and utterly alone. I have thought that, perhaps in the desert, for instance, when a man is doomed, and there is no chance that he could live to relate the miracle, some winged sentinel from the uttermost outpost of Eternity, putting off the armor of invisibility, drops through space to watch beside him so that he may not die alone."

There was absolute quiet in the circle around him. Looking always at the girl in black, he said:

"Perhaps, those doomed on dark mountains or in solitary deserts, or the last survivor at sea, drifting to certain destruction after the wreck has foundered, finds death no terror, being guided to it by those invisible to all save the surely doomed. That is really all that suggested the marble,—quite illogical, you see."

In the stillness, somebody drew a long, deep breath; the easy reaction followed; people moved, spoke together in low voices; a laugh rippled up out of the darkness. But Helmer had gone, making his way through the half-light toward a figure that moved beyond through the deeper shadows of the foliage—moved slowly and more slowly. Once she looked back, and he followed, pushing forward and parting the heavy fronds of fern and palm and masses of moist blossoms. Suddenly he came upon her, standing there as though waiting for him.

"There is not a soul in this house charitable enough to present me," he began.

"Then," she answered, laughingly, "charity should begin at home. Take

pity on yourself—and on me. I have waited for you."

"Did you really care to know me?" he stammered.

"Why am I here alone with you?" she asked, bending above a scented mass of flowers. "Indiscretion may be a part of valor, but it is the best part of—something else."

That blue radiance which a starless sky sheds lighted her white shoulders; transparent shadow veiled the contour of neck and cheeks.

"At dinner," he said, "I did not mean to stare so,—but I simply could not keep my eyes from yours—"

"A hint that mine were on yours, too?"

She laughed a little laugh so sweet that the sound seemed part of the twilight and the floating fragrance. She turned gracefully, holding out her hand.

"Let us be friends," she said,—“after all these years."

Her hand lay in his for an instant; then she withdrew it and dropped it caressingly upon a cluster of massed flowers.

"Forced bloom," she said, looking down at them, where her fingers, white as the blossoms, lay half buried. Then, raising her head, "You do not know me, do you?"

"Know you?" he faltered,—“how could I know you? Do you think for a moment that I could have forgotten you?"

"Ah, you have not forgotten me," she said, still with her wide smiling eyes on his; "you have not forgotten. There is a trace of me in the winged figure you cut in marble,—not the features, not the massed hair, nor the rounded neck and limbs,—but in the eyes. Who living, save yourself, can read those eyes?"

"Are you laughing at me?"

"Answer me; who alone in all the world can read the message in those sculptured eyes?"

"Can you?" he asked, curiously troubled.

"Yes; I, and the dying man in marble."

"What do you read there?"

"Pardon for guilt. You have foreshadowed it, unconsciously,—the resurrection of the soul. That is what you have left in marble for the mercilessly

just to ponder on; that alone is the meaning of your work."

Through the throbbing silence he stood thinking, searching his clouded mind.

"The eyes of the dying man are your own," she said. "Is it not true?"

And still he stood there, groping, probing through dim and forgotten corridors of thought toward a faint memory scarcely perceptible in the wavering mirage of the past.

"Let us talk of your career," she said, leaning back against the thick foliage,— "your success, and all that it means to you," she added, gayly.

He stood staring at the darkness: "You have set the phantoms of forgotten things stirring and whispering together somewhere within me. Now tell me more; tell me the truth."

"You are slowly reading it in my eyes," she said, laughing sweetly. "Read and remember."

The fever in him seared his sight as he stood there, his confused gaze on hers.

"Is it a threat of Hell you read in the marble?" he asked.

"No, nothing of destruction, only resurrection and hope of Paradise. Look at me closely."

"Who are you?" he whispered, closing his eyes to steady his swimming senses. "When have we met?"

"You were very young," she said, under her breath—"and I was younger,—and the rains had swollen the Canadian river so that it boiled amber at the fords; and I could not cross—alas!"

A moment of stunning silence; then her voice again: "I said nothing, not a word even of thanks when you offered aid. . . . I—was not too heavy in your arms, and the ford was soon passed,—soon passed. That was very long ago." Watching him from shadowy sweet eyes, she said:

"For a day you knew the language of my mouth and my arms around you, there in the white sun-glare of the river. For every kiss taken and retaken, given and forgiven, we must account:—for every one, even to the last.

"But you have set a monument for us both, preaching the resurrection of the soul. Love is such a little thing,—and ours endured a whole day long! Do you remember? Yet He who created love,

designed that it should last a lifetime. Only the lost outlive it."

She leaned nearer:

"Tell me, you who have proclaimed the resurrection of dead souls, are you afraid to die?"

Her low voice ceased; lights broke out like stars through the foliage around them; the great glass doors of the ballroom were opening; the illuminated fountain flashed, a falling shower of silver. Through the outrush of music and laughter swelling around them, a clear far voice called, "Françoise!"

Again, close by, the voice rang faintly, "Françoise! Françoise!"

She slowly turned, staring into the brilliant glare beyond.

"Who called?" he asked, hoarsely.

"My mother," she said, listening intently. "Will you wait for me?"

His ashen face glowed again like a dull ember. She bent nearer, and caught his fingers in hers.

"By the memory of our last kiss wait for me?" she pleaded, her little hand tightening on his.

"Where?" he said, with dry lips. "We cannot talk here!—we cannot say here the things that must be said."

"In your studio," she whispered. "Wait for me."

"Do you know the way?"

"I tell you I will come; truly I will! Only a moment with my mother—then I will be there!"

Their hands clung together an instant, then she slipped away into the crowded rooms; and after a moment Helmer followed, head bent, blinded by the glare.

"You are ill, Philip," said his host, as he took his leave. "Your face is as ghastly as that dying vaquero's,—by Heaven, man, you *look* like him!"

"Did you find your girl in black?" asked his hostess, curiously.

"Yes," he said; "good night."

The air was bitter as he stepped out,—bitter as death. Scores of carriage lamps twinkled as he descended the snowy steps, and a faint gust of music swept out of the darkness, silenced as the heavy doors closed behind him.

He turned west, shivering. A long smear of light bounded his horizon as he pressed toward it and entered the sordid avenue beneath the iron arcade which



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"YOU!" HE BREATHED, AS SHE ENTERED

was even now trembling under the shock of an oncoming train. It passed overhead with a roar; he raised his hot eyes and saw through the tangled girders above the illuminated disk of the clock-tower—all distorted,—for the fever in him was disturbing everything—even the cramped and twisted street into which he turned, fighting for breath like a man stabbed through and through.

"What folly!" he said aloud, stopping short in the darkness. "This is fever—all this. She could not know where to come—"

Where two blind alleys cut the shabby block, worming their way inward from the avenue and from Tenth Street, he stopped again, his hands working at his coat.

"It is fever, fever!" he muttered. "She was not there."

There was no light in the street save for the red fire-lamp burning on the corner, and a glimmer from the Old Grapevine Tavern across the way. Yet all around him the darkness was illuminated with pale unsteady flames, lighting him as he groped through the shadows of the street to the blind alley. Dark old silent houses peered across the paved lane at their aged counterparts, waiting for him.

And at last he found a door that yielded, and he stumbled into the black passageway, always lighted on by the unsteady pallid flames which seemed to burn in infinite depths of night.

"She was not there—she was never there," he gasped, bolting the door and sinking down upon the floor. And, as his mind wandered, he raised his eyes and saw the great bare room growing whiter and whiter under the uneasy flames.

"It will burn as I burn," he said, aloud,—for the phantom flames had

crept into his body. Suddenly he laughed, and the vast studio rang again.

"Hark!" he whispered, listening intently. "Who knocked?"

There was some one at the door; he managed to raise himself and drag back the bolt.

"You!" he breathed, as she entered hastily, her hair disordered and her black skirts powdered with snow.

"Who but I?" she whispered, breathless. "Listen! do you hear my mother calling me? It is too late; but she was with me to the end."

Through the silence, from an infinite distance came a desolate cry of grief,—
"Françoise!"

He had fallen back into his chair again, and the little busy flames enveloped him so that the room began to whiten again into a restless glare. Through it he watched her.

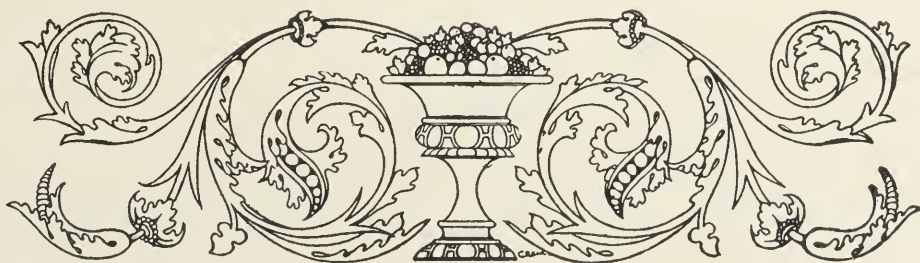
The hour struck, passed, struck and passed again. Other hours grew, lengthening into night. She sat beside him with never a word or sigh or whisper of breathing; and dream after dream swept him, like burning winds. Then sleep immersed him so that he lay senseless, sightless eyes still fixed on her. Hour after hour;—and the white glare died out, fading to a glimmer. In densest darkness, he stirred, awoke, his mind quite clear; and spoke her name in a low voice.

"Yes, I am here," she answered, gently.

"Is it death?" he asked, closing his eyes.

"Yes. Look at me, Philip."

His eyes unclosed; into his altered face there crept an intense curiosity. For he beheld a glimmering shape, wide-winged and deep-eyed; kneeling beside him, and looking him through and through.



Frontenac

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, L.H.D.

THE French were the first to look toward our own great country of the West, and Frontenac was their leader. Led on by the tempting beckoning of the Great Lakes, undeterred by the mighty Niagara, they continued in the direction in which they had embarked at St.-Malo or at La Rochelle. Once in the Far West, the waters still called to them, and they sailed down the Mississippi to the sea. Losing most of their magnificent territory to England in 1763, ceding the southern and most western parts to Spain in 1762, they regained the latter in 1800, and in 1803 sold it to the United States.

The westward-looking Frenchmen were inspired by the great colonial minister of Louis XIV. Colbert's prophetic genius filled the minds of French adventurers with enthusiasm, and sent them joyously into untrodden forests for the glory to be gained from contending with savage natives, and for the wealth that might be acquired without defiling trade or demeaning labor. In this era of French effort, and on the North-American continent, there also went on other contests than those with tribes of savages,—rivalries between systems of government and between different kinds of immigrants. Between the French and the English colonies, in the seventeenth century, there was a contrast which, in a small way, we are seeing revived in the early years of the twentieth century. There is no reason to doubt that the result of the experiment of 250 years ago will be repeated, although no such disaster can follow now as followed then. Briefly, the contrast then was between a colonial system the control of which was in the government at Paris and one which, practically at least, permitted the colonies to govern themselves. Here was a rivalry between a hampered company of adventurers, unpossessed of either religious or political liberty, comprising a

community whose every footstep was guarded by a power which distance made ignorant of local conditions, and, on the other side, companies of industrious Englishmen and Dutchmen, strengthening their sense of independence and of their self-sufficiency by resisting control from abroad. It was, in essence, a rivalry between a governed and a governing people, and the result proved the value of individual liberty and of independence in colonial as it has been always proved in other political affairs.

The poetry of French colonization is the poetry of a romantic time, the seeming truths of which are mainly fictions of dim woods. The French came to this country to spread the glory of God and of their King. They hoped to overcome the wilds in the hearts of men, as they hoped to push the borders of France far westward, but they placed upon both men and land the iron hands of absolute monarch and of absolute Church. The Jesuit priests dominated all, the civil power as well as the pagan Indian and the wandering *coureurs des bois*. The French King and his great minister clung to the notion that colonies are to be treated as if they were territorial divisions of the mother land, as if Governors-General and Intendants were to be jumped about by the pulling of strings in hands at Versailles, like the puppets who danced to the will of the central government in the departments of France,—as if a colony could possibly flourish when all its conduct, and the conduct of all its people, were governed and directed by those most ignorant of its conditions.

South of New France were New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. There life was stirring, and men, loving either liberty or trade, had come to build homes, to seize upon all the riches of the new land, and to make a

government of their own and for themselves. Their territory was not to be limited by the seacoast and by the Alleghany Mountains. It is true that they had not yet looked westward as the Frenchmen had, but they were contending with the Frenchmen for the trade in the East, and even for that in the West which the court of Versailles dreamed of monopolizing for the profit of those subjects to whom it gave trading privileges, and of those whom it had induced to quit their pleasant homes to go forth to the hardships and the rigor of the strange cold climate. Nova Scotia and Newfoundland with their fisheries were more profitable to Englishmen than to Frenchmen, and, wandering north in the pathway of Frobisher and Hendrik Hudson, English traders were entering the lands of the French north of the Great Lakes, and were reaping from the fur trade profits which had been presented by the great monarch to his favorites.

The charter which had been granted to Richelieu's Company of a Hundred Associates had expired, and in 1663 Canada became a royal province. Colbert had persuaded Louis XIV. to undertake the management of the country which was dedicated to missions and to the conversion of Indians. From it were excluded the Huguenots, who alone were willing to go there for the sake of establishing homes, while it was intended that its trade should enrich some favored noblemen who remained in France. This association which Champlain and Richelieu had brought into existence for resuscitating, or rather for creating, the fortunes of the dependent colony, had failed to accomplish its object—had failed, indeed, to undertake to accomplish its object. The Cardinal's consuming interest in the Thirty Years' War had prevented him from assisting it, or from hastening its ruin, as the case might be. No trade had been built up, and practically the only pursuits were the chase, and the fur trade which was its commercial expression. There was hardly any agriculture,—not enough to provide the food which was necessary to sustain the life of the colonists. France remained the nourishing mother of these people, who, for one reason or another, failed not only to live from their own

fields, but failed to break the virgin soil and to make fields. What agriculture there was was about Quebec. No fisheries had been established; no mines had been opened.

The Jesuits, who had been invited to the country by the Récollets, because these were too poor to carry on the chosen ecclesiastical work, dominated the new land. Their dream was to make of Canada a land of missionaries and of missions, to convert the Indian, and to create here a pure country devoted to the service of God. Never was there a higher ideal nor one less possible of realization. The zeal of these black-robed priests, their awful sufferings, the hideous outrages inflicted upon them by the Iroquois, their toils, their labors, and their sacrifices, have made one of the most harrowing pages of history, as well as one of the noblest of the many monuments to human fortitude and endurance. But however splendid their aspirations, the ecclesiastics certainly did not aid in the work of establishing a colony which might increase the glory of Louis or of France, or which might add to the sum of the world's civilization. They shut the door to wholesome immigration, and they did much to prevent the establishment or the maintenance of that profitable relation with the Indians which so greatly assisted our English forefathers to construct their states and to augment their profits. It is true also that they failed even in their efforts for the spiritual welfare of the Indians, and that, to the end, the rum of New England and New York was more potent with the savages than the gospel preached by devoted Jesuits.

The *coureurs des bois*, by illicit traffic, were injuring the French monopolists; by their illegal sale of brandy to the Indians in their own homes, were in a constant quarrel with the Jesuits and the civil authorities; and by their own vices were a scandal to New France and to the old France which had shipped them to the colonies. These defiant outlaws, the arbitrary and controlling Laval, who was the Bishop of Quebec, weak governors, and an ignorant or indifferent company had made Canada a feeble colony of about 3500 people with but one industry, and that a breeder of discord,

and with very little hope for the future. And it was this colony which Louis XIV. and his great minister undertook to build up, not as a rival so much as an absorber of England in the New World. This hostile England, it was intended, was to be cooped up along the coast of the Atlantic, with a western boundary stopped, at the farthest, by the Alleghany Mountains. It was to be for a time, and until France had wholly swallowed her, about such a country as Count Vergennes was quite willing, in 1782, the United States should become as a result of our war of the Revolution. Gradually the great and crushing folds of France were to stretch out to the prairies beyond the Great Lakes, having first wound about the shores of Hudson's Bay; then they were to reach down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico. The vision was splendid. The now Great West thus came into the thoughts of men; but while the Frenchmen strove to push forward the boundaries of France, making her population thinner and thinner in proportion to her territory, Englishmen and Dutchmen toiled to build up governments that would protect and foster their industries. Between the two, their lands extending from the Hudson to Niagara, dwelt the fierce Iroquois. At these Champlain had fired the first shot which was ever heard upon the lake that bears his name; now, by their wars and by their cunning duplicity, these Indians were to stand in the way of French progress in the West, were to assist the thrifty enterprises, and to advance the material and political interests of the colonies to the south.

Louis XIV. was well served at the beginning of his Canadian experiment. His determination was to create a state, and he was not pleased with Laval's determination to construct a theocracy, although, in reality, no one helped Laval so far along his way. The King and his minister agreed in their colonial policy. They restrained the liberty of their distant subjects in order that monopoly might flourish. Yet his first move for the benefit of Canada, after his interest in the new land had been awakened, was to limit the rights of the Company of the West, to change its power to monopolize the fur trade to a power to levy duties

upon its skins, and to deprive it of its right to appoint a Governor and Intendant. He assumed that power himself. Thenceforth the government of the colony was to be political, tempered by ecclesiastical opposition.

In 1664 Daniel de Rémur, *Sieur de Courcelle*, was appointed Governor-General. Jean Baptiste Talon was named as Intendant, and, with them was the Marquis de Tracy, who was appointed viceroy for all America. Under Courcelle's government the colony flourished as it had not under former governors or under the complete monopolies of Richelieu and Louis XIV. The Mohawks were punished, the other tribes of the Five Nations begged for peace, and the Jesuit missions among the natives increased in number and grew in influence. The population, too, increased. Agriculture was stimulated by rewards, as were also large families. The court at Versailles and their representatives at Quebec made every effort, short of the one essential effort, to build up a colony that would be an ornament of the crown and an honor to France. Liberty, however, was to be still unknown in Canada; the door was kept shut to the most industrious citizens of the kingdom; and the contest between the Church and the state went on. Courcelle and Talon did their best, and Talon was one of the ablest statesmen ever employed by France at home or abroad. He seconded bravely Colbert's colonial policy. He hoped to encourage Canadian immigration; he pushed the useful works of the colony with energy.

The population had increased under this administration, by 1671, to 6000 people; but still it was not a land of such hardy, industrious, and intelligent pioneers as were the colonies farther south. Canada was a military colony. The King urged the soldiers of the Carignan-Salières regiment to remain, and of those who acquiesced the officers became feudal seigneurs and the men feudal tenants. It was during this administration, also, that French adventurers, La Salle among them, began to peer into the wildernesses of the West. Courcelle and Talon, the King's efficient officers, established the political interest in Canada alongside of the mis-

sionary interest, and pointed out the way which France should take, or at least the way in which she should try to go, during the coming period, which included the two administrations of Frontenac, the most brilliant epoch of Canadian history under French rule.

It was in 1672 that Louis de Buade, Comte de Palluau et de Frontenac, became Governor-General of Canada. Parkman said that Frontenac was "the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World." It could easily be added that he was the most remarkable European in America during the last thirty years of the seventeenth century. At the time of his appointment he was fifty-two years old, a soldier of broken fortunes, who had served the King faithfully and well in the wars in Flanders, Italy, and Germany. He was a brigadier-general (*maître de camp*) at Orbilletto, where his arm was broken. He was appointed to Canada to represent the King, and for a short time was without an Intendant. It is said that an Intendant was not appointed to act with Frontenac because of the count's known infirmities of temper. Colbert thought to try him alone.

The line between the powers of a Governor-General and those of an Intendant in Canada during this period is difficult to define; but, as a rule, the Governor-General was the personal representative of the King, and, especially, he exercised the military power, while the Intendant was charged with the police, judicial, and financial functions of the colony. Having the power over the purse and over police, he had the power over the country, and from every Intendant associated with him during his two administrations Frontenac suffered indignities and insults. He was the object of innumerable intrigues and the victim of some. It is evident that the

Intendant felt himself to be, and in reality he was, quite as independent of the Governor-General as was the bishop. The latter, too, was Frontenac's enemy.



LOUIS DE BUADE, COMTE DE FRONTENAC

Governor of New France, Sept. 12, 1672-Oct., 1682; and Oct. 12, 1689-Nov. 28, 1698

Frontenac's first administration extended from 1672 to 1682, and one of its chief traits was contention. Frontenac came to America with the purpose of being the King in the woods, and he found an organized ecclesiastical establishment with Bishop Laval at its head, who had intentions and plans for the colony which were quite different from his. In three years after his arrival at Quebec he was at war with every one. His fierce temper had blazed up over questions of precedence with the bishop. He undertook to punish the *coureurs des bois*, as the court desired, and he came into serious encounters with Perrot, the Governor of Montreal, who was their protector and who profited illicitly by

the fur trade, and with other adventures. On his first arrival he betrayed what seemed to be a democratic sentiment, for he organized a States General, providing for the representation of the nobility, the clergy, and the people. As such a body was contrary to the policy of the King, the Governor-General was amicably warned by Colbert, who told him that he should model his government on the governments of the provinces in France. Frontenac answered, like a true Frenchman of the reign of Louis, that he had no intention of creating a truly representative government, but he wished to display in these wilds the power and splendor of the royal representative. "Ces Etats - Généraux," he wrote Colbert, "ne furent pas qu'une cérémonie."

Although he was constantly in hot water with the ecclesiastical powers, with the Sovereign Council of the colony, and, later, with the Intendant; although he insisted on trying the Abbé Fénelon before a civil tribunal, ignoring the priest's right to a trial before an ecclesiastical court; although he offended both the King and Colbert, who listened to the complaints of Duchesneau, who was appointed Intendant in 1675 because Frontenac had already been accused so often that the confidence of the court was shaken in him,—yet he may be said to have been circumspect in beginning his quarrels. He rarely entered upon a new one until after the last ships of the year had left for France in the autumn, there being only one sailing each year. Thus he was safe from reproof from home for a long time to come, for news of his irascibility and its consequences could not possibly reach Versailles until the arrival of the next year's ships. Thus he gave himself a good year for a quarrel, and was safe from hearing anything from it from home for still another six months. Nevertheless the King and Colbert grew angry with him. They knew that he was hot of temper, that he was arbitrary, and that he was vain and self-assertive, so that they readily believed the stories which were told against him in the letters of complaint that went to France with each year's ships. They not only appointed an Intendant, most of whose time was subsequently devoted to enraging the home

authorities against the Governor-General, but they curbed him in a variety of ways. He and the bishop had at first appointed five members of the Sovereign Council. The King now took the power of appointment into his own hands, and in the combats between Frontenac and Duchesneau the court often upheld the latter. The priests, too, through their representatives and fellows in Paris, had the ear of the King daily, while Frontenac was limited in his correspondence with the court to an annual letter. So it was that after ten years of service he was recalled, and for the next seven years he was an idler about Versailles, hardly noticed by the King and his courtiers, while two Governors-General, La Barre and Denonville, demonstrated their inability to continue the work which Frontenac had marked out. Finally, after Canada seemed to be on the point of exhaustion; when the awakened Iroquois, feeling that the French were weak and that they were strong, were devastating the country to the very walls of Montreal; after they had murdered nearly the whole population of Lachine; when the French were apparently about to fall into the hands of their enemies, and when all the Indian tribes of the Five Nations and those of the West seemed about to unite for the purpose of handing over to the English the trade and future of America,—the King sent for his veteran, now seventy years of age, and gave him again the office of Governor-General of Canada. "I send you back to Canada, where I count on your serving me as you served before; I ask nothing more of you," is what Louis is reported to have said to the old soldier whom he had removed from office seven years before because he had manifested some infirmities of temper when he was intrigued against and assailed for insisting upon trying to carry out the only policy which promised success to France.

Frontenac returned to America with the expectation of waging bitter war against the English colonies. The King had decided to take New York and to add it to the French dominions. By the accomplishment of this important task he was not only to secure the addition of a rich territory, but an ice-free port,

and freer trade with the Indians of the West. The Iroquois had stood across the path of the English and Dutch from Fort Orange to the Great Lakes, but, in return for abundance of rum, muskets, and powder and shot, arms for suicide and for war, they had opened to the southern speculators the gates of the fur trade, to the great annoyance and to the great damage of the French. La Barre and Denonville had insisted that Dongan, the Governor—called by the Indians the Corlaer—of New York, should refrain from interfering with these tribes, and especially should not interfere with the trade which belonged to France.

To all the foolish letters of La Barre and to all the stiff and indignant letters of Denonville, Dongan replied that the Iroquois were subject to King James, and that he would do as he would in respect of them. His emissaries stirred up the savages against the French, and Denonville had finally undertaken their punishment with disastrous consequences to Canada, and especially to Montreal and its suburb, Lachine. The impudent claims of these English had deeply moved and angered the King of France. He had undertaken to settle the matter by negotiation with his brother of England.

While James was willing, as we all know, to please Louis, Dongan and the New York colonists would no more obey his orders to cease from spoiling the Frenchmen than Massachusetts would surrender her charter because Charles demanded it. The English colonists were managing their own affairs, and they were performing their task with much more ability and much more skill than Louis and his ministers (Col-

bert, Seignelay, and Pontchartrain) conducted the business of their distant colony. When James's orders came to America they were misunderstood or



COMTESSE DE FRONTENAC

frankly disobeyed, or new conditions had arisen which would induce any clever colonial Governor to determine that the commands were no longer applicable. The trouble which these disobedient English gave to the French through their intrigues with the Iroquois led to much ill feeling at Quebec and to a good deal of annoyance at Versailles. Dongan was Catholic as well as Denonville, but when the latter accused him of bringing the Iroquois under the influence of heresy with his rum, his

unsatisfactory reply was that there was no more heresy in English rum than there was in French brandy. The real trouble was that the English sold rum openly to the Indians, while the trade in brandy was surreptitious because of the firm and in many respects fine opposition of Bishop Laval and the Jesuits. Moreover the English paid higher prices for otter-skins than were paid by the French. The troubles of the French increased when French *coureurs des bois*, tempted as were the Indians by the more liberal trading practices of the English, deserted and took refuge in New York. The French thought for a time that they might buy New York and be rid of their difficulties, but this idea was never seriously cherished. Callières, the Governor of Montreal, urged Louis to fit out a large expedition to capture New York, but the King was more concerned in attempting to aid James in Ireland. He could not spare the ships or the men or the money. He felt inclined, however, to deprive England of her American colonies, so he directed Frontenac to go out to his government with two ships, to take New York, imprisoning the rich anti-Catholics for a ransom, and transporting the poor to Pennsylvania or New England. It would have been a cruel project had it not become comical by reason of the failure of the wretchedly managed French marine to furnish the ships in time. Therefore the people of New England were not destroyed, while Protestants continued to live in New York.

Nevertheless, Frontenac began his *petites guerres* against the English settlers, and, in a series of border forays, killed and burned at Corlaer (Schenectady), at Salmon Falls in New Hampshire, at Pemaquid and at Casco Bay in Maine. He seems to have been forced to the bloody action by the situation in which he found Canada on his return. Not only had Denonville failed in his effort to punish the Iroquois and thus aroused their confidence in their own prowess, but he had excited the contempt of the allies of the French at Michilimackinac and the West. The Hurons, the Ottawas, the Sioux, the Illinois, and other tribes whose relations with the French had been the stay

of missionary, of trader, and of explorer, had lost confidence in French courage and trust in the power of New France to defend them against the Iroquois. These had been the common enemy of the Frenchmen and of Western Indians, and now the diplomats of the Five Nations were endeavoring, by taking advantage of this hostile and contemptuous feeling of the Western tribes, to break up the alliance and to bring these Indians and their trade entirely in their power. To awaken the confidence of these savage allies, Frontenac committed savage deeds on the English frontiers. This brought on a war between the colonies. Acadia was taken and retaken. Iberville made his successful raids on the forts in Hudson's Bay. The fleet of Sir William Phips appeared before Quebec, to the great surprise of Frontenac. No more insolent demand for a surrender was ever made by one honorable enemy upon another than that which Phips made upon Frontenac.

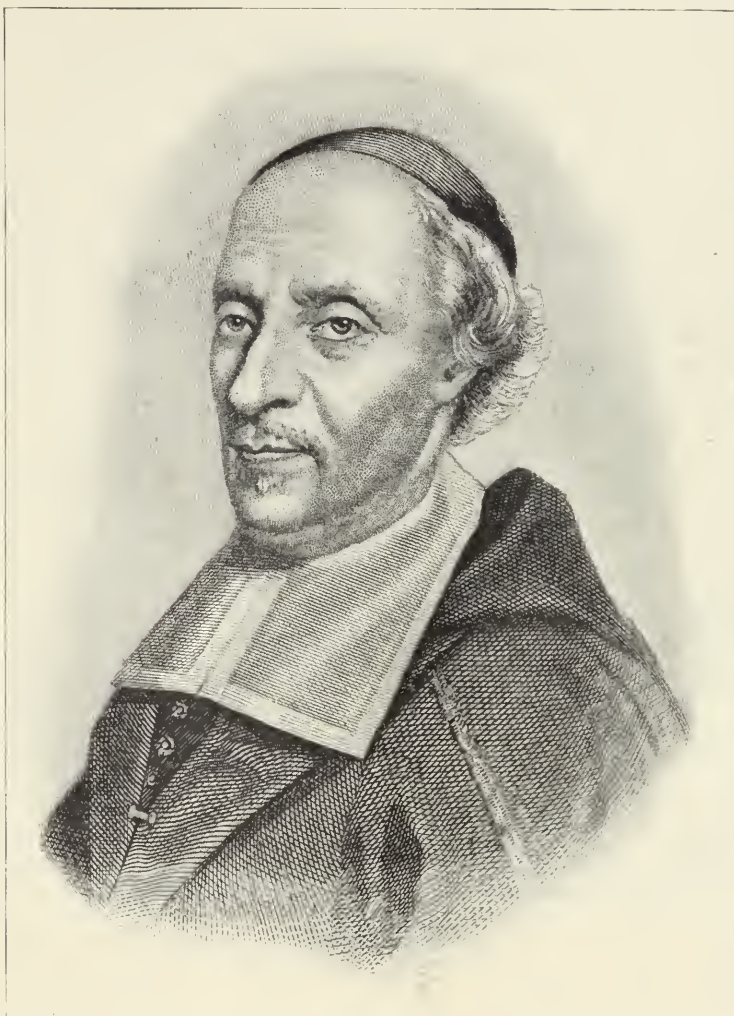
The French Governor-General, conscious of the weakness of his capital, of the lack of soldiers promised but not sent, received the blindfolded messenger of Phips in full uniform and surrounded by a gorgeous staff large enough and brilliant enough to meet the demands of an army great enough for the soldierly merits of such a commander as was Frontenac. In answer to the demand for the surrender of Quebec, Frontenac replied, pointing to his cannon, "I have no response to make to him but by the mouth of the cannon." Phips was defeated, and Massachusetts was forced by the expenses of this little war to issue her first paper currency.

Characteristically, Louis, who had conceived and ordered a destructive war against New York and New England, and had then failed to provide Frontenac with the means for carrying on the war, decorated himself in celebration of the victory which, notwithstanding, Frontenac had won. The medal struck for the victory was to Louis XIV., and the King wrote to Frontenac a letter of congratulation—the veteran's only recompense. The war went on not so much for the glory of France as for the preservation of the little which Denonville had left, and for the rehabilitation

of French repute. Frontenac was facing the wreck of his former work. His Fort Frontenac, which had protected his trading and exploring parties to the West, which had been commanded by the great La Salle, was demolished at the bidding of the English and the Iroquois. Niagara also had been abandoned, to their joy. Frontenac's Canada of 1682 was almost in ruins, and he was forced to wait before undertaking its rehabilitation for the conclusion of the wild-beast war which colony waged against colony—a war in which the French themselves turned savages, wore the dress of savages, burned Iroquois captives, and permitted their Indian allies to commit still greater cruelties upon enemies, who died in awful but suppressed agonies, singing their death-songs as the flames mounted to their lips.

The splendid energy of Frontenac seemed not to have abated in the least. He bore his burden of seventy years as if age had not made any inroad upon his strength. The little border war against the English had checked the latter's lucrative fur trade with the Western tribes who had been so nearly thrown into the arms of the Iroquois. In the midsummer of 1690 their canoes sailed down Lakes Erie and Ontario to Montreal with such loads of skins as the Canadian traders had not seen for many years. Speaking of the Indians, "There were fully five hundred of them," says Parkman, "Hurons, Ottawas, Ojibways, Pottawatamies, Crees, and Nipissings." They came with a hundred and ten canoes loaded with beaver-skins worth nearly a hundred thousand crowns. Soon after La Durantaye arrived from Michilimackinac, now Mackinaw in Michigan, with fifty-five more canoes. These were manned by French traders. The rejoicing was great. Canada was reviving. This great gathering of Indians and traders followed close upon the heels of

the murders and burnings and treacheries at Schenectady, Salmon Falls, Pemaquid, and Casco Bay. But the tide was to turn. Phips had captured Port



FRANÇOIS DE LAVAL, FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC

Royal in the spring, and was to appear before Quebec in October. Now, however, all was rejoicing, for the French domination seemed established, and the French influence had spread beyond the western point of Lake Superior, where Du Lhut had established himself, and south to the country of the Miamis and of the Illinois where Joliet and Père Marquette had voyaged, and where La Salle and Tonti had planted the arms and the flag of France, having made the Indians the friends of their country only to renew against them the fierce hostility of the Iroquois. Frontenac's policy appeared to prevail, and at a council of these visiting traders, savage Indians and savage *coureurs des bois*, the old soldier, seizing a hatchet and brandishing it

aloft, sang the war-song and danced before his guests. These joined him, and the peace which had been threatened was restored amid the signs of abundant profits. The old Onontio, the Indian name for the Governor of Canada, had come again. He was their stern and just father, so regarded by these savages that alone of all white men he could dance and sing the war-song before the Indians without impairment of the respect of the natives, who ordinarily looked with suspicion upon those who departed from the customs of their own people.

All the while two English expeditions were preparing, one against Montreal, and the one against Quebec under Phips. The land expedition against Montreal under the Connecticut Winthrop failed by reason of Indian treachery, internal discord, and the breaking out of small-pox. The expedition against Quebec failed because the mediocre Phips was overmatched by the genius of Frontenac. Still peace did not come, and the French in Canada were not left undisturbed. For years the Iroquois continued to assail outlying settlements and to murder wandering Frenchmen. War went on with the cruelties, the sufferings, and the hardships peculiar to the time and to the combatants. The French made bloody raids upon New England settlements. The hostility between New York and Canada became more and more intense as English Governors more and more stimulated Iroquois hostilities against the French. In the end, however, Frontenac broke the power of the Five Nations, while Iberville snatched the rich treasures of Hudson's Bay from the English. Frontenac's policy was to give to France the West and the Mississippi. He sought his object through his alliance with the Western Indians, by encouraging and sustaining the explorers, the soldiers, and the traders. Against him were the English working with the Iroquois, who, with an astute diplomacy worthy of the more cultured peoples of the time, played Englishman against Frenchman and Frenchman against Englishman, in the main to the advantage of the Dutch and English fur-dealers. Against him also were his enemies at home, the priestly and political people who did not accept his policy. The

Jesuits were opposed to him on moral grounds. The Intendants, Duchesneau in his first administration and Champigny in his second, opposed him for reasons of trade, of politics, of religion or morals,—for they were devoutly attached to the Church and to its rulers in Canada,—and because, too, they were men of small minds, jealous of the irascible, passionate, strong-headed count. He offended the priest by insisting upon the dominance of the civil power, and upon giving permission to wild and possibly dissolute youth to carry their cunning and their wiles into the woods to the injury of the Indian man, whom they supplied with brandy, and of the Indian woman whom they debauched. He offended the trader by establishing posts on the frontier where furs were bought, the Indians being there intercepted on their way to Montreal, where the "legitimate" traders expected to make all the profit which was to be gained from the business—the only business which can be said to have been carried on in Canada. Frontenac's policy was not well sustained at home, especially after Colbert placed the colonial business of the kingdom in the hands of his son, Seignelay. The King's mind was prejudiced against him by influences that were always at court, and Louis was too dull to see that Frenchmen scattered through the woods of a new country, dwelling among American Indians, could not be governed by the same methods that were successful restraints when applied to compact communities in the provinces of France.

During the war with the English, the Indians of the West and the Abenakis of the East remained true to France. Frontenac had inspired them with awe, or had attracted them by a personality which charmed at the court of Versailles or at a council-fire in the forest. At last, in 1697, Louis signed the Peace of Ryswick, and, in doing so, surrendered much which his American colony had gained, among the gains being those made by Iberville on the shores of Hudson's Bay, where French victories were too fresh to have been known in Europe when the treaty of peace was signed. The treaty put an end, for the moment, to the war between the French and the



HENNENPIN'S MAP OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA
From "A New Discovery," by Father Hennepin

English colonies, but hostilities broke out again. Accommodations which were satisfactory to Louis and to William in Europe could not put an end to the strife between Frenchmen whose prosperity was conditioned on a free path to the West past the Iroquois, and Englishmen whose gains depended upon blocking that pathway with the assistance of the Iroquois.

In two years after the signing of the Peace of Ryswick, and after a final order of the court forbidding passes to traders of the woods, which seemed to put a stop to French expansion to the West, and therefore to spell ruin to Frontenac's plans, this most brilliant figure of the new country died, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His work did not die with him, for it was taken up by his

successor, Callières, who had been Governor of Montreal, and Frontenac's friend. The treaty of peace which Frontenac was endeavoring to force upon the Iroquois was concluded after the death of the man whom the Indians called Onontio with a different feeling and a deeper significance than they expressed when they spoke of any of his predecessors.

This, in brief, is the history of Frontenac in Canada, an outline of the condition of the country, and of the policy which he pursued with logic and with passion. This policy prevailed until, in 1759, the English troops under Wolfe mounted to the Plains of Abraham, overcame Montcalm, and raised the English flag over the ramparts of Quebec. Frontenac was the great colonial Governor of his time in America.

The Lady Bountiful

BY MARIE MANNING

IT so happened that the Lady Bountiful had reached the ripe age of seven before realizing that her previous life had been given over wholly to the vanities of the world. Ever since she could remember she had been "oversolicitous"—that had been the bishop's expression—"about the things of earth." To the Lady Bountiful "the things of earth" meant the dessert to which she was always helped twice and sometimes three times, the delicious chocolate mice that sold for a cent apiece, and if eaten slowly—by a long-drawn-out, lapping process sternly disapproved of by grown-ups,—would turn beautifully white without losing their shape—at least for some time.

Undoubtedly she had been "oversolicitous" about these things; they "had entered into her heart and had dominion over it." She saw it all now, her "wilful blindness, her hardness of heart, the cry of the hungry making no sound in her deaf ears," as she sat very straight and still at the end of the pew, convicted of these things by the ringing voice of the bishop. Only now and then was her attitude of almost penitential rigidity rewarded by a glimpse of the great man in the pulpit,—the backs of the pews being high, and the Lady Bountiful having the brevity of stature to be expected at her time of life.

But now he turned and seemed to look directly at her as she sat rigid and a little pale, thrilled with the consciousness of those seven selfish years. She felt that he knew all about them, and that in his look there was something of personal accusation. Five cents had gone for chocolate mice the week before she had left home—five cents that might have bought bread and meat and fire and warm clothing for the poor. For the bishop had told a story about a Samaritan, and how he had found a poor man on the street, and had given a penny to an innkeeper to take care of him; and if

a penny had been enough to pay the poor man's hotel bill and his doctor, and to set him on a horse, how much further would not five pennies have gone? She hung her head; she could not meet the bishop's eye; and as she cowered before that accusing glance, again his deep-toned voice rang out, "And he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." With these words the bishop concluded his sermon and left the pulpit, his sweeping robe of silk rustling softly sacerdotal, as unlike as possible the impatient hissing of silk from the adjoining pews as the ladies turned and twisted in nervous relaxation from the strain of the great charity sermon.

But for the Lady Bountiful there was no relaxation,—too long had she been comfortable "in the mire of selfish content"; but those days were past, and in outward sign of her change of heart she would show no mercy to her spinal column. It was, indeed, no time for laggard acquiescence. Besides, by sitting very straight she was sometimes rewarded by a glimpse of the bishop who had wrought her conversion, as he sat on the raised scarlet dais at the right of the high altar.

The nose of the convert was on a line with the pew in front, and over this barrier peered two small bright blue eyes set wide apart, under what threatened to develop into a massive forehead. The pale yellow hair, fine as corn silk, was bisected by a tiny white alleyway that vanished into the line of the neck. Two infinitesimal braids, no thicker than wrapping-cord, tied with small knots of blue ribbon, protruded from beneath the round, flopping brim of the gray beaver hat. Not the most partial of parents could have called her pretty, but in the eager little face, in which nothing was defined but the big forehead, there were intelligence and the capacity for assuming responsibility.

The Lady Bountiful was on a visit to



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

SHE SAT VERY STRAIGHT AND STILL AT THE END OF THE PEW

her aunt in New York—a visit that had been cruelly disillusionizing from the first. In her own far-away Southern home the idea of visiting any one who lived in an apartment was enchanting. The unfamiliar word conjured up visions of romance. There was no up and down stairs in an apartment—this she had gathered from things said by her aunt. And in answer to her question, were apartments in New York all one-storied like the negro cabins, she had been told that many of them were a great deal higher than the court-house. After that the Lady Bountiful could not get to New York fast enough; she knew what they did in apartment-houses,—they flew like the fairies in her blue and gold book. The elevator was a cruel blow to an imagination attuned to flying, and “no up and down stairs” simply meant that up and down stairs belonged to some one else, and you could not play there. Her aunt was a “club-woman”; at first the Lady Bountiful had not the faintest idea what that meant, but by observing carefully she made up her mind that a “club-woman” was a lady who stayed away from home a great deal, and, when she came in, took books called “nencyclo-pædias” and wrote pieces out of them. Altogether, New York was a cruel disappointment, even if it was the “largest city in the Western Hemisphere,” as her geography stated.

That morning a new cook, as strangely insensible to the charms of the clubbish aunt as to those of the visiting niece, had announced her intentions of leaving forthwith “if thot child set futt again in the kitchen,” and the housemaid, anxious to placate the new official, for motives not wholly disinterested, had offered to take the incubus to church. And that had been the simple story of the Lady Bountiful’s conversion.

Now, tied in a hard knot in the corner of the Lady Bountiful’s travelling handkerchief—there had been two under-studies that bore the brunt of the trip—was the ten-cent piece that her father had given her the morning she left. To the little girl it seemed an enormous sum if invested in the necessities of life. And again she reflected sagely on the purchasing powers of the Samaritan’s penny. True, it would buy only ten

chocolate mice, but they were different. Grown people called things like that luxuries, and luxuries cost heaps of money. The Lady Bountiful went to the top bureau-drawer and took out the knotted handkerchief—the doom of her capital was sealed. The accommodating grocer who changed it into pennies some minutes later made no sale; he saw his unprofitable patroness depart, thought for a moment on her eagerness to change the identity of that particular coin, and wondered how she had come by it.

The dime reduced to coins of the realm of the lowest denomination—that her giving might the more closely resemble the conservatism of the Samaritan’s,—she awaited, with no small degree of excitement, the coming of the poor. But the neighborhood, one of the seventies, adjacent to the Riverside Drive, did not seem to be a favorite haunt with them. She knew they could be found if there had not been that foolish edict of her aunt’s that debarred her from crossing the street or going farther than the corner; but the unanimously wide berth that the needy seemed to give that thoroughfare would indicate that other of its residents had suffered from the same wilful blindness that had been hers before she heard the great charity sermon.

But she was rewarded one afternoon when an old lady sat on the curb at the corner and began to grind a perfectly mute instrument that was too far gone even to attempt a perfunctory wheeze. The Lady Bountiful was so alarmed lest this sole object of benefaction should escape that she ran to the mute, inglorious minstrel, and begged her to wait, please, till she could run home and get her a penny. The old lady was apparently as unresponsive as the box she ground, for she neither looked up nor gave any further signs of hearing when the Lady Bountiful, bending down, said, quite as close to her ear as she could persuade herself to go: “Won’t you please wait till I can get you a penny? Oh, don’t run away, please; I’ll be back immediately.”

The old lady was still grinding the box, that had not yet recovered its power of speech, when the Lady Bountiful returned, breathless, and deposited her penny in a dingy tin cup. The relief to the little

girl's conscience, after this almsgiving, was so great that she redoubled her efforts to secure other "worthy objects of charity." With her, worthy objects of charity were those who looked the part. The more ragged and unkempt, the more worthy. Now the purveyor of phantom music had been ideal in this respect, but after that one day she never came back to the corner, and the Lady Bountiful after a time had visions of her retiring from the musical profession on that penny, and "living happily ever after."

The nine remaining pennies that constituted the fund for the amelioration of the sufferings of the poor, therefore, remained intact in their place of hiding, behind a picture on the wall of her room, where they bided their time securely wrapped in many folds of paper.

"Did he or did he not want a penny?"

The Lady Bountiful had been on the point of turning in to her own house when the old gentleman came down the street, leaning rather heavily on his cane. In appearance he did not nearly approach the old lady with the music-box. In point of worthiness she had been conspicuous as to costume. Now with the old gentleman matters were different. He was poor, there could be no doubt as to that; his clothes looked quite green in the sunlight. Still, sometimes old gentlemen wore shabby clothes who did not require pennies. She might ask him; but suppose he should refuse, how uncomfortable it would make her feel. She ran down the steps to get a better view of him as he came toward her. His head was sunken into his shoulders, and this, together with the downward sweep of the features, made her think of a solitary old eagle that sat on the topmost perch of his big cage in the Park. Another look, and she drew back hastily, for though he might be sad and lonesome like the old eagle, he was not an appealing old gentleman. And if he really did not want a penny he looked quite capable of rejecting it in an utterly terrifying manner. The Lady Bountiful looked after him as he toiled down the street. His back was bent, and he looked so genuinely forlorn that it seemed almost as if he must be worthy. Perhaps he would have no dinner if she did not give it him.

But fear held her captive and the old gentleman went his way, leaving in his wake a little girl so harassed by timidity at doing what she thought was right, and fear as to her action's possible reception, that she could feel her heart choke in her throat as she ran after him, then turned back again, and finally sank down on the lowest step of her own house, wretched to the verge of tears.

The old gentleman went his way—and as he turned into Fifth Avenue several people craned their necks for a better look at him. The newspapers referred to him familiarly as "Uncle Dan'l," and he was perhaps the shrewdest financier in Wall Street.

As the Lady Bountiful ate her supper she was so beset with thoughts of the old gentleman going hungry to his bed that she left her bowl of bread and milk as a propitiatory offering to she knew not exactly what. If God were looking down and saw all things, as the bishop had said, then he would see that she had given up half her supper, and this, perhaps, in "some all-wise and omnipotent way," he would transfer to the old gentleman. Thereafter, the Lady Bountiful prayed nightly for strength to speak to the poor and ask them if they needed pennies. And at the same time she determined to run no risk of the worthy one's escape when once sighted. There must be no fatal loss of time in satisfying servants as to her reason for coming into the house. The fund, ready for immediate disbursement, must be in the hands of the almoner. Thus it came to pass that the treasure was taken out daily, nine round copper pennies that grew moist in the little hand that was so eager to help.

Two days later the Lady Bountiful again saw the old gentleman. He made his way down the street the same as before, head bent, eyes on the ground. But the Lady Bountiful scarce heeded these details, she was so rejoiced to know that he had not died of starvation owing to her late hesitation in offering the penny.

But as he came nearer she was again the victim of her own fears—how could she ask him if he wanted a penny? Maybe he was "poor but proud" like "Mark, the Match-boy," that she had just been reading about. She felt a hot wave sweep up and down her backbone as she

considered these things, and the hand that held the treasure trembled. The old gentleman was opposite the door now; every nerve in the Lady Bountiful's small body was aquiver, the tears came into her eyes as he walked past, and again she had been faint of heart. She watched him go slowly down the street, and all the great city did not harbor a more miserable little girl than the Lady Bountiful. As the distance between them increased there was a perceptible rise in her courage. Pshaw! What a silly she had been to be afraid! Didn't the martyrs go down into pits to be eaten up by wild beasts? and here she was afraid to ask a poor old gentleman if he would like to have a penny! The flame of her courage began to kindle. It burned through the small body till she was scarce conscious of what she did. A force impelled her to pursuit; she ran down the street, a flying figure, all legs and streaming hair. She overtook the old gentleman and mumbled something, but he did not seem to hear. He thought out things during his afternoon walk—things that made news and panics. She spoke again, and as he did not seem to notice, she took him by the hand and walked a few steps with him. The old gentleman became dimly aware that some one was tugging at his hand, and looked down to find a little girl talking up at him.

"Please," she asked, between gasps, "do you want a penny?" The old gentleman was slightly deaf, and "penny" was all he managed to make out. He concluded that the Lady Bountiful was asking him for a penny—"and a very forward thing, too, for a little girl to ask of an utter stranger."

"Eh? what did you say?" and he did not ask it sweetly.

The Lady Bountiful took breath, gasped, lost it again, and finally gulped out, "Please, would you like to have a penny?"

The old gentleman glared his amazement. "Yes, Sissy, I should like to have a penny. Indeed"—and she missed the twinkle in his eye—"I should like to have several pennies; the more the merrier, in fact."

He must be a very poor old gentleman to ask for several pennies, and again she wondered how he had managed about

his supper the other evening when she had wanted to give him one and had not dared.

"I would give you several pennies"—she was silent for a moment with the struggle of trying to say it,—“but I do not know if you are worthy?”

The old gentleman laughed explosively. "You must have been reading Wall Street news; but don't believe all they say about me. There are a couple of us who are not so black as we are painted."

The Lady Bountiful had heard the maxim as applied to some one not in Wall Street. "Yes," she answered, gravely, "and the other one is the devil."

This seemed to please the old gentleman immensely; he even chuckled, "Not the first time that I've been in such distinguished company," and, after a pause, "I suppose, Sissy, that your father has been buying 'Milling Valley,' eh, that you know so much about the company. I keep?"

"What is Milling Valley?" she inquired, vaguely.

"Those who are holding it don't seem to think much of it as a keepsake at present."

"I must be turning back now," she reminded him; "they never let me go further than the corner." She held out her hand; the old gentleman extended his with prim formality. He was not much addicted to hand-shaking, and made something of a ceremony of it.

"Good-by," she said, and ran as fast as she could up the street.

He looked in his hand; there were two dull copper pennies. "Well, I'll be—" said the old gentleman, and he finished the sentence.

At his home, which was not far from the neighborhood in which the Lady Bountiful lived, a private secretary was waiting for some further instructions about the mail that had been sent up from his downtown office. He concluded from "Uncle Dan's" manner, which was particularly dry, that he had been devising further schemes during his afternoon walk. But when the secretary's work was done, and when the old gentleman had sat down to his solitary dinner—he liked it solitary, and would have been the last to look for commiseration on that ground,—he took out the two pennies and looked at them



"PLEASE," SHE ASKED, "DO YOU WANT A PENNY?"

long and attentively. "Rot!" he exclaimed at length. "Some one put her up to it. Or"—and he sat up straight and furious—"it's those accursed papers!" He brought his feeble old fist down on the table. "That's it,—those blamed papers, they've got me again." He flung the pennies into the open fire. It was the first money "Uncle Dan'l" had ever thrown away.

He opened certain of the more enterprising evening papers with an ill-concealed alarm, lest he should read how he, the multimillionaire, had taken pennies from a little girl on the street. But though at that particular time many columns were devoted to him personally, from his financial schemes for squeezing the market, down to his well-known eccentricity of filling his pockets with apples furnished with the gratuitous luncheon enjoyed by a certain board of directors of which he was president, nothing was said about the little girl and the pennies, and "Uncle Dan'l" again found himself drawing a free breath. A week later a feeling that he was at a loss to classify impelled him not only to go down that same street, but to look carefully for that same little girl.

She was rolling a hoop rather disconsolately, and promptly caught it as the old gentleman drew near.

"I've been so worried about you," she began, with great candor. "I'm sorry I didn't give you more pennies the other day; I was afraid that two would not be enough. You haven't—" She hesitated to put such a bold question.

He finished for her,—*"I've managed to make out without them, but it was a tight pinch."*

"Yes," reflectively, "I felt from the first you were worthy; it has worried me lots."

"But it's never wise to be hasty," said the old gentleman. "Suppose that I had not been deserving, and you had given me that sum of money,—let's see, now, how much was it in good round numbers?"

"Nine cents in all," she answered, unconsciously bridleing with importance at being the custodian of such a sum.

"A great risk, disbursing so large a fund, eh? Where, if the question is not impertinent, may I ask, did you get it?"

And the Lady Bountiful told the story of her conversion by the bishop's charity sermon, and how she had changed her dime into pennies, and the trouble she had had finding worthy ones to give them to. Indeed, with the exception of the old woman who ground the dumb music-box, and the old gentleman himself, "God's poor" had been as hard to get hold of as the pennies themselves.

"You'd never make a financier," the old gentleman interrupted—and now he did not look in the least like an ogre in the blue and gold fairy-book, but like the kindest old gentleman in the world. "You'd never make a financier. You've played the deuce with your capital."

"Capital?" inquired the Lady Bountiful, vaguely. "Is that the money you take from other people?"

The old gentleman smiled. "Capital goes by a good many aliases—'A rose by any other name,' you know; or very probably you don't know,—they haven't begun to talk to you like that yet?"

No, decidedly "they" had not begun to talk to her like that, but they had said other things, and the lamp-post on the corner reminded her of one of them. "I can't cross the street or go further than the corner," for they had come to the boundary that had so often cut off possibilities of adventure.

"Anything else?" inquired the old gentleman.

"And I can't speak to other children, because my aunt says that in New York you can never tell."

"So it's to the loss of my youth that I may attribute the pleasure of your acquaintance?"

"But I don't feel that you are a bit old," she said, sincerely offering the most unctuous flattery; "there is something about you that isn't like grown people. Maybe"—she looked at him meditatively—"maybe you are a half-orphan. I am a half-orphan, and it explains a great deal. My aunt's nurse said that at dancing-school the other day when I had no buttons on my blue dress—not this aunt, another one at home. My cousins are in the same class; they always have buttons."

"D'you know, I'm often shy on buttons myself. No mistake, there's a pair of us, only I'm worse than a half-orphan."

"What can be worse than a half-orphan?" inquired the Lady Bountiful, all interest in the increasing scale of misfortune open to human nature.

"A whole orphan!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "It isn't going to make any difference to you, is it, my being a whole orphan?"

"No," she said, slowly. "But I wonder if our being a whole and a half orphan excuses us any. I know when I don't have buttons on, and things like that—don't you?"

"There are times when I'm aware of my frailty." And there was a twinkle in his eye that made the Lady Bountiful feel akin to him as one not above the weaknesses of human nature; yet this sentiment she did not feel it well to encourage.

"A knowledge of the fault is the first step toward improvement.' It says that in a book I have—it's called *Daily Draughts for Dusty Highways*—a friend of mine gave it to me; his name is Eddy Dudley. He received it at his Sunday-school."

"Perhaps you'd let me take a note of—what is it?—'A knowledge—'"

She interrupted him impulsively. "I'll lend you the book. But I must go back now; they'll be wanting me for supper. I wish you could come; but it's only health food out of a box. I've forgotten what it is this week—last week it had such a nice name and such a nasty taste. They change it to see if it will fatten me, but it never does. The doctor says I am nervous, and have an active mind."

"Don't mind about not being able to ask me," the old gentleman reassured her. "It wouldn't agree with me, at all. My doctor makes out such a different case for me."

"Now mind you get something wholesome," she charged him, as she slipped three pennies into his hand. "Don't buy pickles or chewing-gum."

"Uncle Dan'l" was still holding the pennies when he reached the grim brownstone house, exactly like all its grim brownstone neighbors on the block, and he shifted the little coins carefully, almost tenderly, as he adjusted his latchkey. His secretary was certain that he had arranged things for a great panic. His mood was almost hilarious. He whis-

tled a thin dry tune as he unlocked the small safe in his study, and to his secretary's "Can I help you, sir?" he answered, almost pettishly, that he could manage perfectly well. And the secretary, divining that "the old sinner was up to something," gave a fictitious interest to some papers on the desk. In the mean time "Uncle Dan'l" put the pennies in a little white envelope, scribbled something on it that no one would have believed him capable of writing, and put it in a secret compartment that contained no shred of paper relating in any way to finance.

He had so confidently expected that she would be waiting for him, as she had promised at their last meeting, as to be quite unprepared for the disappointment that her absence caused him. He walked to the end of the block and back several times, expecting every moment she would appear, and, finally, he turned into Fifth Avenue, thinking that his little friend must have forgotten him.

How could he know that at that very moment she was marking passages in the *Daily Draughts*, and that she was confined to the house with the worst possible of colds—more dreadful yet, threatened with the measles. Neither did she appear on the next day; but on the day after she came, bearing the marked copy of the *Daily Draughts*—her late indisposition signified by a rather cumbrous plaid muffler.

"It was almost measles!" she said, dramatically. "Did you ever have any?"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed "Uncle Dan'l," "I've clean forgotten. What are they like?"

"Your nose feels like your foot when it's gone to sleep, and they let you have all the hot lemonade you want. But I didn't really have 'em. Here's *Daily Draughts* all marked for you."

"Let's see," he said, opening it. "'Happiness does not depend on riches.' It seems to me I've heard something like that before."

She looked literary for a moment. "Eddy told me the book was very well known. He received it for a Sunday-school present."

"'Habits of truthfulness soon become second nature.' Oh Lord—"

"I'll lend you the *Vy-ker of Wakefield* when you've finished this. I'm reading it

now; it's lovely; but some of the words, I'm afraid, you'll have just to spell and leave."

"But you make out a good deal of it, no doubt."

"Oh yes, and I love the poetry in it. Would you like me to say some of it?"

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

"Why, it's not funny poetry, at all! What are you laughing for?" she inquired of the old gentleman's shaking shoulders, for he had turned his head away.

"It's not the poetry—it's— There are certain elements of incongruity," said the old gentleman, taking refuge in polysyllables. "The poetry is lovely. You might let us have it again."

"Oh dear, and they told me not to stay out late, and it is late—there is the postman." She felt in her pocket for the treasure.

"Not to-day," the old gentleman interrupted her. "I've come into a fortune."

"And you never told me about it!" Plainly, she was disappointed.

"It's such a little while since I've

had it—such a dear little fortune. It's made over all my ideas of folks. It's made me happy."

The Lady Bountiful looked puzzled. "You must take good care of it," she counselled him.

"And not let it get the measles." He smiled down on her tenderly. "If it were only mine."

"But you said it was," and there was distinct disappointment in her voice. "And so you can't give away any pennies, then?"

"Yes, yes, I can give away pennies." He laughed, boyishly. "It will seem a bit awkward at first—"

"After taking them so long, you mean—"

He laughed merrily. "We must keep it out of the papers; they'd think old Uncle Dan'l had lost his mind."

"I must really run away now; the cook will be so cross. And can you come out to play on Friday? My papa's coming for me on Saturday, and I'm going back home."

He tightened the clasp of her hand and turned away his head. "You bet I'll come Friday, and we'll make a day of it."

The Moor's Key

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

ON the edge of an ancient city,
In the midst of the wide red sand,
Clutched by a dying beggar,
Stolen from his dead hand,

Sold for a coin of copper,
Bought for a coin of gold,
It lies on my desk recording
A romance centuries old.

For the beggar was heir to princes
Whose palaces rose in Spain—
Arabesqued arches springing,
Fountains of music singing,
Spraying the courts of marble,
Only the keys remain,
Hundreds of crumbling years since then
Only the keys remain,
And one was clutched by the beggar
Who starved on the wide red plain.

The Extent of the Universe

BY SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D.

WE cannot expect that the wisest men of our remotest posterity, who can base their conclusions upon thousands of years of accurate observation, will reach a decision on this subject without some measure of reserve. Such being the case, it might appear the dictate of wisdom to leave its consideration to some future age, when it may be taken up with better means of information than we now possess. But the question is one which refuses to be postponed so long as the propensity to think of the possibilities of creation is characteristic of our race. The issue is not whether we shall ignore the question altogether, like Eve in the presence of Raphael; but whether in studying it we shall confine our speculations within the limits set by sound scientific reasoning. Essayng to do this, I invite the reader's attention to what science may suggest, admitting in advance that the sphere of exact knowledge is small compared with the possibilities of creation, and that outside this sphere we can state only more or less probable conclusions.

The reader who desires to approach this subject in the most receptive spirit, should begin his study by betaking himself on a clear moonless evening, when he has no earthly concern to disturb the serenity of his thoughts, to some point where he can lie on his back on bench or roof, and scan the whole vault of heaven at one view. He can do this with the greatest pleasure and profit in late summer or autumn—winter would do equally well were it possible for the mind to rise so far above bodily conditions that the question of temperature should not enter. The thinking man who does this under circumstances most favorable for calm thought, will form a new conception of the wonder of the universe. If summer or autumn be chosen, the stupendous arch of the Milky Way will pass near the zenith, and the constellation Lyra, led by

its beautiful blue Vega of the first magnitude, may be not very far from that point. South of it will be seen the constellation Aquila, marked by the bright Altair, between two smaller but conspicuous stars. The bright Arcturus will be somewhere in the west, and, if the observation is not made too early in the season, Aldebaran will be seen somewhere in the east. When attention is concentrated on the scene the thousands of stars on each side of the Milky Way will fill the mind with the consciousness of a stupendous and all-embracing frame, beside which all human affairs sink into insignificance. A new idea will be formed of such a well-known fact of astronomy as the motion of the solar system in space, by reflecting that throughout all human history, the sun carrying the earth with it has been flying toward a region in or just south of the constellation Lyra, with a speed beyond all that art can produce on earth, without producing any change apparent to ordinary vision in the aspect of the constellation. Not only Lyra and Aquila, but every one of the thousand stars which form the framework of the sky, were seen by our earliest ancestors just as we see them now. Bodily rest may be obtained at any time by ceasing from our labors, and weary systems may find nerve rest at any summer resort; but I know of no way in which complete rest can be obtained for the weary soul—in which the mind can be so entirely relieved of the burden of all human anxiety—as by the contemplation of the spectacle presented by the starry heavens under the conditions just described. As we make a feeble attempt to learn what science can tell us about the structure of this starry frame, I hope the reader will allow me to at least fancy him contemplating it in this way.

The first question which may suggest itself to the inquiring reader is: How is it possible by any methods of observation

yet known to the astronomer to learn anything about the universe as a whole? We may commence by answering this question in a somewhat comprehensive way. It is possible only because the universe, vast though it is, shows certain characteristics of a unified and bounded whole. It is not a chaos, it is not even a collection of things, each of which came into existence in its own separate way. If it were, there would be nothing in common between two widely separate regions of the universe. But, as a matter of fact, science shows unity in the whole structure, and diversity only in details. The Milky Way itself will be seen by the most ordinary observer to form a single structure. This structure is, in some sort, the foundation on which the universe is built. It is a girdle which seems to span the whole of creation, so far as our telescopes have yet enabled us to determine what creation is; and yet it has elements of similarity in all its parts. What has yet more significance, it is in some respects unlike those parts of the universe which lie without it, and even unlike those which lie in that central region within it where our system is now situated. The minute stars, individually far beyond the limit of visibility to the naked eye, which form its cloud-like agglomerations, are found to be mostly bluer in color, from one extreme to the other, than the general average of the stars which make up the rest of the universe.

There are two points in the sky called poles of the Milky Way, which bear the same relation to it that the north and south poles of the earth bear to the equator: they lie in opposite directions and are each 90° from the central line of the milky arch. The careful counts of stars made since the time of the Herschels show that, as a general rule, there are fewest stars on a given surface of the sky round the galactic poles (as those of the Milky Way are called) and that their thickness gradually increases as we approach the great girdle itself. This feature of the sky will, with a little care, be evident even to the observer without a telescope, who will see that the stars are somewhat more numerous along the outskirts of the Milky Way than around its poles. The regions of the heavens occu-

pied by the poles of the Milky Way are as far apart as two points in the sky can be. And yet, the most careful counts of the stars show that, although they are fewer in number around these poles than elsewhere, they are about equally thick in these two opposite directions. For every point in the sky there is an opposite point, one of the two being below the horizon when the other is above it. The relation is that of our antipodes to us. It is a noteworthy feature of the universe that a certain resemblance is found in any two opposite regions of the sky, no matter where we choose them. If we take them in the Milky Way, the stars are more numerous than elsewhere; if we take opposite regions in or near the Milky Way, we shall find more stars in both of them than elsewhere; if we take them in the region anywhere around the poles of the Milky Way, we shall find fewer stars, but they will be equally numerous in each of the two regions. We infer from this that whatever cause determined the number of the stars in space was of the same nature in every two antipodal regions of the heavens.

Another unity marked with yet more precision is seen in the chemical elements of which stars are composed. We know that the sun is composed of the same chemical elements which we find on the earth and which we resolve in our laboratories. These same elements are found in the most distant stars. It is true that some of these bodies seem to contain elements which we do not find on earth. But as these unknown elements are scattered from one extreme of the universe to the other, they only serve still farther to enforce the unity which runs through the whole. The nebulae are composed, in part at least, of forms of matter dissimilar to any with which we are acquainted. But, different though they may be, they are alike in their general character throughout the whole field we are considering. Even in such a feature as the proper motions of the stars, the same unity is seen. The reader doubtless knows that each of these objects is flying through space on its own course with a speed comparable with that of the earth around the sun. These speeds range from the smallest limit up to more than one hundred miles a second. Such diversity

might seem to detract from the unity of the whole; but when we seek to learn something definite by taking their average, we find this average to be, so far as can yet be determined, much the same in opposite regions of the universe. Quite recently it has become probable that a certain class of very bright stars known as Orion stars—because there are many of them in the most brilliant of our constellations—which are scattered along the whole course of the Milky Way, have one and all, in the general average, slower motions than other stars. Here again we have a definable characteristic extending through the universe. In drawing attention to these points of similarity throughout the whole universe, it must not be supposed that we base our conclusions directly upon them. The point they bring out is that the universe is in the nature of an organized system; and it is upon the fact of its being such a system that we are able, by other facts, to reach certain conclusions as to its structure, extent, and other characteristics.

One of the great problems connected with the universe is that of its possible extent. How far away are the stars? One of the unities which we have described leads at once to the conclusion that the stars must be at very different distances from us; probably the more distant ones are a thousand times as far as the nearest; possibly even farther than this. This conclusion may, in the first place, be based on the fact that the stars seem to be scattered equally throughout those regions of the universe which are not connected with the Milky Way. To illustrate the principle, suppose a farmer to sow a wheat-field of entirely unknown extent with ten bushels of wheat. We visit the field and wish to have some idea of its acreage. We may do this if we know how many grains of wheat there are in the ten bushels. Then we examine a space two or three feet square in any part of the field and count the number of grains in that space. If the wheat is equally scattered over the whole field, we find its extent by the simple rule that the size of the field bears the same proportion to the size of the space in which the count was made that the number of grains sown bears to the number of grains counted. If we find ten grains in a square foot, we

know that the number of square feet in the whole field is one-tenth that of the number of grains sown. So it is with the universe of stars. If the latter are sown equally through space, the extent of the space occupied must be proportional to the number of stars which it contains.

But this consideration does not tell us anything about the actual distance of the stars or how thickly they may be scattered. To do this we must be able to determine the distance of a certain number of stars, just as we suppose the farmer to count the grains in a certain small extent of his wheat-field. There is only one way in which we can make a definite measure of the distance of any one star. As the earth swings through its vast annual circuit round the sun, the direction of the stars must appear to be a little different when seen from one extremity of the circuit than when seen from the other. This difference is called the parallax of the stars; and the problem of measuring it is one of the most delicate and difficult in the whole field of practical astronomy.

The nineteenth century was well on its way before the instruments of the astronomer were brought to such perfection as to admit of the measurement. From the time of Copernicus to that of Bessel many attempts had been made to measure the parallax of the stars, and more than once had some eager astronomer thought himself successful. But subsequent investigation always showed that he had been mistaken, and that what he thought was the effect of parallax was due to some other cause, perhaps the imperfections of his instrument, perhaps the effect of heat and cold upon it or upon the atmosphere through which he was obliged to observe the star, or upon the going of his clock. Thus things went on until 1837, when Bessel announced that measures with a heliometer—the most refined instrument that has ever been used in measurement—showed that a certain star in the constellation Cygnus had a parallax of one-third of a second. It may be interesting to give an idea of this quantity. Suppose oneself in a house on top of a mountain looking out of a window one foot square at a house on another mountain one hundred miles away. One is allowed to look at that distant house through one edge

of the pane of glass and then through the opposite edge; and he has to determine the change in the direction of the distant house produced by this change of one foot in his own position. From this he is to estimate how far off the other mountain is. To do this, one would have to measure just about the amount of parallax that Bessel found in his star. And yet this star is among the few nearest to our system. The nearest star of all, Alpha Centauri, visible only in latitudes south of our middle ones, is perhaps half as far as Bessel's star, while Sirius and one or two others are nearly at the same distance. About one hundred stars, all told, have had their parallax measured with a greater or less degree of probability. The work is going on from year to year, each successive astronomer who takes it up being able, as a general rule, to avail himself of better instruments or to use a better method. But after all, the distances of even some of the one hundred stars carefully measured must still remain quite doubtful.

One general result of these measures of parallax may be set forth in this way: Imagine round our solar system as a centre (for in matters relating to the universe our whole system is merely a point), a sphere with a radius 400,000 times the distance of the sun. An idea of this distance may be gained by reflecting that light, making the circuit of the earth seven times in a second, and reaching us from the sun in eight minutes and twenty seconds, would require seven years to reach the surface of the sphere we have supposed. Now, the first result of measures of parallax is that within this enormous sphere there is, besides our sun in the centre, only a single star; namely, Alpha Centauri.

Now suppose another sphere, having a radius 800,000 times the distance of the sun, so that its surface is twice as far as that of the inner sphere. By the law of cubes the volume of space within this second sphere is eight times as great as that within the first. So far as can be determined, there are about eight stars within this sphere. We cannot be quite sure of the number, because there may be stars within the sphere of which the parallax is not yet detected; and of those supposed to be within it, one or two are so

near the surface that we cannot say whether they are really within or without it. But the number eight is not egregiously in error.

We may imagine the spheres extended in this way indefinitely, but the result for the number of stars within them becomes uncertain owing to the increasing difficulties of measuring parallaxes so minute. The general trend of such measures up to the present time is that the number of stars in any of these spheres will be about equal to the units of volume which they comprise when we take for this unit the smallest and innermost of the spheres, having a radius 400,000 times the sun's distance. We are thus enabled to form some general idea of how thickly the stars are sown through space. We cannot claim any numerical exactness for this idea, but in the absence of better methods it does afford us some basis for reasoning.

Now we can carry on our computation as we supposed the farmer to measure the extent of his wheat-field. Let us suppose that there are 125,000,000 stars in the heavens. This is an exceedingly rough estimate, but let us make the supposition for the time being. Accepting the view that they are nearly equally scattered throughout space, it will follow that they must be contained within a volume equal to 125,000,000 times the sphere we have taken as our unit. We find the distance of the surface of this sphere by extracting the cube root of this number, which gives us 500. We may, therefore, say, as the result of a very rough estimate, that the number of stars we have supposed would be contained within a distance found by multiplying 400,000 times the distance of the sun by 500; that is, that they are contained within a region whose boundary is 200,000,000 times the distance of the sun. This is a distance through which light would travel in about 3300 years.

It is not impossible that the number of stars is much greater than that we have supposed. Let us grant that there are eight times as many, or one thousand millions. Then we should have to extend the boundary of our universe twice as far, carrying it to a distance which light would require 6600 years to travel.

There is another method of estimating the thickness with which stars are sown

through space, and hence the extent of the universe, the result of which will be of interest. It is based on the proper motion of the stars. One of the greatest triumphs of astronomy of our time has been the measurement of the actual speed at which many of the stars are moving to or from us in space. These measures are made with the spectroscope. Unfortunately, they can be best made only on the brighter stars—at least, those plainly visible to the naked eye. Still the motions of several hundreds have been measured and the number is constantly increasing.

A certain general result of all these measures and of other estimates may be summed up by saying that there is a general average speed with which the individual stars move in space, and that this average is about twenty miles per second. We are also able to form an estimate as to what proportion of the stars move with each rate of speed from the lowest up to a limit which is probably as high as 150 miles per second. Knowing these proportions we have, by observation of the proper motions of the stars, another method of estimating how thickly they are scattered in space; in other words, what is the volume of space which, on the average, contains a single star. This method gives a thickness of the stars greater by about twenty-five to fifty per cent. than that derived from the measures of parallax. That is to say, a sphere like the second we have proposed, having a radius 400,000 times the distance of the sun, and therefore a diameter 800,000 times this distance, would, judging by the proper motions, have ten or twelve stars contained within it, while the measures of parallax only show eight stars within the sphere of this diameter having the sun as its centre. The probabilities are in favor of this last result. But, after all, the discrepancy does not change the general character of the conclusion as to the limits of the visible universe. If we cannot estimate its extent with the same certainty that we can determine the size of the earth, we can still form a general idea of it.

The estimates we have made are based on the supposition that the stars are equally scattered in space. We have good reason to believe that this is true of all

the stars except those of the Milky Way. But, after all, the latter probably includes half the whole number of stars visible with a telescope, and the question may arise whether our results are seriously wrong from this cause. This question can best be solved by yet another method of estimating the average distance of certain classes of stars.

The parallaxes of which we have heretofore spoken consist in the change in the direction of a star produced by the swing of the earth from one side of its orbit to the other. But we have already remarked that our solar system, with the earth as one of its bodies, has been journeying straight forward through space during all historic times. It follows, therefore, that we are continually changing the position from which we view the stars, and that, if the latter were at rest, we could, by measuring the apparent speed with which they are moving in the opposite direction from that of the earth, determine their distance. But since every star has its own motion, it is impossible, in any one case, to determine how much of the apparent motion is due to the star itself, and how much to the motion of the solar system through space. Yet, by taking general averages among groups of stars, most of which are probably near each other, it is possible to estimate the average distance by this method. When an attempt is made to apply it, so as to obtain a definite result, the astronomer finds that the data now available for the purpose are very deficient. The proper motion of a star can be determined only by comparing its observed position in the heavens at two widely separate epochs. Observations of sufficient precision for this purpose were commenced about 1750 at the Greenwich Observatory, by Bradley, then Astronomer Royal of England. But out of 3000 stars which he determined, only a few are available for the purpose. Even since his time, the determinations made by each generation of astronomers have not been sufficiently complete and systematic to furnish the material for anything like a complete determination of the proper motions of stars. To determine a single position of any one star involves a good deal of computation, and if we reflect that, in order to attack the problem in question in a

satisfactory way, we should have observations of a million of these bodies made at intervals of at least a considerable fraction of a century, we see what an enormous task the astronomers dealing with this problem have before them, and how imperfect must be any determination of the distance of the stars based on our motion through space. So far as an estimate can be made, it seems to agree fairly well with the results obtained by the other methods. Speaking roughly, we have reason, from the data so far available, to believe that the stars of the Milky Way are situated at a distance between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 times the distance of the sun. At distances less than this it seems likely that the stars are distributed through space with some approach to uniformity. We may state as a general conclusion, indicated by several methods of making the estimate, that nearly all the stars which we can see with our telescopes are contained within a sphere not likely to be much more than 200,000,000 times the distance of the sun.

The inquiring reader may here ask another question. Granting that all the stars we can see are contained within this limit, may there not be any number of stars without the limit which are invisible only because they are too far away to be seen?

This question may be answered quite definitely if we grant that light from the most distant stars meets with no obstruction in reaching us. The most conclusive answer is afforded by the measure of starlight. If the stars extended out indefinitely, then the number of those of each order of magnitude would be nearly four times that of the magnitude next brighter. For example, we should have nearly four times as many stars of the sixth magnitude as of the fifth; nearly four times as many of the seventh as of the sixth, and so on indefinitely. Now, it is actually found that while this ratio of increase is true for the brighter stars, it is not so for the fainter ones, and that the increase in the number of the latter rapidly falls off when we make counts of the fainter telescopic stars. In fact, it has long been known that, were the universe infinite in extent, and the stars equally scattered through all space, the

whole heavens would blaze with the light of countless millions of distant stars separately invisible even with the telescope.

The only way in which this conclusion can be invalidated is by the possibility that the light of the stars is in some way extinguished or obstructed in its passage through space. A theory to this effect was propounded by Struve nearly a century ago, but it has since been found that the facts as he set them forth do not justify the conclusion, which was, in fact, rather hypothetical. The theories of modern science converge toward the view that, in the pure ether of space, no single ray of light can ever be lost, no matter how far it may travel. But there is another possible cause for the existence of light. During the last few years discoveries of dark and therefore invisible stars have been made by means of the spectroscope with a success which would have been quite incredible a very few years ago, and which, even to-day, must excite wonder and admiration. The general conclusion is that, besides the shining stars which exist in space, there may be any number of dark ones, forever invisible in our telescopes. May it not be that these bodies are so numerous as to cut off the light which we would otherwise receive from the more distant bodies of the universe? It is of course impossible to answer this question in a positive way, but the probable conclusion is a negative one. We may say with certainty that dark stars are not so numerous as to cut off any important part of the light from the stars of the Milky Way, because, if they did, the latter would not be so clearly seen as it is. Since we have reason to believe that the Milky Way comprises the more distant stars of our system, we may feel fairly confident that not much light can be cut off by dark bodies from the most distant region to which our telescopes can penetrate. Up to this distance we see the stars just as they are. Even within the limit of the universe as we understand it, it is likely that more than one-half the stars which actually exist are too faint to be seen by human vision, even when armed with the most powerful telescopes. But their invisibility is due only to their distance and the faintness of their intrinsic light, and not to any obstructing agency.

The possibility of dark stars, therefore, does not invalidate the general conclusions at which our survey of the subject points. The universe, so far as we can see it, is a bounded whole. It is surrounded by an immense girdle of stars, which, to our vision, appears as the Milky Way. While we cannot set exact limits to its distance, we may yet confidently say that it is bounded. It has uniformities running through its vast extent. Could we fly out to distances equal to that of the Milky Way, we should find comparatively few stars beyond the limits of that girdle. It is true that we cannot set any

definite limit and say that beyond this nothing exists. What we can say is that the region containing the visible stars has some approximation to a boundary. We may fairly anticipate that each successive generation of astronomers, through coming centuries, will obtain a little more light on the subject—will be enabled to make more definite the boundaries of our system of stars, and to draw more and more probable conclusions as to the existence or non-existence of any object outside of it. The wise investigator of to-day will leave to them the task of putting the problem into a more positive shape.

The Price

BY MARY SINTON LEWIS

IF thou shouldst love me, all my life were spent,
 Dearest, in loving thee; thy kiss would seal
 My lips, and silence would their message steal:
 For, to a woman's soul, less eloquent
 Ambition is than Love. Too full content
 To live in thee, no longer I should feel
 My pulses throb an answer to the appeal
 Of Fame: and so my loving would prevent
 My larger living: therefore, dear, to-night
 Stretching to God weak arms that yearn for thee,
 With lips that tremble for thy kiss, I pray
 That He will lead thee from me to the light
 Of other love; that, while thou passest, He
 Will give me strength to turn my face away.

Dearest, I turned my face, but still my eyes
 Held the clear vision of thy passing slow:
 I stopped my hearing to thy voice, but lo,
 Still my heart heard thy pleadings and thy sighs.
 Methought that little arms in tender wise
 Clung to my neck—ah, to have held them so!—
 Then loosed their clasp: and, soft, there seemed to grow,
 Then lingering die, as music lingering dies
 Afar, the sound of little pattering feet
 That paused—and passed. With a great cry:—"Then this,
 This were the price!"—I turned to thee. Oh, fast
 Enfold me, for my life is full complete
 If I do naught but love! That loving is
 The larger living, now I know at last.

A Portrait by Irving Wiles

SINCE Irving Wiles first entered the art arena he has devoted himself to the portrayal of American womanhood, and as its recording knight has won honors and lasting renown. Whether it be a pictorial composition like "The Sonata," with which he won the Clarke Prize in 1889, or the widely known "Portrait of Miss Marlowe," or this latest example, while fixing the personality of the individual before him he also sets forth his impression of the dominant qualities of American womanhood as something attractive and lovable. He knows the type thoroughly, and in no case could his sitter be taken for a French or English woman. While distinctly American, she is representative of a class and expresses her race, as the portraits of Franz Hals or Titian or Reynolds expressed theirs.

Mr. Wiles has always been classed among the rebels against academic convention, but his unorthodoxy gives no offence. He sees women as they appear to other men, and presents his personal view free from eccentricity, and without a suggestion of that disillusionment of life which characterizes much modern art. While he shows fidelity to facts, he is not enslaved by that excessive detail which is a result of all-pervading photography. His portraits are a mixture of truth and style. His truth, while insistent, is never bald; one always feels his gracious intention toward his sitter. With preference for a light scheme of color, he shows no timidity; in fact, he brushes his canvas so facilely that his color always retains its vibrancy, but beneath this ardor and assurance of technique we feel his perception and appreciation of character.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



A PORTRAIT BY IRVING WILES

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf, from the original Painting, in the
Collection of Colonel J. Howard Cowperthwait*

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE talk was of the life after death, and it will not surprise any experienced observer to learn that the talk went on amidst much unserious chatter, with laughing irrelevancies more appropriate to the pouring of champagne, and the changing of plates, than to the very solemn affair in hand. It may not really have been so very solemn. Nobody at table took the topic much to heart, apparently. The women, some of them, affected an earnest attention, but were not uncheerful; others frankly talked of other things; others, at the farther end of the table, asked what a given speaker was saying; the men did not, in some cases, conceal that they were bored.

"No," the first speaker said, after weighing the pros and cons, "for my part, I don't desire it. When I am through, here, I don't ask to begin again elsewhere."

"And you don't expect to?" his closest listener inquired.

"And I don't expect to."

"It is curious," the closest listener went on, "how much our beliefs are governed by our wishes in this matter. When we are young and are still hungering for things to happen, we have a strong faith in immortality. When we are older, and the whole round of things, except death, has happened, we think it very likely we shall not live again. It seems to be the same with peoples; the new peoples believe, the old peoples doubt. It occurs to very, very few men to be convinced, as a friend of mine has been convinced against the grain, of the reality of the life after death. I will not say by what means he was convinced, for that is not pertinent; but he was fully convinced, and he said to me, 'Personally, I would rather not live again, but it seems that people do.' The facts are too many; the proofs I have had are irresistible; and I have had to give way to them in spite of my wish to reject them.'"

"Yes," the first speaker said, "that is certainly an uncommon experience. You think that if I were perfectly honest,

I should envy him his experience? Well, then, honestly, I don't."

"No," the other rejoined, "I don't know that I accuse your sincerity. But, may I ask, what are your personal objections to immortality?"

"It wouldn't be easy to say. If I could have had my way I would not have been at all. Speaking selfishly, as we always do, when we speak truly, I have not had a great deal of happiness, though I have had a good deal of fun. But things seem to wear out. I like to laugh, and I have laughed, in my time, consumedly. But I find that the laugh goes out of the specific instances of laughability, just as grieving goes out of grief. The thing that at the first and third time amused me enormously, leaves me sad at the fourth, or at least unmoved. You see, I can't trust immortality to be permanently interesting. The reasonable chances are that in the lapse of a few æons I should find eternity hanging heavy on my hands. But it isn't that, exactly, and it would be hard to say what my objection to immortality exactly is. It would be simpler to say what it *really* is. It is personal, temperamental, congenital. I was born, I suspect, an indifferentist, as far as this life is concerned, and as to another life, I have an acquired antipathy."

"That is curious, but not incredible, and of course not inconceivable," the closest listener assented.

"I'm not so sure of that," a light skirmisher broke his silence for the first time. "Do you mean to say," he asked of the first speaker, "that you would not mind being found dead in your bed to-morrow morning, and that you would rather like it, if that were actually the end of you?"

The first speaker nodded his head over the glass he had just emptied, and having swallowed its contents hastily, replied, "Precisely."

"Then you have already, at your age, evolved that 'instinct of death,' which Metchnikoff, in his strange book, thinks the race will come to when men begin living rightly, and go living on to a

hundred and fifty years or more, as they once did."

"Who is Metchnikoff, and what is the name of his strange book?" the light skirmisher cut in.

"He's the successor of Pasteur in the Pasteur Institute at Paris, and his book is called 'The Nature of Man.'"

"That blighting book!" One of the women who had caught on to the drift of the talk contributed this anguished suspiration.

"Blighting? Is it blighting?" the first speaker parleyed.

"Don't you call it blighting," she returned, "to be told not only that you are the descendant of an anthropoid ape—we had got used to that—but of an anthropoid ape gone wrong?"

"Sort of simian degenerate," the light skirmisher formulated the case. "We are merely apes in error."

The closest listener put this playfulness by. "What seems to me a fundamental error of that book is its constant implication of a constant fear of death. I can very well imagine, or I can easily allow, that we are badly made, and that there are all sorts of 'disharmonies,' as Metchnikoff calls them, in us; but my own experience is that we are not all the time thinking about death, and dreading it, either in earlier or later life, and that elderly people think less about it, if anything, than younger people. His contention for an average life four or five times longer than the present average life seems to be based upon an obscure sense of the right of a man to satisfy that instinct of life here on earth which science forbids him to believe he shall satisfy hereafter."

"Well, I suppose," the first speaker said, "that Metchnikoff may err in his premises through a temperamental 'disharmony' of Russian nature rather than of less specific human nature. The great Russian authors seem to recognize that perpetual dread of death in themselves and their readers which we don't recognize in ourselves or our Occidental friends and neighbors. Other people don't think of death so much as he supposes, and when they do they don't dread it so much. But I think he is still more interestingly wrong in supposing that the young are less afraid of death than the

old because they risk their lives more readily. That is not from indifference to death, it is from inexperience of life; they haven't learned yet the dangers which beset it, and the old have; that is all."

"I don't know but you're right," the first speaker said. "And I couldn't see the logic of Metchnikoff's position in regard to the 'instinct of death' which he expects us to develop after we have lived, say, a hundred and thirty or forty years, so that at a hundred and fifty we shall be glad to go, and shall not want anything but death after we die. The apparent line of his argument is that in youth we have not the instinct of life so strongly but that we willingly risk life. Then, until we live to a hundred and thirty or forty, or so, we have the instinct of life so strongly that we are anxious to shun death; lastly the instinct of death grows in us and we are eager to lay down life. I don't see how or why this should be. As a matter of fact, children dread death far more than men who are not yet old enough to have developed the instinct of it. Still, it's a fascinating and suggestive book."

"But not enough so to console us for the precious hope of living again which it takes away so pitilessly," said the woman who had followed the talk.

"Is that such a very precious hope?" the first speaker asked.

"I know you pretend not," she said, "but I don't believe you."

"Then you think that the dying, who almost universally make a good end, are buoyed up by that hope?"

"I don't see why they shouldn't be. I know it's the custom for scientific people to say that the resignation of the dying is merely part of the general sinking, and so is just physical; but they can't prove that. Else why should persons who are condemned to death be just as much resigned to it as the sick, and even more exalted?"

"Ah," the light skirmisher put in, "some of the scientific people dispose of that point very simply. They say it's self-hypnotism."

"Well, but they can't prove that, either," she retorted. Then she went on: "Besides, the dying are not almost universally willing to die. Sometimes they

are very unwilling: and they seem to be unwilling because they have no hope of living again. Why wouldn't it be just as reasonable to suppose that we could evolve the instinct of death by believing in the life hereafter as by living here a hundred and fifty years? For the present, it's as easy to do the one as the other."

"But not for the future," the first speaker said. "As you suggest, it may be just as reasonable to think we can evolve the instinct of death by faith as by longevity, but it isn't as scientific."

"What M. Metchnikoff wants is the scientific certainty—which we can have only by beginning to live a century and a half apiece—that the coming man will not be afraid to die." This, of course, was from the light skirmisher.

The woman contended, "The coming man may be scientifically resigned if he prefers, but the going man, the *gone* man, was rapturously ready to die, in untold thousands of martyrdoms, because he believed that he should live again."

The first speaker smiled compassionately, and perhaps also a little patronizingly. "I'm not sure that you have met the point exactly. Metchnikoff denies, on the basis of scientific knowledge, that it is possible for a man, being dead, to live again. In those two extremely interesting chapters of his, which treat of the 'Religious Remedies' and the 'Philosophical Remedies' for the 'disharmonies of the human constitution,' he is quite as unsparing of the sages as of the saints. The Christians and the Buddhists fare no worse than Plato and the Stoics; the last are no less unscientific than the first in his view, and no less fallacious. What he asks is not that we shall be resigned or enraptured in view of death, but that we shall physically desire it when we are tired of living, just as we physically desire sleep when we are tired of waking."

"And to that end," the light skirmisher said, "he asks nothing but that we shall live a hundred and fifty years."

"No, he asks that we shall live such natural lives that we shall die natural deaths, which are voluntary deaths. He contends that most of us now die accidental and violent deaths."

The woman who had caught on de-

manded, "Why does he think we could live a century and a half?"

"From analogies in the lives of other animals and from the facts of our constitution. He instances the remarkable cases of longevity recorded in the Bible."

"I think he's very inconsistent," his pursuer continued. "The Bible says men lived anywhere from a hundred to nine hundred years, and he thinks it quite possible. The Bible says that men live after death and he thinks that's impossible."

"Well, have you ever met a man who had lived after death?" the first speaker asked.

"No. Have you ever met a man two hundred years old? If it comes to undeniable proof there is far more proof of ghosts than of bicentenarians."

"Very well, then, I get out of it by saying that I don't believe in either."

"And leave Metchnikoff in the lurch!" the light skirmisher reproached him. "You don't believe in the instinct of death! And I was just going to begin living to a hundred and fifty and dying voluntarily by leaving off cheese. Now I will take some of the Gorgonzola."

Everybody laughed but the first speaker and the woman who had caught on; they both looked rather grave, and the closest listener left off laughing soonest.

"We can't be too grateful to science for its devotion to truth. But isn't it possible for it to overlook one kind of truth in looking for another? Isn't it imaginable that when a certain anthropoid ape went wrong and blundered into a man, he also blundered into a soul, and as a slight compensation for having involuntarily degenerated from his anthropoid ancestor, came into the birthright of eternal life?"

"It's imaginable," the first speaker granted. "But science leaves imagining things to religion and philosophy."

"Ah, that's just where you're mistaken!" the woman who caught on exclaimed. "Science does nothing but imagine things!"

"Well, not quite," the light skirmisher mocked.

She persisted unheeding: "First the suggestion from the mystical somewhere—the same *where*, probably, that music

and pictures and poetry come from; then the hypothesis; then the proof; then the established fact. Established, till some new scientist comes along and knocks it over."

"It would be very interesting if some one would proceed hypothetically concerning the soul and its immortality, as the scientific people do in their inquiries concerning the origin of man, electricity, disease, and the rest."

"Yes," the light skirmisher agreed. "Why doesn't some fellow bet himself that he has an undying soul and then go on to accumulate the proofs?" The others seemed now to have touched bottom in the discussion, and he launched a random inquiry upon the general silence. "By the way, I wonder why women are so much more anxious to live again than men, as a general thing."

"Because they don't feel," one of them at table ventured, "that they have had a fair chance here."

"Oh! I thought maybe they felt that they hadn't had their say."

"Is it quite certain," the closest listener asked, "that they *are* more anxious to live again than men?" He looked round at the ladies present, and at first none of them answered; perhaps because they feared the men would think them weak if they owned to a greater longing than themselves for immortality.

Finally the woman who had caught on said: "I don't know whether it's so or not; and I don't think it matters. But I don't mind saying that I long to live again; I am not ashamed of it. I don't think very much of myself; but I'm interested in living. Then"—she dropped her voice a little—"there are some I should like to see again. I have known people—characters—natures—that I can't believe are wasted. And those that were dear to us and that we have lost—"

She stopped, and the first speaker now

looked at her with a compassion unalloyed by patronage, and did not ask, as he might, "What has all that to do with it?"

In fact, a sympathetic silence possessed the whole company. It was broken at last by the closest listener's saying: "After all, I don't know that Metchnikoff's book is so very blighting. It's certainly a very important book, and it produces a reaction which may be wholesome or unwholesome as you choose to think. And no matter what we believe, we must respect the honesty of the scientific attitude in regard to a matter that has been too much abandoned to the emotions, perhaps. In all seriousness I wish some scientific man would apply the scientific method to finding out the soul, as you"—he turned to the light skirmisher—"suggest. Why shouldn't it be investigated?"

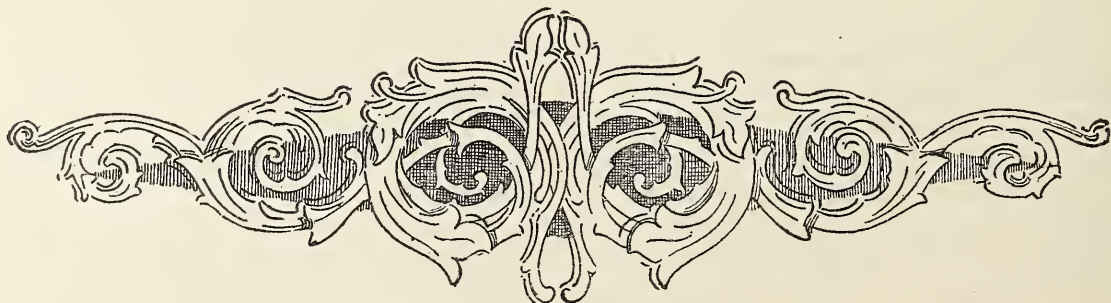
Upon this invitation the light skirmisher tried to imagine some psychological experiments which should bear a certain analogy to those of the physicists, but he failed to keep the level of his suggestion.

"As I said," the closest listener remarked, "he produces a secondary state of revolt which is desirable, for in that state we begin to inquire not only where we stand, but where *he* stands."

"And what is your conclusion as to his place in the inquiry?"

"That it isn't different from yours or mine, really. We all share the illusion of the race from the beginning that somehow our opinion of the matter affects its reality. I should distinguish so far as to say that we think we believe, and he thinks he knows. For my own part I have the impression that he has helped my belief."

The light skirmisher made a desperate effort to retrieve himself: "Then a few more books like his would restore the age of faith."



Editor's Study.

IN literature as in art we must reverently translate virtues into graces. Inflexible firmness, uprightness or directness, suggests straight lines, such as are shown in no course of wind or stream or star, nor in the shape or motion of any living thing.

The culture of Christendom is Indo-European. For the purposes of art and literature as well as for the development of thought the ancient Hebraic ideal was sterile. Its course was so contrary to the natural desires of the human heart, to every intellectual aspiration, and to the free development of the imagination that its singularity, taken in connection with its endurance for centuries—even though it was the survival of but a “remnant”—seems miraculous, as if it were a destiny folded up in some deep implication of the divine Will. Its paths were straight. To the Hebrews hesitation, the even poise of an act of choice, was a peril. The prophet’s “Thus saith the Lord” laid open a direct way, which must instantly be taken, and none might halt therein. Dwellers in tents, inveterate nomads, with a moving tabernacle, their every rite was expeditious as if it were the incident of a journey. They could make no image and, save for their rude music, they had no art; such institutions as they had were theirs by adoption rather than by development; even their language was kept down to its radical elements. It was the completest divestiture ever witnessed in the course of human history. How much more natural and human seems the Indo-European scheme of life, as developed under the inspiration of the Hellenic ideal! The Hellenic genius developed the race consciousness spontaneously in its myth-making period, as later, with equal spontaneity, it developed the individual consciousness. It personified the varied aspects of divinity, in its infinitely diversified manifestations to the human soul. Without hindrance, imagination, in religion, art, and philosophy, followed the lines of life, seeking harmony with the divine nature, joyously and with enthusiasm, and knowing only such restraints as that harmony imposed

—a rare reserve! The harmony, though dimly understood, was humanly seen in a vision which found its limited but magnificent consummation in the Platonic Dialogues.

Hellenism with a fine courage confronted life in all its variety, its good and its evil, cherishing the choice of Virtue, though the goal was not, in its scheme, to be reached by the short cut of obedience or by any charted path. It was a human virtue, to be attained by all the resources of the human heart and will, not through the destruction of life’s graces or the avoidance of its wiles and entanglements, but despite these, as in Ulysses’s devious journey. Such lofty heights of thought as Hellenism reached were gained by questioning at every point of the progress, by that tentation which the Hebrew shunned. It is this trait of Hellenic aspiration which makes it the rational model of all human progress. Christianity, which Matthew Arnold has truly called the transformation of Hebraism, bringing to the foreground a perfect human ideal as the inspiration of human life, was accepted by the pagans rather than by the Jews, and has fulfilled its destiny through the alliance of this exalted ideal (the spiritual flower and consummation of all that Hebraism meant for the world) with that ideal of human perfection which Hellenism suggested but failed to maturely develop.

For our present purpose we wish to fix the reader’s attention upon the Indo-European tendency, so signally exemplified in Hellenism, toward the manifold investiture of life, following lines forever deflecting from a straightforward course, vibrant, faltering, and tracing patterns of dædalian intricacy. This tendency in art and in all outward and visible manifestations of the human spirit is obvious; but it is apt to escape our notice, at least our adequate recognition, as a trait of Indo-European thought and of the expression of thought. It is not merely an æsthetic trait like the tendency to rhythmic expression or to the grace of a trope. It indicates an attitude of the human spirit toward the living truth.

We alluded to this trait a moment ago as one of tentation. As to what one shall do, it enters as an element into every free choice, involving a moment of hesitation, of rational consideration. But, in thinking, it is a more complex attitude; the intuition involves waiting, if we would see life and things as they are—that is, in their own light.

The culture of this attitude has an important bearing upon literature. If we must confront the living truth of life in its own aspects, we must also be faithful to our vision in the expression of it. It has made the thinker free, and the inspiration of this emancipation can be communicated only in the living, flaming terms of the revelation. Positive assertion limits the truth, and what is called the naked truth is not truth at all, since only in all its veilings and not by the lifting of them can it be seen. The obvious appearance is misleading, and so is the random utterance. Truth—that is, of any living thing, seen as it is and not in an abstract—seems almost to belie itself, certainly to contradict itself and, as we follow its turnings, to present other faces. We often use the phrase, “the simplicity of truth,” but it is misleading, as is any obvious reflection. If the truth makes us free, it is, first of all, an emancipation from the obvious.

Our progress, then, after the Hellenic type, and in this tentative mood, has been, in literature as in everything else, in pursuit of living truth, following its elusive hidings. In life a straight line is not one which takes the shortest distance between two points, but one that returns, and the longest way round is the shortest way home. The human courage which has been developed through the centuries has ceased to depend upon a fixed resting-place for the feet; the invincible spirit foregoes the certitude and fearlessly follows the flowing lines, finding greater safety in the softer medium of the air and sea than on the adamant rock, and, what is more to its purpose, finding the clue to harmonies not attainable in charted courses.

This is the great psychical principle of the modern Indo-European—this dauntless faith in life. He is willing to accept rules and statutes in an unvital field, where the formal obligation is as

negative as it is indispensable, and where the convention is his protection as it is that of the community—the hard wall enclosing his living garden in which he freely roams. He recognizes the true values of the Hebraic bequest to humanity—even when it takes the extremely reactionary form of Puritanic divestiture and like a wintry blast sweeps away the unwholesome foison of a summer fallen into decay. The Hellenist is even very easy in Zion, and with his native love of gladness he joyously responds to an evangel though it blossomed in a desert or sprang up like a “root out of dry ground.” But his spirit is free and untethered in its own field—the study of life and the expression of life in art and letters.

It is of the greatest importance that those who are making literature should see what is the noble lineage of the culture they are called upon to continue, and what is the kind of courage essential to this high undertaking. Very few of the men of Athens in Plato's time rose to the height of his argument or put even to themselves the questions which he put to life. The multitude, indeed, had compelled his master to drink the hemlock, as they had stoned Anaxagoras because he did not see the sun as they saw it. It is doubtless true to-day that there are hundreds of thousands of readers of fair intelligence, but who run as they read, who cannot see life and the world as a George Meredith or a Joseph Conrad sees it. But there is a very large audience, permeated by that fine Hellenic culture, with its medieval modification, which has given us all that is best in our literature—an audience made up of men and women who have themselves boldly confronted the truths of life, and who eagerly await new disclosures from the great poet and the master novelist.

There are two kinds of curiosity—the lower and vulgar sort, which seeks only the novel and striking for a merely sensational effect, whether produced by ingenious invention or by the presentation of monstrous actualities in the field of superficial realism; and that other kind of curiosity which has a higher satisfaction in the disclosures of new and vital truths in nature and in human nature. This noble satisfaction is the reward of

the scientific investigator, when he surprises nature in some hitherto unsuspected aspect, and of the historian or philosopher when he finds a clue to some new and significant interpretation.

The novelist who is simply an observer, seeing life with the outward eye alone, has no such reward, and, while he may be entertaining, in so far as his observations are novel, he has for his reader none of those surprises which are yielded to insight and interpretation.

But why should not the novelist represent life as it appears to the casual observer? Are not these phenomena its actual investiture? Is not its picturesqueness right here, at the surface, in the outward show of color and costume and action? Are the hues which meet the eye in Nature's glowing moments any more impressive when by chemical analysis we trace them to their source? Such questions may have some justification as regards purely physical phenomena, which are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever in the direct impressions they make upon human sensibility; which belong to a harmony in which there are no disorders or misfits; and whose deceptions are due wholly to our false inferences, which, however repugnant they may be to science, blend happily enough with our emotions and imaginations in life and in the expression of life through art and literature. Yet even in the portrayal of natural scenery the painter comes to have a culture of vision which enables him to see much that escapes the eye of a casual observer, just as a novelist, even though he treats human life merely as a spectacle, may have that culture of observation and of literary expression which gives to his portrayal not only completeness, but an unusual charm.

But the drama of human life is very different from its physical background. Not only is it forever changing, but its fluctuations proceed from arbitrary choices determined by hidden motives. The obvious incident is not significant in itself, and the concurrence of such incidents in the actual situations of daily life seems blind and fortuitous. As the record of actual occurrences by a historian is inert and indeed misleading if he does not see, and make his readers see, beneath the confused drifting

currents at the surface, the actors as they are—their relation to the compelling spirit of the time and their individual motives,—and the events in their true meanings and values, having that inevitability which must be evident in a harmonious coordination, so the novelist's representation is false as well as shallow if he lacks insight and interpretation—if he does not follow the lines of life so that their course shall seem convincingly relentless without violence to the freedom of individual wills.

Every revolution in the history of modern literature has been a reaction against the masquerade of truth and for its presentation, free from all glosses, in its own living investiture. This attitude of the writer toward the truth, as we have been insisting in the two preceding numbers of the Study, is the characteristic trait of our best contemporary literature, and it is in fiction that it is most manifest. The novel has had its development during just that period of modern culture in which the truth of life—in human consciousness and experience—has been most ardently sought and most courageously confronted; and it has been the medium of the most faithful expression of this truth.

It is true that nearly the whole field of fiction has been and is and will long continue to be given up to the masquerade—to the portrayal of life as a spectacle. With the vast majority of story-writers the object in view is a stirring and picturesque drama, in which the romantic motive is usually prominent, but which is devoid of any psychical interest as a fresh revelation of vital truth; and this is the kind of story that the vast majority of readers want. Fiction of this order is not to be disparaged. It may be amusing and even intellectually entertaining, the restful pleasure of a statesman's or professional man's weary hour. Much of it has high artistic excellence. What we wish to say is that such work, excellent and pleasing as it may be, marks no step in advance in the continuous development of human culture. And, in this respect, fiction written for a distinctly moral purpose is far less significant.

We claim for what we consider a higher order of fiction—that which is mainly of

psychical interest, which touches vibrant and throbbing human life in its intimate recesses and deep involvements, and which discloses the truths of life in life's own terms—that it is the most signal mark of our progress in culture, having its complement in the very large audience which demands such fiction and derives therefrom its highest satisfaction.

The novelist in this field foregoes the advantage of the picturesque of which Sir Walter Scott so freely availed in his portrayal of medieval society. If picturesque at all, his work is such incidentally. Modern progress is in all directions away from the picturesque. In the outward investiture of our life, thus reduced to its simplest terms—in institutional functions and social forms—the loss finds compensation only in greater practical utility, but in the field of culture there is a larger gain for the inward life, thus freed from external distractions. A like emancipation is in the way of being effected by thoroughly organized capitalization and industry, so that the most complex materialism shall help rather than hinder the spirit.

The novelist of this high order finds in his themes a psychical interest which transcends the interest of the spectacle, and in this view his proper audience agrees with him. His field, instead of being contracted, is widened as well as deepened, since his discovery of psychical truth gives new and luminous significance to every outward aspect and relation of life. He has the freedom of the whole realm of thought and feeling by virtue of his creative insight. No theme pertaining to that realm is forbidden him, because he is fit to treat all such themes. With his proper audience there can never be in this matter any other question than that of his fitness—that is his complete justification. It is a quite different thing when a writer furtively peeps into the hidden chambers of the human heart and has furthermore only a furtive or meretricious motive in his shallow disclosure.

The freedom of the master novelist in this field is not that of arbitrary action, as in the construction of a plot by in-

genious invention of incident and character and by contrivance of situations and of a *dénouement*. Life in his view is not merely dramatic; it is drastic, and he must trace the lines of destiny. Here lies the great difficulty; and if so often the masters themselves fail, betrayed by their very masterfulness, how great and how frequent must be the errors of lesser novelists from lack of steadfast vision, from caprice of the imagination, or from the vice of self-consciousness.

In this order of creative work the manner is as important as the matter. It is here that we especially note that old trait of all creative genius—the Hellenic temptation, the effect of which is quite distinct from that of what is called the literary art. The directness of appeal, upon which we have recently laid so much stress, is a trait of the writer's attitude—to his theme and to the sensibility of the reader,—not of his style, except as we may say of this that it achieves directness of appeal by its own indirection—by the “long way round.” The writer must have abandoned all the old tricks of indirection—all glosses obscuring the truth—but he finds an indirection which is indispensable to his portrayal of that kind of truth which is not a fixed certitude, and which does not present itself obviously but as an implication. Our progress in thought as an interpretation of life has brought us into uncharted courses. We can fix conventions relating to outward conduct within definite and clearly seen limitations, but the life of the spirit refuses this mural confinement—it has an infinite flux, and our concern here is always as to how much we can see and as to the course of new paths opened to our vision. Our courage and our faith are such that we are not frightened because we are “all at sea.” The novelist therefore who undertakes to tell the truth of life is feeling his way, and his style registers the course of his tentative thought, which follows the course of his tentative drama, the events of which come as surprises to himself as they come to his readers, in moments which are flashes of illumination.

Two Fishers of Men

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE drowsy influence of a spring afternoon, combined with the vitiated atmosphere usual in court-rooms, had reduced the audience to a condition of dreamy languor. A few habitués, revelling in the unaccustomed luxury of free elbow-room, sprawled and flopped on the public benches in attitudes of listless inattention; the lawyers scattered behind the rail lounged somnolently on their stiff, uncomfortable chairs; the judge gazed meditatively at the colorless ceiling, his leather chair tilted to the limit of its spring; the plaintiff's attorney sitting at the counsel's table seemed unconscious of his opponent haranguing the jury, and the jurors themselves lolled in their seats and stared at the speaker with the unresponsiveness of tired cattle.

But the orator menacing the jury-box was not affected by the soporific influence in the air. He was distressingly active—painfully alert—and interpreting the trance-like silence as a tribute to his powers, he fairly danced before his auditors to the inspiring strains of his own elocution. If the jurymen were aware of his presence, however, they betrayed it by no outward or visible sign. Occasionally when some swelling period culminated in a thunderous shout they slowly shifted their positions like disturbed sleepers, but for the most part they received the bursts of eloquence with the impassive stare of deaf men, conscious of their affliction, but anxious to conceal it.

At last the exultant advocate crested a mighty wave of words and descended upon his audience in a personal appeal:

"What would you, gentlemen of the jury, say to that? What would men of brains make answer?"

The obvious distinction between the questions evoked no apparent resentment from the triple row of stolid humanity. Indeed, the stupefied stare which greeted the dramatic pause for a reply was more eloquent than words, and noting it, the counsel slowly circled from the lofty heights he had been exploring down to the common ground of intimacy.

"You have heard the plaintiff's story, gentlemen," he continued, in a confidential tone. "You have heard him claim that he did not guarantee his merchandise—did not warrant it would serve our purpose—did not represent its quality at all! Now suppose I sold you potatoes and those potatoes were

so decayed you could not eat them, would it suffice me to say I did not warrant they were fit for food? Would that content you, Mr. Paulding?"

A fat-nosed juror in the second row started at the words as though an insect had



HE WAS DISTRESSINGLY ACTIVE

suddenly flown into his glazed and staring eyes.

"Would that satisfy you, Mr. Thompson?"

The foreman huddling in the corner of the box pulled himself together at the question, started to answer it, but ended by clearing his throat.

"Would it serve me to say I sold you potatoes and not food?" continued the speaker. "Would it avail me to protest I did

not know for what purpose they were intended? If I assaulted your ears with such pretensions and insulted your intelligence with such quibbles I should expect to be discredited. There are arguments one cannot listen to without loss of dignity! Yet such is the plaintiff's plea, gentlemen. Will you accept it, Mr. *Norton*? Will you tolerate it, Mr. *Richards*?"

The individuals addressed wriggled uneasily and exchanged imbecile smiles of embarrassment.

"I venture to say no such excuse was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of business men! It is a device of counsel—an afterthought—a subterfuge. If I am wrong, however, Mr. *Fulson*'s business experience of five-and-thirty years will demonstrate my error, and I appeal to him to set me right."

All eyes sought a gray-haired man in the top row, who nervously cracked his knuckle joints without glancing at the speaker.



BEGAN IN A NASAL AND MELANCHOLY DRAWL

"You are here as business men to decide a business question," pursued the advocate, "and I feel that I should yield to you without another word. If you asked my opinion on a point of *law*, Mr. *Adams*—"

The bench in the centre of the box creaked, as a fat man leaned forward, cocking his head attentively like a huge overfed bird.

"—if you retained me to advise you on law it would be, I assume, because of my special study of that subject. You are asked to judge this case for precisely the same reason—as experts on the facts—as experienced business men. All I can do is to point out the pitfalls of plausibility into which my ingenious adversary will try to lure you. This is my sole office in a commercial controversy. But if I had ever thought to instruct you in your special province the questions which Mr. *Foster* put to one of the witnesses would have warned me of my presumption—questions, gentlemen, pregnant with meaning, and which paved the way to the pointed inquiries of your colleague, Mr. *Orton*."

Mr. *Foster* opened his mouth to protest, but compromised by solemnly spitting on the floor. Mr. *Orton* crouched down in his overcoat and glared at his neighbor in disgust.

"It was to qualify you as experts, gentlemen, that the court permitted me to ask what business experience each of you had had; and when you asked me, Mr. *Ireland*, if architecture was a business, you will remember I answered that my definition of the word included all callings which involve a knowledge of those principles of credit and fair dealing on which the mighty commerce of this country rests. Therefore I leave the matter to you who are trained in the practical problems of the workaday world, confident that if I have omitted aught which should be touched upon Mr. *Lawton* or Mr. *Innes* or Mr. *Ferris* is as competent to review it as I, knowing that you are all as qualified as they to pass upon the issues and advance the cause of justice."

The orator resumed his seat, wiping his flushed and perspiring face; the jurymen stirred restlessly in their seats, and the judge, dropping his chair to its normal position, peered over the edge of his desk at the plaintiff's counsel, who was studying a sheet of paper on which he had pencilled some rough notes.

"Now, counsellor," he suggested.

The jury settled back in attitudes of helpless resignation as the lawyer rose, recognized the judge with a courteous inclination of his head, and turning to the jury-box, gazed at its occupants with an expression of comical compassion.

"It seems to me, fellow sufferers," he began in a nasal and melancholy drawl, "that somebody has been calling you gentlemen names."

A slight titter from the back of the room caused the judge to glance up sharply.

"A reprehensible habit, gentlemen," continued the speaker, slowly and sadly, "this



"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY"

calling of names. I wonder why my friend indulged in it? Not to ingratiate himself with his audience—not to flatter you, I feel sure. The tribute which he paid to your intelligence speaks for itself. Cheap methods are only for cheap men. And yet as I listened to my friend's argument I was most impressed by the masterly manner in which he called the roll: Mr. Richards, Mr. Foster, Mr. Adams, Mr. Norton, Mr. Ferris, Mr. Lawton, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Fulsom, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Innes, Mr. Orton—all present or accounted for with the facility and exactness of Loiset of blessed memory."

The speaker's finger indicated each individual, and a ripple of laughter ran over the room and broke into smiles on the jurors' faces.

"Had my friend felt doubtful of his cause," continued the attorney, "had he been short of facts and long of names, it is possible that he might have reverted to that first rule of pleading, which says, 'Place yourself on an intimate, familiar footing with your jurors.' But my opponent would never have made a crude application of that rule—he would not have done things by halves. Had he desired to make you feel at home with him he would have discarded formalities. He would have called Mr. Adams 'Thomas' and Mr. Folsom 'Robert'—perhaps he would even have referred to Mr. Benjamin Ferris as 'Ben,' called Mr. Lawton 'Dick,' and Mr. Paulding 'Bill.'"

The speaker raised his eyebrows in grave

surprise as the sound of laughter reached his ears, and then continued imperturbably.

"No one who listened to my friend's poetic flights would dare suggest that he was lacking in imagination. Who would believe that a case of this sort could inspire the Muse? The thought of a man getting goods without paying for them is not exactly poetic. Yet divested of rhetoric that's the kernel of this case. My friend's client has had our cake and eaten it—and we are having a run for our money. A duller, more commercial theme cannot be imagined. But on my friend's lips the bald prose of this commonplace controversy blossomed into poetry of eloquence and beauty. Do you mean to tell me that the man who effected such a transformation would condescend to commonplace flattery? No, sirs! If my adversary had thought it necessary to gain your graces by showing that he knew your names he would doubtless have addressed you in fluent rhyme like this:

Richards,	
Foster,	
Adams,	
NORTON!	
Ferris,	
Fulsom,	
Innes,	
ORTON!	
Thompson,	
Paulding,	
Ireland,	
LAWTON!	

The judge rapped loudly for order, but the room refused to take his gavel seriously until he himself had recovered his gravity. The counsel waited until quiet was restored, looking bored and not a little grieved at the interruption.

"But passing from rhymes to reason," he continued, "or, in other words, from poetry to potatoes, what do we find? Why, an argument which disposes of the suspicion that the able counsel, mistrusting the merits of his case, tried to divert you with poetry, or attempted to tickle your vanity with straws.

"Possibly, however, in the nervous tension of the moment—waiting for the next name to be called, and wondering which one would be 'It'—you may have missed his potato argument. Let me repeat it. If you sold him rotten potatoes, he asks, would it serve you to answer that you did not warrant that they were fit for food? Well, gentlemen, if he ate your potatoes and requested more, I think it might be assumed that he approved the quality. Those are precisely the facts in this case. The defendant was as familiar with our goods as his attorney was with your names. He had frequently tried them and found them to his liking. It hardly seems fair, though, to refer to the testimony, since my opponent did not do so.

"However, you will remember what the witnesses said. But the defendant claims he tried to turn our goods into something else and they were unsuited to his purpose, and we have no right to be paid for them, as we should have known he could not make what he desired to make with them. Suppose he had attempted to manufacture cherry brandy out of your potatoes, would you feel responsible for the failure, especially if the price of cherry brandy had fallen shortly after his experiment? But this is another detail of testimony which, perhaps, I should not touch upon. I return again to your names, upon which my opponent loved to linger. Why he did so is a puzzle, but I have done my best to solve it, and asking 'What's in a name?' I find in the initial letters of yours a simple acrostic, spelling out your right-ful verdict."

The speaker paused for a few moments, and then took from the table the sheet of paper on which he had been scribbling some comments during his opponent's speech.

"The first letters of *Foster, Orton, Richards*," he continued, "are *F-O-R—For; Paulding, Lawton, Adams, Innes, Norton*, make themselves *P-L-A-I-N—Plain*; and *Thompson, Ireland, Ferris, Fulsom* spell *T-I-F-F—tiff*; in other words, 'For Plain-tiff.' Pray take this significant arrangement of your names with you, gentlemen, when you retire for your verdict."

But the jury never retired to consider their verdict. They found it without leaving their seats.

To His Solar Majesty

By an Earthworm

O ORB of day!
That ninety million miles away
(They say)
Shinest with pure, unmitigated ray.

Thou globe immense!
Compact 'tis said of radium dense,
And (hence)
Of unimaginable heat intense.

Whom meteors speed
In countless fiery flocks to feed
(We read).
Would not some grosser fuel serve thy need?

Waive Nature's law,
And from its ancient orbit draw
(Mere straw!)
This sullen clod to fill thy glorious maw.

'Tis true our lease
Of Earth would gradually decrease
And cease,
But, oh, to feel the Summer's heat increase!

To know that we
Two generations' space maybe
(Or three)
From chills should grow continually more
free.

And turn and toast
As on a spit the bovine roast
(Almost),
And burn in one stupendous holocaust!
E. M. G.



"WHAT time is it by my new watch?"
Thus queried little Fred.

"Why, spring time, sir," replied the lamb
Then proved just what he said.



Fairy Footprints

DEEP buried in the flowered chair,
Herself the quaintest flower there,
Sweet slender hands crossed idly o'er
Some cherished page of fairy-lore—

While bluest eyes gaze far away,
In quest of fairies at their play,
Her quaint soul roaming far in space,
Where fairy footprints leave their trace. E. M. W.

Song for Heat

DE sun roll up so red en dim,
 He seem to buhn de sky;
 De dewdrops lebe de willow lim'
 Befo' he git too high.
 Ah walk out in de timbeh lan'
 En deh Ah take mah seat;
 Ah see det locus' close et han'
 En heah his song foh heat.

Oh, Misteh Locus' in det tree,
 Pipe yo' tune aroun';
 Tell how hot it's guine to be
 Befo' de sun go down.

De riveh's lak a lookin'-glas',
 De win' blow fum de souf;
 It seem to say es it sweep pas'—
 "Six mo' weeks ob drouf!"
 De lizahd run along de fence,
 De bracsnahe's in de wheat,
 Det locus' hide in green lebes dense
 En sing his song foh heat.

Oh, Misteh Locus' in det tree,
 Sing en do yo' bes';
 Mak' it too hot to wohk foh me—
 En den Ah'll hab to res'.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

The Queer Beggar Boy

ONE day the queerest beggar boy
 He came to our back door;
 He was the raggedyest one
 I ever saw before.
 My mother told him, "Come right in
 And sit down here and rest."
 And gave him lots of buttered bread,
 And cake, and turkey breast.

And then she gave him my old coat,
 And hat that's almost new,
 And then she said, "Poor child, poor child,"
 And gave him playthings, too.
 But 'stead of being happy, then,
 And nice and satisfied,
 As I'd 'a' been, that beggar boy
 Jus' cried, and cried, and cried!

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

A New Kind of Game

HARRISON, aged four, was taken by his mother to pay his first visit to his grandparents in a distant city.

It was his grandfather's custom to have "silent grace" before each meal was placed upon the table, and Harrison's mother explained to him that when he was at the table he would see his grandfather bow his head and maintain silence for a few moments, and that he should do likewise.

When the family sat down to dinner, Harrison watched his grandfather, and the moment he bowed his head Harrison did the same. After a short period of silence, long enough, Harrison thought, he cried out, to the mortification of his mother:

"Amen. I'm out first!"

Reasonable

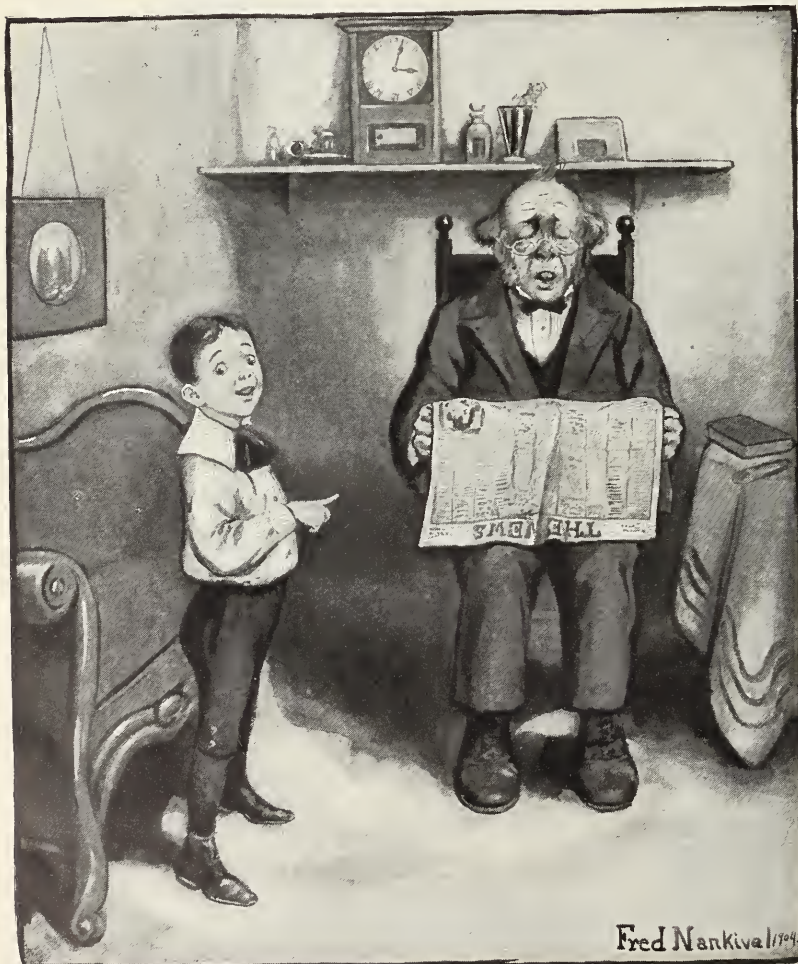
KENNETH was having a lesson in color, and finally his aunt touched her gray skirt and asked, "What color is this?"

Kenneth hesitated and then said, "Dark white."

"No," laughed his aunt. "Dark white isn't a color. Think again."

Kenneth fidgeted, but at last he said, confidently, "If it isn't dark white it must be *light black*."

J. BROADHURST.



"A Little Learning"

"Oh, look, grandpa is holding his paper upside down!"

One Cure

A LITTLE girl came to her mother near lunch-time with a stomach-ache.

"Perhaps your stomach aches," her mother said, "because it's empty—we'll put something in it, and then it will be all right."

The next day her father, who is a lawyer and has Congressional aspirations, came home with a hard headache. The small daughter came and stood near his chair. Looking into his face with sympathy, she said:

"Maybe your head aches because it is empty. You better put something in it and then it will feel all right."

A. L. McD.

Confusing

HAROLD is the only child of a father whose name is Howard, and the two names, so dear to the mother, are very often on her lips.

When Harold was four and a half he expressed a desire to learn the "big prayer"

to say at night instead of the childish "Now I lay me." His mother taught it to him, and after he had been saying it, as she thought, perfectly for several months, he said one night, as she was leaving the room:

"Mamma, I'm not sure I say that prayer just right. Is it *Howard* be Thy name, or *Harold* be Thy name?"

M. M. B.

The Rainy Day

MY mother punished me to-day;

I told a fib, that's why:

A real one—and I don't know how.

Nurse said it was a lie,



The Robin's Enterprise—A Fable

A ROBIN found three cherries of a golden hue and fine.
 "I'll start a pawn-shop here," said he, "and use them for my sign."
 The first day ate he one of them, the next another followed,
 The third his venture ended when the last one he had swallowed.
 "I did not do so badly, after all, forsooth!" said he;
 "My enterprise for three whole days and nights supported me."

*Now from this simple tale we may this lesson well recall:
 'Tis better far to play at trade than not to work at all.*

It seemed to pop right in my head,
 And out before I knew it,
 And Grandma said, "Don't punish him,
 He didn't mean to do it."

And then my mother said, "Oh no,
 My dearest boy is not
 Too small to *always* tell the truth,—
 I'm sorry he forgot."

She only put me in a chair,
 And tied my hands, and sighed;
 I didn't care—until she knelt
 Beside the chair, and cried.

L. M. S.



Self-Evident

JUDGE. "Officer, release that man at once; his appearance indicates he has told a straight story."

Gettin' Washed

BURGES JOHNSON

AT breakfast, when I'm kinder late an' hurry to my place,
 An' want'er eat, some person says, "Oh, what a dirty face!"
 Or, "Leave the table right away, those hands are a disgrace!"
 An' when I come back nice an' clean, my mother says she fears
 I didn't take a lot of pains to wash behin' my ears.

An' lots o' times when I've been out an' haven't touched a *thin'*
 That could have dirtied me a *bit*, why some one's called me in,—
 An' what they went an' said was dirt was shadders on my skin.
 But s'pose that cedar-tree I climbed *did* leave some teeny smears,
 I don't see how a *bit* could get 'way up behin' my ears!

Oh, when I'm big, without a nurse or grown-up folks that tease,
 Some weeks I'll wear my oldest clo'es as ragged as I please,
 An' muss my hair an' have big holes in both my stockin' knees.
 Of course I'll wash each *mornin'*, 'cept when playtime interferes,
 But you *just bet* I'll let alone that place behin' my ears!



Illustration for "His Sister"

See page 94

SOMETIMES SHE SOUGHT HIM AS HE WORKED ALONE

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In Folkestone out of Season

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

HOW long the pretty town, or summer city, of Folkestone, on the southeastern shore of Kent, has been a favorite English watering-place I am not ready to say. Very likely the ancient Britons did not resort to it much; but there are the remains of Roman fortifications on the downs behind the town, known as Cæsar's Camp, and though Cæsar is now said not to have been aware of camping there, other Roman soldiers must have been there, who could have come down to the sea for a dip as often as they could "get liberty." It is also imaginable that an occasional Saxon or Dane, after a hard day's marauding along the coast, may have wished to wash up in the waters of the Channel; but he could hardly have inaugurated the sort of season which for five or six weeks of the later summer finds the Folkestone beaches thronged with visitors, and the surf full of them. We ourselves formed no part of the season, having come for the air in the later spring, when the air is said to be tonic enough without the water. It is my belief that at no time of the year can you come amiss to Folkestone; but still it is better for me to own at the outset that you will not find it very gay there if you come at the end of April.

Our sitting-room windows did not look out upon the sea, as we had planned. The front of our house was not upon the Leas, as the esplanaded cliffs at

Folkestone are called, and you could not see the coast of France from it as you could from the house-fronts of the Leas in certain states of the atmosphere. But that sight always means rain, and in Folkestone there is rain enough without seeing the coast of France; and so it was not altogether a disadvantage to be one corner back from the Leas on a street enfiling them from the north. After the tea and bread and butter which they always have so good in England, and which instantly appeared, as if the kettle had been boiling for us from the beginning of time, we ran out to the Leas, and said we would never go away from Folkestone. How, indeed, could we think of doing such a thing, with that lawny level of interasphalted green stretching eastward into the town that climbed picturesquely up to meet it, and westward to the sunset, and dropped southward by a swift declivity softened in its abruptness by flowery and leafy shrubs?

If this were not enough inducement to an eternal stay, there was the provisionally peaceable Channel wrinkled in a friendly smile at the depth below us, and shaded from delicate green to delicate purple away from the long, brown beach on which it amused itself by gently breaking in a snowy surf. In the middle distance were every manner of smaller or larger sail, and in the offing little stubbed steamers smoking along, and here and there an ocean liner making from an American for a German port; or if it



UNDER THE LEAS

was not an ocean liner it ought to have been.

Certainly there could be no question of the business-and-pleasure-shipping drawn up on the beach, on the best terms with the ranks of bathing-machines patiently waiting the August bathers with the same serene faith in them as the half-fledged trees showed, that end-of-April evening, in the coming of the summer which seemed so doubtful to the human spectator. For the prevailing blandness of the atmosphere had keen little points and edges of cold in it; and vagarious gusts caught and tossed the smoke from the chimney-pots of the pretty town along the sea-level below the Leas, giving way here to the wooded walks, and gaining there upon them. Inspired by the presence of a steel pier half as long as that of Atlantic City, with the same sort of pavilion for entertainments at the end, we tried to fancy that the spring was farther advanced at home, but we could only make sure that it would be summer sooner and fiercer with us. In the mean time, as it was too late for the military band which plays every fine afternoon in a stand on the Leas, the birds were singing in the gardens that border them; very sweetly and richly, and not obli-

ging you at any point to get up and take your hat off by striking into "God save the King." I am not sure what kind of birds they were; but I called them to myself all robins of our sort, for upon the whole they sounded like them. Some golden-billed blackbirds I made certain of, and very likely there were larks and thrushes among them,—and nightingales, for anything I knew. They all shouted for joy of the pleasant evening, and of the garden trees in which they hid, and which were oftener pleasant, no doubt, than the evening. The gardens where the trees stood spread between handsome mansard-roofed houses of gray stucco of the same type as those which front flush upon the Leas, and which prevail in all the newer parts of Folkestone; their style dates them as of the sixties and seventies of the last century, since when not many houses seem to have been built on the Leas at Folkestone.

There are entertainments of an in-offensive vaudeville sort in the pavilion on the pier at Folkestone, and yet milder attractions in the hall of the Leas Pavilion, which for some abstruse reason is sunk ten or twelve feet below the surrounding level. The eve-

ning I spent there, the tea was yet milder than the other attractions: than the fair vocalist; than the prestidigitator who made a dozen different kinds of hats out of a square piece of cloth, and personated their historical wearers in them; than the cinematograph; than the lady orchestra which so mainly played pieces "By Desire" that the programme was almost composed of them. A diversion in the direction of ice-cream was not lavishly fortunate: the ice-cream was a sort of sweetened and extract-flavored snow which was hardly colder than the air outside.

It seemed, in fact, somewhat relaxed by those atmospheric influences which in England are of such frequent and swift vicissitude. At Folkestone we were early warned against the air of the sea-level, which we would find extremely relaxing, whereas that of the Leas, fifty feet above, was extremely bracing. We were not always able to note the difference, but at times we found the air even on the Leas extremely relaxing when the wind was in a certain quarter.

The sun is, of course, the mild English sun, which seems nowise akin to our flaming American star, but is quite probably the centre of the same solar system. The birds are in the wilding shrubs and trees which clothe the front of the cliffs, and in the gardened spaces on the relaxing levels, spreading below to the sands of the sea; and they are in the gardens of the placid, handsome houses which stand detached behind their hedges of thorn or laurel. This is the houses' habit through the whole town, which is superficially vast, and everywhere agreeably and often prettily built. It is overbuilt, in fact; well toward seven hundred houses lie empty, and half of those which are occupied are devoted to lodgings and boarding-houses, while the hotels, large and little, abound. There are no manufactures, and except in the season and the preparatory season, there is no work. Folkestone has become very gay, but is no longer the resort of the consumptive or the aristocratic, or even the æsthetic. These turn to other air and other conditions, where they may sleep out-of-doors, or wander informally about the fields or over the sands.

But the birds say nothing of all this,

especially in the first days of your arrival, when it is only a question whether you shall buy the most beautiful house on the Leas, or whether you shall buy the whole town. Afterwards, when the birds are a little franker, your heart is gone to Folkestone, and you do not mind whether you have made a good investment or not. By this time, though the Earl of Radnor still owns the earth, you own the sky and sea, for which you pay him no ground rent. Of your sky perhaps the less said the better, but of your sea you could not brag too loudly. Sometimes the sun looks askance at it from the curtains of clouds which he likes to keep drawn, especially out of season, and sometimes the rainy Hyades vex its dimness, but at all times its tender and lovely coloring seems its own, and not a hue lent it from the smiling or frowning welkin. I am speaking of its amiable moods; it has a muddiness all its own, also, when the Hyades have vexed it too long. But on a reasonably pleasant day, I do not know a much more agreeable thing than to sit on a bench under the edge of the Leas, and tacitly direct the movements of the fishermen whose sails light up the water wherever it is not darkened by the smokes of those steamers I have spoken of. About noon the fishermen begin to make inshore, toward the piers which form the harbor, and then if you will leave your bench, and walk down the long sloping road from the Leas into the quaint old seafaring quarter of the town, you can see the fishermen auctioning off their several catches.

Their craft, as they round the end of the breakwater, and come dropping into the wharves, are not as graceful as they looked at sea. In fact, the American eye, trained to the trimmer lines of our shipping in every kind, sees them lumpish and loggish, with bows that can scarcely know themselves from sterns, and with stumpy masts and shapeless sails. But the fishermen themselves are very fine: fair or dark men, but mostly fair, of stalwart build, with sou'westers sloping over powerful shoulders, and the red of their English complexions showing rank through their professional tan. With the toe of his huge thigh-boot one of them tenderly touches the edge of the wharf, as the boat-load of fish swims up to it,

and then steps ashore to hold it fast, while the others empty a squirming and flopping heap on the stones. The heaps are gathered into baskets, and carried to the simple sheds of the market, where the beheading and disembowelling of fish is forever going on, and then being dumped down on the stones again, they are cried off by one of the crew that caught them. I say cried because I suppose that is the technical phrase, but it is too violent. The voice of the auctioneer is slow and low, and his manner diffident and embarrassed; he practises none of the arts of his secondary trade; he does nothing, by joke or boast, to work up the inaudible bidders to flights of speculative fancy; after a pause, which seems no silenter than the rest of the transaction, he ceases to repeat the bids, and his fish, in the measure of a bushel or so, have gone for a matter of three shillings. The day of my visit, a few tourists, mostly women, of course, formed the uninterested audience.

The affair was so far from having the interest promised that I turned from it toward the neighboring streets of humble old-fashioned houses, and wondered in which of them it could have been that

forty-three years ago a very homesick, very young American going out to be a Consul in Italy, stopped one particularly black night and had a rasher of bacon. It could not be specifically found, but there were plenty of other quaint, antiquated houses, of which one had one's choice, clinging to the edge of the sea, and the foot of the steep which swells away toward Dover into misty heights of very agreeable grandeur. In the narrow street that climbs into the upper and newer town, there are old curiosity-shops of a fatal fascination for such as love old silver, which is indeed so abundant in the old curiosity-shops of England everywhere as to leave the impression that all the silver presently in use is fire-new. There are other fascinating shops of a more practical sort in that street, which has a cart-track so narrow that scarcely the boldest Bath-chair could venture it. When it opens at top into the new wide streets you find yourself in the midst of a shopping region of which Folkestone is justly proud, and which is said to suggest, "to the finer female sense," both London and Paris. Perhaps it only suggests a difference from both; but at any rate it is very bright and pleasant, especially when



THE PIER WITH ITS PAVILION



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE FISH-MARKET AT FOLKESTONE

it is not raining; and there are not only French and English modistes but Italian confectioners; one sees Italian names almost as commonly as in New York, and they seem rather fond of Folkestone, where they mistake the air for that of the Riviera. This street of shops (which abounds in circulating libraries) soon ceases into a street of the self-respectful dwellings of the local type, and from the midst of these rises the bulk of the Pleasure Gardens Theatre, to which I addicted myself,

in my constant love of the drama, without even the small reciprocation which I experience from it at home. In the season, the Pleasure Gardens adjacent are given up to many sorts of gayety, but during our stay there was no merriment madder than the wild hilarity of a croquet tournament; this, I will own, I had not the heart to go and pay sixpence to see.

The note of Folkestone is distinctly formality. I do not say the highest fashion, for I have been told that this is "The tender grace of a day that is dead"

for Folkestone. The highest fashion in England, if not in America, seeks the simplest expression in certain moments; it likes to go to little seashore places where it can be informal, when it likes, in dress and amusement; where it can get close to its neglected mother nature, and lie in her lap and smoke its cigarette in her indulgent face. So at least I have heard; I vouch for nothing. Sometimes I have seen the Leas fairly well dotted with promenaders toward evening; sometimes, in a brief interval of sunshine, the lawns pretty fairly spotted with people listening in chairs to the military band. On other days—and my experience is that out of eighteen days at Folkestone fourteen are too bad for the band to play in the pavilion—there is a modest string band in the Shelter. This is a sort of cavern hollowed under the edge of the Leas, where there are chairs within, and without under the veranda eaves, at tuppence each, and where the visitors all sit reading novels, and trying to shut out the music from their consciousness. I think it is because they dread so much coming to “God Save the King,” when they will have to get up and stand uncovered. It is not because they hate to uncover to the King, but because they know that then they will have to go away, and there is nothing else for them to do.

Once they could go twice a day to see the Channel boats come in, and the passengers, sodden from seasickness, come limply lagging ashore. But now they are deprived of this sight by the ill-behavior of the railroad in timing the boats so that they arrive in the middle of lunch and after dark. It is held to have been distinctly a blow to the prosperity of Folkestone, where people now have more leisure than they know what to do with, even when they spend all the time in dressing and undressing which the height of the season exacts of them. Of course, there is always the bathing, when the water is warm enough. The bathing-machine is not so attractive to the spectator as the bath-house with the bather tripping or hobbling down to the sea across the yellow sands; but it serves equally to pass the time and occupy the mind, and for the American onlooker it would have the charm of novelty, when the clumsy structure was driven into the water.

I have said yellow sands in obedience to Shakespeare, but I note again that the beach at Folkestone is reddish brown. Its sands are coarse, and do not pack smoothly like those of our beaches; at Dover, where they were used in the mortar for building the castle, they are to blame for the damp coming through the walls and obliging the authorities to paint the old armor to keep it from rusting. But I fancy the sea sand does not enter into the composition of the stucco on the Folkestone houses, one of which we found so pleasantly habitable. Most of the houses on and near the Leas are larger than the wont of American houses, and the arrangement much more agreeable and sensible than that of our average houses; the hallway opens from a handsome vestibule, and the stairs ascend from the rear of the hall, and turn squarely, as they mount half-way up. But let not the intending exile suppose that their rents are low; with the rates and taxes, which the tenant always pays in England, the rents are fully up to those in towns of corresponding size with us. Provisions are even higher than in our subordinate cities, especially to the westward, and I doubt if people live as cheaply in Folkestone as, say, in Springfield, Massachusetts, or in Buffalo.

For the same money, though, they can live more handsomely, for domestic service in England is cheap and abundant and well-ordered. Yet on the other hand they cannot live so comfortably, nor, taking the prevalence of rheumatism into account, so wholesomely. There are no furnaces in these very personable houses; steam heat is undreamt of, and the grates which are in every room and are not of ignoble size, scarce suffice to keep the mercury above the early sixties of the thermometer's degrees. If you would have warm hands and feet you must go out-of-doors and walk them warm. It is not a bad plan, and if you can happen on a little sunshine out-of-doors, it is far better than to sit cowering over the grate, which has enough to do in keeping itself warm.

One could easily exaggerate the sum of sunshine at Folkestone, and yet I do not feel that I have got quite enough of it into my picture. It was not much



THE SHELTER UNDER THE LEAS

obscured by fog during our stay; but there were clouds that came and went, but came more than they went. One night there was absolute fog, which blew in from the sea in drifts showing almost like snow in the electric lamps; and at momentarily intervals the siren horn at the pier lowed like some unhappy cow, crazed for her wandering calf, and far, far out from the blind deep, the Boulogne boat bellowed its plaintive response. But there was, at other times, sunshine quite as absolute. Our last Sunday at Folkestone was one of such sunshine, and all the morning long the sky was blue, blue as I had fancied it could be blue only in America or in Italy. Besides this there remains the sense of much absolute sunshine from our first Sunday morning, when we walked along under the Leas toward Sandgate as far as to the Elizabethan castle on the shore. We found it doubly shut because it was Sunday and because it was not yet Whit-Monday, until which feast of the church it would not be opened. It is only after serious trouble with the almanac that the essentially dissenting American discovers the date of these church feasts which are confidently given in public announcements in Eng-

land, as clearly fixing this or that day of the month; but we were sure we should not be there after Whit-Monday, and we made what we could of the outside of the castle, and did not suffer our exclusion to embitter us. Nothing could have embittered us that Sunday morning as we strolled along that pleasant way, with the sea on one side and the seaside cottages on the other, and occasionally pressing between us and the beach. Their presence so close to the water spoke well for the mildness of the winter, and for the winds of all seasons. On any New England coast they would have frozen up and blown away: but here they stood safe among their laurels, with their little vegetable-gardens beside them; and the birds, which sang among their budding trees, probably never left off singing the year round, except in some extraordinary stress of weather, or when occupied in plucking up the sprouting pease by the roots and eating the seed-pease. To prevent their ravage, and to restrict them to their business of singing, the rows of young pease were netted with a somewhat coarser mesh than that used in New Jersey to exclude the mosquitoes, but whether it was effectual or not, I do not know.



A SUNNY AFTERNOON

The sun shone impartially upon the birds and upon us, so that an overcoat became oppressive, and the climb back to the Leas by the steep hillside paths impossible. If it had not been for the elders reading newspapers, and the lovers reading each other's thoughts on all the benches, it might have been managed; but as it was we climbed down after climbing half-way up, and retraced our steps towards Sandgate, where we took a fly for the drive back to Folkestone. Our fly driver (it is not the slang it sounds) said there would be time within the hour we bargained for to go round through the camp at Shorncliffe, and we providentially arrived on the parade-ground while the band was still playing to a crowd of the masses who love military music everywhere, and especially hang tranced upon it in England. If I had some particularly vivid pots of paint instead of the cold black and white of ink and paper, I might give some notion in color of the way the red-coated soldiery flamed out of the intense green of the plain, and how the strong purples and greens and yellows and blues of the women's dresses gave the effect of some gaudy garden

all round them. American women say that English women of all classes wear, and can wear, colors in this soft atmosphere that would shriek aloud in our clear, pitiless air. When the band ceased playing, and the deity had been musically invoked once more to save the King, and each soldier had paired off and strolled away with the maid who had been simpleheartedly waiting for him, it was as gigantic tulips and hollyhocks walking.

The camp at Shorncliffe is for ten thousand soldiers, I believe, of all arms, who are housed in a town of brick and wooden cottages, with streets and lanes of its own; and many of the officers have their quarters there as well as the men. Once these officers' families lived in Folkestone, and something of the decay of its prosperity is laid to their removal, which was caused by its increasing expensiveness. Probably none of them dwell in the tents which our drive brought us in sight of, beyond the barrack-town pitched in the middle of a green, green field, and lying like heaps of snow on the rank verdure. The old church of Cheriton, with a cloud of immemorial associations with Briton, and Roman, and Saxon, and Dane, and Norman, rose

gray in the background of the picture, and beyond the potential goriness of the tented field was a sheep-pasture, full of the white innocence of the young lambs, which, after probably bounding as to the tabor's sound from the martial bands, were stretched beside their dams in motionless exhaustion from their play.

It was all very strange, that sunshiny Sunday morning, for the soldiers who lounged near the gate of their camp looked not less kind than the types of harmlessness beyond the hedge, and these emblems of their inherited faith could hardly have been less conscious of the monstrous grotesqueness of their trade of murder than the poor soldiers themselves. It is all a weary and disheartening puzzle, which the world seems as far as ever from guessing out. It may be that the best way is to give it up, but one thinks of it helplessly in the beauty of this gentle, smiling England, whose history has been written in blood from the earliest records of the heathen time to the latest Christian yesterday. Her battle-fields have merely been transferred beyond seas, but are still English battle-fields.

What strikes the American constantly in England is the homogeneousness of the people. We have the foreigner so much with us that we miss him when we come to England. When I take my walks in Central Park I am likely to hear any other tongue oftener than English, to hear Yiddish, or Russian, or Polish, or Norwegian, or French, or Italian, or Spanish; but when I take my walks on the Leas at Folkestone, scarcely more than an hour from the polyglot continent of Europe, I hear all but nothing but English. Twice, indeed, I heard a few French people speaking together; once I heard a German Jew telling a story of a dog, which he found so funny that he almost burst with laughter; and once again, in the lower town, there came to me from the open door of an eating-house the sound of Italian. But nearly everywhere else was English, and the signs of *Ici on parle Français* were almost as infrequent in the shops. As we very well know, if we know English history even so little as I do, it used to be very different. Many of those tongues in their earlier modifications used to be heard in and about Folkestone, if not simultane-

ously, then successively. The Normans came speaking their French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, the Danes their Scandinavian, the Saxons their Low German, and the Italians their vernacular Latin, the supposed sister tongue and not mother tongue of their modern parlance. If it was not the Latin which Cæsar wrote, it was the Latin which Cæsar heard in his camp on the downs back of Folkestone, if that was really his camp and not some later Roman general's. The words, though not the accents, of all these foreigners are still heard in the British speech there; the only words which are almost silent in it are those of the first British, who have given their name to the empire of the English; and that seems very strange, and perhaps a little sad. But it cannot be helped; we ourselves have kept very few Algonquian vocables; we ourselves speak the language of the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, in the mixture imported from England in the seventeenth century and adapted to our needs by the newspapers in the nineteenth. We may get back to a likeness of the Latin which the hills back of Folkestone recchoed two thousand years ago, if the Italians keep coming in at the present rate, but it is not probable; and I thought it advisable, for the sake of a realizing sense of Italian authority in our civilization, to pay a visit to Cæsar's camp, one afternoon of the few when the sun shone. This took us up a road so long and steep that it seemed only a due humanity to get out and join our fly driver in sparing his panting and perspiring horse; and the walk gave us a better chance of enjoying the entrancing prospects opening seaward from every break in the downs. Valleys green with soft grass and gray with pasturing sheep dipped in soft slopes to the Folkestone levels; and against the horizon shimmered the Channel, flecked with sail of every type, and stained with the smoke of steamers, including the Folkestone boat full of passengers not, let us hope, so seasick as usual.

Part of our errand was to see the Holy Well at which the Canterbury pilgrims used to turn aside and drink, and to feel that we were going a little way with them. But we were so lost in pity for our horse and joy in the landscape that we forgot

to demand the well and its associations from our driver till we had remounted to our places, and turned aside on the way to Cæsar's camp. Then he could only point with his whip to a hollow we had passed unconscious, and say the Holy Well was there.

"But where, where," we cried, "is the pilgrim road to Canterbury?"

Then he faced about and pointed in another direction to a long, white highway, curving out of sight, and there it was, just as Chaucer saw it full of pilgrims five hundred years ago, or as Blake and Stothard saw it four hundred years after Chaucer. I myself always preferred Stothard's vision of those pious folk to Blake's; but that is a matter of taste. Both visions of them were like, and they both now did their best to re-people the empty white highway for us. I do not say they altogether failed; these things are mostly subjective, and it is hard to tell, especially if you want others to believe your report. But we were only subordinately concerned with the Canterbury pilgrims; we were mainly in a high Roman mood, and Cæsar's camp was our goal.

The antiquity of England is always stunning, and it is with the breath always pretty well knocked out of your body that you constantly come upon evidences of the Roman occupation, especially in the old, old churches which abound far beyond the fondest fancy of the home-keeping American mind. You can only stand before those built-in Roman brick, on those bricked-up Roman arches, and gasp out below the verger's hearing: "Four hundred years! They held Britain four hundred years! Four times as long as we have lived since we broke with her!"

But observe, gentle and trusting reader, that the Roman remains are of the latest years of the Roman domination, and very long after they had converted and enslaved the stubbornest of the Britons, while at Cæsar's camp, if it was his, we stood before the ghosts of the earliest invaders, of those legionaries who were there before Christ was in the world, and who have left no trace of their presence except this fortress-grave. Very like a grave it was, with huge, long barrows of

heavily sodded earth made in scooping out the bed of the moat, and building upon some imaginable inner structure of stone or brickwork. They fronted the landward side of a down which seawardly was of too sharp an ascent to need their defence. Rising one above another, they formed good resting-places for the transatlantic tourists whom the Roman engineers could hardly have had in mind, and a good playground for some children who were there with their mothers and nurses. A kindly-looking young Englishman had stretched himself out on one of them, and as we approached from below was in the act of lighting his pipe. It was all, after those two thousand years, very peaceable, and there were so many larks singing in the meadow that it seemed as if there must be one of them in every tuft of grass. The place was profusely starred over with the small English daisies, which they are not obliged to take up in pots, for the winter here, and which seized the occasion to pass themselves off on me for white clover, till I found them out by their having no odor.

The effect was what forts and fields of fight always come to if you give them time enough; though few of the most famous can offer the traveller such a view of Folkestone and the sea as Cæsar's camp. We drove round into the town by a different road from that we came out by, and on the way I noted that there was a small brickmaking industry in the suburb, which could perhaps account both for the prosperity of Folkestone and for the overbuilding. Sadly we saw the great numbers of houses that were to be let or sold, everywhere, and the well-wisher of the sympathetic town must fall back for comfort as to its future on the prevalence of what has been waiting to call itself the instructional industry. Schools for youth of both sexes abound, and one everywhere sees at the proper hours discreetly guarded processions of fresh-looking young English-looking girls, carrying their complexions out into the health-giving air of the Leas. As long as one could see them in their wholesome pink-cheeked blue-eyed innocence, one could hardly miss the fashion whose absence was a condition of one's being in Folkestone out of season.

Non-Combatants

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ABOUT five o'clock that evening a Rhode Island battery clanked through the village and parked six dusty guns in a pasture occupied by some astonished cows.

A little later the cavalry arrived, riding slowly up the tree-shaded street, escorted by every ducky and every dog in the countryside.

The clothing of this regiment was a little out of the ordinary. Instead of usual campaign head-gear the troopers wore forage-caps strapped under their chins, heavy vizors turned down, and their officers were conspicuous in fur-trimmed hussar tunics slung from the shoulders of dark-blue shell-jackets; but most unusual and most interesting of all, a mounted cavalry band rode ahead, led by a bandmaster who sat his horse like a colonel of regulars—a slim young man with considerable yellow and gold on his faded blue sleeves, and an easy manner of swinging forward his heavy cut-and-thrust sabre as he guided the column through the metropolitan labyrinths of Sand River.

Sand River had seen and scowled at Yankee cavalry before, but never before had the inhabitants had an opportunity to ignore a mounted band and bandmaster. There was, of course, no cheering; a handkerchief fluttered from a veranda here and there, but Sand River was loyal only in spots, and the cavalry pressed past groups of silent people, encountering the averted heads or scornful eyes of young girls and the cold hatred in the faces of gray-haired gentlewomen, who turned their backs as the ragged guidons bobbed past and the village street rang with the clink-clank of scabbards and rattle of Spencer carbines.

But there was a small boy on a pony who sat entranced as the weather-ravaged squadrons trampled by. Cap in hand, straight in his saddle, he saluted the passing flag; a sunburnt trooper

called out: "That's right, son! Bully for you!"

The boy turned his pony and raced along the column under a running fire of approving chaff from the men, until he came abreast of the bandmaster once more, whom he stared at with fascinated and uncloyed satisfaction.

Into a broad common wheeled the cavalry; the boy followed on his pony, guiding the little beast in among the mounted men, edging as close as possible to the bandmaster, who had drawn bridle and wheeled his showy horse abreast of a group of officers. When the boy had crowded up as close as possible to the bandmaster he sat in silence, blissfully drinking in the splendors of that warrior's dusty apparel.

"I'm right glad you-all have come," ventured the boy.

The bandmaster swung round in his saddle and saw a small sun-tanned face and two wide eyes intently fixed on his.

"I reckon you don't know how glad my sister and I are to see you-all down here," said the boy, politely. "When are you going to have a battle?"

"A battle!" repeated the bandmaster.

"Yes, sir. You're going to fight, of course, aren't you?"

"Not if people leave us alone—and leave that railroad alone," replied the officer, backing his restive horse to the side of the fence as the troopers trotted past into the meadow, fours crowding closely on fours.

"Not fight?" exclaimed the boy, astonished. "Isn't there going to be a battle?"

"I'll let you know when there's going to be one," said the bandmaster, absently.

"You won't forget, will you?" inquired the boy. "My name is William Stuart Westcote, and I live in that house." He pointed with his riding-whip up the hill.

"You won't forget, will you?"

"No, child, I won't forget."

"My sister Celia calls me Billy; per-

haps you had better just ask her for Billy if I'm not there when you gallop up to tell me—that is, if you're coming yourself. Are you?" he ended, wistfully.

"Do you want me to come?" inquired the bandmaster, amused.

"Would you really come?" cried the boy. "Would you really come to visit me?"

"I'll consider it," said the bandmaster, gravely.

"Do you think you could come to-night?" asked the boy. "We'd certainly be glad to see you—my sister and I. Folks around here like the Malletts and the Colvins and the Garnetts don't visit us any more, and it's lonesome sometimes."

"I think that you should ask your sister first," suggested the bandmaster.

"Why? She's loyal!" exclaimed the boy, earnestly. "Besides, you're coming to visit *me*, I reckon. Aren't you?"

"Certainly," said the bandmaster, hastily.

"To-night?"

"I'll do my best, Billy."

The boy held out a shy hand; the officer bent from his saddle and took it in his soiled buckskin gauntlet.

"Good night, my son," he said, without a smile, and rode off into the meadow among a crowd of troopers escorting the regimental wagons.

A few moments later a child on a pony tore into the weed-grown drive leading to the great mansion on the hill, scaring a lone ducky who had been dawdling among the roses.

"'Clar' tu goodness, Mars Will'm, I done tuk you foh de Black Hoss Cav'ly!" said the ancient negro, reproachfully. "Hi! Hi! Wha' foh you mek all dat fuss an' a-gwine-on?"

"Oh, Mose!" cried the boy, "I've seen the Yankee cavalry, and they have a horse-band, and I rode with them, and I asked a general when they were going to have a battle, and the general said he'd let me know!"

"Gin'ral?" demanded the old ducky, suspiciously; "who dat gin'ral dat gwine tell you 'bout de battle? Was he drivin' de six-mule team, or was he dess a-totin' a sack o' co'n? Kin you splain dat, Mars Will'm?"

"Don't you think I know a general?"

exclaimed the boy, scornfully. "He had yellow and gilt on his sleeves, and he carried a sabre, and he rode first of all. And—oh, Mose! He's coming here to pay me a visit! Perhaps he'll come to-night; he said he would if he could."

"Dat gin'ral 'low he gwine come here?" muttered the ducky. "Spec' you better see Miss Celia 'fo' you ax dis here gin'ral."

"I'm going to ask her now," said the boy. "She certainly will be glad to see one of our own men. Who cares if all the niggers have run off? We're not ashamed;—and anyhow you're here to bring in the decanters for the general."

"Shoo, honey, you might talk dat-away ef yo' pa wuz in de house," grumbled the old man. "Ef hit's done fix, nobody kin onfix it. But dess yo' leave dem gin'ral whar dey is nex' time, Mars Will'm. Hit wuz a gin'ral dat done tuk de Dominiker hen las' time de blueco'ts come to San' River."

The boy, sitting entranced in reverie, scarcely heard him; and it was only when a far trumpet blew from the camp in the valley that he started in his saddle and raised his rapt eyes to the windows. Somebody had hung out a Union flag over the jasmine-covered portico.

"There it is! There it is, Mose!" he cried, excitedly, scrambling from his saddle. "Here—take the bridle! And the very minute you hear the general dashing into the drive, let me know!"

He ran jingling up the resounding veranda—he wore his father's spurs—and mounted the stairs, two at a jump, calling: "Celia! Celia! You'll be glad to know that a general who is a friend of mine—"

"Hush, Billy," said his sister, checking him on the landing and leading him out to the gallery from which the flag hung,—“can't you remember that grandfather is asleep by sundown? Now—what is it, dear, you wish to tell me?"

"Oh, I forgot; truly I did, Celia,—but a general is coming to visit me to-night if you can possibly manage it, and I'm so glad you hung out the flag—and Moses can serve the Madeira, can't he?"

"What general?" inquired his sister, uneasily. And her brother's explanations made matters no clearer. "You remember what the Yankee cavalry did before,"

she said, anxiously. "You must be careful, Billy, now that the quarters are empty and there's not a soul in the place except Mose."

"But, Celia! the general is a gentleman. I shook hands with him!"

"Very well, dear," she said, passing one arm around his neck and leaning forward over the flag. The sun was dipping between a cleft in the hills, flinging out long rosy beams across the misty valley. The mocking-birds had ceased, but a thrasher was singing in a tangle of Cherokee roses under the western windows.

While they stood there the sun dipped so low that nothing remained except a glowing scarlet rim.

"Hark!" whispered the boy. Far away the strains of the cavalry band rose in the evening silence, "The Star-spangled Banner" floating from the darkening valley. Boom! The evening gunshot set the soft echoes tumbling from hill to hill, distant, more distant. Then silence; and presently a low, sweet thrush-note from the dusky garden.

It was after supper, when the old darky had lighted the dips—there being no longer any oil or candles to be had,—that the thrush who had been going into interminable ecstasies of fluty trills suddenly became mute. A faint jingle of metal sounded from the garden walk, a step on the porch, a voice inquiring for Mr. Westcote; and old Mose replying with reproachful dignity: "Mars Wes'cote, suh? Mrs. Wes'cote daid, suh."

"That's my friend the general!" exclaimed Billy, leaping from his chair. "Mose, you fool nigger, why don't you ask the general to come in!" he whispered, fiercely; then, as befitted the master of the house, he walked straight out into the hall, small hand outstretched, welcoming his guest as he had seen his father receive a stranger of distinction. "I am so glad you came," he said, crimson with pleasure. "Moses will take your cap and cloak— Mose!"

The old servant shuffled forward, much impressed by the uniform revealed as the long blue mantle fell across his own ragged sleeve.

"Do you know why I came, Billy?" asked the bandmaster, smiling.

"I reckon it was because you promised to, wasn't it?" inquired the child.

"Certainly," said the bandmaster, hastily. "And I promised to come because I have a brother about your age—'way up in New York. Shall we sit here on the veranda and talk about him?"

"First," said the boy, gravely, "my sister Celia will receive you."

He turned, leading the way to the parlor with inherited self-possession; and there, through the wavering light of a tallow dip, the bandmaster saw a young girl in black rising from a chair by the centre-table; and he brought his spurred heels together and bowed his very best bow.

"My brother," she said, "has been so anxious to bring one of our officers here. Two years ago the Yan—the Federal cavalry passed through, chasing Carrington's Horse out of Oxley Court House, but there was no halt here." She resumed her seat with a gesture toward a chair opposite; the bandmaster bowed again and seated himself, placing his sabre between his knees.

"Our cavalry advance did not behave very well in Oxley," he said.

"They took a few chickens *en passant*," she said, smiling; "but had they asked for them we should have been glad to give. We are loyal, you know."

"Those gay jayhawkers were well disciplined for that business when Stannard took them over," said the bandmaster, grimly. "Had they behaved themselves, we should have had ten friends here where we have one now."

The boy listened earnestly. "Would you please tell me," he asked, "whether you have decided to have a battle pretty soon?"

"I don't decide such matters," said the bandmaster, laughing.

"Why, I thought a general could always have a battle when he wanted to!" insisted the boy, surprised.

"But I'm not a general, Billy," replied the young fellow, coloring. "Did you think I was?"

"My brother's ideas are very vague," said his sister, quickly; "any officer who fights is a general to him."

"I'm sorry," said the bandmaster, looking at the child,—“but do you know I am not even a fighting-officer? I am only the regimental bandmaster, Billy,—a non-combatant."

For an instant the boy's astonished disappointment crushed out his inbred courtesy as host. His sister, mortified but self-possessed, broke the strained silence with a quiet question or two concerning the newly arrived troops; and the bandmaster replied, looking at the boy.

Billy, silent, immersed in reflection, sat with curly head bent and hands folded on his knees. His sister glanced at him, looked furtively at the bandmaster, and their eyes met. He smiled, and she returned the smile; and he looked at Billy and smiled again.

"Billy," he said, "I've been sailing under false colors, it seems,—but you hoisted them, I'm afraid. I think I ought to go."

The boy looked up at him, startled.

"Good night," said the bandmaster, gravely, rising to his lean height from the chair beside the table. The boy flushed to his hair.

"Don't go," he said; "I like you even if you don't fight!"

Then the bandmaster began to laugh,—and the boy's sister bit her lip and looked at her brother.

"Billy! Billy!" she said, catching his hands in hers, "do you think the only brave men are those who gallop into battle?"

Hands imprisoned in his sister's, he looked up at the bandmaster.

"If you were ordered to fight, you'd fight, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"Under those improbable circumstances I think I should," admitted the young fellow, solemnly reseating himself.

"Celia! Do you hear what he says?" cried the boy.

"I hear," said his sister, gently; "now sit very still while Moses serves the Madeira;—only half a glass for Mr. William, Moses,—no, not one drop more!"

Moses served the wine with pomp and circumstance; the lean young bandmaster looked straight at the boy's sister and rose, bowing with a grace that instantly entranced the aged servant.

"Celia," said the boy, "we must drink to the flag, you know;" and the young girl rose from her chair, and looking at the bandmaster, touched her lips to the glass.

"I wish they could see us," said the boy,—“the Colvins and the Malletts.

I've heard their 'Bonnie Blue Flag' and their stirrup toasts until I'm sick—"

"Billy!" said his sister, quietly. And reseating herself and turning to the bandmaster, "Our neighbors differ with us," she said, "and my brother cannot understand it. I have to remind him that if they were not brave men our army would have been victorious three years ago, and there would have been no more war after Bull Run."

The bandmaster assented thoughtfully. Once or twice his worn eyes swept the room—a room that made him homesick for his own. It had been a long time since he had sat in a chair in a room like this,—a long time since he had talked with women and children. Perhaps the boy's sister divined something of his thoughts—he was not much older than she,—for, as he rose, hooking up his sabre, and stepped forward to take his leave, she stood up too, offering her hand.

"Our house is always open to Union soldiers," she said, simply. "Will you come again?"

"Thank you," he said,—“you don't know, I think, how much you have already done for me."

They stood a moment looking at one another, then he bowed and turned to the boy, who caught his hand impulsively.

"I knew my sister would like you!" he exclaimed.

"Everybody is very kind," said the young bandmaster, looking steadily at the boy.

Again he bowed to the boy's sister, not raising his eyes this time; and holding the child's hand tightly in his, he walked out to the porch.

Moses was there to assist him with his long blue mantle; the boy clung to his gloved hand a moment, then stepped back into the doorway, where the old servant shuffled about, muttering half aloud: "Yaas, suh. Done tole you so. He bow lak de quality, he drink lak de Garnetts—what I tole yo'? Mars Will'm, ef dat ossifer ain' er gin'ral, he gwine be mighty quick!"

"I don't care," said the boy, "I just love him."

The negro shuffled out across the moonlit veranda, peered around through the fragrant gloom, wrinkled hands linked



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THE CHARGE

behind his back. Then he descended the steps stiffly, and teetered about through the shrubbery with the instinct of a watch-dog worn out in service.

"Nuff'n to scare nobody, scusin' de hoot-owls," he muttered. "Spec' hit's time Miss Celia bolt de do', 'long o' de sodgers an' all de gwines-on. Shoo! Hear dat fool chickum crow!" He shook his head, bent rheumatically, and seated himself on the veranda step, full in the moonlight. "All de fightin's an' de gwines-on 'long o' dis here wah!" he soliloquized, joining his shrivelled thumbs reflectively. "Whar de use? Spound dat! Whar all de fool niggers dat done ske-daddle 'long o' de Linkum troopers? Splain dat!" He chuckled; a whippoorwill answered breathlessly.

"Dar dat sean'lous widder-bird a-hollerin'!" exclaimed the old man, listening. "'Pears lak we gwine have moh wah, moh daid men, moh widders. Dar de ha'nt! Dar de sign an' de warnin'. G'way, widder-bird." He crossed his withered fingers and began rocking to and fro, crooning softly to himself:

"Butterfly a-flyin' in de Chinaberry-tree
(Butterfly, flutter by!),
Kitty-gull a-cryin' on the sunset sea
(Fly, li'l gull, fly high!),
Bully-bat a-follerin' de moon in de sky,
Widder-bird a-hollerin', 'Hi, dar! Hi!'
Tree-toad a-trillin'
(Sleep, li'l honey!
De moon cost a shillin'
But we ain't got money!),
Sleep, li'l honey,
While de firefly fly,
An' Chuck-Will's Widder holler, 'Hi, dar!
Hi!'"

Before dawn the intense stillness was broken by the rushing music of the birds, —a ceaseless cheery torrent of song poured forth from bramble and woodland. Distant and nearer cockerows rang out above the melodious tumult, through which a low confused undertone, scarcely apparent at first, was growing louder,—the dull sound of the stirring of many men.

Men? The valley was suddenly alive with them, choking the roads in heavy, silent lines; they were in the lanes, they plodded through the orchards, they swarmed across the hills, column on column, until the entire country seemed

flowing forward in steady streams. Sand River awoke, restlessly listening; lights glimmered behind darkened windows; a heavier, vaguer rumor grew, hanging along the hills. It increased to a shaking, throbbing monotone, like the far dissonance of summer thunder!

And now artillery was coming, bumping down the dim street with clatter of chain and harness jingling.

Up at the great house on the hill they heard it,—the boy in his white night-dress leaning from the open window, and his sleepy sister kneeling beside him, pushing back her thick hair to peer out into the morning mist. On came the battery, thudding and clanking, horses on a long swinging trot, gun, caisson, forge, mounted artillerymen succeeding each other, faster, faster under the windows. A guidon danced by; more guns, more caissons, then a trampling, plunging gallop, a rattle of sabres,—and the battery had passed.

"What is that heavy sound behind the hills?" whispered the boy.

"The river rushing over the shallows; —perhaps a train on the trestle at Oxley Court House—" She listened, resting her rounded chin on her hands. "It is thunder, I think. Go to bed now for a while—"

"Hark!" said the boy, laying his small hand on hers.

"It is thunder," she said again. "How white the dawn is growing. Listen to the birds;—is it not sweet?"

"Celia," whispered the boy, "that is not thunder. It is too hushed, too steady; —it hums and hums and hums. Where was that battery galloping? I am going to dress."

She looked at him, turned to the east and stared at the coming day. The air of dawn was full of sounds, ominous sustained vibrations.

She rose, went back to her room, and lighted a dip. Then, shading the pallid smoky flame with her hand, she opened a door and peered into the next bedroom. "Grandfather!" she whispered, smiling, seeing that he was already awake. And as she leaned over him, searching the dim and wrinkled eyes, she read something in their unwonted lustre that struck her silent. It was only when she heard her brother's step on the stairs that she

roused herself, bent, and kissed the aged head lying there inert among the pillows.

"It is cannon," she breathed, softly,— "you know that sound, don't you, grandfather? Does it make you happy? Why are you smiling? Look at me;—I understand; you want something. Shall I open the curtains? And raise the window? Ah, you wish to hear. Hark! Horsemen are passing at a gallop. What is it you wish—to see them? But they are gone, dear. If any of our soldiers come, you shall see them. That makes you happy?—*that* is what you desire?—to see one of our own soldiers? If they pass, I shall go out and bring one here to you—truly I shall." She paused, marvelling at the strange light that glimmered across the ravaged visage. Then she blew out the dip and stole into the hall.

"Billy!" she called, hearing him fumbling at the front door.

"Oh, Celia! The cavalry trumpets! Do you hear? I'm going out. Perhaps *he* may pass the house."

"Wait for me," she said; "I am not dressed. Run to the cabin and wake Moses, dear!"

She heard him open the door; the deadened thunder of the cannonade filled the house for an instant, shut out by the closing door, only to swell again to an immense unbroken volume of solemn harmony. The bird-music had ceased; distant hilltops grew brighter.

Down in the village lights faded from window and cabin; a cavalryman, signalling from the church-tower, whirled his flaming torch aside and picked up a signal-flag. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifled cannon saluted the rising sun; a shell soared skyward through the misty glory, towered, curved, and fell, exploding among the cavalymen, completely ruining the breakfasts of chief-trumpeter O'Halloran and kettle-drummer Pillsbury.

For a moment a geyser of ashes, coffee, and bacon rained among the men.

"Hell!" said Pillsbury, furiously, wiping his face with his dripping sleeve and spitting out ashes.

"Young kettle-drums he don't love his vittles," observed a trooper, picking up the cap that had been jerked from his head by a whirring fragment.

"Rich feedin' is the sp'ilin' o' this here hoss-band," added the farrier, stanching the flow of blood from his scalp; "quit quar'lin' with your rations, kettle-drums!"

"Y'orter swallow them cinders," insisted another; "they don't cost nothin'!"

The band, accustomed to chaffing, prepared to retire to the ambulance, where heretofore their fate had always left them among luggage, surgeons, and scared camp-niggers during an engagement.

The Rhode Island battery, placed just north of the church, had opened; the cavalry in the meadow could see them—see the whirl of the smoke, the cannoniers moving with quick precision amid the obscurity,—the flash, the recoil as gun after gun jumped back, buried in smoke.

It lasted only a few minutes; no more shells came whistling down among the cavalry; and presently the battery grew silent, and the steaming hill, belted with vapor, cleared slowly in the breezy sunshine.

The cavalry had mounted and leisurely filed off to the shelter of a grassy hollow; the band, dismounted, were drawn up to be told off in squads as stretcher-bearers; the bandmaster was sauntering past, buried in meditation, his sabre trailing a furrow through the dust, when a clatter of hoofs broke out along the village street, and a general officer followed by a plunging knot of horsemen tore up and drew bridle.

The colonel of the cavalry regiment, followed by the chief trumpeter, trotted out to meet them, saluting sharply; there was a quick exchange of words; the general officer waved his hand toward the south, wheeled his horse, hesitated, and pointed at the band.

"How many sabres?" he asked.

"Twenty-seven," replied the colonel,— "no carbines."

"Better have them play you in—if *you* go," said the officer.

The colonel saluted and backed his horse as the cavalcade swept past him; then he beckoned to the bandmaster.

"Here's your chance," he said. "Orders are to charge anything that appears on that road. You'll play us in this time. Mount your men."

Ten minutes later the regiment, band



THEY BROUGHT IN THEIR DEAD AND WOUNDED ON HAY WAGONS

ahead, marched out of Sand River and climbed the hill, halting in the road that passed the great white mansion. As the outposts moved forward they encountered a small boy on a pony, who swung his cap at them gayly as he rode. Squads, dismounted, engaged in tearing away the rail fences bordering the highway, looked around, shouting a cheery answer to his excited greeting; the colonel on a ridge to the east lowered his field-glasses to watch him; the bandmaster saw him coming and smiled as the boy drew bridle beside him, saluting.

"If you're not going to fight, why are you here?" asked the boy, breathlessly.

"It really looks," said the bandmaster, "as though we might fight, after all."

"*You too?*"

"Perhaps."

"Then—could you come into the house—just a moment? My sister asked me to find you."

A bright blush crept over the bandmaster's sun-tanned cheeks.

"With pleasure," he said, dismounting, and leading his horse through the gateway and across the shrubbery to the trees.

"Celia! Celia!" called the boy, running up the veranda steps. "*He* is here! Please hurry, because he's going to have a battle!"

She came, slowly, pale and lovely in her black gown, and held out her hand.

"There is a battle going on all around us, isn't there?" she asked. "That is what all this dreadful uproar means?"

"Yes," he said; "there is trouble on the other side of those hills."

"Do you think there will be fighting here?"

"I don't know," he said.

She motioned him to a veranda chair, then seated herself. "What shall we do?" she asked, calmly. "I am not alarmed—but my grandfather is bedridden, and my brother is a child. Is it safe to stay?"

The bandmaster looked at her helplessly.

"I don't know," he repeated,—"*I* don't know what to say. Nobody seems to understand what is happening; we in the regiment are never told anything; we know nothing except what passes under our eyes." He broke off suddenly; the situation, her loneliness, the impending danger, appalled him.

"May I ask a little favor?" she said, rising. "Would you mind coming in a moment to see my grandfather?"

He stood up obediently, sheathed sabre in his left hand; she led the way across the hall and up the stairs, opened the door, and motioned toward the bed. At first he saw nothing save the pillows and snowy spread.

"Will you speak to him?" she whispered.

He approached the bed, cap in hand.

"He is very old," she said; "he was a soldier of Washington. He desires to see a soldier of the Union."

And now the bandmaster perceived the occupant of the bed, a palsied, bloodless phantom of the past,—an inert, bedridden, bony thing that looked dead until its deep eyes opened and fixed themselves on him.

"This is a Union soldier, grandfather," she said, kneeling on the floor beside him. And to the bandmaster she said in a low voice: "Would you mind taking his hand? He cannot move."

The bandmaster bent stiffly above the bed and took the old man's hand in his.

The sunlit room trembled in the canonade.

"That is all," said the girl, simply. She took the fleshless hand, kissed it, and laid it on the bedspread. "A soldier of Washington," she said, dreamily. "I am glad he has seen you;—I think he understands: but he is very, very old."

She lingered a moment to touch the white hair with her hand; the bandmaster stepped back to let her pass, then put on his cap, hooked his sabre, turned squarely toward the bed and saluted.

The phantom watched him as a dying eagle watches; then the slim hand of the granddaughter fell on the bandmaster's arm, and he turned and clanked out into the open air.

The boy stood waiting for them, and as they appeared, he caught their hands in each of his, talking all the while and walking with them to the gateway, where pony and charger stood, nose to nose under the trees.

"If you need anybody to dash about carrying despatches," the boy ran on, "why, I'll do it for you. My father was a soldier, and I'm going to be one, and I—"

"Billy," said the bandmaster, abruptly, "when we charge, go up on that hill and watch us. If we don't come back, you must be ready to act a man's part. Your sister counts on you."

They stood a moment there together, saying nothing. Presently some mounted officers on the hill wheeled their horses and came spurring toward the column drawn up along the road. A trumpet spoke briskly; the bandmaster turned to the boy's sister, looked straight into her eyes, and took her hand.

"I think we're going," he said; "I am trying to thank you—I don't know how. Good-by."

"Is it a charge?" cried the boy.

"Good-by," said the bandmaster, smiling, holding the boy's hand tightly. Then he mounted, touched his cap, wheeled, and trotted off, freeing his sabre with his right hand.

The colonel had already drawn his sabre, the chief bugler sat his saddle, bugle lifted, waiting. A loud order, repeated from squadron to squadron, ran down the line; the restive horses wheeled, trampled forward, and halted.

"Draw—sabres!"

The air shrilled with the swish of steel.

Far down the road horsemen were galloping in—the returning pickets.

"Forward!"

They were moving.

"Steady—right dress!" taken up in turn by the company officers,—"*steady—right dress!*"

The bandmaster swung his sabre forward; the mounted band followed.

Far away across the level fields something was stirring; the colonel saw it and turned in his saddle, scanning the column that moved forward on a walk.

Half a mile, and, passing a hill, an infantry regiment rose in the shallow trenches to cheer them. Instantly the mounted band crashed out into "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*"; an electric thrill passed along the column.

"Steady! Steady! Right dress!" rang the calm orders as a wood, almost behind them, was suddenly fringed with white smoke and a long rolling crackle broke out.

"By fours—right-about—wheel!"

The band swung out to the right; the squadrons passed on; and, — "*Steady!*"

Trot! Steady—right dress—gallop!" came the orders.

The wild music of "*Garryowen*" set the horses frantic—and the men, too. The band, still advancing at a walk, was dropping rapidly behind. A bullet hit kettle-drummer Pillsbury, and he fell with a grunt, doubling up across his nigh kettle-drum. A moment later Peters struck his cymbals wildly together and fell clean out of his saddle, crashing to the sod. Schwarz, his trombone pierced by a ball, swore aloud and dragged back his frantic horse into line.

"Right dress!" said the bandmaster, blandly, mastering his own splendid mount as a bullet grazed its shoulder.

They were in the smoke now; they heard the yelling charge ahead, the rifle-fire raging, swelling to a terrific roar; and they marched forward, playing "*Garryowen*,"—not very well, for Connor's jaw was half gone, and Bradley's horse was down; and the bandmaster, reeling in the saddle, parried blow on blow from a clubbed rifle, until a stunning crack alongside of the head laid him flat across his horse's neck. And there he clung till he tumbled off, a limp, loose-limbed mass lying in the trampled grass under the heavy pall of smoke.

Long before sunset the echoing thunder in the hills had ceased; the edge of the great battle that had skirted Sand River, with a volley or two and an obscure cavalry charge, was ended. Beyond the hills, far away on the horizon, the men of the North were tramping forward through the walls of a crumbling Confederacy. The immense exodus had begun again; the invasion was developing; and as the tremendous red spectre receded, the hem of its smoky robe brushed Sand River and was gone, leaving a scorched regiment or two along the railroad, and a hospital at Oxley Court House overcrowded.

In the sunset light the cavalry returned, passing the white mansion on the hill. They brought in their dead and wounded on hay-wagons; and the boy, pale as a spectre, looked on, while the creaking wagons passed by under the trees.

But it was his sister whose eyes caught the glitter of a gilt and yellow sleeve lying across the hay; and she dropped her brother's hand and ran out into the road.



"I THOUGHT OF YOU—WHEN I WAS FALLING," HE SAID, VAGUELY

"Is he dead?" she asked the trooper who was driving.

"No, miss. Will you take him in?"

"Yes," she said. "Bring him."

The driver drew rein, wheeled his team, and drove into the great gateway. "Hospital's plum full, ma'am," he said. "Wait; I'll carry him up. Head's bust a leetle—that's all. A day's nussin' will bring him into camp again."

"I want him put in my bed," whispered the boy, as the trooper staggered up-stairs with his burden, leaving a trail of dark wet spots along the stairs.

"All right, son," panted the trooper, following his small guide.

The bandmaster became conscious when they laid him on the bed, but the concussion troubled his eyes so that he was not certain that she was there until she bent close over him, looking down at him in silence.

"I thought of you—when I was falling," he explained, vaguely—"only of you."

The color came into her face; but her eyes were steady. She set the flaring dip on the bureau, and came back to the bed. "We thought of you, too," she said.

His restless hand, fumbling the quilt, closed on hers; his eyes were shut, but his lips moved, and she bent nearer to catch his words:

"We non-combatants get into heaps of trouble—don't we?"

"Yes," she whispered, smiling; "but the worst is over now."

"There is worse coming."

"What?"

"We march—to-morrow. I shall never see you again."

After a silence she strove gently to release her hand; but his held it; and after a long while, as he seemed to be asleep, she sat down on the bed's edge, moving very softly lest he awaken. All the tenderness of innocence was in her gaze, as she laid her other hand over his and left it there, even after he stirred and his unclosing eyes met hers.

"Celia!" called the boy, from the darkened stairway, "there's a medical officer here."

"Bring him," she said. She rose, her lingering fingers still in his, looking down at him all the while; their hands parted, and she moved backward slowly, her young eyes always on his.

The medical officer passed her, stepping quickly to the bedside, stopped short, hesitated, and bending, opened the clot-ted shirt, placing a steady hand over the heart.

The next moment he straightened up, pulled the sheet over the bandmaster's face, and turned on his heel, nodding curtly to the girl as he passed out.

When he had gone, she walked slowly to the bed and drew the sheet from the bandmaster's face.

And as she stood there, dry-eyed, mute, from the dusky garden came the whispering cry of the widow-bird, calling, calling to the dead that answer not.

The Woman

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

GOD send the woman by my way,
She shall possess me night and day,
In her dear eyes my own shall see
All heaven in epitome.

God send the woman by my way,
To her my soul will kneel and pray,
She may allay with her sweet art
The hell that rages in my heart.

Are the Planets Inhabited?

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION

MARS is now as much a subject of conversation as politics or art. In Buenos Ayres, Mexico, Caracas, as well as in Paris, St. Petersburg, Budapest, and Stockholm, the latest telescopic investigations are discussed, for it is known that this neighboring world is actually approaching the earth, that astronomers have their eyes upon it, and that luminous projections have been noted of which explanation is possible; and we know, moreover, that the discovery of canal-like lines in the planet has led to the question of possible inhabitants of Mars, and of the probability of a future communication with them.

It is hard to realize that the geographical position of Mars is better known than that of our own globe; but when a picture of the north or south pole of Mars is seen, it must be acknowledged that it is impossible to give the presentment of the same parts of our planet. The districts environing the poles of Mars are better known, both geographically and meteorologically, than those of ours; for, being almost always able to measure the extent of the polar snows, it is seen that they vary with the seasons.

These snows are also observed to brighten and grow warm under the sun, which melts them rapidly in a summer twice as long as ours, until they almost entirely disappear, leaving only a little ice upon a point which we know represents the cold pole, 340 kilometres distant from the geographical pole. None of these details are known about the same points on our own planet, and even the inhabitants of Mars may be ignorant of them if they have not been within reach of them. However, as the sea there is open at the end of the summer, they have better opportunities for exploring their polar regions than we have. We can also say that, generally speaking, the meteorology and the climatology of Mars are more fixed than those of this world. At the present mo-

ment nobody can tell what the weather will be to-morrow, but it is known almost for certain what it will be to-morrow or next week or month in any part of Mars, as when it is not winter-time it is always fine. In the equatorial regions and the regions round the poles there is hardly ever a cloud to be seen between the equinox of spring and the equinox of autumn. When it is impossible for us to make a drawing of Mars the hindrance is never due to the atmosphere of that planet, which is pure and transparent, but to the fact of our own being so often thick or disturbed.

We can draw all the geographical configurations, seas, coasts, islands, peninsulas, mouths of rivers, or canals of Mars with accuracy; and we can anticipate what district will appear in the lens of the telescope, for the length of the rotation of the planet is known to the hundredth part of a second. As the planet turns upon its axis more slowly than ours, the calendar of the inhabitants of Mars is composed of two consecutive years of 668 days and a bisextile one of 669 days.

It is not correct to say that the luminous projections can be seen beyond the border of the disc of the planet—they are observed upon the line called the terminator, which separates the hemisphere lighted by the sun from that which is not lighted; and they are only perceived when the globe of Mars exhibits a sensible phase along this line of the terminator. I have made the calculation of the height of these luminous points, and I find it is only 4500 metres ($2\frac{3}{4}$ miles), not higher than Mont Blanc, and perhaps less. The regions in which they appear are a sort of an island called Noachis, another called Hesperia, and a third called Tempe. According to all appearance there is snow upon these high mountains. It is not probable that these luminous points are due to the snow, for they are visible near the

equator, under the tropics as well as in more distant latitudes; and it does not seem that they are tops of mountains, for they are near the seas, and are symmetrically and relatively connected with certain rectangular canals. Moreover, many of them seem to mark parallels of latitude and meridians, and one is involuntarily reminded of geodetic signals when examining these triangles, squares, and rectangles.

I do not think that these luminous points have been placed by engineers or astronomers of the world of Mars, and it would be preposterous to suppose that the sixty rectangular canals, parallel and double, which we admire upon this same planet, putting all the Martian seas in communication with each other, are the work of the inhabitants of the sphere—this is not the conclusion I wish to draw. Nevertheless, it is none the less true that if the inhabitants of Mars wished to address signals to us, this mode of proceeding would be one of the most simple, and it is even now the only one thinkable by us. They could not do better than place these luminous points at particular distances according to geometrical figures.

One sees, for example, at the intersection of the 267th meridian with the 14th parallel of north latitude a region limited by points at the respective distances of Amiens, Le Mans, and Bourges. If the inhabitants of Mars wished to address signals to us, they could not have chosen a better place for their luminous beacons, although I am far from saying that it is so. But only if it *were* so, it is we who would not have understood.

The inhabitants of Mars being of a much more ancient origin than we are, may be more advanced in the line of progress, and enjoy a more enlightened and spiritual life. We may even admit without temerity that they are more learned than we are in the study of nature, and that they know our world better than we know theirs, and that our astronomical science is only in its infancy compared to theirs.

If, then, the people of Mars, living perhaps a highly intelligent life, did think of addressing signals to our world in the idea that our planet was also inhabited by an intellectual race,

they probably concluded when they received no reply that astronomy and optics were not advanced with us, and that we had not progressed beyond mere material instincts.

Perhaps the Martian academies declare this world to be uninhabitable and uninhabited, (1) because it does not identically resemble their own country, (2) because we have only one moon whilst they have two, (3) because our years are too short, and (4) because our sky is often murky, whilst theirs is always pure, and for a thousand other reasons quite as demonstrable.

If the Martians had any idea of sending us signals, it is not likely they have at the present time; it is probable they tried it in the Stone Age, two or three hundred thousand years ago, before man's appearance here. Perhaps, even, they addressed our planet in the period of the mammoth, the hipparion, or cave-bear, the iguanodon and the dinosaurians, or they may have recommenced it two or three thousand years ago.

Man, as we know, has only existed in this world for a hundred thousand years.

Astronomical instruments have only been invented since 1609, and the geographical details of Mars have only been discovered since the year 1858. Moreover, complete preparations for the study of this geography only date from the year 1862. The first detailed triangulation of the planet, the first geographical map comprising the smallest objects visible with the telescope and micrometrically measured, was only commenced in 1877, continued in 1879, and finished in 1882.

It is not, therefore, many years since Mars entered into the sphere of our observation. And one can also say that there is but a small number of the inhabitants of this world who have observed it in all its details, and of these the most experienced is Signor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan.

The geographical map of the planet Mars has just been made with infinite care by the above-mentioned astronomer. One might really consider it a terrestrial sphere of continents, islands, coasts, peninsulas, gulfs, waters. Moreover, clouds, rains, inundations, snows, seasons, winters and summers, springs and autumns,

prevail as they do here; and the intensity of the seasons is absolutely the same as with us, the inclination of the axis being the same as ours.

If it were ever attempted to put into practice any project for the communication between this world and ours, the signals would have to be established on a very vast scale. It would not be a question of triangles, squares, and circles of some kilometres in size, but of figures more than a hundred kilometres large. Moreover, it would always be on the hypotheses that there are inhabitants of Mars, that these inhabitants understand astronomy, that they have optical instruments analogous to ours, and that they observe our planet with interest. This planet must be to them a star of first magnitude, the evening and morning star, the brightest star of their heavens.

When on a beautiful starry night we examine Mars under a telescope, when we see the polar snows, which melt at spring-time, those finely defined continents, those long gulfed Mediterraneans, this eloquent and varied geographical configuration, one cannot but ask oneself if the sun which illumines a world so like our own does not likewise shed light on living beings, if the rains do not fertilize crops, if this atmosphere be not inhaled by beings, or if this sphere of Mars, which turns with rapidity in space, be like an empty train on a railway—containing neither passengers nor goods.

The idea of the planets with which we circulate, as Mars does, round the sun not being inhabited by any creatures whatever is too inconsistent to be conceivable. By what permanent miracle of sterilization can the forces of nature which act there as here remain eternally inactive and barren?

We have so far only spoken of life and animated matter; what is, then, this life? and what is this animated matter?

We can as little apprehend the essence of life and animated matter as that of gravity, which is infinitely more simple in its manifestations than what we call the vital force. We only know in our world that the vital force is united to an especial form of matter—organized matter—and that when this disappears it ceases to be vital force, and transforms itself (as force can

never be destroyed) into other forms of energy. For these facts it matters little whether we admit the vital force as a special force or consider it as a particular aspect of a known force like electricity. From this intimate association of the vital force with organized matter it seems that the vital manifestations (repairing tissue, growth, reproduction, etc.) can only take place under conditions in which the organized matter can exist; in all other cases the manifestations of life cease and death ensues, or the vital force remains inactive until the exterior condition becomes favorable.

Our problem of the habitability of the stars is, then, limited to observing the celestial bodies upon which the conditions are such that organized matter can exist in a durable form.

In the planet Mars the density of a cubic metre of water, earth, or any matter is only the seventeenth of what it is here, and the weight is only 38-100ths. A kilogram transported to Mars would therefore only weigh 376 grams there, and a man or woman weighing 70 kilos would only weigh 26 there. The years, as I remarked, are nearly twice as long as upon our planet, and the climatological conditions seem much more favorable than they are here.

The conditions necessary to life are, we know, multiform, as the structure of the organic matter is so complicated.

The more simple the organism, the more simple are its conditions of existence, and generally the greater the power to resist unfavorable conditions.

The animals and plants which live in caves or in vast depths in the sea are deprived of light, but being accommodated to this privation, they do not suffer from it. Animals have need of oxygen in the air or in the water; plants, moreover, require a little carbonic acid for the constitution of their tissues. There are even some animalculæ to which oxygen is a poison. Generally a temperature above 50° Cent. (122° Fahr.) cannot be borne. This means that at this temperature albumen, one of the most important of the substances in the animal organism, coagulates.

Some inferior beings can bear the highest temperatures, and even endure for some time a temperature of 100°

Cent. (212° Fahr.)—that is to say, that of boiling water,—but even they cannot live long in this temperature. In its liquid form water is indispensable to organic life. Life for any length of time is impossible below 0° Cent. (32° Fahr.), because the water contained in the whole organism would solidify, and the particles comprising the organism would lose their mobility. The want of water, however, does not necessarily involve death, and plants notably can maintain a latent life for a very long time, though deprived of water. The cereals without moisture retain for years the power of germinating.

Grains of maize found with the Egyptian mummies, consequently thousands of years old, have put forth shoots when planted in the earth.

Although organized matter can retain vitality so long, it is no less true that during this period all vital manifestation ceases, so that life can be considered null if the want of water be perpetual. Even with regard to the rudimentary form of life, three conditions must be considered essential: (1) an atmosphere containing oxygen and carbonic acid, (2) water, and (3) a temperature between the limits above indicated.

It is thus from these three points of view that we ought to study the celestial bodies, so as to be able to judge if a simple organic life, such as we understand it, be possible there or not.

The telescope permits us to discover such details of the surface and modifications of the planets as to lead us to conclude the existence of an atmosphere. Observations of occultations of stars by the moon or the planets tend to the same conclusion. Theoretical astronomy teaches us the distance of the planets from the sun; physics teaches us what quantity of solar light is received by each planet, for given its distance and the length of the revolution with the inclination of the axis, we are led to know the arrangement of the seasons.

Photometry gives us the sum of solar light reflected by the surface of the planet, and thus affords indications relative to certain properties of this planetary surface—properties which permit us, for example, to decide with certainty if the light be reflected by a solid surface, such as the planet, or if the rays, not

penetrating so far, are sent back in the upper parts of the atmosphere by banks of clouds.

It is the spectrum analysis which furnishes, as we know, the most important auxiliaries, presenting the stars to the eye of the mind just as the microscope reveals infinitely small marvels to the eye of the body.

The luminous rays are messengers, which after having passed through the spectroscope bring us news of the most distant worlds, speaking to us of the calorific intensity of the fixed stars, of metals which are volatilized in their atmosphere, of the incredibly low temperature of the nebulae, and of the gases enveloping the planets.

But it is not my place here to dilate on the spectrum analysis; I only wish to recapitulate briefly and simply what is known of the physical nature of the celestial bodies, and to show that we owe the greater part of our knowledge to the spectroscope.

It is not exaggeration to say that there is no limit to the number of forms in which life manifests itself, and this fact is an argument to those who trust that there are superior beings in the distant world. It shows that directly the primary germs exist there is a possibility of a complete development, and that nature never lacks forms in proportion to the exterior conditions. Thus it is that we have the right to suppose that in Mars there may be creatures with the manifestations of animal life and in the enjoyment of intellectual faculties.

In Mars we can clearly recognize the subdivision of the surface into water and *terra firma*. Its atmosphere has properties which accord with our own; not only do we certainly find aqueous vapor there, but spectroscopic researches prove that its principal components are the same as those of the terrestrial atmosphere, and that consequently it contains oxygen and nitrogen. Sometimes lines of clouds hide the planet from our view; and sometimes they disappear, to reappear in other places.

The extent of snow and ice covering its poles varies with the seasons. Albeit the temperature of Mars must be sensibly lower than ours from its being farther from the sun, the difference is not considerable enough to be an obstacle

to the stable existence of organic matter in the hot and temperate zones. The torrid zone of Mars must nearly correspond climatologically to our temperate one. We can therefore state this fact in favor of Mars as an abode suitable to life such as exists upon earth.

God exists, and He did not create habitable spheres with no object. Therefore, we can hardly conceive that habitable spheres were created without the end being accomplished. It seems absurd to pretend that they were only created to be observed from time to time by a few of us; how, therefore, could the aim of their existence be accomplished if they are not inhabited by a single being? Ill-advised theologians who say that the sidereal universe is merely a mass of inert matter disposed by God according to mathematical laws for the glorification of His power fall very short of the reply demanded to such an important question. The connection between our own planet and its beings leads us to the inevitable conclusion that the *idea of habitation is immediately connected with the idea of habitability.*

The astronomical position of this earth in the orbit which it describes, and the normal dispositions of its nature and its geological and climatological constitution, show that it is far from being in the most favorable position for the maintenance of life; and the differences of age, position, mass, density, size, surroundings, biological conditions, etc., give many other spheres a superior position as regards habitability to that occupied by our planet in the immense amphitheatre of the sidereal creation. Superior worlds, magnificent dwellings of great advantages, stud the unexplored expanse of distant space; and it is in that wide expanse that humanity probably lives quietly and gloriously, under a pure and beneficent heaven, in the bosom of a temperature in harmony with the functions of organism, and in the enjoyment of peaceful relations with nature. An eternal spring (perhaps more diversified by ever-fresh charms than our most variable seasons) reigns in the fortunate spheres, where man is freed from all material occupation and exempted from the grosser needs inherent to our terrestrial organization.

With celestial photography we have only to leave a plate exposed five or six hours for it to become covered with luminous points which touch each other. For this reason I think that we should find all the stars are united one with the other quite close to each other like the molecules of our flesh, had we the means of seeing the connecting links, their rays of light, heat and electricity, their attractions and magnetisms which may unite them all.

From here to the sun there seems to be a vacuum of 93,000,000 miles; and from here to the moon a space of 240,000 miles. It is an error; vacuum does not exist. The sun holds the earth in space, lights, warms, and fertilizes it. Invisible bonds unite all the worlds.

Astronomy is not now limited to the mere mathematical position of the stars; it also involves research as to the conditions of life on the surface of other worlds.

Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and the other solar systems interest us particularly because science has discovered points of similarity to our own planet. The starry heavens are transfigured, and we begin to see in all the regions of infinite space dwellings actual, past or future, of beings of all possible intelligence. Can one be surprised if an astronomer who is accustomed to dwell on celestial matters asks himself if these worlds may not be the dwelling-places of immortality? This great problem of the *Beyond* has certainly a great importance, and this solution is not to be despised even by theologians.

Is not the survival of the existence of the soul the logical complement of astronomy? If man dies out completely, how can the immensity of the universe interest us? If nothing remains of us, if we are only ephemeral mushrooms of the globe, living for a short time, how does it all concern us? Science is only a mockery like life itself; yea, a stupid and burlesque farce.

If astronomy interests us for itself, is it not through the philosophical horizons which it opens up to us? What is the universe? What are all these worlds? What is our real place, our destination, in this marvellous plan? These questions are surely of a more burning interest than the logarithmical position of a star.

Heaven is the earth multiplied millions of times, and the earth is a corner of heaven. We are in that heaven. The earth which we inhabit is a part of it. It is a planet, a globe, suspended in space, like the moon, Mars, Venus, or Jupiter. That is the Truth, and more material ideas of life are false, albeit humanity in its ignorance is satisfied with them.

One may live a hundred thousand years without having realized all—nay, the half nor the quarter, nor the hundredth part—of the reality of life.

There is the Infinite to conquer. We know the enigma given by Timæus of Locris a thousand years ago. What is a circle whose centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere? The answer

was "*God*," and we can with Pascal apply this definition to the infinite universe.

Oh, this starry sphere! In it is life—life universal, life eternal. What are we seeking? Here, in this archipelago of celestial isles, are the dwellings of immortality. We already inhabit this archipelago. We are not by the side of heaven nor outside it; we are in it. If we live after death, it is there that we live; there is no need to invent fables and stories as to the abode of souls. If we do not live, if the dwellers of all the worlds are only born to die, life has no aim, the universe is futile.

Oh! brilliant stars, suns of the infinite, ye are the torches of Eternity, the centres of immortality.

Hesperus

BY EDITH WYATT

THE Vesper star that quivers there,
A wonder in the darkening air,
Still holds me longing for the height
And splendor of the full of night.

Come, quiet night. The day's blue bars
Have dropped and let out all the stars
To flock through heaven till the light.
The day is done. Come, quiet night.

Come, quiet night. My day is done—
My little day of work and fun;
I'm tired. Hold me close and light
In your wide silence, quiet night.

So, when I see day's last blue spark,
My prides, my shames, my work, grow dark,
And still is all life's wrong and right,
Deep may I know the perfect night.

An Epitaph and a Ghost

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

GERTRUDE'S smile was quick, bright, straight. Darcy lifted his hat. And they passed, each with a flush of good-will toward the other.

He looked even unusually small and ugly and depressed, she thought, with ever instant compassion.

And he—Nice girl that! He always had that cordial feeling with her, though, away, nothing seemed drawing him strongly to look her up. None of the men liked especially to be seen with her; she was apt to look so— Well, notice her belt now! Jolly nice girl, though, good company, and game about having to work when the others needn't.

Still warmed by the impersonal human pleasantness of the encounter, Gertrude swung up the home stairs and dropped the pile of books from her cramped arm with a thump of cheerful relief. Then she caught sight of herself in the mirror—hat crooked, scolding-locks stringing, tie proclaiming the usual morning rush! Suddenly she realized how tired she was, how creepy the chalk made her fingers, what a stack of papers there was to mark.

She flung herself across the bed. What did it all come to? Forty-two dollars a month during the session; for the year, with vacations and absences, hardly four hundred all told toward the general family poverty. And in time, a thousand a year perhaps, when she had her correspondence degrees, and had worked up over marriages, deaths, droppings, super-annuations,—unless she herself lost-out in the mean time. And not even fun along the way! He was going to see Mabel or Frances or some of the others, of course, like everybody else. Not that he mattered individually. Not that she wanted to marry,—only a chance to refuse; or what value in her boast that she *chose* the dignity of independence until—unless just He came?

She could not bring herself to work or

read, even in her favorite pleasantness of the vine-covered front porch. Her mind would slip its moorings, and go drifting, drifting. The One Man! The Only Man! What would he be like? Good to look at—at least in a big, forceful way—all the things she was not: a man she could admire: her kind of man. How would it feel to be, to some one, the dearest, most important thing in life, and, if only therefore, pretty?

Across her vision blurred with dreams she grew dimly aware of Darcy returning up the street. Her thoughts were so far from him that he had almost passed before the dejection of his carriage penetrated to her like a call in a fog. "Oh, is it so bad as that?" she said aloud, involuntarily; and instantly she was on her feet, wide awake to reality.

Her voice turned him, his eyes as dumbly hurt as a child's, too injured to cry. She put out both hands impulsively, and that living kindness drew him like a magnet to drop on the step below her chair. Her hand on his shoulder for a moment gave the full sympathy of the human touch. There was silence before she said, "If you don't want to talk, you needn't say a word; but if it would help you . . ."

The instant breaking of the ice-gorge gratified her as no spoken compliment could have done. It seemed that his little book of verse had been finding no publisher; and Frances Vastine, who had been its critic, and in large part inspiration, had told him to-day, just when he most needed her sympathy, that she thought he ought to be told she was engaged! He had protested against the desecration of *her* marrying an ordinary man; and she had said, in that bored way that was spoiling her lately, that it was absurd, of course, but she really preferred an ordinary *man*! Yes, it was quite unmistakable. *Oh*, to be misrepresented by an undersized body and sallow

skin and huge projecting front teeth full of gold, when a man's whole Self was one passion for beauty, one aspiration to express it!

"Oh!" cried Gertrude, her voice sharp, hurt. "How could she?" Her attitude was all-protective. He saw tears in her eyes.

"Why, you dear girl!"

"There—never mind me," she apologized, with a sob of laughter and a crying twist of a smile. "I just can't bear to have anything suffer. I'm always burdening mother here with starved cats and mutilated curs; and it's the ugly, stupid, ill-natured youngsters in the class I take to. I suppose it's fellow-feeling; and I want to make it up to them, give them a chance. You see, I know just how it is." It was partly offering the consolation of the tola of black-mustard seed, partly the natural human impulse to match experiences and confide in a confidant. "I've always been handicapped and left out too. It's like being shut in a contracting prison-cell whose walls come a little nearer every day. With me it's the State boundaries and long division when I'm just longing to live. Oh, I thoroughly enjoy the children, yes; but nothing ever happens to me. I feel like running away to Chicago or New York. Don't you love a big city? People talk of its artificiality. Why, it's as elemental as a storm, as stimulating, and, I suppose, as exhausting.

"But the country—" the poet began.

"Yes, I love the country; it's real, too. In the country one can see the day; in town it's only the weather. But the big city is like the mountains or sea. One could really live—and love—in either place. Oh yes," she laughed, with a becoming color as his eyebrows lifted, "everybody else has aspirations too, you see. That's all part of a pet day-dream I used to keep when I was young, and fed on a One Man, an Only Man diet. Dangerous things, these carnivorous day-dreams!"

"The idea of your using the past tense!"

"Ah, so you appreciated that subtle epitaph? Drop a tear with me." So one presses a bruise to see how sore it is. "But you're not surprised? Don't the natural histories state how short the life is of a day-dream in captivity?"

Humor protected the admission, and Darcy laughed with her, both warmed again by that sense of mutual good-will.

"You're the best fellow I know, Miss Renshaw. You've quite made me forget," he added. "But even you can't quite understand. You're naturally bright and brave, and I . . . But then I've never had any one who cared or understood or appreciated, even at home,—oh, there least of all! I've been lonely all my life, and now"—he drooped—"the one work that has made it worth while is evidently no good."

"Nonsense!" Gertrude sounded fairly indignant. "Lots of your things are good. So many modern poets just blow bubbles of mysticism; one touches them to see what they really are, and there's nothing there. Or they write mere metre that swings through the head and out; one can't remember a phrase of it, and it never meant anything, anyway. Everything of yours I know has some beautiful *idea*, and yet there's mystery and music in them all, too."

Darcy listened, detached and judicial. "Do you really think so? No, no,"—he began to smile in spite of himself,—“of course I can't question your critical ability, can I?" He hastily assumed an alias for his pleasure. "But are you sure you're not a jollier? How do you make every man feel that you *like* him and like *him*?"

"I don't. Not every one."

He always liked that honest way she had. Now his fingers closed over hers, that, warm and quick, met his simply. Then she realized that he was looking at her as if he had never seen her before. The hour's implication of a tacit, a unique, intimacy had drawn round them a magic circle over which no outsider could step, which shut them in, alone, remote. In the pause the sense of nearness grew strong, too strong to bear. Uncertainly, she drew away.

Instantly his face clouded. "Of course. What a fool I am! You've never even given me a thought!"

"Why, you never asked me to!"

"But now? Oh, I didn't understand, myself! I feel as if I had just emerged from bathing, after some occult anointing, in the pool of Siloam." Indeed, Gertrude felt that her own eyes must just

have opened, wet from Puck's magic simples. Darcy was a new man,—look, intonation, manner; different, and for her! It was startling that he could be positively beautiful as the vehicle, the expression, of love. "Don't you see, Gertrude? the same thing has been the matter with us both. We've been looking for each other. We've been shut in adjoining cells, and have just found out that we each had a neighbor, and could communicate, and help each other, and get free together!"

"But—Frances . . ."

"Frances? Who? Did I ever know a Frances? You're the only girl I ever met. Don't you understand? I've been wasting incense before the image instead of the real presence; admiring externals because they stood for certain inner beauties, for a spirit I assumed back of them: when it is you, *you*, I have been worshipping all along in other women. That's my first sonnet to you, dear,—the most beautiful woman in the world!"

"Why, Ned!" Tenderness, faintly touched with amusement, warm with sympathy, almost maternal. "Why, Ned!" And gratitude, all the sweeter and more thrilling for surprise. "Do you really care like that, dear?"

"Care? You're just the girl for me. What work I shall do with you to help me, when simply being with you an hour now does me so much good! My whole life will be like this afternoon—a volume of verse dedicated to you."

And that—his need—was to her a higher argument than his wish or hers. It tempted the craving to be of value, stirred the pity of a great-heartedness, flattered the delusion of unselfishness.

"So it wasn't dead, after all,—the carnivorous day-dream?"

"Oh yes, it was. Quite. I had written the epitaph, you remember. But maybe ghosts do walk sometimes. No, no, I didn't mean that."

He failed to see why she should not.

Outside the door Gertrude paused to quiet the flutter of anticipation and shyness. As Ned's aunt, both by blood and marriage, and the nearest of kin, Mrs. Harold Darcy represented the family.

Mrs. Darcy did not rise; she was a very large woman. But she kept the girl's hand, looking her over with slow neutral

regard. "So this is Gertrude? Well, I must say I'm surprised. I never before knew Ed to be interested in any woman not a beauty. When I asked him if you were, he came down from the clouds long enough to say fretfully that he was sure *he* found you good to look at." Gertrude freed her hand and sat down with mixed feelings. "But I'm glad to see such a practical-looking girl—you may be sensible. I was slow about coming, child: Ed has had so many enthusiasms that came to nothing; one-sided most of them. But it seems you really expect to get married?" The placid voice paused, slightly interrogatory.

Gertrude's eyes were very bright, her cheeks very red, and her lips straight. "And—why—not?"

"He deserves no such luck." Whatever compliment was in the words, the delivery flattened. "Somebody must consider you, child. It's only fair to warn you."

"Of what? Do you mean . . ."

"Oh, I don't mean that he's not straight. He's never been very strong, nor had much money, nor been considered generally charming,"—she smiled at that. "Besides, he's finical in his tastes." Her gaze travelled over the girl again in impersonal wonderment. "He'd not be liable to vulgar vices."

"You sound as if that were a vice."

"Is it much to his credit? That's the point. It's not so much what Ed does as what he doesn't do. He's as negative as a mirror—simply reflects the last thing before it, and that only while it lasts." Her eyes had never ceased considering Gertrude. "How on earth did you and he come to this?" Gertrude sat, too bewildered for anger. "You think he loves you, doubtless?"

"A girl can only suppose so when a man asks her to marry him."

"Well, he doesn't. He loves no one but himself."

"Oh, that! And this is what you came to tell me?"

"Yes,—that you won't like him, you won't be able to live with him."

"And you're his mother's own sister!"

"Yes, indeed, and married to his father's brother, so I ought to know, oughtn't I? Ed's been in my charge ever since his mother gave up the

fight and died. Ed's a Darcy through and through." Gertrude found it easy to believe.

"He told me he had no sympathy at home," she murmured.

Mrs. Darcy smiled her fat smile. "How familiar that sounds! It's in the blood. Uncle, father, grandfather, son, I have heard the same whine. Don't you know that what one is most likely to get in a place is what he brings? If Ed took a little interest at home, he might rouse some: if he ever did anything for anybody, more might be done for him. Not that he's particularly to blame. None of the Darcys get along well together; they all want the same thing, so there's no one to supply it: they've long gotten over coming to me!"

"I can't help thinking," Gertrude hesitated, really distressed at having to hurt any one's feelings, "that there must be something very wrong where any one lacks affection and kindness. Beauty and joy are as primary and imperative virtues as duty and usefulness."

But Mrs. Darcy had evidently eliminated her own feelings in disposing of the Darcys'. "You talk enough like Ed to be the right wife for him."

Gertrude smiled. "You see! Isn't that the point in marriage, Mrs. Darcy,—the right two? I know"—the generosity was obviously only for the person present—"that for people not to suit each other may not prove faults on either side; it's temperamental, like love." She colored at the word before those judicial eyes. "And, you know, antagonism and sympathy do call out different sides of a character."

"Now, child, stop right there and listen to me. Sooner or later inevitably what a man is to others, his family especially, he will be to you. This woman influence and incentive does real good only with a man who would do as much for his own sake, anyway. To be misunderstood may be the penalty of greatness, but it is oftener the sop of egotism. What we really *are*, people, on the whole, judge pretty fairly and fully. And if eleven men on the jury agree, the chances are that the twelfth is mistaken." The trouble was that Mrs. Darcy made truth sound like herself. "I suppose, though, it never will be any use to talk to young folks about this superstition that love

and influence change people. The notion is like a witch's head—cut it off and two come in its place."

"But I'm not thinking of changing him! He has his faults, of course,"—evidently they were very trifling,—"but we love each other." She might have stopped there, and the best and worst of the matter would have been said. Oh, the magic of the plural personal pronoun! "And such sweetness and ideality and humility!" Mrs. Darcy heard the count with non-committal face. "Well as I knew Ned, he's been a revelation even to me since . . ." Through her modesty glowed the light of it. "My dear Mrs. Darcy, I am evidently marrying a man you have never met."

Mrs. Darcy's mouth pursed into a smile at the unconscious patronage. "I notice you have a special name for him," she commented, dryly. She prized herself out of her chair. "I'm about through, I believe. You've behaved very nicely, child. One can see you're a dear girl—more's the pity." The compliment was colorless. "There seems nothing to be said against you except poor taste and bad judgment."

Gertrude stiffened. Any other opposition—to herself personally, to the marriage—she could have forgiven more easily than that. "I might as well tell you," she answered, stoutly, "that Ned's love has given me more self-respect than ever before. I feel rich and popular and competent and successful all at once because he loves me. And I'm proud to be marrying the only man I ever cared for."

Mrs. Darcy didn't seem struck with the relevance of the reply. "Well, no one need be surprised at anything any one, a woman especially, does in connection with love. But I've noticed that one is apt to be most positive when he begins to doubt. So I hope before it's too late you'll reconsider. Please don't imagine, though, that I really expected to convince you, much less make you admit it. Probably this will only make you more set. But at least I have done my duty." That self-complacent air of the fat does some of them injustice. "And I want you to remember that in any circumstances you have one friend in the family."

"I'm sure you mean to be kind, and I appreciate that." Gertrude did not

sound so very sure, after all. "But I shall never call on you, nor need to." There are those whose championship of a cause alone would defeat it.

She followed the aunt's laborious withdrawal with a rush of sympathy for the foster-son. Poor Ned! No wonder. What a lot he would need from her. And yet, poor Mrs. Darcy, too! (Which would have surprised and amused that lady no little.) Probably she had done a great deal for Ned; and, even if indifferent herself, would have found it pleasant for him to be less so. But wasn't it natural (and naturally to Gertrude more than pardonable) that his absorption in one should exclude interest in others?

"No one need be surprised at anything any one, a woman especially, does in connection with love;" but, oh, the marvel of the perpetual tragedy of womanhood! her eternal sacrifice to imaginary, false, or demi-gods; the constant hide-and-seek between herself and her real feelings; the unending maze of meeting, dividing, crossing motives.

"You never saw such a household," Mrs. Darcy told Anne Harcourt. She had equipped the young folks generously with linen and china. "Oh yes, they get along perfectly together; but, dear me! that's the worst of it. I stopped by the other day about noon. The house was empty and open. Any one could have gone all through. The breakfast-table wasn't half cleared, and not a dish washed. In the middle of the kitchen floor, where she had stepped out of it, was Gertrude's apron. I supposed the child had been sent for in some emergency, and, waiting for trouble all along, I got at the bread. Saved it, too, though it was so light 'twas coarse. And then I took the opportunity to give the whole place a cleaning it was crying for. I was just dead on my feet—what with my weight and the weather—and was turning out the hot loaves, when in trailed those babes in the wood, swinging hands, limp but smiling. Ed had got a day off unexpectedly, had rushed home for her, and they had skipped off picnicking together. The minute Gertrude caught sight of me she stopped smiling. 'Oh, Mrs. Darcy, why did you do that?' 'You didn't suppose I could let that dough waste?' I

said. And Ed said he didn't see why I couldn't if they could! And they not able to afford a servant!"

"And you dead on your feet over her work!"

"Oh, as to that,"—Mrs. Darcy was as uncompromisingly honest with herself as with everybody else,—"there's no unselfishness in doing a thing it would make you more uncomfortable to neglect. I can't stand the looks of that house."

Gertrude's devotion she discounted on the same principle. That others should be selfish was only an opportunity to Gertrude. No matter what crowded the days, she was always ready for anything Ned proposed. The evenings she kept for him, busied only sharpening his pencils as he worked, her very mind empty to take up instantly a phrase he would throw her proudly, or a verse he would read doubtfully. When he was doubtful she quickly learned not to be: criticism unnerved him completely, and, anyway, he would get enough of that outside. So she used only praise, graduated; though he grew so keen about its degrees that the less complimentary chilled and cut like open disapproval. She, he told her, was like ink to his pen, brains to his thought; he could do nothing without her. One of his daintiest verses was on this gain in sharing, like those fairy charms of folk-lore that double in potency every time they are passed on. All of which was as precious to Gertrude as to Darcy. If she was his stimulating wine, he was her very bread of life.

"He showed good sense at least," Anne Harcourt commented. "That sends him up in my opinion. And for him to get her, makes me wonder if there mayn't be more to him than anybody else credited."

"That's no argument." To Mrs. Darcy there were no half-tones in life, only blacks and whites. "Most women have to love something: if they can't love a man because they admire him, they'll love him because it's too bad they can't."

To Gertrude it was all half-tones. Things she and Mrs. Darcy had said in their first conversation had a way of flashing out on her like alternating electric-light signs. How both of them could have been right was confusing. Ned was different too, but not before her; so that she came in for her share of it in

the end, and what he was to others inevitably affected her opinion of him. She did influence him, because, on the whole, she ran with, not counter to, his tendencies. It was sweet to be able to help,—but how much he needed of it! Under admiration and sympathy he did work well,—and grew more complacent and approbative. The dim corners of her consciousness seemed haunted, so she drew closer to the central glow and would not look. Of course the more one cared, the more sensitive one was to defects. So much warning, the consciousness of solitary conviction, almost hypnotized confidence. But faith had a psychological effect, too, on both subject and object. Something was gained by doing the things that would have been such pretty sentiment if . . . Her mind drew back hastily and turned another way. At least she would be able to love her children fully—that is, she meant . . . Anyway, it was simple nature to look forward to them.

Neither did she mistake her poet's loves for periodic new Beauties. They were purely abstract, imaginative. He wrote hymns to Bacchus,—and was so easily affected by stimulants as to be shy of a mug of beer. He wrote odes to splendid honor and high sacrifice, while she ran in from solitary dishwashing to keep up his hearth fire. He wrote of passion, ecstasy, longing,—that he never experienced. All of it in the minor key, ending in defeat, denial, disappointment; which was of itself evidence for the ideal. So there was not, of course, any desire to hold him, or coquetry or vanity, in her times of trying to learn a pretty coiffure that would stay up, of trying to remember to hook her plaquette. There was only admission of shortcomings, a desire to please, to be all he required. That she was the most, and the best, she knew. However other women attracted him, even if that implied partial criticism of her, she was the exception; his feeling for her was unique, real.

"She continues to radiate contentment," Anne Harcourt observed.

"Oh yes, she has set into that kindergarten smile and manner, that indestructible pleasantness and vivacity people get who are too exclusively with invalids and children. She'll never have a chance to be anything but cheerful."

"Oh, I'm beginning to give him credit at least for making *her* happy."

Mrs. Darcy looked at her sidewise. "Who makes her happy? She doesn't even bear me a grudge. I thought she would. It's hard to forgive people for speaking the truth. Living with people like Ed has a different effect on different persons. His poor mother died; and look at Gertrude, for instance, and at me." There was no way of judging to which she gave the palm. "She has a pretty name for everything, and an explanation,—until it would drive the most charitable to the other extreme. What *I* can't understand is how she cares so little for *the truth!*"

"What sense in hair-splitting?" Gertrude would have said; she *was* happy—except that the years brought no mothering.

Darcy's energy never carried beyond the hour of inspiration, the applause of the immediate patron. If Gertrude urged him to publish, he sent off indiscriminately, so jealously fond of every line, he could not cut even the bad. So she took charge of that, too, her choice constituting a silent and unnoticed criticism that in seven or eight years marked a creditable number of creditable things.

"If I were you," Mrs. Darcy advised (Mrs. Darcy of course never hesitated to advise), "I'd see that he paid a little more attention to bookkeeping and less to mooning. He hasn't had a raise since you married. It strikes me his work is like that woman's in Kipling—no particular reason why it should be done at all."

"There's one good reason, at least," Gertrude said, "for which everybody does things—that they'd rather; it's their way of living."

At the last it was not only her secretaryship and business management, but finally her money from squab-raising, that published his little volume, dedicated to *The Idea of Beauty*.

Naturally she was not included in the blare of notoriety that kind and local critics gave both work and author. Nor was she invited to Mrs. Lang's musicale. Ned always had more time to keep up the social part. And his little book gave him a brief personality among the artistic dilettanti and amateurs of his

circle. Besides, Mrs. Lang was the latest Muse.

Exactly what happened there Gertrude never asked. When, after midnight, Ned was still not in, she grew restless, and waiting on and on, slept not at all that night. After breakfast-time she rang up the office. He had not come down. Then she 'phoned Mrs. Lang's,—Mr. Darcy had left early the evening before, she was told with puzzling curtness. She hung up the receiver with trembling hands, and leaned against the wall to plan further.

The porch creaked; the front door complainingly admitted Mrs. Harold Darcy.

"I came straight to you, child, the moment I heard."

"Heard? What?"

"You haven't?"

"What?"

"There, don't look so. He's not hurt, you may be sure,—more's the pity. You haven't seen the paper? It's even there, without names. A little confusion as to the sources of inspiration, it calls it. Unfortunately easy it was, for there was only rum frappé; and unfortunately public; the Beauty prefers printed to spoken poetry, the lyric to the dramatic. Our dear relative left, on suggestion. There, there, child, don't take it like that. Learn to laugh, and nothing can hurt you. It's horrid, of course, but you must have known him this long time—if you ever were fooled. Of course the publicity's odious, but everybody knew it, anyway, and it gives you an excuse to pull out; you've stood by him longer than most women would as it is."

"Where—is—he?"

"In Tom Gray's rooms. He wouldn't come home. They couldn't make him. Tom says he said, 'What a virago your wife must be!' And Ed groaned: 'She? Virago? Oh, that would be easy. I'd take a whipping any time in preference!'"

"My poor boy! my poor boy!" Gertrude was searching the room blindly for her hat, sobbing like one who has run far.

"Where are you going now?"

"To him, of course."

"Well," Mrs. Darcy surveyed her placidly, "people have pitied you for years as a blind fool; now they *will* smile."

"And no one, I suppose, to do him common justice!" Gertrude turned on

her in a kind of rage of grief. "If it took so little to upset him, doesn't it show how he's lived—almost an ascetic?"

"With the imagination of a Sybarite! and the weak intemperance of the total abstainer! What is the real man? Do your intelligence common justice! Have the courage to be honest." Mrs. Darcy's voice hardly rose or hurried.

Gertrude was not given to retorts, but she had felt vaguely before this that Ned was not, after all, wholly his father's son; the texture of his mind was like his mother's family—without its vigor. Now she was rummaging in a drawer that looked like a grab-bag, until she extracted two gloves, not mates, and fairly ran toward the door.

"Oh, very well," Mrs. Darcy said, flatly. "I'll wait for you."

"You needn't."

"You'll probably need me." She hitched her chair around with a thump to watch the window for the return.

She was right. Gertrude brought him home in a cab. What slight intoxication there had been was fully past, but he was prostrated, overwhelmed. Who could scold this clinging, pitiful, self-accusing creature? Even Mrs. Darcy only set her lips straight; it was like him to take the last advantage of the offender to escape consequences! But Gertrude, laughing and crying, petted, comforted, encouraged, as they undressed him like a child and put him to bed.

Mrs. Darcy watched her with something like artistic appreciation. "Why haven't you children of your own?" she wondered, abruptly, and as suddenly added, remembering, "Blessed thing you haven't, though,—they couldn't be just yours."

To the porch, as she left, Gertrude followed her. "I'm sure you're fair enough to realize that this will never occur again."

"Never? Oh, probably not for a time, I admit. He'll stay close for a while. He's all right when your hand's on him, child; but you'll always have to take care that no one gets the best of you. Now what value is there to anybody in that kind of morality? It strikes me a man who requires so much saving and can't do any of it himself isn't worth it."

What had that to do with it? Gertrude turned indoors.



HE ALWAYS LIKED THAT HONEST WAY SHE HAD

"You go rest now yourself," Mrs. Darcy admonished. "I'll send you over some fried chicken and beaten biscuit for dinner, and you take things easy till to-morrow."

Darcy was already asleep. Gertrude stood looking down at him with a great heartache for them both. How lonely God must feel, she thought, whimsically, with no one to look up to! And yet—what was she to ask the ideal? There had to be give and take in any relationship. If she hadn't perfection, she had a great deal more than nothing. She had taken the best life had offered her. Neither failure nor success, realization nor disappointment, was ever absolute; there was always compensations, always things to make the best of. The philosophy of the "common woe" which only drives some temperaments to pessimism over the general lot gave Gertrude optimism over the personal.

In the girl's dream of love it was the Prince who played the leading part, the instinct of wifeness that was uppermost. But if that and all the rest—self-confidence, pride, loyalty, "hope eternal," the vulgar hunger for bread and cheese and kisses—had been in the beginning, and still were to less extent, threads in her cat's-cradle of motives, by this time one instinct had become her predominant, habitual self; so that her whole life slipped out into a single continuous ring of meaning. Why had she no children, indeed? How often she had asked herself that question undisturbed by any such considerations as Miss Darcy's. But after nine years it was the accepted inevitable. That was a bitter disappointment; Ned was not—exactly. Perhaps if there were children he might . . . If there were more beauty about the house, perhaps . . . But she couldn't be other than she was. And what time or money had she for herself?

It was the decision of an old debate that sent Gertrude next day to the Children's Home. They were all out playing; the matron, who knew her, said, would she look at them so?

"No, no; I want a little one, a baby."

"I'm afraid we haven't any. Oh, that?" She followed the visitor to where one of the older girls sat with a little bundle on her lap. "You wouldn't be interested

in him, Mrs. Darcy. The mother—well, he was a surprise gift-baby for us; born in our wood-shed; the mother dying when we found her."

"Poor little unfortunate!"

"Yes,—and sickly, too."

Gertrude stooped for him, and straightway he began to wail.

"Better take him back, Mary," the matron said to the caretaker.

"No, no," Gertrude protested, cuddling him. "Oh, who's this? Marie Miller? Yes, she is a pretty child. Two years? Yes, it is a dear age."

"And of good stock, Mrs. Darcy,—just unfortunate."

"And perfectly healthy? She looks it, yes."

"How she takes to you!"

"Oh yes, of course, she's the kind I came to get—I ought to get. But this poor little thing . . ." At last reluctantly she yielded up the fretting baby and made arrangements about Marie.

But half-way home with the child, Gertrude turned back. "I can't do it," she apologized. "I must have that baby. But I promise not to neglect Marie for him."

"Both?"

"Yes, I might have as much as that, don't you think? It doesn't seem too selfish, does it?"

The matron wondered momentarily if she ought to trust either to her.

Mrs. Harold Darcy nearly had apoplexy before she remembered to laugh. "By wholesale! Twins! Oh dear, dear, do rub me between the shoulders! How does she ever expect to manage, poor and busy as she already is?"

"Of course it's funny," Anne Harcourt agreed, "but it's more pathetic. Gertrude Renshaw was such a splendid girl!"

"And what's Gertrude Darcy?" demanded her aunt-in-law, with a most unusual definiteness of admiration. "I used to think it a great pity too, but I don't know! Gertrude always would be lavishing herself on some poor benighted beings; and I don't see that it does them much harm, or would matter if it did. The dog, the rabbit, and the canary have very different outlooks on life."

Darcy took the additions as seriously and impractically as Gertrude, and fan-



HE WATCHED HER PUT THE LITTLE FOLKS TO BED

cied Marie as enthusiastically as Gertrude had known he would not fancy the delicate boy. With the little girl's help she lifted him by degrees, a dead weight, from the depths of self-depreciation—which Mrs. Darcy actually refrained from proclaiming by its opposite name.

One evening, after he had watched her put the little folks to bed, he broke out with: "Have you ever thought that the essence of Christianity is motherhood, unsexed, impersonalized, — love, service, self-abnegation, vicarious suffering? You are the personification of Christianity, Gertrude. Women like you explain the deification of Mary."

"Why, Ned!" Tenderness, faintly touched with amusement, warm with sympathy; and gratitude, as fresh and eager as the girl's.

"I believe there is some such esoteric explanation of the persistence in Christianity of the idea of the motherhood of God.—The Motherhood of God! There, that shall be the title-poem of my next volume, dedicated openly to you. You are a living sonnet, dear." The Ned *she* knew—look, intonation, manner, different just for her! Each positively beautiful—to the other; and as the vehicle, the expression of love. "I wish I could express things in my language as well as you do in yours. You have the ideal always in yourself. But I have to create, seek it," he hesitated, wistfully, beginning to droop again, "often led astray by wandering fires."

The *amende honorable* was made; Gertrude's quick hand hurried to accept it and dismiss the dangerous subject forever.

The Faithful Rose-Tree

BY CHARLES DALMON

"So long as I do not hold in my arms thy fair body, the rose-tree of my heart's desire will not flower."—HAFIZ.

ENCHANTMENTS of the nightingale
Shall not avail
To make my lonely breast disclose
Another rose
Until I hear my lover's voice
Calling upon me to rejoice.

My brothers and my sisters stand
On either hand
Revealing unto sun and shower
Flower after flower;
But I all blandishments disdain,
Knowing my faith is not in vain.

The zephyrs have a gentle way
By night and day
About the garden, but my heart
Shall not impart
One single rose before I hear
My lover's footsteps coming near.

Who is my lover! unto you
I answer, who?
Nor shall you know my secret when
He cometh; then
You shall but see my breast disclose
Rose after rose, rose after rose.

Non-Intervention and the Monroe Doctrine

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

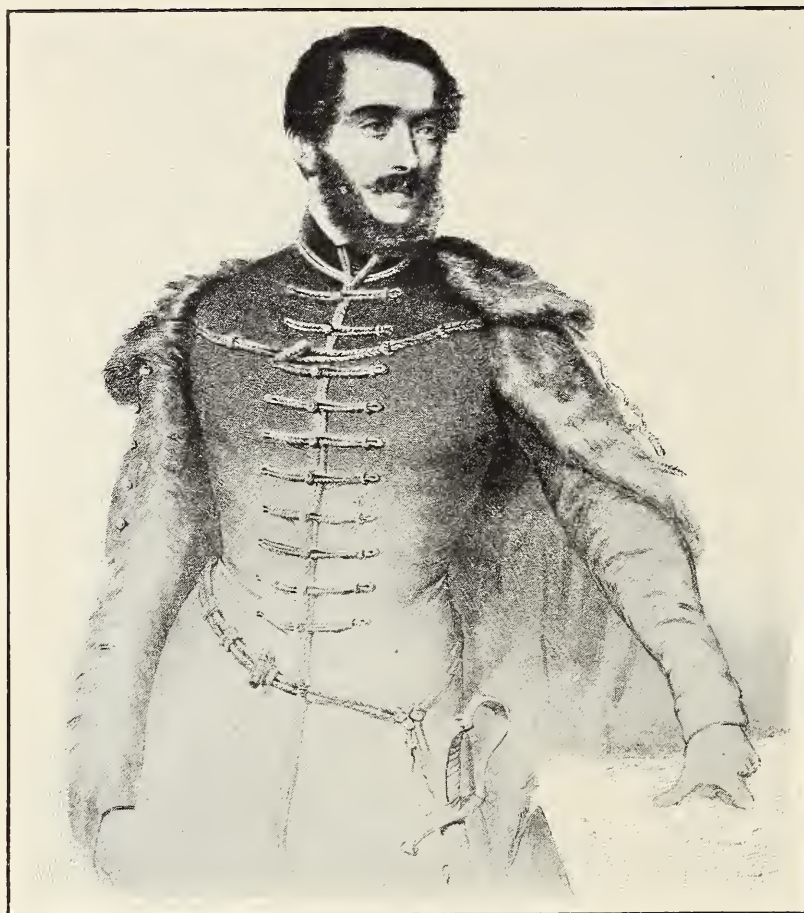
AMONG the rules of conduct prescribed for the United States by the statesmen who formulated its foreign policy, none was conceived to be more fundamental or more distinctively American than that which forbade intervention in the political affairs of other nations. The right of the government to intervene for the protection of its citizens in foreign lands and on the high seas never was doubted; nor was such action withheld in proper cases. But, warned by the spectacle of the great European struggles that had marked the attempts of nations to control one another's political destiny, the statesmen of America, believing that they had a different mission to perform, planted themselves upon the principle of the equality of nations as expounded by Grotius and other masters of international law. This principle was expressed with peculiar felicity and force by Vattel, who declared that nations inherited from nature "the same obligations and rights," that power or weakness could not in this respect produce any difference, and that a "small republic" was "no less a sovereign state than the most powerful kingdom." The same thought was tersely phrased by Chief-Justice Marshall, in his celebrated affirmation: "No principle is more universally acknowledged than the perfect equality of nations. Russia and Geneva have equal rights." And as the Declaration of Independence proclaimed life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to be "unalienable rights" of individual men, so the founders of the American republic ascribed the same rights to men in their aggregate political capacity as independent nations.

While the principle of non-intervention formed an integral part of the political philosophy of American statesmen,

its practical importance was profoundly impressed upon them by the narrowness of their escape from being drawn, by the alliance with France, into the vortex of the European conflicts that grew out of the French Revolution. Even before American independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, American statesmen scented the dangers that lurked in a possible implication in European broils. "You are afraid," said Richard Oswald to John Adams, "of being made the tool of the powers of Europe." "Indeed I am," said Adams. "What powers?" inquired Oswald. "All of them," replied Adams; "it is obvious that all the powers of Europe will be continually manœuvring with us to work us into their real or imaginary balances of power. . . . But I think that it ought to be our rule not to meddle." In 1793 the revolutionary government of France, apparently doubting the applicability of the existing alliance with the United States to the situation in Europe, submitted a proposal for "a national agreement, in which two great peoples shall suspend their commercial and political interests and establish a mutual understanding to defend the empire of liberty, wherever it can be embraced." This proposal the American government declined; and its response found practical embodiment in its acts. The reasons for the policy of non-intervention and neutrality, to which the administration of the time so sedulously adhered, were eloquently summed up by Washington in that immortal political legacy, his Farewell Address. "The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations," said Washington, "is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good

faith. Here let us stop." The same thought was conveyed by Jefferson, in his first inaugural address, in the apothegm, "Peace, commerce, and honest

Religion; as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmen; . . . it is declared by the parties, that no pre-



LOUIS KOSSUTH

friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

The policy of non-intervention embraced matters of religion as well as of politics. By the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States, Congress was expressly forbidden to make any law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This inhibition against governmental interference with religious opinions and practices was in its spirit extended to the intercourse of the United States with foreign nations. In Article IX. of the treaty between the United States and Tripoli, which was concluded on November 4, 1796, during the administration of Washington, we find this significant declaration: "As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian

text arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries." With the omission of the introductory phrase, a similar declaration was inserted in the treaty with Tripoli of 1805, and in the treaties with Algiers of 1815 and 1816. A stipulation less broad in its tolerance appears in Article XXIX. of the treaty between the United States and China, signed at Tientsin, June 18, 1858. This article, after reciting that the principles of the Christian religion are "recognized as teaching men to do good, and to do to others as they would have others do to them," provides that "any person, whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert, who, according to these tenets, peaceably teach and

practise the principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested." By Article IV., however, of the Burlingame treaty of 1868, this stipulation is mentioned as an introduction to the declaration that it is "further agreed that citizens of the United States in China of every religious persuasion, and Chinese subjects in the United States, shall enjoy entire liberty of conscience, and shall be exempt from all disability or persecution on account of their religious faith or worship in either country." In harmony with this principle was the simple declaration in the treaty with Siam of 1856, and in the treaty with Japan of 1858, that Americans in those countries should "be allowed the free exercise of their religion." They were to be protected, not as the adherents or the propagandists

of any particular faith, but as American citizens. As was once said by Mr. Cass, it was the policy of the United States "not merely to protect a Catholic in a Protestant country, a Protestant in a Catholic country, a Jew in a Christian country, but an American in all countries."

The policy of non-intervention, which guided the United States during the wars growing out of the French Revolution, was severely tested in the struggle of the Spanish colonies in America for independence; but, under the guardian care of Monroe and John Quincy Adams, it was scrupulously adhered to. In view of this circumstance, it is strange that one of the greatest perils by which, after the days of the alliance with France, the maintenance of the policy was ever apparently threatened should have grown out of a political contest in Europe. The struggle of the Greeks for independence evoked much sympathy in America as well as in England; but the struggle of the Hungarians, under the leadership of Kossuth, for emancipation from Austrian rule, gave rise in the United States to manifestations of feeling that were unprecedented. The Hungarian revolution came at a time when the spirit of democracy, which distinguishes the political and social development of the nineteenth century, was especially active; but the widespread interest felt in the United States in the Hungarian movement was greatly intensified by reason of the popular assumption that the declaration of Hungary's independence, although it in reality left the question of a permanent form of government wholly in abeyance, was the forerunner of a republic. It was, however, only after the arrival of Kossuth in the United States that the excitement reached its greatest height. In June, 1849, Mr. A. Dudley Mann was appointed by the President as a "special and confidential agent of the United States to Hungary"; but before he reached his destination Russia had intervened in aid of Austria, and the revolution had practically come to an end. When the revolution was crushed, Kossuth and many of his associates sought refuge in Turkey. By a joint resolution of Congress of March 3, 1851, the President was requested, if it should be the wish of these

exiles to "emigrate" to the United States, to authorize the employment of a public vessel to convey them to America. In conformity with this request the U.S.S. *Mississippi* was sent to the Dardanelles; but the exiles had scarcely embarked when it was found that Kossuth had other views than that of coming to America as an emigrant. At Gibraltar he left the *Mississippi* and proceeded to London for the purpose of conferring with revolutionary exiles in that city; and he afterwards sailed for America in the steamer *Humboldt* from Southampton. He arrived at New York on the 14th of December, 1851.

He soon dissipated all doubts as to the objects of his mission. In his public addresses he cast off all reserve, and in his "official capacity" as the representative of Hungary made an appeal for aid. He affirmed that the consideration of distance should not deter the United States in the case of Hungary, any more than in that of Cuba, from interfering against European invasion. Cuba was six days distant from New York; Hungary was eighteen. Was this, he asked, a circumstance to regulate the conduct and policy of a great people? The people, wherever he went, seemed enthusiastically to give a negative answer. His journey to Washington was in the nature of a triumphal progress. When presented to the President, he made a direct appeal for intervention. President Fillmore, with courtesy and dignity, but with equal candor, repelled the solicitation. But, for his disappointment at the White House, Kossuth found consolation in his reception by Congress, though it in the end proved to be wholly illusory. He was received both by the Senate and by the House, and was banqueted by Congress. The first effective check to the popular excitement was given by Henry Clay, who refused to countenance the prevailing agitation. Kossuth more than once expressed a desire to meet him, and Clay, though in feeble health, at length granted him an interview. "For the sake of my country," said Clay, addressing Kossuth, "you must allow me to protest against the policy you propose to her." "Waiving the grave and momentous question of the right of one nation to assume the execu-

tive power among nations, for the enforcement of international law," Clay pointed out the practical difficulties that stood in the way of affording to Hungary effective aid against Austria and Russia. He also enlarged upon the evil example that would be afforded by the United States to other powers in departing from its "ancient policy of amity and non-intervention"; and after declaring that the United States had, by adhering to that policy, "done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect," he concluded: "Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise and pacific system and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe." The Kossuth danger passed away even more suddenly than it had arisen. After he left Washington, he addressed a letter to the presiding officers of the two Houses of Congress, in which he expressed the hope that the United States would pronounce in favor of the law of nations and of international rights and duties. A motion to print this letter was carried in the Senate by only one vote, and the arguments in support of the motion were almost exclusively confined to considerations of courtesy. Indeed, the sudden collapse of Kossuth enthusiasm in high places after his departure from the capital would have been inexplicable if the open opponents of his policy of intervention had found any one to meet them on that ground.

It may be said that the most pronounced exception ever made by the United States, apart from cases arising under the Monroe Doctrine, to its policy of non-intervention is that which was made in the case of Cuba. At various times since the United States became an independent nation conditions in Cuba had been such as to invite interference either for the purpose of correcting disorders which existed there, or for the purpose of preventing Cuba from falling a prey to some of Spain's European enemies. During the Ten Years' War in Cuba, from 1868 till 1878, intervention by the United States was pre-

vented on several occasions only by the powerful influence of President Grant, counselled and supported by his Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish. In its abstention the administration was aided by the situation at home, which afforded daily admonition of the difficulties that might attend the reestablishment of order in a large and populous island where the process of emancipation was still going on. In 1895 the situation was changed in the United States as well as in Cuba. American interests on the island had also increased. The second insurrection was, besides, more active than the first, and spread over a wider area. If the conflict were left to take its course, the ruin of the island was apparently assured. The United States tendered its good offices; but the offer was not productive of any tangible result. In his annual message of December 7, 1896, President Cleveland declared that, when Spain's inability to suppress the insurrection had become manifest, and the struggle had degenerated into a hopeless strife involving useless sacrifice of life and the destruction of the very subject-matter of the conflict, a situation would be presented in which the obligation to recognize the sovereignty of Spain would be "superseded by higher obligations."

Conditions continued to grow worse. The distress produced by the measures of concentration, under the rule of General Weyler, excited strong feeling in the United States, and prompted President McKinley to request Spain to put an end to existing conditions and restore order. General Weyler was afterwards succeeded by General Blanco, and it was announced that an autonomous régime would be instituted. But neither the offer of autonomy nor the actual institution of an autonomous government produced peace. The insurgents, embittered by the three years' conflict, rejected the programme of autonomy with substantial unanimity, while the distinctively Spanish element of the population viewed it with disapprobation and withdrew from politics.

In this delicate situation the intervention of the United States was precipitated by certain startling events. The incident created by the surreptitious publication of the letter of Señor Dupuy de Lome,

Spanish minister at Washington, to Señor Canalejas, in which President McKinley was aspersed and the reciprocity negotiations between the two countries were exhibited as a sham, had just been officially declared to be closed, when the U.S.S *Maine* was blown up at Havana, and 266 of her crew perished. Shallow and short-sighted reasoners have wished to treat the destruction of the *Maine* as the justification and the cause of the intervention of the United States. The government of the United States, however, did not itself take that ground. It is true that the case of the *Maine* is mentioned in the preamble to the joint resolution of Congress, by which the intervention of the United States was authorized; but it is recited merely as the culmination of "abhorrent conditions," which had existed for more than three years. The destruction of the *Maine* doubtless kindled the intense popular feeling without which wars are seldom entered upon; but the government of the United States never charged—on the contrary, it refrained from charging—that the catastrophe was to be attributed to "the direct act of a Spanish official." Its intervention rested upon the ground that there existed in Cuba conditions so injurious to the United States, as a neighboring nation, that they could no longer be endured. Its action was analogous to what is known in private law as the abatement of a nuisance. On this ground the intervention was justified by the late Alphonse Rivier, one of the most eminent publicists in Europe, and on this ground its justification must continue to rest.

Any exposition of the American doctrine of non-intervention would be incomplete that failed specially to notice the rule of the United States with regard to the recognition of new governments—a rule which is indeed a corollary of that doctrine. In Europe, governments had been treated as legitimate or illegitimate, according to what was conceived to be the regularity or the irregularity of the succession of their rulers. The attitude of the United States on this question was early defined when the National Convention in France proclaimed a republic. On that occasion Jefferson, as Secretary of State, in a letter to Gouverneur Mor-

ris, of March 12, 1793, which has become a classic, said: "We surely cannot deny to any nation that right whereon our own government is founded, that every one may govern itself according to whatever form it pleases, and change these forms at its own will; and that it may transact its business with foreign nations through whatever organ it thinks proper, whether king, convention, assembly, committee, president, or anything else it may choose. The will of the nation is the only thing essential to be regarded." In a word, the United States maintained that the true test of a government's title to recognition is not the theoretical legitimacy of its origin, but the fact of its existence as the apparent exponent of the popular will. And from this principle, which is now universally accepted, it necessarily follows that recognition can properly be accorded only when the new government has demonstrated its ability to exist. Recognition extended at an earlier stage of the revolution savors of an act of intervention, and as such must be defended on its merits, as is clearly set forth in President Roosevelt's message of January 4, 1904, in relation to the recognition of the Republic of Panama.

In connection with the principle of non-intervention, a prominent place must be given to the Monroe Doctrine, the object of which was to render intervention unnecessary by precluding the occasions for it. On September 26, 1815, the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia signed at Paris a personal league commonly called the Holy Alliance, the design of which was declared to be the administration of government, in matters both internal and external, according to the precepts of justice, charity, and peace. To this end the allied monarchs, "looking upon themselves as delegated by Providence" to rule over their respective countries, engaged to "lend one another, on every occasion and in every place, assistance, aid, and support." In the course of time, as revolt against the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna spread and grew more pronounced, the alliance came more and more to assume the form of a league for the protection of the principle of legitimacy—the principle of the divine right of kings as opposed to the rights of the

people—against the encroachments of liberal ideas. Congresses were held at Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, and Laybach, for the purpose of maturing a programme to that end. The league was joined by the King of France; but England, whose Prince Regent had originally given it his informal adhesion, began to grow hostile.

Her own government, with its free and parliamentary institutions, was founded on a revolution; and the allies, in the circular issued at Troppau, had associated "revolt and crime," and had declared that the European powers "had an undoubted right to take a hostile attitude in regard to those states in which the overthrow of the government might operate as an example." In a circular issued at Laybach they denounced "as equally null, and disallowed by the public law of Europe, any pretended reform effected by revolt and open force." In October, 1822, they held a congress at Verona for the purpose of concerting measures against the revolutionary government in Spain; and in yet another circular announced their determination "to repel the maxim of rebellion, in whatever place and under whatever form it might show itself." Their ultimate object was more explicitly stated in a secret treaty in which they engaged mutually "to put an end to the system of representative governments" in Europe, and to adopt measures to destroy "the liberty of the press." Popular movements were forcibly suppressed in Piedmont and Naples; and in April, 1823, France, acting for the allies, invaded Spain for the purpose of restoring the absolute monarch Ferdinand VII. Before the close of the summer such progress had been made in this direction that notice was given to the British government of the intention of the allies to call a congress with a view to the termination of the revolutionary governments in Spanish America.

At this time Lord Castlereagh, who had always been favorably disposed towards the alliance, had been succeeded in the conduct of the foreign affairs of England by George Canning, who reflected the popular sentiment as to the policy of the allied powers. The independence of the Spanish-American governments, which had now been acknowledged by the United States, had

not as yet been recognized by Great Britain. But English merchants, like those of the United States, had developed a large trade with the Spanish-American countries—a trade which the restoration of those regions to a colonial condition would, under the commercial system then in vogue, have cut off and destroyed.

In view of this common interest, Canning, towards the close of 1823, began to sound Richard Rush, the American minister at London, as to the possibility of a joint declaration by the two governments against the intervention of the allies in Spanish America. Canning once boasted that he had called into being the New World to redress the balance of the Old. The meaning of this boast can be understood only in the light of his proposals. In a "private and confidential" note to Rush, of August 23, 1823, he declared: "1. We conceive the recovery of the colonies of Spain to be hopeless. 2. We conceive the question of the recognition of them, as independent states, to be one of time and circumstances. 3. We are, however, by no means disposed to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between them and the mother country by amicable negotiation. 4. We aim not at the possession of any portion of them ourselves. 5. We could not see any portion of them transferred to any other power with indifference."

If these opinions and feelings were shared by the United States, Canning thought the two governments should declare them in the face of the world, as the best means of defeating the project, if any European power should cherish it, of subjugating the colonies in the name of Spain, or of acquiring any part of them itself by cession or by conquest. He therefore desired Rush to act upon his proposals at once, if he possessed the power to do so. It was said of Richard Rush by an eminent Senator that, in the course of an unusually long and important diplomatic career, he "never said a word that was improper, nor betrayed a thought that might peril his country's fortunes." On the present occasion he acted with his usual good judgment. His powers did not embrace the making of such a declaration as Canning desired; but, while he expressed the opinion that Canning's sentiments, except as to in-

dependence, which the United States had already acknowledged, were shared by his government, he lost no time in reporting the matter to the President. Monroe, on receiving the correspondence, hastened to take counsel upon it. Jefferson, whose opinion was solicited, replied: "Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." He was disposed to look with favor upon cooperation with England in the direction suggested, and Madison shared his opinion. In the cabinet of Monroe, Calhoun inclined to invest Rush with power to join England in a declaration, even if it should pledge the United States not to take either

Cuba or Texas. The President at first was inclined to Calhoun's idea of giving Rush discretionary powers, but this was opposed by John Quincy Adams, who maintained that we could act with England only on the basis of the acknowledged independence of the Spanish-American states. The views of Adams prevailed. His basal thought was the right of self-government, which he believed it to be the duty and the interest of the United States to cherish and sup-

port. He thought that the United States should let England make her own declaration. This England did, without waiting for the decision of the United States. On October 9, 1823, Canning, in an in-



RICHARD RUSH

American Minister at London, 1823

terview with Prince de Polignac, French ambassador, declared that while Great Britain would remain "neutral" in any war between Spain and her colonies, the "junction" of any foreign power with Spain against the colonies would be viewed as constituting "entirely a new question," upon which Great Britain "must take such decision" as her interests "might require."

In his annual message to Congress of December 2, 1823, President Monroe de-

voted to the subject a long passage. The substance of it is, however, conveyed in a few sentences. After adverting to the abstention of the United States from European wars and to the dangers to be apprehended from the system of the allied powers, he declared: "We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

The sentences just quoted specially relate to the aims of the Holy Alliance; but there is another passage in the message which is also often cited as embodying the Monroe Doctrine. In 1821, the Emperor of Russia issued a ukase, by which he assumed, as owner of the shore, to exclude foreigners from carrying on commerce and from navigating and fishing within a hundred Italian miles of the northwest coast of America, from Bering Strait down to the 51st parallel of north latitude. As this assertion of title embraced territory which was claimed by the United States as well as by Great Britain, both those governments protested against it. In consequence the Russian government proposed to adjust the matter by amicable negotiation; and instructions to that end were prepared by John Quincy Adams for the American ministers at London and St. Petersburg. At a meeting of the cabinet on June 28, 1823, while the subject was under discussion, Adams expressed the opinion that the claim of the Russians could not be admitted, because they appeared to have no "settlement" upon the territory in dispute; and on July 17 he informed Baron Tuyl, then Russian minister at

Washington, "that we [the United States] should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for *any* new European colonial establishments." With reference to this subject, President Monroe, in the message above quoted, said: "In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

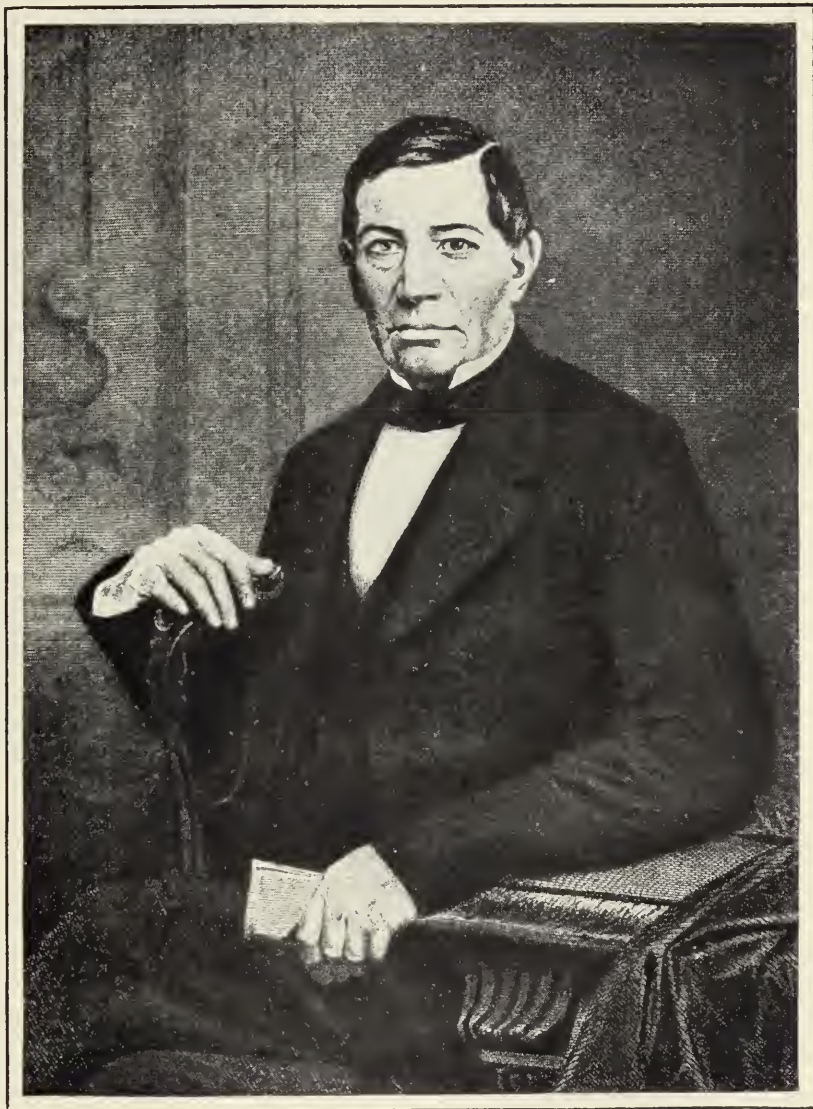
By the term "future colonization" President Monroe evidently intended to convey the same meaning as was expressed by the terms "settlement" and "colonial establishments" previously employed by Adams. They were used to denote, what they were then commonly understood to mean, the acquisition of title to territory by original occupation and settlement. But in the course of time the phrase "future colonization" came to receive a broader interpretation. President Polk, in his annual message of December 2, 1845, declared that, while existing rights of every European nation should be respected, it should be "distinctly announced to the world as our settled policy that no future European colony or dominion shall, with our consent, be planted or established on any part of the North-American Continent." By pronouncing against the establishment by a European power of any "dominion"—a term which included even the voluntary transfer of territory already occupied—President Polk expressed a conception which has come generally to prevail, and which is embodied in the popular phrase, "No more European colonies on these continents." The same meaning is conveyed in the phrase, "America for the Americans," which signifies that no European power shall be permitted to acquire new territory or to extend its dominions in the Western Hemisphere.

In this sense, but apparently with the qualification in the particular case that only a forcible acquisition of territory was forbidden, the Monroe Doctrine was invoked by President Cleveland in respect of the Venezuelan boundary question.

This incident, as is well known, grew out of a long-standing dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, which was the continuation of a dispute two centuries old between the Netherlands and Spain as to the limits of the Dutch and Spanish settlements in Guiana. In 1844 Lord Aberdeen proposed to Venezuela a conventional line, beginning at the river Moroco. This proposal was declined; and, chiefly in consequence of civil commotions in Venezuela, negotiations remained practically in abeyance till 1876. Venezuela then offered to accept the Aberdeen line; but Lord Grenville suggested a boundary farther west; and in subsequent negotiations the British demand was extended still farther in that direction. Venezuela, representing that this apparent enlargement of British dominion con-

stituted a pure aggression on her territorial rights, invoked the aid of the United States on the ground of the Monroe Doctrine. Venezuela asked for arbitration, and in so doing included in her claim a large portion of British Guiana. Great Britain at length declined to arbitrate unless Venezuela would first yield all territory within a line westward of that offered by Lord Aberdeen. In these circumstances, Mr. Olney, as Secretary of State, in instructions to Mr. Bayard, American ambassador at London, of July 20, 1895, categorically in-

quired whether the British government would submit the whole controversy to arbitration. In these instructions Mr. Olney declared that the Monroe Doctrine did not establish a "protectorate" over



BENITO JUAREZ
President of Mexico

other American states; that it did not relieve any of them "from its obligations as fixed by international law nor prevent any European power directly interested from enforcing such obligations or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them"; but that its "single purpose and object" was that "no European power or combination of European powers" should "forcibly deprive an American state of the right and power of self-government, and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies." This principle he conceived to



MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO
Executed June 19, 1867

be at stake in the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, because, as the dispute related to territory, it necessarily imported "political control to be lost by one party and gained by the other."

"To-day," declared Mr. Olney, "the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." All the advantages of this superiority were, he affirmed, at once imperilled if the principle should be admitted that European powers might convert American states into colonies or provinces of their own. Lord Salisbury declined unrestricted arbitration; and when his answer was received, President Cleveland, on December 17, 1895, laid the correspondence before Congress. "If a European power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring republics against its will and in derogation of its rights," it was, said President Cleve-

land, the precise thing which President Monroe had declared to be "dangerous to our peace and safety"; but, he added, "any adjustment of the boundary which that country [Venezuela] may deem for her advantage and may enter into of her own free will cannot, of course, be objected to by the United States."

He then recommended the appointment by the United States of a commission to investigate the merits of the controversy, and declared that, if the title to the disputed territory should be found to belong to Venezuela, it would be the duty of the United States "to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela."

This declaration produced great excitement, in the United States as well as

in England. So far as it seemed to imply, as the language has often been construed to do, that the United States possessed the right, by means of an *ex parte* commission, appointed by itself and composed of its own citizens, authoritatively to fix the boundary between two other independent nations, it went beyond the immediate necessities of the case. If the commission had ever reported, its conclusions probably would have been treated as advisory rather than definitive, and would have been made the basis of further correspondence with both governments.

The actual position insisted upon in Mr. Olney's instructions to Mr. Bayard, as well as in the rest of President Cleveland's message, was that the United States would resist the palpable and substantial seizure and appropriation by Great Britain of Venezuelan territory. This position was quite in harmony with the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. Congress unanimously provided for the appointment of a commission of investigation; but the commission, immediately after its organization, addressed to Mr. Olney, through its president, Mr. Justice Brewer, a letter setting forth its peaceful and non-partisan character and the desirability of securing the co-operation of Great Britain and Venezuela in obtaining evidence. At the close of his letter, Mr. Justice Brewer observed: "The purposes of the pending investigation are certainly hostile to none, nor can it be of advantage to any that the machinery devised by the government of the United States to secure the desired information should fail of its purpose."

This statement was communicated to Great Britain as well as to Venezuela, and both governments promptly responded to the appeal. The labors of the commission were, however, brought to a close by the conclusion of a treaty of arbitration, signed by Great Britain and Venezuela, but negotiated between Great Britain and the United States, the predominant feature of which was the application of the principle of prescription, under the definite rule that fifty years' adverse holding of a district, either by exclusive political control or by actual settlement, should suffice to constitute national title. The adoption of the prin-

ciple of prescription, on which the arbitrators would necessarily have acted, even if it had not been incorporated into the treaty, at once rendered nugatory the greater part of the Venezuelan claim. Although the extreme British claim was not allowed, the territorial results of the arbitration were decidedly favorable to that government. It must, however, be conceded that the most important political result of the Venezuelan incident was not the decision upon the territorial question, but the official adoption of the Monroe Doctrine by the Congress of the United States, and its explicit acceptance by the principal maritime power of Europe.

The latest official exposition of the Monroe Doctrine was given by President Roosevelt in his annual message of December 3, 1901, in which he said: "The Monroe Doctrine is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American power at the expense of any American power on American soil. It is in no wise intended as hostile to any nation in the Old World. . . . This doctrine has nothing to do with the commercial relations of any American power, save that it in truth allows each of them to form such as it desires. . . . We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power." An occasion for the practical application of this definition soon arose. On December 11, 1901, the German ambassador at Washington left at the Department of State a memorandum in which it was stated that the German government proposed to take certain coercive measures against Venezuela, for the satisfaction of claims, based partly on breaches of contract and partly on violent wrongs, which it had been found to be impracticable otherwise to bring to a settlement. At the same time the memorandum declared that "under no circumstances" would the German government consider in its proceedings "the acquisition or the permanent occupation of Venezuelan territory." In acknowledging the receipt of this memorandum, on the 16th of December, Mr. Hay adverted to the fact that the German ambassador, on his recent return from Berlin, had conveyed personally to

the President, and had afterwards repeated to himself, the assurance of the German Emperor that the imperial government had no purpose or intention to make even the smallest acquisition of territory on the South-American continent or the adjacent islands; and in view of this circumstance, and of the further assurance given in the memorandum, Mr. Hay declared that the President, while "appreciating the courtesy of the German government in making him acquainted with the state of affairs referred to," did not regard himself "as called upon to enter into the consideration of the claims in question." The coercive measures contemplated by the German government were postponed for a year, and were then taken in conjunction with the British government, which also made to the United States, on November 13, 1902, a frank communication of its purposes. To this communication Mr. Hay replied that "the government of the United States, although it regretted that European powers should use force against Central and South American governments, could not object to their taking steps to obtain redress for injuries suffered by their subjects, provided that no acquisition of territory was contemplated." In the hostilities with Venezuela that ensued the assurances of the powers were honorably kept, but peaceful relations were eventually restored through the frank exercise of the friendly offices of the United States.

In popular discussions the position has sometimes been urged that it is a violation of the Monroe Doctrine for a European power to employ force against an American republic for the purpose of collecting a debt or satisfying a pecuniary demand, no matter what may have been its origin. For this supposition, which is discredited by the declarations and the acts of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay, there appears to be no official sanction. It is true that in Wharton's *International Law Digest*, under the head of the "Monroe Doctrine," two alleged manuscript instructions by Mr. Blaine to the American minister at Paris, of July 23 and December 16, 1881, are cited as authority for the statement that "the government of the United States would regard with grave anxiety an attempt on the part of France to force by hostile pressure the

payment by Venezuela of her debt to French citizens." The citation, however, is wholly inadvertent. Both instructions are published in the volume of Foreign Relations for 1881; and they refer, not to "hostile pressure," but to a rumored design on the part of France of "taking forcible possession of some of the harbors and a portion of the territory of Venezuela in compensation for debts due to citizens of the French Republic." Even in regard to this they nowhere express "grave anxiety," but merely argue that such a proceeding would be unjust to other creditors, including the United States, since it would deprive them of a part of their security; while they avow the "solicitude" of the government of the United States "for the higher object of averting hostilities between two republics for each of which it feels the most sincere and enduring friendship."

In 1861 the United States formally admitted the right of France, Spain, and Great Britain to proceed jointly against Mexico for the satisfaction of claims. "France," said Mr. Seward on that occasion, in an instruction to the American minister at Paris, of June 26, 1862, "has a right to make war against Mexico, and to determine for herself the cause. We have the right and interest to insist that France shall not improve the war she makes to raise up an anti-republican or anti-American government, or to maintain such a government there." In a similar vein, Mr. Seward, writing to the American minister in Chile, on June 2, 1866, with reference to the hostilities then in progress between Spain and the republics on the west coast of South America, and particularly to the bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet, declared that the United States did not intervene in wars between European and American states "if they are not pushed, like the French war in Mexico, to the political point"; that the United States had "no armies for the purpose of aggressive war; no ambition for the character of a regulator."

A tendency is often exhibited to attach decisive importance to particular phrases in President Monroe's message of 1823, or to the special circumstances in which they originated, as if they furnished a definitive test of what should be done and

what should be omitted under all contingencies. The verbal literalist would, on the one hand, make the United States an involuntary party to all controversies between European and American governments, in order that the latter may not be "oppressed"; while the historical literalist would, on the other hand, treat Monroe's declarations as obsolete, since the conditions to which they specially referred no longer exist. But when we consider the mutations in the world's affairs, these modes of reasoning must be confessed to be highly unsatisfactory. The "Monroe Doctrine" has in reality become a convenient title by which is denoted a principle that doubtless would have been wrought out, if the message of 1823 had never been written—the principle of the limitation of European power and influence in the Western Hemisphere. We have seen, in the first paper of this series, that as early as 1778 the Continental Congress, in the treaty of alliance with France, obtained from its ally the renunciation of any claim to the British possessions in North America. When Washington, in his Farewell Address, observed that Europe had "a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation," he lent emphasis to the thought that it was desirable so far as possible to dissociate America from the vicissitudes of European politics. Giving to this thought a further reach, Jefferson, while President, in 1808, declared: "We shall be satisfied to see Cuba and Mexico remain in their present dependence, but very unwilling to see them in that of either France or England, politically or commercially. We consider their interests and ours as the same, and the object of both must be to exclude European influence from this hemisphere." On January 15, 1811, twelve years before Monroe's message was published, Congress, in secret session, "taking into view the peculiar situation of Spain and her American provinces," and "the influence which the destiny of the territory adjoining the southern border of the United States might have upon their security, tranquillity, and commerce," resolved that the United States could not "without serious inquietude see any part of said territory pass into the hands of any foreign power"; and

the President was authorized to occupy all or any part of the Floridas, "in the event of an attempt to occupy the same, or any part thereof, by any foreign government."

In the long struggle, which was eventually crowned with success, to exclude European domination from the interoceanic canal routes, and to secure the construction of a neutralized canal under American auspices, American statesmen no doubt were aided by the authority of Monroe's declarations, but were by no means dependent upon them. It is a remarkable fact that Seward, neither in the formal demand upon France in 1865 to desist from armed intervention in Mexico for the purpose of overthrowing the domestic republican government under Juarez and establishing on its ruins the foreign imperial government under Maximilian, nor in any of the official correspondence relating to the subject, mentioned the "Monroe Doctrine," although his action came within the letter as well as the spirit of the message of 1823. President Polk, on the other hand, in pronouncing against the acquisition of new "dominion" in North America by a European power, although he was well within the limits of the "Monroe Doctrine" as it is now understood, invoked a passage that fell far short of sustaining his position. It would be easy to cite many similar examples.

The Monroe Doctrine, as a limitation upon the extension of European power and influence on the American continents, is now generally recognized as a principle of American policy. To its explicit acceptance by Great Britain and Germany there may be added the declaration which was spread by unanimous consent upon the minutes of the Hague Conference, and which was permitted to be annexed to the signature of the American delegates to the convention for the peaceful adjustment of international disputes, that nothing therein contained should be so construed as to require the United States "to depart from its traditional policy of not entering upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions or internal administration of any foreign state," or to relinquish "its traditional attitude toward purely American questions."

Of Such as Spin Not

BY SEWELL FORD

IT is well to have a definite attitude towards life. To live consistently with such an attitude is the highest success. All philosophy teaches this.

Hiram Doolittle fulfilled both conditions, yet it was many years before Cedarton could realize what an immense success he had made of life. Mr. Doolittle's creed was terse and lucid, if a trifle dogmatic. "I have never worked; I never will." That was the whole of it, the beginning and the end. There were no ifs, no buts. Simple enough in the saying, yet how infinitely difficult to stick to when you consider the circumstances which hampered, the perplexities with which at times he was hedged about.

For Hiram Doolittle, although describing himself as "a gentleman born," had no more than entered upon a self-chosen pursuit of leisure when he awoke one morning to find himself despoiled of all the trappings and furniture of gentility by the untimely ceasing of his father. No one had ever suspected Judge Eben Doolittle of being rich, even in the Cedarton application of that term, yet it was a surprise when the settlement of his estate revealed how near to the brink of actual poverty he had come.

So at two-and-thirty Hiram faced the future with a small trunkful of clothes, a few books, a silver-headed bamboo cane, a full-grown appetite, and a sincere belief in his personal immunity from labor of any kind. Everything else, including the roof which had sheltered him, had been seized by relentless creditors who still remained unsatisfied.

No one save Hiram Doolittle would have counted the widow Prindle as an asset. He did, however. She was his sister. True, he had not recognized her since she had disgraced the family, five years before, by marrying Bill Prindle, a common bayman,—who had somewhat mitigated the offence by getting himself drowned soon after.

"I consider it my duty, Hannah," thus he broke the long silence between them, "to forget what has happened in the past, and to do what I can to help you bear this sad bereavement."

As it was now fully a week after the funeral, and as Hannah's none too poignant grief for her father had almost wholly subsided, she appeared somewhat surprised. However, she took her red hands from the wash-tub, wiped them both carefully on her apron, and extended one to her brother.

"It's—it's real nice of you, Hiram. Take a chair, won't you? Just brush them clothes-pins onto the floor. You don't mind if I go on scrubbin', do you? This is the Brentsalls' wash, and I've got to git it home to-night if I'm goin' to have anything to eat to-morrow."

"That's all right, Hannah; go right ahead. We can talk just the same."

"I suppose (rub-rub), now father's gone and everything's been sold up (rub-rub), that you'll be lookin' 'round after a job. What do you (rub-rub) think of doin', Hiram?"

"As I said before, Hannah,"—here Mr. Doolittle paused to pick up the cat and smooth its neck gently as he tilted comfortably back in the kitchen chair,—"I mean to stand by you and help you in this sad hour of bereavement. It's no more than a brother should do. Although we may have misunderstood each other in the past, I have never forgotten that you are my only sister—a sister who cared for me with a mother's love and tenderness when those were taken from me. I was too young then, Hannah, to appreciate all you did for me, but I do now."

Hannah, bending low over the wash-board, furtively diluted the suds with a couple of salty tears.

"I—I did the b-best I knew how, Hiram."

"You did, Hannah, you did. And I

am glad that I lived to repay you. Henceforth we stand together. Nothing shall ever come between us again."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that, Hiram. But what—"

"I am having my things sent around," calmly interrupted Mr. Doolittle. "They ought to be here soon, but you need not get a room ready for me until night. Your cottage is small, but it is large enough for our purpose, and I have no doubt we shall be very comfortable. I am going down-town now. I shall be back about noon to join you at dinner."

And thus, with no more ado than another man would make in changing coats, did Hiram Doolittle step from the crumbling wreck of one home into the security of another. For a few weeks Hannah clung to the pleasing delusion that Hiram would soon find something to do, and that when he did the burden of existence would be lightened. Meanwhile, to help things along, she undertook still another "family wash."

But Hiram found nothing to do, chiefly because he did not look for it, and by the time Hannah fully realized what he had meant by his declaration that he would "stand by her," he was thoroughly established in her home. That she could get him out of it did not occur to her at all until Miss Phœbe Needlefit made the suggestion in a sarcastic comment about "her new boarder." This remark Hannah had at once resented.

In the first place, she had always regarded Hiram as rather a superior personage. He had been his father's favorite. Even when she was a girl in her teens, and Hiram a mere toddler, she had been taught to sacrifice her comforts and pleasure on the altar of his well-being. It was for similar reasons that her brother Ethan, two years older than Hiram, had run away to sea at the immature age of seventeen. The village school had done for her and Ethan. Hiram, however, had been sent to college and kept there until he rebelled.

But, for all that, she was proud of him,—proud of his fine language and genteel manner, even proud of the very air of condescension which he used towards her. How many persons were there in Cedarton who could talk as

could her brother Hiram? Why, it was just a treat to listen to him at meal-time, telling of how the President had made mistakes, and what Congress ought to do. Of course, it was much more of a problem to feed two than one, but she was strong, and Hiram was very considerate. He was satisfied with the simplest food. All the money he required was a small weekly allowance for smoking-tobacco.

This untroubled and—to Hiram—thoroughly satisfactory state of affairs had continued for some three years, when the abrupt reappearance in Cedarton of the prodigal Ethan raised a storm which threatened to end it all. Ethan had tired of life before the mast. He had come back to his native town, bronzed of face, grizzled as to hair, profusely tattooed as to arms and chest, his mind stored chiefly with memories of riotous doings afloat and ashore. He was accompanied by little baggage, and in the pockets of his wide-bottomed trousers were the inconsequential fragments of eight months' wages. Ethan Doolittle heard of his father's passing without comment, but the bald recital of Hiram's peaceful inactivity stirred him to such wrath that only his command of deep-sea profanity enabled him to do justice to his feelings.

"Grubbin' on Hannah, is he? The snivelling little sea-lawyer! I'll fix that. I'll see whether he'll work or not. You wait. Think of it! Him loafin' ashore all these years while I've been workin' like a slave and livin' a dog's life. It was him that drove me to it, too. Oh, just you wait! Where'd you say they lived?" And the returned Ethan rolled ominously up Main Street, bent on bringing overdue retribution to his younger brother.

"And that puts an end to Hi Doolittle's gentleman act," commented Miss Phœbe Needlefit, with a gratified sparkle in her black eyes.

But the returned sailor Doolittle found his brother Hiram to be a very different personage from the one he had pictured. With a fine air of amused tolerance Hiram listened to his explosive remarks.

"Is that all? Have you quite finished?" he inquired, gently.

It was. Ethan had exhausted his vo-

cabulary, and he was nearly out of breath as well.

"Then perhaps you will have the kindness to listen to me," continued Hiram, putting thumbs and forefingers together and adopting a calmly judicial tone. "I shall not undertake to point out to you the distinctions which lie between a gentleman and a loafer. You know them quite as well as I. To which class I belong I will leave to your more sober and, I am sure, your well-balanced judgment.

"You have, as I take it, retired permanently from a seafaring life. You intend to settle down here in Cedarton. That is natural. Also it is the wise thing to do. This is a beautiful little town. The climate is all that could be desired. Here are your boyhood friends, your dearest relatives. In spite of all your hasty words, which I overlook entirely, I want to extend to you a fraternal welcome on my own part, and a sisterly greeting from Hannah as well. You are my only brother. Possibly you have trifling faults,—and who has not?—but I am sure that you have many good points. You are a Doolittle. It follows, you see. You have been a wanderer, but through it all you have remained a Doolittle. I remember hearing father say, when you wrote back from some foreign port—was it Hongkong or Bombay?—that you had become a sailor, 'Well, I'll wager he makes a good one.'

"Did father say that?" demanded Ethan.

"He did. And I have since learned that he was right. Captain James Bickell, with whom you sailed some years ago, once told me that you were the best sailor he ever shipped."

"What! Old Bickell said that?"

"Yes; and it gave me a thrill of pride, Ethan, to hear him speak of you like that. Hannah, too, felt the same. So we are glad to welcome you back and to our humble little home. We want you to live here with us, to make one of a reunited family. As you are a man accustomed to action and of an industrious nature, one to whom some sort of exercise is a necessity, I have no doubt that we can find for you some suitable employment close at hand. Tomorrow we will look about and see what can be done."

Well, that was exactly what happened. For a time Ethan seemed rather dazed, perhaps because of the abrupt change in his mode of life. He regarded his younger brother almost with awe, but he followed his suggestions with as much alacrity as though they had been the shouted orders of a first mate. In less than forty-eight hours after his return to Cedarton he found himself at work in a sail-loft, where his skill with a sailor's palm and three-sided needle brought to the Doolittle exchequer a wage almost double that which Hannah could earn at her wash-tub. Thereafter the sail-loft was added to the list of places which Hiram frequented on his daily rounds.

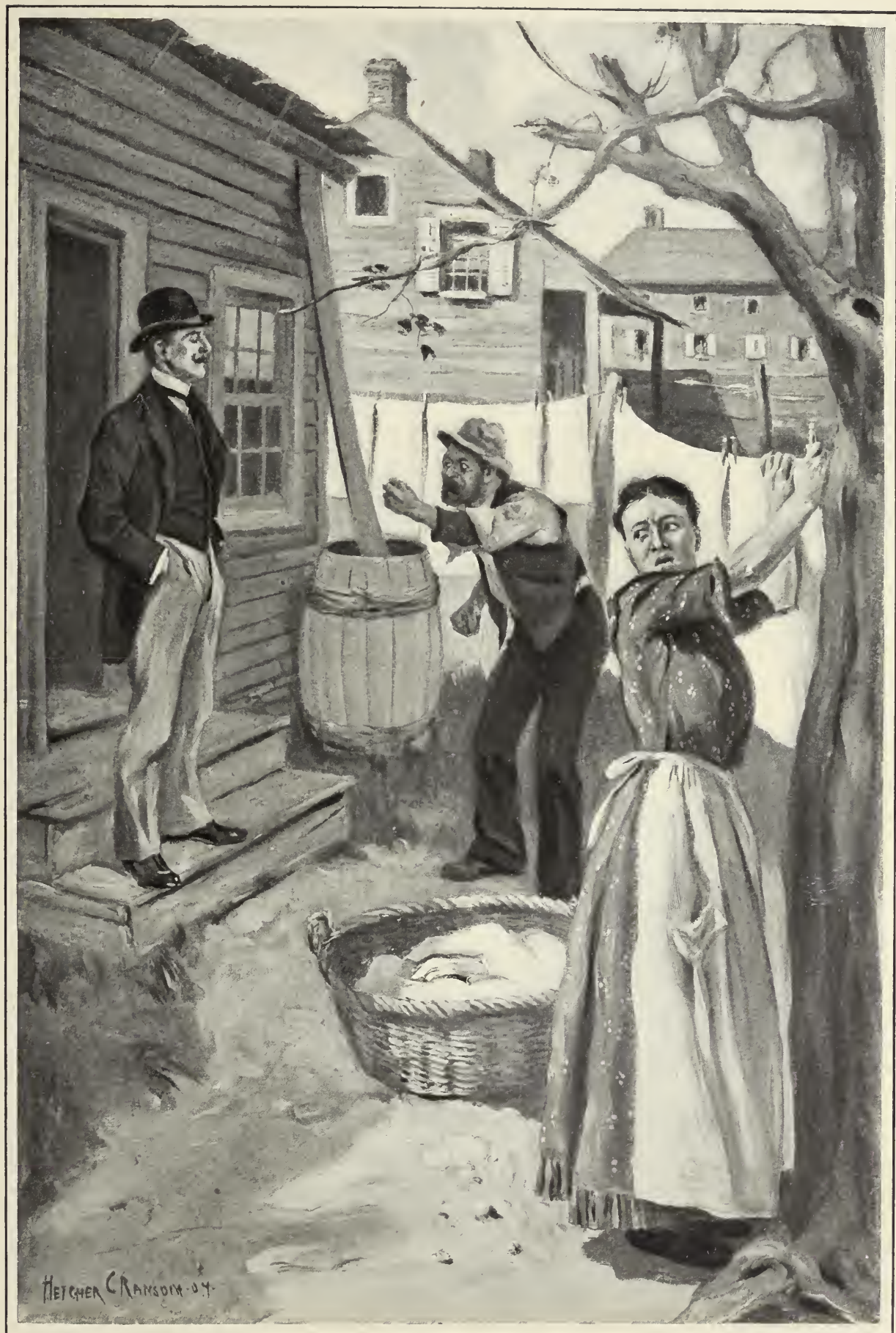
"It is wonderful, Ethan," he would observe, "how the muscles of the human hand can be trained to do such apparently difficult tasks without the constant direction of the mind. Now, those stitches which you are taking on that bolt-rope are as accurate and as even as if done by a machine, yet you hardly seem to give the work a thought."

"It comes just as easy as chewin' ter-bacca," Ethan would modestly assert, a grin of obvious pleasure lighting his bronzed features.

"It's remarkable, though—remarkable," Hiram would insist, and then depart for some other post of observation.

For, although himself an abstainer, Hiram did not avoid the haunts of toil. In fact, he took a deep interest in labor of any sort. He would sit for hours at a time in the shops where boats were being built, watching the workmen fashion the oak ribs, fasten them with stout copper bolts to the keel, and rivet the sheathing-planks into place. Masons slowly placing brick on brick, farmers loading bags of grain into their wagons, painters swinging from eaves and plying their brushes in mid-air, all had for Hiram a gentle fascination which held his gaze and attention. Almost anywhere that things were being built or altered you might be sure of finding Hiram, perched comfortably, his back against something firm, his long legs dangling luxuriously.

Yet he was no common idler. There were plenty of those in Cedarton. Between them and Hiram Doolittle was a wide difference which they recognized, and on which, if necessary, he would



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HIRAM LISTENED WITH AMUSED TOLERANCE

firmly insist. They were merely temporary idlers. To-day they loafed about with a guilty, hangdog air. To-morrow you might find them at work. Hiram was one who made a profession of leisure; or rather, one on whom leisure sat as a well-fitting cloak. Seeing him watch the studding rise for a new building you might, not knowing the facts, conclude that here was the owner, viewing with critical eye each step of the work.

With the village loafers who hung about the corners he had nothing in common. He neither mingled nor fraternized with them. He was most at home among men of affairs, the lawyers, doctors, retired sea-captains, and other local dignitaries. As a rule, too, he was well received, for Hiram was not only a good talker, but an eloquent listener.

"Not that he says anything of much account," the town clerk once confessed, "but somehow he makes you feel that *you* have."

He never failed to impress strangers. His bearing towards them was an odd mixture of genial affability and kindly condescension. He showed them about the village with an air of proprietorship, much as a landed lord might escort visitors over his estate.

"Yes, we think we have a charming little town, sir," he would admit with becoming modesty.

"Him?" the stranger's later inquiry would bring forth. "Oh, that's Hi Doolittle."

"But who is he? What office does he hold? In which of those fine houses does he live?"

"Who—Hi Doolittle? Why, he's Hi Doolittle, that's all. Lives with his brother 'n' sister in a little shack up Shinbone Alley."

Yet openly Hiram Doolittle maintained the standard which he had set for himself. Even though in the background there were Hannah scrubbing and Ethan sewing sails, Hiram lived the life of a gentleman of leisure to all intents and purposes, and as such he was generally accepted. Among the few in Cedarton who refused to take him at his own estimate was, as has been hinted, Miss Phœbe Needlefit.

"Don't quote Hi Doolittle to me," she would say, acidly. "That shameless

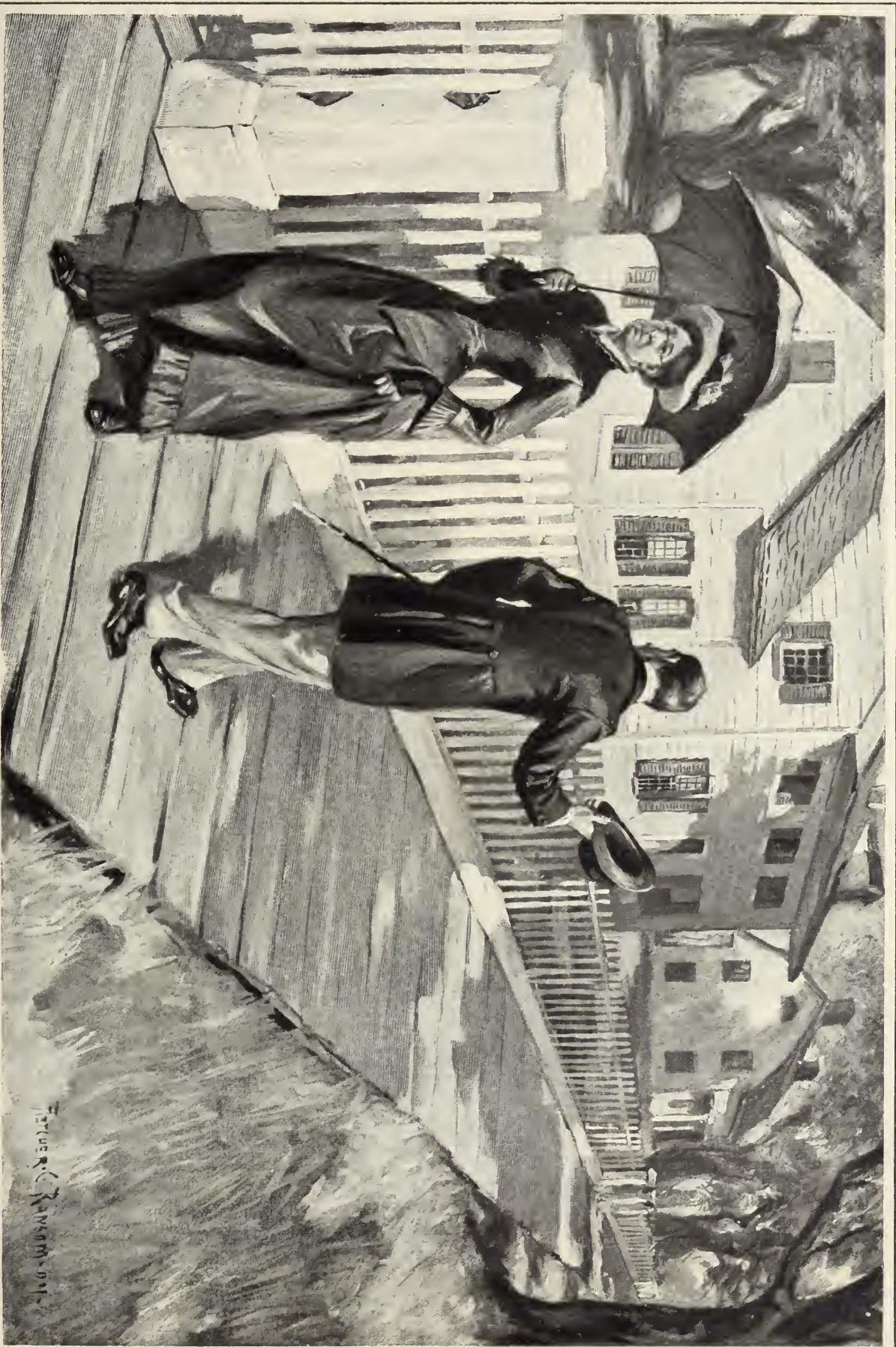
loafer, letting his sister work her fingers to the bone to keep his great lazy carcass fed and clothed! Never worked and never will, eh? Well, I hope to live to see the day when he has to go to work or starve, and I wouldn't lift one finger to help him, either. Hi Doolittle! Huh! Hi *Donothing*, I call him."

Miss Phœbe's tongue was a sharp one, but it seemed to have a keener edge when she darted it at Hiram. Most of the stinging witticisms at his expense, quips which passed current in Cedarton as conversational coin of rare value, bore the stamp of her mintage. You may be sure that none of these failed to reach Hiram's ears, but no hint of resentment had he ever shown. Never did he pass her on the street without raising his hat in most courtly fashion, and never did Miss Phœbe acknowledge the salute other than by a slight palpitation of her thin nostrils as she inhaled a sneer.

Besides the bank and the shoemaker's shop, the one establishment where Hiram never ventured to spend his unlimited leisure was the Cedarton Bazar, in which Miss Needlefit buzzed about like a bee in a bottle. Folks went to the bazar when they needed buttons and tape and dress patterns. They did not drop in casually or without specific errand, as one might at Ashton's general store, or the harness-shop, or Doubleby's pharmacy, or a dozen other places where were to be found convenient counters, cracker-barrels, and nail-kegs.

Miss Phœbe was a business woman all the time. If she had a social side no one knew of it. Only on one other subject was she approachable, and that had to do with foreign missions. To local charities she could never be induced to subscribe, reserving her cash and her sympathy for the remote heathen; and the more remote they were, the deeper she felt for them. Her annual contribution of ten dollars to the mission fund stood as a ward between her and all other appeals. By no other cause was her attention distracted from the price of shoe-buttons and toilet soap and the profit thereon.

And what wonders she had accomplished, piling penny on penny, dollar on dollar. Four business buildings and half a dozen dwellings represented only a portion of the accreted profits. Still she



HE RAISED HIS HAT IN MOST COURTLY FASHION

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

scrimped and squeezed, living the same hermit existence that she had begun twenty years before, when, as an orphaned girl, she had first opened the Bazar; saving clerk hire by occupying two tiny rooms in the rear of the store, saving here, saving there, until she had pinched her soul as thin as the blue-white, razor-edged ridge of her nose.

Yet this did not wholly account for her extreme impatience at Hiram Doolittle's mode of life. She could not see him walk by on the other side of the street without sniffing contemptuously. And when at last catastrophe did overtake him, great was her satisfaction.

Said catastrophe was in two parts. In part one the ungrateful Ethan suddenly quitted work in the sail-loft to go off and become an inmate of a sailors' home. Almost simultaneously Hannah married a widower with four children and removed to another part of the county, leaving little in the cottage save Hiram's bed and the wash-tubs. There was every evidence of preconcerted action about this double calamity.

Once again did Hiram Doolittle, now ten years older, find himself facing a harsh alternative. Either he must abandon his cherished attitude or cease altogether to exist. Thus, at least, did it seem. Oh, for another sister to comfort! But there was left to him not even a cousin.

"Now we'll see, I guess," cackled Phœbe Needlefit. "They won't let him into the Poorhouse; the overseers told me that. It's work or starve, Hi Doolittle—work or starve."

But even as she made the prediction she looked out to see stepping jauntily across Main Street directly toward the Bazar, his chin held as confidently high as ever, his rusty black cutaway buttoned snugly across his manly breast, a light bamboo cane twirling between his fingers, Mr. Hiram Doolittle himself.

"Land sakes! I mustn't let him see me at the window," and she retreated in panic to the rear of the store. A moment later the door opened and she turned to confront her visitor.

"You could never imagine, Phœbe, why I've come to see you." He said it as if speaking to a dear friend for whom he had a bit of good news.

"You're right, Hiram Doolittle, I couldn't." There was a straight, narrow line where Phœbe's mouth should have been, and her small black eyes seemed to move nearer together as she looked at him.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha! I thought so. In fact, I was quite sure of it. Well, I've come to take supper with you, Phœbe; just dropped in for supper and a merry little chat about old times."

"You—you—Why, Hi Doolittle, you're crazy!"

"Not a bit of it, Phœbe, not a bit. Never was more sane in my life, or in better humor. Do you remember, Phœbe, the last time we had supper together? I'll wager you do. And so do I. It was the year we were graduated from the high school. I brought you home with me from a class picnic. We had fried blue-fish, hot biscuit, thimbleberry jam, and tea—tea in mother's old blue china cups, those odd little ones with the gold roses in the bottom. Ah, Phœbe, how you blushed when my father asked you if you had picked out your wedding-dress yet! And how he laughed when you said, 'No, sir, but I've already chosen my father-in-law.' Do you remember how we—"

"Hi Doolittle, if you think I want to hear such a silly lot of trash as that at this late day you are—"

"Late, Phœbe! It is never late while the sun shines; we are never old while our hearts are young. Here you are, just in your prime, your girlish graces ripened into womanly charms, your brilliant mind polished by experience, hiding yourself in a shell and pretending that you are growing old. But at last I am free to deliver you from yourself. Family ties, as you know, have long bound me fast. These have been cut. Once more I come to you as in the old days, when we were comrades, friends, and—shall I say the word?"

"Young idiots, do you mean?"

"There you go, witty as ever! What was that verse we boys used to sing?"

'Who is pretty? Who has wit?
Why, Phœbe, Phœbe Needlefit.'

Didn't we, now? Come, you have not forgotten, have you?"

"Why shouldn't I forget all that nonsense?"

"But it wasn't nonsense. It was the blessed truth, and it is yet."

"For goodness' sake, Hiram, stop talking like a love-sick schoolboy! Was it supper you came for? Well, I suppose you must have it, though there won't be much but bread and tea."

"Any board that your gracious hands have set, my dear Phœbe, bears feast enough for me."

"Land sakes, Hiram! To hear you talk one would think you were a hero in a novel."

"And to see you moving about these cozy little rooms one would think you were a fairy princess."

Thus was the marvel begun, for less than half an hour elapsed from the time Mr. Doolittle entered the Bazar until the table was spread with all the dainties of Miss Phœbe's modest larder, and the two were doing precisely as Hiram had predicted, chatting merrily over the teacups.

Marvel it was, nothing less. For here was a new Phœbe, a Phœbe who simpered and giggled, who pouted and purred and prattled, who scolded playfully and made shallow pretence of being displeased. And within was the old Phœbe who demanded petulantly of the new one: "Why do you do it? Why don't you give him a piece of your mind and send him about his business? The idea! Look at him, eating your best strawberry preserves and your sliced ham. Him! Hi Doolittle, whom you despise! Why don't you turn him out?"

But the new Phœbe said, "Hush! hush!" and the protesting voice grew fainter and fainter.

But why? Well, why did Hannah stick to the wash-tub during all those years? Why was Ethan so completely tamed? Why did the judge and the lawyers and doctors of the town, who knew as well as any one else how Hiram existed,—why did they accept him as an equal, and depart from his presence secretly pleased by something too subtle

for them to define? Whatever the key to the riddle, he held it.

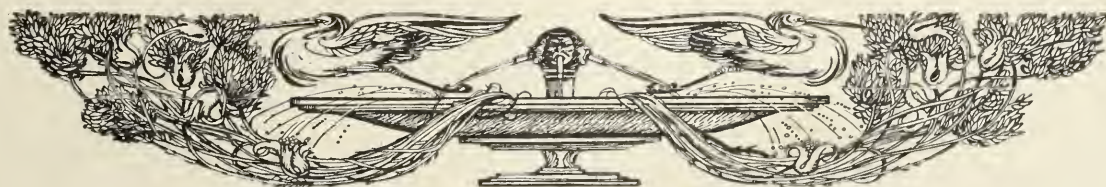
"And to think, Phœbe," he said just before leaving, "that all these years I have been missing the charm of your society, the sparkle of your wit. To think that you, the one woman whose companionship I value most, have been a stranger to me. But it shall be so no longer. This has been a delightful meal. I am coming to take dinner with you to-morrow noon."

He did. Also he came to supper. And the next day and the next. Before the end of the week a note reached the landlord of the Cedarton House. The communication was marked "Personal—Private," and it was signed by Phœbe Needlefit. Immediately following its delivery Mr. Hiram Doolittle became a hotel guest; and the next event, which left Cedarton gasping from amazement, was the wedding.

On the very top of what Cedarton calls Nabob Hill is a big, white, comfortable-looking, old-fashioned house. It has a deep front veranda half screened by honeysuckle. The boxwood hedge and the gravel carriage-drive winding stablewards about it give the place a dignified and genteel appearance.

Sauntering down the path from the front door you may see, along about nine o'clock of any pleasant morning, a tall, square-shouldered, well-groomed gentleman. He holds his chin well up and looks with calm confidence on the world. Doubtless he twirls a light cane in his gloved fingers. Back in the doorway you may catch a glimpse of a black-eyed, thin-nosed lady watching with evident admiration the confident saunterer. You will find a new name on the sign over the Cedarton Bazar.

Yes, it is well to have a definite attitude towards life and to hold fast to that, no matter what happens. Philosophy teaches this; so does the career of Hiram Doolittle.



Psychical Research

BY ANDREW LANG

THE subject of "psychical research" is exciting, I am told, much interest, but in my opinion the interest is not very ardent. The societies for psychical research in the United States and in England do not contain the strength of two regiments, numerically, and their "Proceedings" are very little read by any but a few of themselves. They are not lively reading, for to understand psychics a person must first understand the ordinary psychology of the schools, of which any one may get a fair grasp by perusing Professor William James's well-known work. Now that work is not commonly to be seen on drawing-room tables, and it is in drawing-rooms or dining-rooms that I am apt to be asked,

"Do you really believe in ghosts?"

I generally answer, "What do you mean by a ghost?"

The fair querist, invited to furnish a definition, sometimes replies, "I mean apparitions."

"Yes, I believe in apparitions," I reply. "I have seen three—of living people."

"Oh, but I mean, do you believe in seeing *ghosts*—spirits of the *dead*."

"How am I to know they are *spirits*? If you can see an appearance of a living person who is not present, why should you call the appearance of a dead person a 'spirit'?"

"But if the appearance represents a dead person whom you never saw, but whom people recognize from your description, must not *that* be a spirit become visible?"

"But clothes have no spirits, yet one sees the clothes; I never heard of but one naked ghost, in 1753."

At this point the lady wants to hear about the naked ghost, and we tell each other ghost-stories, and the philosophy of the subject is entirely lost to view.

Now, as far as my experience goes, the public interest in psychical research

gets as far as the lady did, and stops there. The subject is no more amusing than history, or anthropology, or anything that demands a persevering effort of attention. It is true that the results of psychical research do point in the direction of the existence of what we call "spirit," for want of a better word. That is to say, they tend to show that in man there are faculties not taken into account at all by orthodox science, such as the occasional intercommunication of thought, or sensation, from one living person to another, without the aid of any of the known channels of sense. There are apparent cases of persons getting knowledge of things remote in space, or distant in time, or acquiring other information, not given through ordinary sight or hearing, or in any way recognized by science.

If any of these cases are correctly stated (as I am entirely certain that some of them are), then there is in man something much more curious and important (call it spirit, or call it *X*) than radium or Roentgen rays, or any other novelty of physical science. The faculties of that *something* are so transcendent that they may not be confined to the little life of flesh and blood, nerve and brain, but, for all that we know, may persist in conscious existence when our earthly bodies are dust.

That these things are so has ever been the opinion of the vast majority of mankind, and the opinion has always been based on and fortified by precisely the class of alleged phenomena which psychical research investigates, and which orthodox science dismisses without examination. In studying the ways of savages I have found them believing in much mere nonsense, but also in every species of experience and phenomenon which, when it is now said, on good evidence, to occur, is examined by psychical research. Among these things, of course, are visions or appearances of the dead,

and of people at the point of death. There are also everywhere, in the lowest savagery as among ourselves, second-sighted people, who profess to behold things distant in space or in past or future time. There are "mediums," who are thought to be possessed by and to speak on the inspiration of the dead; the Zulus, the Fijians, the Maoris, have their Mrs. Pipers. In every part of the savage world there are crystal-gazers, who see, or pretend to see, in water, or in crystal, or in polished basalt or obsidian, or in the liver of an animal, things hidden from ordinary eyes. The red Indians do it; and the Australian black fellows, the Fijians, and the Samoyeds do it, just as did the Incas and the Greeks. The divining-rod is used, and the table that tilts, or the boat that tilts on the water, and answers questions as in our table-turning. In a book styled *The Making of Religion* I have collected many examples of identical alleged phenomena or experiences, ancient and modern—savage, barbaric, and civilized—experiences "supernormal," but not, of course, "supernatural." They are all in nature, but many are beyond ordinary familiar nature. I ought not to omit savage cases of *physical* eccentricities, things flying about with no known physical cause, as in the usually fraudulent performances of modern "spiritualists."

The absolute harmony of the evidence, ancient, savage, classical, medieval, modern (for example, as given in the letter of Iamblichus to Porphyry, in which all the marvels of Daniel Dunglas Home are attributed to Egyptian mediums fifteen hundred years ago), certainly needs explaining. We know that a few popular beliefs (as in meteoric masses which "fall from heaven"), after being long rejected by science, are now accepted. We know that savages discovered "mesmerism" or "hypnotism" long before Mesmer or Braid. A savage in a South Sea isle hypnotized Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, which, at home, nobody had been able to do. Thus ignorant, uncivilized peoples may hit on matters not remarked by our science. They attest experiences which have always had their witnesses, and still have, but they explain them, as they explain anything that they do not

understand, by the agency of "spirits," *ignotum per ignotius*: the unknown by the still more unknown. The "spiritualists" sing to the same tune. Recently I read in a large book on Australia that, in the opinion of the author, Mr. Curr, black men had been taught "by direct divine interference" to cook with safety certain roots from which a white scientific man was unable to disengage the poisonous properties! In the same wild way people have accounted for all these supernormal phenomena by the direct interference of spirits,—mainly the spirits of the dead!

About twenty-five years ago the founders of the Society for Psychical Research—Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Mr. Edmund Gurney, and Professor Sidgwick, with some men of physical science, like Clerk-Maxwell, Balfour Stewart, Sir William Crookes, Hertz, the famous electrician, and others—took this line. There is, perhaps, they said, something worth seriously investigating in strange experiences so universally reported. There may be faculties in human nature which science has neglected to examine, but of which Hegel was convinced, while Kant was half convinced, and Sir William Hamilton was curious.

They founded their society. They inquired closely into all stories of "ghosts," "wraiths," and "haunted houses," examining and cross-examining persons who could give evidence at first hand to these phenomena. They "sat with" mediums, and detected crowds of impostors. They practised and encouraged experiments in all sorts of "automatisms," such as automatic writing, table-tilting, crystal-gazing, and the use of the so-called divining-rod for water-finding. An automatism is what a person does, or persons do, not of deliberate purpose and consciously, but as when a man, letting his hand with a pencil rest on a piece of paper, reads a book aloud. If the hand writes, the thing written is not directed by him consciously. If I see Jones beside me as I write, Jones being absent, and my own thoughts absorbed in my article, I did not *consciously* call up Jones: as far as I am concerned, my experience is "automatic."

To take another case: I was once laying my hands, alone, on a little table which

spun about the room. No doubt I moved it, but I did so "automatically." I did not, consciously, exert any force. I said, "Ask the table a question," and a lady remarked, "Where are the watches?" The table then tilted; the others used the alphabet in the ordinary way. I did not know what was tilted out, but they told me that the message was, "The watches are in Frank's pocket in the children's room." I asked, "What watches?" and the lady said, "I gave two to Frank to take to the watchmaker, and he does not know what became of them."

"No more do I," I said, and thought no more about it. Frank was a boy, a nephew of the lady; I scarcely knew him by sight. Two months later, when I was in France, Frank's father, who had been present at the table-tilting, wrote to tell me that I "was the devil"! The watches had just been found in an old greatcoat of Frank's, in a drawer in the children's room,—which was not a room in the house where the table was so well inspired. Nothing else of the sort ever happened to me. It was an "automatism." I did not know what the table "said" till I was told, and of the watches I knew nothing at all. I simply do not understand the case; but "spirits" did not even pretend to be mixed up in it. The least inconceivable psychic explanation is that Frank, who was at school, "wired" on to me, without knowing it, a fact which he had forgotten, and that I, without knowing it, made the table tilt out the answer.

Frank at that time was a queer, visionary boy, "a sensitive," but to do all this was rather out of his line. The sceptical theory would be that Frank, having heard the story, and accidentally come upon the lost watches, put them in the place where the table said they were, "and the same with intent to deceive." But I did not even know that there was a room in his father's house called "the children's room."

These are examples of "automatisms," into which the society inquired. It also devoted very great attention to hypnotism, in which Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney carried out many novel and striking experiments. Both of these gentlemen were deeply versed in the ordinary psychology and physiology of the schools,

but subjective and experimental: all the science of brain and nerve, in health and in disease; all the phenomena of "split personalities"; and all the vagaries of hysteria, delusions, and hallucinations,—unreal experiences of sight and hearing, which, to the subject, appear to be real—as when, for example, I have spoken to, or opened the door for, a friend who was really at a distance, but apparently present.

The society also made many experiments in transferring thoughts from one person to another, whether present or at a distance. A draws and thinks of anything—a cat, a chair, a mathematical diagram, what you please,—and B, who is placed behind a screen, tries to "see" or "visualize" and draw the object that A has drawn. In many experiments there was an extraordinary degree of success; others were total failures.

I myself have been only concerned in crystal-gazing experiments. A thought of what he pleased—often of a person. B looked in a glass ball and described what he "saw." The extraordinary result was that B would not only "see" the persons in A's mind, but describe what they were doing (*or had lately been doing*), how they were dressed, and so on, the persons seen being in every case totally unknown to B. The answers, on inquiry, were found to be correct. The oddest thing was that a description given on a Saturday, at St. Andrews, of several persons and scenes in India, was corroborated on Sunday by a letter from India which then arrived.*

In addition to all these studies the society has for many years conducted experiments with Mrs. Piper of Boston. Her automatisms occur while she is in a state of unconsciousness, and there are persons who believe that she is then inspired by the souls of the dead. I understand that she, very properly, entertains no theory of the kind.

The society has hitherto found no case of objects moving about untouched by man; its envoys, that is, have never been present where such phenomena occurred. They have merely collected reports or discovered impostures.

* See *Making of Religion*, chapter on "Crystal-gazing," for a set of instances with full details.

As regards "thought transference," their most prominent inquirers believed that it is an actual process; the society, as a society, is committed to no opinion except the opinion that research is desirable. Starting from the power of one living mind to affect another distant mind, or brain, with a thought, a sensation, an impression of sight or hearing, Messrs. Gurney and Myers wrote *Phantasms of the Living*. This is a huge collection, in two volumes, of stories of wraiths—"spirits of the living," as the Highlanders say—projecting themselves in various ways on the consciousness of other living persons at a distance. These experiences seemed often to coincide more or less exactly with the death or other crisis (in one case a fall down-stairs), or with a dream, of the person who seemed to make himself apparent. The society then instituted a new census; some 17,000 persons returned answers to questions about such hallucinations of their own, when they had enjoyed any.

After careful criticism, excluding all doubtful cases, the committee occupied with this task decided that there was a far larger proportion, on the evidence, of hallucinations coincident with the death or other crisis of the person who made himself apparent at a distance than could be accounted for by chance.

The word "hallucination" was here used to denote the seeing or hearing by a person in sound health of anything which, as a matter of fact, was not present. Of course the false experiences of fever or delirium tremens, or of senses chronically deranged, are also hallucinations. The society, however, inquired merely as to the hallucinations, perhaps occurring once in a lifetime, of sane and healthy people, and asked, did these coincide with events unknown, at a distance? In that case there would be a presumption that there was some connection of cause and event between the crisis of the distant A and the hallucination of B.

Having concluded that there is such a connection of an unexplained nature, the writers of the society gave it the technical name "telepathy"—"sensation produced from a distance."

Mind or brain, remote, affects apparently the mind or brain of another, or of

several persons at once, "through no recognized channel of the senses."

Apparitions of the living being thus accounted for, how are we to explain apparitions of the dead? The evidence for these was much less copious, and, necessarily, much less satisfactory. No coincident crisis in the affairs of the dead could, of course, be detected, as in the case of the living. Again, even if we grant that telepathy between the living is a fact in nature, a ghost of the dead can hardly hope to prove his identity.

To take a case: A young American commercial traveller, alone in his room at a hotel, suddenly saw his dead sister standing beside him. He rose to embrace her, but she fled like the shade of the mother of Odysseus in Homer. He went to his distant home, and told his parents, adding that on the cheek of his sister there was a scratch which he had not seen in her lifetime. The mother explained that in arranging, when alone, flowers around the dead body of the sister in the coffin, she had accidentally scratched the face, but concealed the mark with powder.

Now, if telepathy exists, the mother, brooding over the memory of the daughter, might transmit the whole vision of the dead, scratch and all, to the mind of her distant son.

This theory would cover all cases in which the appearance of the dead communicated in any way any information to the seer, if that information had ever been in the knowledge of any living person. That person, unconsciously, might telegraph the facts in a vision to the percipient. Living mind would be, somehow, in electric contact, as it were, with living mind: the agency of the dead would be a superfluous hypothesis. We might come to an opinion that there exists a kind of atmosphere of mind, common to all of us, and a vibration of the mind of A in Ceylon may be communicated in a hallucination to that of B in Chicago. Thus B's knowledge about the dead C may be imparted in a vision or hallucination representing C to A at any distance. Say that A in a house had a quite casual vision of an old woman in black. A's mind may unconsciously communicate that vision to various people in the same house, and we have a haunted house!

All this is at least thinkable, and so

it is practically impossible for the dead to prove their identity, whether they appear to our eyes and ears, or speak or write through Mrs. Piper or anybody else, or by table-tilting. Take a strong case: Suppose that the ghost of Queen Mary appeared to me, and told me about her quarrel with Darnley at Stirling, in December, 1566. The fact was unknown to history. I then read it, as I did, in a manuscript of Darnley's father, Lennox, at Cambridge. Does it not seem as if Queen Mary's ghost had established her identity? Not at all; the fact was known to, but not told to me by, the learned Jesuit who very kindly lent me a transcript of the manuscript of 1568. Thus, granting telepathy, what the Jesuit knew he might unconsciously transmit to me in a vision of the presence of Queen Mary. In fact, of course, I had no such vision.

That this kind of thing may happen I infer from the crystal visions of Miss Angus (in *The Making of Religion*). Mrs. Jones, say, thought of, say, Mrs. Brown, who was in India; her existence was unknown to Miss Angus. That lady then gave a minute description of Mrs. Brown, as seen in the glass—of her dress and her gestures, and an imitation of her manner of limping in her walk. She said how Mrs. Brown was occupied, and in what Oriental scene. All this was corroborated next day by a letter from India; the events seen by Miss Angus were remote by about a month. Suppose that Mrs. Brown had died in the interval.

The spiritualist theory would be that her spirit had communicated the facts. But this is needless; other people knew them in India. A ghost can only prove its identity, then, by communicating facts not known to any living mind. But it is next door to impossible to prove that any facts are unknown to every living mind.

To conclude,—people, as far as they are interested in this topic, are interested, as a rule, because, like Dr. Johnson, they want more evidence of the persistence of the individual consciousness after death. As far as I see, nothing like such proof is given by the very unsatisfactory doings of Mrs. Piper, and of "mediums" in general. If the ghost of Queen Mary appeared to me, and told me to whom she bade David Riccio carry her secret gift of diamonds (June, 1566), I should be much more convinced if I found corroboration in a document which it could be proved that no living eyes had seen before mine did.

My conclusion, then, is that I believe in human transcendental faculties which "annihilate time and space." Again, I think that such faculties raise a presumption that somewhat in us does not wholly die, but, retaining the consciousness of earthly experience, joins "the choir invisible." I am certain that the subject deserves scientific investigation, and scientific minds ought to be quite unbiased by the wish to prove that conscience survives death, and by the wish to stamp out "superstition."

Aftermath

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

SUCH trivial, trivial, trivial things—
 One day I did not answer to her smile,
 Once did not meet the eyes that sought mine, while
 Mine looked beyond—once, how the memory clings!
 She went from me un-kissed.

Such trivial things

To never, never, never be forgot.
 Why should I ever think of them, and not
 Of the million kisses given, the mute eyes met
 The thousand, thousand times, the smiles that set?

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XI

THE spring freshness of London had long since departed. A crowded season: much animation in Parliament, where the Government to its own amazement had rather gained than lost ground; industrial trouble at home, and foreign complications abroad; and in London the steady growth of a new plutocracy, the result, so far, of American wealth and American brides,—in the first week of July, the outward things of the moment might have been thus summed up by any careful observer.

On a certain Tuesday night, the debate on a private member's bill unexpectedly collapsed, and the House rose early. Ashe left the House with his secretary, but parted from him at the corner of Birdcage Walk, and crossed the park alone. He meant to join Kitty at a party in Piccadilly; there was just time to go home and dress; and he walked at a quick pace.

Two members sitting on the same side of the House with himself were also going home. One of them noticed the Under-Secretary.

"A very ineffective statement Ashe made to-night—don't you think so?" he said to his companion.

"Very! Really if the government can't take up a stronger line, the general public will begin to think there's something in it."

"Oh! if you only shriek long enough and sharp enough in England something's sure to come of it. Cliffe and his group have been playing their cards very cleverly. The government will get their Agreement approved all right, but Cliffe has certainly made some people on our side uneasy. However—"

"However—what?" said the other, after a moment.

"I wish I thought that were the only reason for Ashe's change of tone," said the first speaker, slowly.

"What do you mean?"

The two were intimate personal friends, belonging moreover to a group of Evangelical families well known in English life; but even so the answer came with reluctance:

"Well, you see, it's not very easy to grapple in public with the man whose name all smart London happens to be coupling with that of your wife!"

"I say!"—the other stood still, in genuine consternation and distress,—
"you don't mean to say that there's that in it!"

"You notice that the difference is not in *what* Ashe says, but in *how* he says it. He avoids all personal collision with Cliffe. The government stick to their case, but Ashe mentions everybody but Cliffe, and confutes all arguments but his. And meanwhile, of course, the truth is that Cliffe is the head and front of the campaign, and if he threw up to-morrow, everything would quiet down."

"And Lady Kitty is flirting with him at this particular moment? Damned bad taste and bad feeling, to say the least of it!"

"You won't find one of the Bristol lot consider that kind of thing when their blood is up!" said the other. "You remember the tales of old Lord Blackwater?"

"But is there really any truth in it? Or is it mere gossip?"

"Well, I hear that the behavior of both of them at Grosville Park last week was such that Lady Grosville vows she will never ask either of them again. And at Ascot, at Lord's—the Opera—Lady Kitty sits with him, talks with him, walks with him, the whole time, and won't look at any one else. They must be asked together or neither will come,—and 'society,' as far as I can make out, thinks it a good joke and is always making plans to throw them together."

"Can't Lady Tranmore do anything?"

"I don't know. They say she is very unhappy about it. Certainly she looks ill and depressed."

"And Ashe?"

His companion hesitated. "I don't like to say it, but, of course, you know there are many people who will tell you that Ashe doesn't care twopence what his wife does, so long as she is nice to him and he can read his books and carry on his politics as he pleases!"

"Ashe always strikes me as the soul of honor!" said the other, indignantly.

"Of course—for himself. But a more fatalist believer in liberty than Ashe doesn't exist,—liberty especially to damn yourself—if you must and will."

"It would be hard to extend that doctrine to a wife," said the other—with a grave, uncomfortable laugh.

Meanwhile the man whose affairs they had been discussing walked home, wrapped in solitary and disagreeable thought. As he neared the Marlborough House Corner, a carriage passed him. It was delayed a moment by other carriages, and as it halted beside him Ashe recognized Lady M——, the hostess of the fancy ball, and a very old friend of his parents. He took off his hat. The lady within recognized him and inclined slightly,—very slightly and stiffly. Ashe started a little and walked on.

The meeting vividly recalled the ball, the *terminus a quo* indeed from which the meditation in which he had been plunged since entering the park had started. Between six and seven weeks ago, was it?—it might have been a century. He thought of Kitty as she was that night,—Kitty pirouetting in her glittering dress,—or bending over the boy,—or holding her face to his, as he kissed her on the stairs. Never since had she shown him the smallest glimpse of such a mood. What was wrong with her and with himself? Something, since May, had turned their life topsy-turvy, and it seemed to Ashe that in the general unprofitable rush of futile engagements he had never yet had time to stop and ask himself what it might be.

Why, at any rate, was *he* in this chafing irritation and discomfort? Why could he not deal with that fellow Cliffe as he deserved? And what in Heaven's

name was the reason why old friends like Lady M—— were beginning to look at him coldly, and avoid his conversation?

His mother, too! He gathered that quite lately there had been some disagreeable scene between her and Kitty. Kitty had resented some remonstrance of hers, and for some days now they had not met. Nor had Ashe seen his mother alone. Did she also avoid him, shrink from speaking out her real mind to him?

Well, it was all monstrously absurd!—a great coil about nothing, as far as the main facts were concerned; although the annoyance and worry of the thing were indeed becoming serious. Kitty had no doubt taken a wild liking to Geoffrey Cliffe,—

"And by George," said Ashe, pausing in his walk,—“she warned me!”

And there rose in his memory the formal garden at Grosville Park, the little figure at his side, and Kitty's franknesses: "I shall take mad fancies for people. I sha'n't be able to help it. I have one now, for Geoffrey Cliffe."

He smiled. There was the difficulty! If only the people whose envious tongues were now wagging could see Kitty as she was, could understand what a gulf lay between her and the ordinary "fast" woman,—there would be an end of this silly ill-natured talk. Other women might be of the earth, earthy. Kitty was a sprite, with all the irresponsibility of such ethereal incalculable creatures. The men and women—women especially—who gossiped and lied about her, who sent abominable paragraphs to scurrilous papers,—he had one now in his pocket which had reached him at the House from an anonymous correspondent,—spoke out of their own vile experience, judged her by their own standards. His mother, at any rate,—he proudly thought,—ought to know better than to be misled by them for a moment.

At the same time, something must be done. Kitty had no doubt been behaving like a romantic, excitable child, with this unscrupulous man, whose record with regard to women was probably wholly unknown to her,—however foolishly she might plume herself on her knowledge of the world. What had Kitty, indeed, been doing with herself these six weeks? Ashe tried to recall them in de-



HE READ IT, STANDING IN THE SILENT HOUSE

tail. Ascot—Lord's—innumerable parties in London and in the country, to some of which he had not been able to accompany her, owing to the stress of Parliamentary and official work. Grosville Park, for instance,—he had been stopped at the last moment from going down there by the arrival of some important foreign news, and Kitty had gone alone. She had reappeared on the Monday, pale and furious, saying that she and her aunt had quarrelled, and that she would never go near the Grosvilles either in town or country again. She had not volunteered any further explanation, and Ashe had refrained from inquiry. There were in him certain disgusts and disdains, belonging to his general epicurean conception of existence, which not even his love for Kitty could overcome. One was a disdain for the quarrels of women. He supposed they were inevitable; he saw, by the way, that Kitty and Lady Parham were once more at daggers drawn; and Kitty seemed to enjoy it. Well, it was her own affair; but while there was a Greek play, or a Shakespeare sonnet, or even a Blue Book to read, who could expect him to listen?

What had old Lady Grosville been about? He understood that Cliffe had been of the party. Kitty, no doubt, had been imprudent and absurd.

Well, what was he to do? It was now July. The session would last certainly till the middle of August, and though the American business would be disposed of directly, there was fresh trouble in the Balkan Peninsula, and an anxious situation in Egypt. Impossible that he should think of leaving his post. And as for the chance of a dissolution, the government was now a good deal stronger than it had been before Easter,—worse luck!

Of course he ought to take Kitty away. But short of resignation how was it to be done? And what even would resignation do—supposing, *per impossibile*, it could be thought of—but give to gnawing gossip a bigger bone, and probably irritate Kitty to the point of rebellion? Yet how induce her to go with any one else? Lady Tranmore was out of the question. Margaret French perhaps?

Then, suddenly, Ashe was assailed by an inner laughter, hollow and discom-

fortable. Things were come to a pretty pass when he must even dream of resigning because a man whom he despised would haunt his house and absorb the company of his wife; when moreover he could not even think of a remedy for such a state of things without falling back dismayed from the certainty of Kitty's temper,—Kitty's wild and furious temper.

For during the last fortnight, as it seemed to Ashe, all the winds of tempest had been blowing through his house. Himself, the servants, even Margaret, even the child,—had all suffered. He also had lost his temper several times,—such a thing had scarcely happened to him since his childhood. He thought of it as of a kind of physical stain or weakness. To keep an even and stoical mind, to laugh where one could not conquer,—this had always seemed to him the first condition of decent existence. And now to be wrangling over an expenditure, an engagement, a letter, the merest nothing,—whether it was a fine day or it wasn't,—could anything be more petty, degrading, intolerable?

He vowed that this should stop. Whatever happened, he and Kitty should not degenerate into a pair of scolds—besmirch their life with quarrels as ugly as they were silly. He would reason with her,—his beloved, unreasonable, foolish Kitty; he ought, of course, to have done so before. But it was only within the last week or so that the horizon had suddenly darkened,—the thing grown serious. And now this beastly paragraph! But, after all, what did such garbage matter! It would, of course, be a comfort to thrash the editor. But our modern life breeds such creatures,—and they have to be borne.

He let himself into a silent house. His letters lay on the hall table. Among them was a handwriting which arrested him. He remembered, yet could not put a name to it. Then he turned the envelope. "H'm, Lady Grosville!" He read it, standing there, then thrust it into his pocket, thinking angrily that there seemed to be a good many fools in this world who occupied themselves with other people's business. Exaggeration, of course, damnable *parti pris*! When did she ever see Kitty except with a

jaundiced eye? "I wonder she cares to go to the woman's house! She must know that everything she does is seen there *en noir*. Pharisaical, narrow-minded philistines!"

The letter acted as a tonic. Ashe was positively grateful to the "old gorgon" who wrote it. He ran up-stairs, his pulses tingling in defence of Kitty. He would show Lady Grosville that she could not write to him, at any rate, in that strain with impunity.

He took a candle from the landing, and opened his wife's door in order to pass through her room to his own. As he did so, he ran against Kitty's maid, Blanche, who was coming out. She shrank back as she saw him, but not before the light of his candle had shone full upon her. Her face was disfigured with tears, which were, indeed, still running down her cheeks.

"Why, Blanche!" he said, standing still,—then in the kind voice which endeared him to the servants, "I am afraid your brother is worse?"

For the poor brother in hospital had passed through many vicissitudes since his operation, and the little maid's spirits had fluctuated accordingly.

"Oh no, sir—no, sir!" said Blanche, drying her eyes, and retreating into the shadows of the room, where only a faint flame of gas was burning. "It's not that, sir, thank you. I was just putting away her ladyship's things," she said, inconsequently, looking round the room.

"That was hardly what caused the tears, was it?" said Ashe, smiling. "Is there anything in which Lady Kitty or I could help you?"

The girl—who had always seemed to him on excellent terms with Kitty—gave a sudden sob.

"Thank you, sir—I've just given her ladyship warning."

"Indeed?" said Ashe, gravely. "I'm sorry for that. I thought you got on here very well."

"I used to, sir. But this last few weeks there's nothing pleases her ladyship. You can't do anything right. I'm sure I've worked my hands off. But I can't do any more. Perhaps her ladyship will find some one else to suit her better."

"Didn't her ladyship try to persuade you to stay?"

"Yes,—but—I gave warning once before—and then I stayed. And it's no good. It seems as if you must do wrong. And I don't sleep, sir. It gets on your nerves so. But I didn't mean to complain. Good night, sir."

"Good night. Don't sit up for your mistress. You look tired out. I'll help her."

"Thank you, sir," said the maid, in a depressed voice, and went.

Half an hour later, Ashe mounted the staircase of a well-known house in Piccadilly. The evening party was beginning to thin, but in a side drawing-room a fine Austrian band was playing Strauss and some of the inmates of the house were dancing.

Ashe at once perceived his wife. She was dancing with a clever Cambridge lad, a cousin of Madeleine Alcot's, who had long been one of her adorers. And so charming was the spectacle, so exhilarating were the youth and beauty of the pair, that Ashe presently suspected, what was indeed the truth, that most of the persons gathering in the room were there to watch Kitty dance rather than to dance themselves. He himself watched her, though he professed to be talking to his hostess—a woman of middle age, with honest eyes, and a brow of command.

"It is a delight to see Lady Kitty dance," she said to him, smiling. "But she is tired. I am sure she wants the country."

"Like my boy," said Ashe. "I wish to goodness they'd both go."

"Oh! I know it's hard to leave the husband toiling in town!" said his companion, who as the daughter, wife, and mother of politicians had had a long experience in official life.

Ashe glanced at her—at her face moulded by kind and scrupulous living—with a sudden relief from tension. Clearly no gossip had reached her. He lingered beside her, for the sheer pleasure of talking to her. But their *tête-à-tête* was soon interrupted by the approach of Lady Parham, with a daughter,—a slim and silent girl, to whom, it was whispered, her mother was giving "a last chance" this season before sending her into the country as a failure and bringing out her younger sister.

Lady Parham greeted the hostess with effusion. It was a rich house, and these small informal dances were said to be more helpful to matrimonial development than larger affairs. Then she perceived Ashe, and her whole manner changed. There was a very evident bristling, and she gave him a greeting deliberately careless.

"Confound the woman!" thought Ashe, and his own pride rose.

"Working as hard as usual, Lady Parham?" he asked her, with a smile.

"If you like to put it so," was the stiff reply. "There is of course a good deal of going out."

"I hope, if I may say so, you don't allow Lord Parham to do too much of it."

"Lord Parham never was better in his life," said Lord Parham's spouse, with the air of putting down an impertinence.

"That's good news. I must say when I saw him this afternoon I thought he seemed to be feeling his work a good deal."

"Oh! he's worried," said Lady Parham, sharply,—*"worried about a good many things."* She turned suddenly and looked at her companion—an insolent and deliberate look.

"Ah! that's where the wives come in!" replied Ashe, unperturbed. "Look at Mrs. Loraine. She has the art to perfection—hasn't she? The way she cushions Loraine is something wonderful to see."

Lady Parham flushed angrily. The suggested comparison between herself and that incessant rattle and blare of social event through which she dragged her husband, conducting thereby a vulgar campaign of her own as arduous as his and far more ambitious, and the ways and character of gentle Mrs. Loraine, absorbed in the man she adored, scatter-brained and absent-minded towards the rest of the world, but for him all eyes and ears, an angel of shelter and protection, did not now reach the Prime Minister's wife for the first time. But she had no opportunity to launch a retort, even supposing she had one ready, for the music ceased, and the tide of dancers surged towards the doors. It brought Kitty abruptly face to face with Lady Parham.

"Oh! how d'you do?" said Kitty, in

a tone that was already an offence, and she held out a small hand with an indescribably regal air.

Lady Parham just touched it, glanced at the owner from top to toe, and walked away. Kitty slipped in beside Ashe for a moment, with her back to the wall,—laughing and breathless.

"I say, Kitty," said Ashe, bending over her and speaking in her small ear, "I thought Lady Parham was eternally obliged to us. What's wrong with her?"

"Only that I can't stand her," said Kitty. "What's the good of trying?" She looked up, a flame of mutiny in her cheeks.

"What, indeed?" said Ashe, feeling as reckless as she. "Her manners are beyond the bounds. But look here, Kitty—don't you think you'll come home? You know you do look uncommonly tired."

Kitty frowned.

"Home? Why, I'm only just beginning to enjoy myself! Take me into the cool, please," she said to the boy who had been dancing with her, and who still hovered near, in case his divinity might allow him yet a few more minutes. But as she put out her hand to take his arm, Ashe saw her waver and look suddenly across the room.

A group parted that had been clustering round a farther door, and Ashe perceived Cliffe leaning against the doorway, with his arms crossed. He was surrounded by pretty women, with whom he seemed to be carrying on a bantering warfare. Involuntarily Ashe watched for the recognition between him and Kitty. Did Kitty's lips move?—was there a signal? If so, it passed like a flash. Kitty hurried away; and Ashe was left, haughtily furious with himself that, for the first time in his life, he had played the spy.

He turned, in his discomfort, to leave the dancing-room. He himself enjoyed society frankly enough. Especially since his marriage had he found the companionship of agreeable women delightful. He went instinctively to seek it and drive out this nonsense from his mind. Just inside the larger drawing-room, however, he came across Mary Lyster, sitting in a corner apparently alone. Mary greeted him, but with an evident coldness. Her manner brought back all the preoccupa-

tions of his walk from the House. In spite of her small cordiality, he sat down beside her, wondering with a vicarious compunction at what point her fortunes might be, and how Kitty's proceedings might have already affected them. But he had not yet succeeded in thawing her when a voice behind him said:

"This is my dance, I think, Miss Lyster. Where shall we sit it out?"

Ashe moved at once. Mary looked up, hesitated visibly, then rose and took Geoffrey Cliffe's arm.

"Just read your remarks this evening," said Cliffe to Ashe. "Well, now I suppose to-morrow will see your ship in port?"

For it was reasonably expected that the morrow would see the American Agreement ratified by a substantial ministerial majority.

"Certainly. But you may at least reflect that you have lost us a deal of time."

"And now you slay us," said Cliffe. "Ah! well—*'dulce et decorum est,'* etcetera."

"Don't imagine that you'll get many of the honors of martyrdom," laughed Ashe,—in Cliffe's eyes an offensive and triumphant figure, as he leant carelessly upon a marble pedestal that carried a bust of Horace Walpole.

"Why?" Cliffe's hand had gone instinctively to his mustache. Mary had dropped his arm, and now stood quietly beside him,—pale and somewhat jaded, her fine eyes travelling between the speakers.

"Why? Because the heresies have no martyrs. The halo is for the true Church!"

"H'm!" said Cliffe, with a reflective sneer. "I suppose you mean for the successful?"

"Do I?" said Ashe, with nonchalance. "Aren't the true Church the people who are justified by the event?"

"The orthodox like to think so," said Cliffe. "But the heretics have a way of coming out top."

"Does that mean you chaps are going to win at the next election? I devoutly hope you may!—*we're* all as stale as ditch-water,—and as for places, anybody's welcome to mine!" And so saying, Ashe lounged away, attracted by the bow and

smile of a pretty Frenchwoman, with whom it was always agreeable to chat.

"Ashe trifles it as usual," said Cliffe, as he and Mary forced a passage into one of the smaller rooms. "Is there anything in the world that he really cares about?"

Mary looked at him with a start. It was almost on her lips to say, "Yes—his wife." She only just succeeded in driving the words back.

"His not caring is a pretence," she said. "At least Lady Tranmore thinks so. She believes that he is becoming absorbed in politics,—much more ambitious than she ever thought he would be."

"That's the way of mothers," said Cliffe, with a sarcastic lip. "They have got to make the best of their sons. Tell me—what you are going to do this summer."

He had thrown one arm round the back of a chair, and sat looking down upon her, his colorless fair hair falling thick upon his brow, and giving by contrast a strange inhuman force to the dark and singular eyes beneath. He had a way of commanding a woman's attention by flashes of brusquerie, melting when he chose into a homage that had in it the note of an older world,—a world that had still leisure for passion and its refinements, a world still within sight of that other which had produced the *Carte du tendre*. Perhaps it was this, combined with the virilities, not to be questioned, of his aspect, the signs of hard physical endurance in the face burnt by desert suns, and the suggestions of a frame too lean and gaunt for drawing-rooms, that gave him his spell and preserved it.

Mary's conversation with him consisted at first of much cool fencing on her part, which gradually slipped back, as he intended it should, into some of the tones of intimacy. Each meanwhile was conscious of a secret range of thoughts,—hers concerned with the effort and struggle, the bitter disappointments and disillusion, of the past six weeks,—and his with the schemes he had cherished in the East and on the way home of marrying Mary Lyster, or, more correctly, Mary Lyster's money, and so resigning himself to the inevitable boredom of an English existence. For her the mental horizon was

full of Kitty—Kitty insolent, Kitty triumphant. For him too Kitty made the background of thought,—environed, however, with clouds of indecision and resistance that would have raised happiness in Mary could she have divined them.

For he was now not easy to capture. There had been enough and more than enough of women in his life. The game of politics must somehow replace them henceforth,—if indeed anything were still worth while, except the long day in the saddle, and the dawn of new mornings in untrodden lands.

Mingled, all these, with hot dislike of Ashe, with the fascination of Kitty, and a kind of venomous pleasure in the commotion produced by his pursuit of her; interpenetrated, moreover, through and through, with the memory of his one true feeling, and of the woman who had died, alienated from and despising him. He and Mary passed a profitless half-hour. He would have liked to propitiate her, but he had no notion what he should do with the propitiation if it were reached. He wanted her money, but he was beginning to feel with restlessness that he could not pay the cost. The poet in him was still strong, crossed though it were by the adventurer.

He took her back to the dancing-room. Mary walked beside him with a dull, fierce sense of wrong. It was Kitty of course who had done it,—Kitty who had taken him away from her.

"That's finished," said Cliffe to himself, with a long breath of relief, as he delivered her into the hands of her partner. "Now for the other!"

Thenceforward no one saw Kitty and no one danced with her. She spent her time in beflowered corners or remote drawing-rooms with Geoffrey Cliffe. Ashe heard her voice in the distance once or twice, answering a voice he detested; he looked into the supper-room with a lady on his arm, and across it he saw Kitty, with her white elbow on the table, and her hand propping a face that was turned—half mocking and yet wholly absorbed—to Cliffe. He saw her flitting across vistas, or disappearing through far doorways, but always with that sinister figure in attendance.

His mind was divided between a secret fury—roused in him by the pride of a man of high birth and position, who has always had the world at command, and now sees an impertinence offered him which he does not know how to punish—and a mood of irony. Cliffe's persecution of Kitty was a piece of confounded bad manners. But to look at it with the round hypocritical eyes some of these people were bringing to bear on it was really too much! Let them look to their own affairs—they needed it.

At last the party broke up. Kitty touched him on the shoulder as he was standing on the stairs, apparently absorbed in a teasing skirmish with a charming child in her first season, who thought him the most delightful of men.

"I'm ready, William."

He turned sharply, and saw that she was alone.

"Come along, then! In five minutes more I should have been asleep on the stairs."

They descended. Kitty went for her cloak. Ashe sent for the carriage. As he was standing on the steps Cliffe passed him and called for a hansom. It came in the rear of two or three carriages already under the portico. He ran along the pavement and jumped in. The doors were just being shut by the linkman, when a little figure in a white cloak flew down the steps of the house and held up a hand to the driver of the hansom.

"Do you see that?" said Lady Parham, in a voice of suppressed but contemptuous amazement, as she turned to Mary Lyster, who was driving home with her. "Call my carriage, please!" she said, imperiously, to one of the footmen at the door. Her carriage, as it happened, was immediately behind the hansom; but the hansom could not move because of the small lady who had jumped upon the step and was leaning eagerly forward.

There was a clamor of shouting voices: "Move on; cabby, move on!" "Stand clear, ma'am, please," said the driver, while Cliffe opened the door of the cab and seemed about to jump down again.

"Who is it?" said an impatient judge behind Lady Parham. "What's the matter?"

Lady Parham shrugged her shoulders.

"It's Lady Kitty Ashe," whispered the

débutante, who was the judge's daughter, "talking to Mr. Cliffe. Isn't she pretty?"

A sudden silence fell upon the group in the porch. Kitty's high, clear laugh seemed to ring back into the house. Then Ashe ran down the steps.

"Kitty, don't stop the way." He peremptorily drew her back.

Cliffe raised his hat, fell back into the hansom, and the man whipped up his horse.

Kitty came back to the outer wall with Ashe. Her cheeks had a rose flush, her wild eyes laughed at the crowd on the steps, without really seeing them.

"Are you going with Lady Parham?" she said, absently, to Mary Lyster.

"Yes."

Kitty looked up, and Ashe saw the two faces as she and Mary confronted each other,—the contempt in Mary's, the startled wrath in Kitty's.

"Come, Miss Lyster!" said Lady Parham, and pushing past the Ashes without a good night, she hurried to her carriage, drawing up the glass with a hasty hand, though the night was balmy.

For a few moments none of those left on the steps spoke, except to fret in undertones for an absent carriage. Then Ashe saw his own groom, and stormed at him for delay. In another minute he and Kitty were in the carriage, and the figures under the porch dropped out of sight.

"Better not do that again, Kitty, I think," said Ashe.

Kitty glanced at him. But both voice and manner were as usual. "Why shouldn't I?" she said, haughtily;—he saw that she had grown very white. "I was telling Geoffrey where to find me at Lord's."

Ashe winced at the "Archangelism" of the Christian name.

"You kept Lady Parham waiting."

"What does that matter?" said Kitty, with an angry laugh.

"And you did Cliffe too much honor," said Ashe. "It's the men who should stand on the steps—not the women!"

Kitty sat erect. "What do you mean?" she said, in a low, menacing voice.

"Just what I say," was the laughing reply.

Kitty threw herself back in her corner,

and could not be induced to open her lips or look at her companion till they reached home.

On the landing, however, outside her bedroom, she turned and said, "Don't, please, say impertinent things to me again!" And drawn up to her full height, the most childish and obstinate of tragedy queens, she swept into her room.

Ashe went into his dressing-room. And almost immediately afterwards he heard the key turn in the lock which separated his room from Kitty's.

For the first time since their marriage! He threw himself on his bed and passed some sleepless hours. Then fatigue had its way. When he awoke, there was gray dawn in the room, and he was conscious of something pressing against his bed. Half asleep, he raised himself, and saw Kitty, in a long white dressing-gown, sitting curled up on the floor, or rather on a pillow, her head resting on the edge of the bed. In a glass opposite he saw the languid grace of her slight form and the cloud of her hair.

"Kitty!"—he tried to shake himself into full consciousness—"do go to bed!"

"Lie down!" said Kitty, lifting her arm and pressing him down—"and don't say anything. I shall go to sleep."

He lay down obediently. Presently he felt that her cheek was resting on one of his hands, and in his semiconsciousness he laid the other on her hair. Then they both fell asleep.

His dreams were a medley of the fancy ball, and of some pageant scene in which Iris and Ceres appeared, and there was a rustic dance of maidens and shepherds. Then a murmur as of thunder ran through the scene, followed by darkness. He half woke, in hot distress, but the soft cheek was still there, his hand still felt the silky curls—and sleep recaptured him.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN Ashe woke up in earnest, he was alone. He sprang up in bed and looked round the darkened room, ashamed of his long sleep; but there was no sign of Kitty.

After dressing, he knocked as usual at Kitty's door.

"Oh! come in," said Kitty's lightest

voice. "Margaret's here, but if you don't mind her, she won't mind you."

Ashe entered. Kitty, as was her wont four days out of the seven, was breakfasting in bed. Margaret French was beside her with a batch of notes, mostly bills and unanswered invitations, with which she was trying to make Kitty cope.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ashe," Margaret lifted a smiling face. "I had to be out on business for my brother all day, so I thought I'd come early and remind Kitty of some of these tiresome things while there was still a chance of finding her."

"I don't know why guardian angels excuse themselves," said Ashe, as they shook hands.

"Oh dear, what a lot of them there are!" said Kitty, tossing over the notes with a bored air. "Refuse them all, Margaret; I'm tired to death of dining out."

"Not all, I think," pleaded Margaret. "Here's that nice woman—you remember—who wanted to thank Mr. Ashe for what he'd done for her son. You promised to dine with her."

"Did I?" Kitty wriggled with annoyance. "Well, then, I suppose we must. What did William do for her? When I ask him to do something for the nicest boys in the world, he won't lift a finger."

"I gave him some introductions in Berlin," laughed Ashe. "What you generally want me to do, Kitty, is to staff the public service with good-looking idiots. And there I really can't oblige you."

"Every one knows that corruption gets the best men," said Kitty. "Hullo! what's that?" and she lifted a dinner-card and looked at it strangely.

"My dear Kitty! when did it come?" exclaimed Margaret French, in dismay.

It was a dinner-card whereby Lord and Lady Parham requested the honor of Mr. and Lady Kitty Ashe's company at dinner, on a date somewhere within the first week of July.

Ashe bent over to look at it.

"I think that came ten days ago," he said, quietly. "I imagined Kitty accepted it."

"I never thought of it from that day to this," said Kitty, who had clasped her hands behind her head, and was staring at the ceiling. "Say, please, that"—she

spaced out the words deliberately—"Mr. and Lady Kitty Ashe—are unable to accept—Lord and Lady Parham's invitation—etc.—"

"Kitty!" said Margaret, firmly, "there must be a 'regret' and a 'kind.' Think!—ten days! The party is next week!"

"No 'regret'—and no 'kind'!" said Kitty, still staring overhead. "It's my affair, please, Margaret, altogether. And I'll see the note before it goes, or you'll be putting in civilities."

Margaret, in despair, looked entreatingly at Ashe. He and she had often conspired before this to soften down Kitty's enormities. But he said nothing,—made not the smallest sign.

With difficulty Margaret got a few more directions out of Kitty, over whom a shade of sombre taciturnity had now fallen. Then, saying she would write the notes down-stairs and come back, she gathered up her basketful of letters and departed.

As soon as she was alone with Ashe, Kitty took up a novel beside her and pretended to be absorbed in it.

He hesitated a moment, then he stooped over her and took her hand.

"Why did you come in to visit me, Kitty?" he said, in a low voice.

"I don't know," was her indifferent reply, and her hand pulled itself away,—though not with violence.

"I wish I could understand you, Kitty." His tone was not quite steady.

"Well, I don't understand myself!" said Kitty, shortly, reaching out for a bunch of roses that Margaret had just brought her, and burying her face among them.

"Perhaps if you submitted the problem to me," said Ashe, laughing, "we might be able to thresh it out together!"

He folded his arms and leant against the foot of the bed, delighting his eyes with the vision of her amid the folds of muslin and lace, and all the costly refinements of pillow and coverlet with which she liked to surround herself at that hour of the morning. She might have been a French princess of the old régime, receiving her court.

Kitty shook her head. The roses fell idly from her hand, and made bright patches of bluish pink about her. Ashe went on:

"Anyway, dear,—don't give silly tongues *too* good a handle!"

He threw her a gay comrade's look, as though to say that they both knew the folly of the world, but he perhaps the better, as he was the elder.

"You mean," said Kitty, calmly, "that I am not to talk so much to Geoffrey Cliffe?"

"Is he worth it?" said Ashe—"that's what I want to know—worth the fuss that some people make?"

"It's the fuss and the people that drive one on," said Kitty, under her breath.

"You flatter them too much, darling! Do you think you were quite kind to me last night?—let's put it that way. I looked a precious fool, you know, standing on those steps, while you were keeping old Mother Parham and the whole show waiting!"

She looked at him a moment in silence, at his heightened color and insistent eyes.

"I can't think what made you marry me," she said, slowly.

Ashe laughed and came nearer.

"And I can't think," he said, in a lower voice, "what made you come—if you weren't a little bit sorry—and lean your dear head against me like that last night."

"I wasn't sorry,—I couldn't sleep," was her quick reply, while her eyes strove to keep up their war with his.

A knock was heard at the door. Ashe moved hastily away. Kitty's maid entered.

"I was to tell you, sir, that your breakfast was ready. And Lady Tranmore's servant has brought this note."

Ashe took it and thrust it into his pocket.

"Get my things ready, please," said Kitty to her maid. Ashe felt himself dismissed and went.

As soon as he was gone, Kitty sprang out of bed, threw on a dressing-gown, and ran across to Blanche, who was bending over a chest of drawers. "Why did you say those foolish things to me yesterday?" she demanded, taking the girl impetuously by the arm, and so startling her that she nearly dropped the clothes she held.

"They weren't foolish, my lady," said Blanche, sullenly, with averted eyes.

"They were!" cried Kitty. "Of course

I'm a vixen—I always was. But you know, Blanche, I'm not always as bad as I have been lately. Very soon I shall be quite charming again—you'll see!"

"I dare say, my lady." Blanche went on sorting and arranging the *lingerie* she had taken out of the drawer.

Kitty sat down beside her, nursing a bare foot, which was crossed over the other.

"You know how I abused you about my hair, Blanche? Well, Mrs. Alcot said that very night she never saw it so well done. She thought it must be Pierre-fitte's best man. Wasn't it hellish of me? I knew quite well you'd done it beautifully."

The maid said nothing. But a tear fell on one of Kitty's night-dresses.

"And you remember the green gariibaldi?—last week? I just loathed it—because you'd forgotten that little black rosette."

"No!" said Blanche, looking up; "your ladyship had never ordered it."

"I did—I did! But never mind. Two of my friends have wanted to copy it, Blanche. They wouldn't believe it was done by a maid. They said it had such style. One of them would engage you to-morrow if you really want to go—"

A silence.

"But you won't go, Blanche, will you?" said Kitty's silver voice. "I'm a horrid fiend, but I did get Mr. Ashe to help your young man—and I did care about your poor brother—and—and"—she stroked the girl's arm—"I do look rather nice when I'm dressed, don't I? You wouldn't like a gréat gawk to dress, would you?"

"I'm sure I don't want to leave your ladyship," said the girl, choking. "But I can't have no more—"

"No more ructions?" said Kitty, meditating. "H'm, of course that's serious—because I'm made so. Well, now look here, Blanchie, you won't give me warning again for a fortnight? whatever I do,—mind. And if by then I'm past praying for, you may. And I'll import a Russian—or a Choctaw,—who won't understand when I call her names. Is that a bargain, Blanchie?"

The maid hesitated.

"Just a fortnight!" said Kitty, in her most seductive tones.

"Very well, my lady."

Kitty jumped up, waltzed round the room, the white silk skirts of her dressing-gown floating far and wide, then thrust her feet into her slippers, and began to dress as though nothing had happened.

But when her toilet was accomplished, Kitty, having dismissed her maid, sat for some time in front of her mirror in a brown study.

"What is the matter with me?" she thought. "William is an angel, and I love him. And I can't do what he wants—I *can't!*" She drew a long, troubled breath. The lips of the face reflected in the glass were dry and colorless, the eyes had a strange shrinking expression. "People *are* possessed—I know they are. They can't help themselves. I began this to punish Mary,—and now—when I don't see Geoffrey, everything is odious and dreary. I can't care for anything. Of course I ought to care for William's politics. I expect I've done him harm—I know I have. What's wrong with me?"

But suddenly, in the very midst of her self-examination the emotion and excitement that she had felt of late in her long conversations with Cliffe returned upon her, filling her at once with poignant memory and a keen expectation to which she yielded herself as a wild sea-bird to the rocking of the sea. They had started—those conversations—from her attempt to penetrate the secret history of the man whose poems had filled her with a thrilling sense of feelings and passions beyond her ken,—untrodden regions, full no doubt of shadow and of poison, but infinitely alluring to one whose nature was best summed up in the two words curiosity and daring. She had not found it quite easy. Cliffe, as we know, had resented the levity of her first attempt. But when she renewed it, more seriously and sweetly, combining with it a number of subtle flatteries, the flattery of her beauty and her position, of the private interest she could not help showing in the man who was her husband's public antagonist, and of an admiration for his poems which was not so much mere praise as an actual covetous sharing in them, a making their ideas and their

music her own,—Cliffe could not in the end resist her. After all, so far, she only asked him to talk of himself, and for a man of his type the process is the very breath of his being, the stimulus and liberation of all his powers.

So that, before they knew, they were in the midst of the most burning subjects of human discussion,—at first in a manner comparatively veiled and general, then with the sharpest personal reference to Cliffe's own story, as the intimacy between them grew. Jealousy, suffering, the "hard cases" of passion,—why men are selfish and exacting, why women mislead and torment,—the ugly waste and crudity of death,—it was among these great themes they found themselves. Death above all,—it was to a thought of death that Cliffe's harsh face owed its chief spell perhaps in Kitty's eyes. A woman had died for love of him, crushed by his jealousy and her own self-scorn. So Kitty had been told; and Cliffe's tortured vanity would not deny it. How could she have cared so much? That was the puzzle.

But this vicarious relation had now passed into a relation of her own. Cliffe was to Kitty a problem,—and a problem which, beyond a certain point, defied her. The element of sex of course entered in, but only as intensifying the contrasts and mysteries of imagination. And he made her feel these contrasts and mysteries, as she had never yet felt them; and so he enlarged the world for her,—he plunged her, if only by contact with his own bitter and irritable genius, into new regions of sentiment and feeling. For, in spite of the vulgar elements in him, there were also elements of genius. The man was a poet and a thinker, though he were at the same time, in some sense, an adventurer. His mind was stored with eloquent and beautiful imagery, the poetry of others, and poetry of his own. He could pursue the meanest personal objects in an unscrupulous way; but he had none the less passed through a wealth of tragic circumstance; he had been face to face with his own soul in the wilds of the earth; he had met every sort of physical danger with contempt; and his arrogant imperious temper was of the kind which attracts many women, especially perhaps women physically small, and intellectu-

ally fearless, like Kitty, who feel in it a challenge to their power and their charm.

His society then had in these six weeks become, for Kitty, a passion,—a passion of the imagination. For the man himself, she would probably have said that she felt more repulsion than anything else. But it was a repulsion that held her, because of the constant sense of reaction, of onrushing life, which it excited in herself.

Add to these the element of mischief and defiance in the situation, the snatching him from Mary, her enemy and slanderer, the defiance of Lady Grosville and all other hypocritical tyrants, the pride of dragging at her chariot wheels a man whom most people courted even when they loathed him, who enjoyed moreover an astonishing reputation abroad, especially in that France which Kitty adored, as a kind of modern Byron, the only Englishman who could still display in public the "pageant of a bleeding heart," without making himself ridiculous,—and perhaps enough has been heaped together to explain the infatuation, that now like a wild spring gust on a shining lake was threatening to bring Kitty's light bark into dangerous waters.

"I don't care for him," she said to herself, as she sat thinking alone,—“but I must see him—I *will*! And I will talk to him as I please, and where I please!”

Her small frame stiffened under the obstinacy of her resolution. Kitty's will at a moment of this kind was a fatality, —so strong was it, and so irrational.

Meanwhile, down-stairs, Ashe himself was wrestling with another phase of the same situation. Lady Tranmore's note had said, "I shall be with you almost immediately after you receive this, as I want to catch you before you go to the Foreign Office."

Accordingly, they were in the library, Ashe on the defensive, Lady Tranmore nervous, embarrassed, and starting at a sound. Both of them watched the door. Both looked for and dreaded the advent of Kitty.

"Dear William!" said his mother at last, stretching her hand across a small table which stood between them and laying it on her son's—"you'll forgive me,

won't you?—even if I do seem to you prudish and absurd. But I am afraid—you *ought* to tell Kitty some of the unkind things people are saying! You know I've tried, and she wouldn't listen to me. And you ought to beg her—yes, William, indeed you ought!—not to give any further occasion for them."

She looked at him anxiously, full of that timidity which haunts the deepest and tenderest affections. She had just given him to read a letter from Lady Grosville to herself. Ashe ran through it, then laid it down with a gesture of scorn.

"Kitty apparently enjoyed a moonlight walk with Cliffe. Why shouldn't she? Lady Grosville thinks the moon was made to sleep by,—other people don't."

"But, William!—at night,—when everybody had gone to bed,—escaping from the house,—they two alone!"

Lady Tranmore looked at him entreatingly, as though driven to protest, and yet hating the sound of her own words.

Ashe laughed. He was smoking with an air so nonchalant that his mother's heart sank. For she divined that criticism in the society around her which she was never allowed to hear. Was it true, indeed, that his natural indolence could not rouse itself even to the defence of a young wife's reputation?

"All the fault of the Grosvilles," said Ashe, after a moment, lighting another cigarette,—“in shutting up their great heavy house and drawing their great heavy curtains on a May night, when all reasonable people want to be out-of-doors. My dear mother, what's the good of paying any attention to what people like Lady Grosville say of people like Kitty? You might as well expect Deborah to hit it off with Ariel!”

"William,—don't laugh!" said his mother in distress—"Geoffrey Cliffe is not a man to be trusted. You and I know that of old. He is a boaster, and—"

"And a liar!" said Ashe, quietly. "Oh! I know that!"

"And yet he has this power over women,—one ought to look it in the face. William!—dearest William!"—she leaned over and clasped his hand close in both hers—"do persuade Kitty to go away from London now—at once!"

"Kitty won't go," said Ashe, quietly. "I am sorry, dear mother. I hate that you should be worried. But there's the fact. Kitty won't go!"

"Then use your authority," said Lady Tranmore.

"I have none."

"William!" Ashe rose from his seat, and began to walk up and down. His aspect of competence and dignity, as of a man already accustomed to command, and destined to a high experience, had never been more marked than at the very moment of this helpless utterance. His mother looked at him with mingled admiration and amazement.

Presently he paused beside her.

"I should like you to understand me, mother. I cannot fight with Kitty. Before I asked her to marry me I made up my mind to that. I knew then and I know now that nothing but disaster could come of it. She must be free—and I shall not attempt to coerce her."

"Or to protect her!" cried his mother.

"As to that, I shall do what I can. But I clearly foresaw when we married that we should scandalize a good many of the weaker brethren."

He smiled, but, as it seemed to his mother, with some effort.

"William!—as a public man—"

He interrupted her.

"If I can be both Kitty's husband and a public man well and good. If not, then I shall be—"

"Kitty's husband?" cried Lady Tranmore, with an accent of bitterness, almost of sarcasm, of which she instantly repented her. She changed her tone.

"It is of course Kitty, first and foremost, who is concerned in your public position," she said, more gently. "Dearest William—she is so young still—she probably doesn't quite understand, in spite of her great cleverness. But she *does* care,—she *must* care;—and she ought to know what slight things may sometimes affect a man's prospects and future in this country."

Ashe said nothing. He turned on his heel and resumed his pacing. Lady Tranmore looked at him in perplexity.

"William, I heard a rumor last night—"

He held his cigarette suspended.

"Lord Crashaw told me that the

resignations would certainly be in the papers this week,—and that the ministry would go on—after a rearrangement of posts. Is it true?"

Ashe resumed his cigarette.

"True,—as to the facts—so far as I know. As to the date, Lord Crashaw knows, I think, no more than I do. It may be this week, it may be next month."

"Then I hear—thank goodness I never see her," Elizabeth went on reluctantly,—"that that dreadful woman Lady Parham is more infuriated than ever—"

"With Kitty? Let her be! It really doesn't matter an old shoe, either to Kitty or me."

"She can be a most bitter enemy, William. And she certainly influences Lord Parham."

Ashe smoked and smiled. Lady Tranmore saw that his pride, too, had been aroused, and that here he was likely to prove as obstinate as Kitty.

"I wish I could get her out of my mind!" she sighed.

Ashe glanced at her kindly.

"I dare say we shall hold our own. Xantippe is not beloved, and I don't believe Parham will let her interfere with what he thinks best for the party. Will it pay to put me in the cabinet or not?—that's what he'll ask. I shall be strongly backed, too, by most of our papers."

A number of thoughts ran through Lady Tranmore's brain. With her long experience of London, she knew well what the sudden lowering of a man's "considération"—to use a French word—at a critical moment may mean. A cooling of the general regard,—a breath of detraction coming no one knows whence,—and how soon new claims emerge, and the indispensable of yesterday becomes the negligible of to-day!

But even if she could have brought herself to put any of these anxieties into words, she had no opportunity. Kitty's voice was in the hall; the handle turned, and she ran in.

"William! Ah!—I didn't know mother was here."

She went up to Elizabeth, and lightly kissed that lady's cheek.

"Good morning. William, I just came to tell you that I may be late for dinner, so perhaps you had better dine at the House. I am going on the river."

"Are you?" said Ashe, gathering up his papers. "Wish I was."

"Are you going with the Crashaws' party," asked Elizabeth. "I know they have one."

"Oh dear no!" said Kitty. "I hate a crowd on the river. I am going with Geoffrey Cliffe."

Ashe bent over his desk. Lady Tranmore's eyebrows went up, and she could not restrain the word—

"Alone?"

"*Naturellement!*" laughed Kitty. "He reads me French poetry—and we talk French. We let Madeleine Alcot come once, but her accent was so shocking that Geoffrey wouldn't have her again!"

Lady Tranmore flushed deeply. The "Geoffrey" seemed to her intolerable. Kitty, arrayed in the freshest of white gowns, walked away to the farther end of the library to consult an A B C. Elizabeth, looking up, caught her son's eyes,—and the mingled humor and vexation in them, wherewith he appealed to her, as it were, to see the whole silly business as he himself did. Lady Tranmore felt a moment's strong reaction. Had she, indeed, been making a foolish fuss about nothing?

Yet the impression left by the miserable meditations of her night was still deep enough to make her say—with just a signal from eye and lips, so that Kitty neither saw nor heard,—“Don't let her go!”

Ashe shook his head. He moved towards the door, and stood there, despatch-box in hand, throwing a last look at his wife.

"Don't be late, Kitty,—or I shall be nervous. I don't trust Cliffe on the river. And please make it a rule that, in locks, he stops quoting French poetry."

Kitty turned round, startled and apparently annoyed by his tone.

"He is an excellent oar," she said, shortly.

"Is he? At Oxford we tried him for the Torpids—" Ashe's shrug completed his remark. Then, still disregarding another imploring look from Lady Tranmore, he left the room.

Kitty had flushed angrily. The belittling, malicious note in Ashe's manner had been clear enough. She braced herself against it, and Lady Tranmore's

chance was lost. For when, summoning all her courage, and quite uncertain whether her son would approve or blame her, Elizabeth approached her daughter-in-law affectionately, trying in timid and apologetic words to unburden her own heart and reach Kitty's, Kitty met her with one of those outbursts of temper that women like Elizabeth Tranmore cannot cope with. Their moral recoil is too great. It is the recoil of the spiritual aristocrat; and between them and the children of passion the links are few, the antagonism eternal.

She left the house, pale, dignified, the tears in her eyes. Kitty ran upstairs, humming an air from *Carmen* as though she would tear it to pieces, put on a flame-colored hat that gave a still further note of extravagance to her costume, ordered a hansom, and drove away.

Whether Kitty got much joy out of the three weeks which followed must remain uncertain. She had certainly routed Mary Lyster, if there were any final satisfaction in that. Mary had left town early, and was now in Somersetshire helping her father to entertain—in order, said the malicious, to put the best face possible on a defeat which this time had been serious. And instead of devoting himself to the wooing of a Northern Constituency where he had been adopted as the candidate of a new Tory group, Cliffe lingered obstinately in town, endangering his chances, and angering his supporters. Kitty's influence over his actions was indeed patent and undenied, whatever might be the general opinion as to her effect upon his heart. Some of Kitty's intimates at any rate were convinced that his absorption in the matter was by now, to say the least, no less eager and persistent than hers. At this point it was by no means still a relation of flattery on Kitty's side and a pleased self-love on his. It had become a duel of two personalities, or rather two imaginations. In fact, as Kitty, learning the ways of his character, became more proudly mistress of herself and him, his interest in her visibly increased. It might almost be said that she was beginning to hold back, and he for the first time pursued.

Once or twice he had the grace to ask himself where it was all to end. Was he



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM CLIFFE READ HIS POEMS

in love with her? An absurd question! He had paid his heavy tribute to passion if any man ever had, and had already hung up his votive tablet and his garments wet from shipwreck in the temple of the god. But it seemed that, after all said and done, the society of a woman, young, beautiful, and capricious, was still the best thing which the day—the London day at all events—had to bring. At Kitty's suggestion he was collecting and revising a new volume of his poems. He and she quarrelled over them perpetually. Sometimes there was not a line which pleased her; and then, again, she would delight him with the homage of sudden tears in her brown eyes, and a praise so ardent and so refined that it almost compared—as Kitty meant it should—with that of the dead. In the shaded drawing-room, where every detail pleased his taste, Cliffe's harsh voice thundered or murmured verse which was beyond dispute the verse of a poet, and thereby sensuous and passionate. Ostensibly the verse concerned another woman; in truth the slight and lovely figure sitting on the farther side of the flowered hearth, the delicate head bent, the finger-tips lightly joined, entered day by day more directly into the consciousness of the poet. What harm? All he asked was intelligence and response. As to her heart, he made no claim upon it whatever. Ashe, by the way, was clearly not jealous, —a sensible attitude, considering Lady Kitty's strength of will.

Into Cliffe's feeling toward Ashe there entered indeed a number of evil things, determined by quite other relations between the two men,—the relation of the man who wants to the man who has, of the man beaten by the restlessness of ambition to the man who possesses all that the other desires, and affects to care nothing about it,—of the combatant who fights with rage to the combatant who fights with a smile. Cliffe could often lash himself into fury by the mere thought of Ashe's opportunities and Ashe's future, combined with the belief that Ashe's mood towards himself was either contemptuous or condescending. And it was at such moments that he would fling himself with most energy into the establishing of his ascendancy over Kitty.

The two men met, when they did meet—which was but seldom,—on perfectly civil terms. If Ashe arrived unexpectedly from the House in the late afternoon to find Cliffe in the drawing-room reading aloud to Kitty, the politics of the moment provided talk enough till Cliffe could decently take his departure. He never dined with them alone, Kitty having no mind whatever for the discomforts of such a party; and in the evenings when he and Kitty met at a small number of houses, where the flirtation was watched nightly with a growing excitement, Ashe's duties kept him at Westminster, and there was nothing to hinder the flow of that small and yet significant incident by which situations of this kind are developed.

Ashe set his teeth. He had made up his mind finally that it was a plague and a tyranny which would pass, and could only be magnified by opposition. But his temper suffered. There were many small quarrels during these weeks between himself and Kitty, quarrels which betrayed the tension produced in him by what was—in essentials—an iron self-control. But they made daily life a sordid unlovely thing, and they gave Kitty an excuse for saying that William was as violent as herself, and for seeking refuge in the exaltations of feeling or of fancy provided by Cliffe's companionship.

Perhaps of all the persons in the drama Lady Tranmore was the most to be pitied. She sat at home, having no heart to go to Bruton Street, and more tied, indeed, than usual by the helpless illness of her husband. Never in all these days did Ashe miss his daily visit to his father. He would come in, apparently his handsome good-humored self, ready to read aloud for twenty minutes, or merely to sit in silence by the sick man, his eyes making affectionate answer every now and then to the dumb looks of Lord Tranmore. Only his mother sought and found that slight habitual contraction of the brow which bore witness to some equally persistent disquiet of the mind. But he kept her at arm's length on the subject of Kitty. She dared not tell him any of the gossip which reached her.

Meanwhile these weeks meant for her not only the dread of disgrace, but the

disappointment of a just ambition, the humiliation of her mother's pride. The political crisis approached rapidly and Ashe's name was less and less to the front. Lady Parham was said to be taking an active part in the consultations and intrigues that surrounded her husband, and it was well known by now to the inner circle that her hostility to the Ashes, and her insistence on the fact that cabinet ministers must be beyond reproach, and their wives persons to whose houses the party can go without demeaning themselves, were likely to be of importance. Moreover, Ashe's success in the House of Commons was no longer what it had been earlier in the session. The party papers had cooled. Elizabeth Tranmore felt a blight in the air. Yet William, with his position in the country, his high ability, and the social weight belonging to the heir of the Tranmore peerage and estates, was surely not a person to be lightly ignored. Would Lord Parham venture it?

At last the resignations of the two ministers were in the *Times*; there were communications between the Queen and the Premier, and London plunged with such ardor as is possible in late July into the throes of cabinet-making. Kitty insisted petulantly that of course all would be well; William's services were far too great to be ignored; though Lord Parham would no doubt slight him if he dared. But the party and the public would see to that. The days were gone by when vulgar old women like Lady Parham could have any real influence on political appointments. Otherwise who would condescend to politics?

Ashe brought her amusing reports from the House or the clubs, of the various intrigues going on, and as to his own chances, refused to discuss them seriously. Once or twice when Kitty in his presence insisted on speaking of them to some political intimate, only to provoke an evident embarrassment, Ashe suffered the tortures which proud men know. But he never lost his tone of light detachment, and the conclusion of his friends was that as usual "Ashe didn't care a button."

The hours passed, however, and no sign came from the Prime Minister. Every-

thing was still uncertain; but Ashe had realized that at least he was not to be taken into the inner counsels of the party. The hopes and fears, the heart-burnings and rivalries, of such a state of things are proverbial. Ashe wondered impatiently when the beastly business would be over and he could get off to Scotland for the air and sport of which he was badly in need.

It was a Friday in the first week of August. Ashe was leaving the Athenæum with another member of the House, when a newspaper boy rushing along with a fresh bundle of papers passed them with the cry: "New cabinet complete! Official list!" They caught him up, snatched a paper and read. Two men of middle age, conspicuous in Parliament, but not hitherto in office, one of them of great importance as a lawyer, the other as a military critic, were appointed, the one to the Home Office, the other to the Ministry of War; there had been some shuffling in the minor offices, and a new Privy Seal had dawned upon the world. For the rest, all was as before, and in the formal list the name of the Honorable William Travers Ashe still remained attached to the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs.

Ashe's friend shrugged his shoulders, and avoided looking at his companion. "A bombshell, to begin with," he said; "otherwise the flattest thing out."

"On the contrary," laughed Ashe. "Parham has shown a wonderful amount of originality. If you and I are taken by surprise, what will the public be? And they'll like him all the better,—you'll see. He has shown courage and gone for new men,—that's what they'll say. *Vive* Parham! Well, good-by. Now, please the Lord, we shall get off,—and I may be driving grouse this day week."

He stopped on his way out of the club to discuss the list with the men coming in. He was conscious that some would have avoided him. But he had no mind to be avoided, and his caustic, good-humored talk carried off the situation. Presently he was walking homewards, swinging his stick with the gayety of a schoolboy expecting the holidays.

As he mounted St. James's Street a carriage descended. Ashe mechanically

took off his hat to the half-recognized face within, and as he did so perceived the icy bow and triumphant eyes of Lady Parham.

He hurried along, fighting a curious sensation, as of a physical bruising and beating. The streets were full of the news, and he was stopped many times by acquaintances to talk of it. In Savile Row he turned into a small literary club of which he was a member and wrote a letter to his mother. In very affectionate and amusing terms, it begged her not to take the disappointment too seriously. "I think I won't come round to-night.—But expect me first thing to-morrow."

He sent the note by messenger and walked home. When he reached Bruton Street, it was close on eight. Outside the house he suddenly asked himself what line he was going to take with Kitty.

Kitty, however, was not at home. As far as he could remember she had gone coaching with the Alcots into Surrey, Geoffrey Cliffe, of course, being of the party. Presently, indeed, he discovered a hasty line from her on his study table to say that they were to dine at Richmond, and "Madeleine" supposed they would get home between ten and eleven. Not a word more. Like all strong men, Ashe despised the meditations of self-pity. But the involuntary reflection that on this evening of humiliation Kitty was not with him,—did not apparently care enough about his affairs and his ambitions to be with him,—brought with it a soreness which had to be endured.

The next moment—he was inclined to be glad of her absence. Such things, especially in the first shock of them, are best faced alone. If, indeed, there were any shock in the matter. He had for some time had his own shrewd provisions, and he was aware of a strong inner belief that his defeat was but temporary.

Probably, when she had time to remember such trifles, Kitty would feel the shock more than he did. Lady Parham had certainly won this round of the rubber!

He settled to his solitary dinner, but in the middle of it put down Kitty's Aberdeen terrier, which, for want of other company, he was stuffing atro-

ciously,—and ran up to the nursery. The nurse was at her supper,—Harry lay fast asleep, a pretty little fellow, flushed into a semblance of health and with a strong look of Kitty.

Ashe bent down, and put his whiskered cheek to the boy's. "Never mind, old man!" he murmured, "better luck next time!"

Then raising himself, with a smile, he looked affectionately at the child, noticed with satisfaction his bright color and even breathing, and stole away.

He ran through the comments of the evening papers on the new cabinet list, finding in only two or three any reference to himself, then threw them aside, and seized upon a pile of books and reviews that were lying on his table. He carried them up to the drawing-room, hesitated between a theological review and a new edition of Horace, and finally plunged with avidity into the theological review.

For some two hours he sat enthralled by an able summary of the chief Tübingen positions; then suddenly threw himself back with a stretch and a laugh.

"Wonder what the chap's doing that's got my post! Not reading theology, I'll be bound."

The reflection followed that were he at that moment Home Secretary and in the cabinet, he would not probably be reading it either,—nor left to a solitary evening. Friends would be dropping in to congratulate,—the modern equivalent of the old "*turba clientium*."

As his thoughts wandered, the drawing-room clock struck eleven. He rose, astonished and impatient. Where was Kitty?

By midnight she had not arrived. Ashe heard the butler moving in the hall and summoned him.

"There may have been some mishap to the coach, Wilson. Perhaps they have stayed at Richmond. Anyway, go to bed. I'll wait for her ladyship."

He returned to his armchair and his books, but soon drew Kitty's *couvre-pied* over him, and went to sleep.

When he awoke, daylight was in the room. "What has happened to them?" he asked himself, in a sudden anxiety.

And amid the silence of the dawn, he paced up and down, a prey for the first time to black depression. He was be-

sieged by memories of the last two months, their anxieties and quarrels,—the waste of time and opportunity—the stabs to feeling and self-respect. Once he found himself groaning aloud—“Kitty!—Kitty!—”

When this huge distracting London was left behind, when he had her to himself amid the Scotch heather and birch, should he find her again—conquer her again?—as in the exquisite days after their marriage. He thought of Cliffe with a kind of proud torment,—disdaining to be jealous,—or afraid. Kitty had amused herself—had tested her freedom, his patience to the utmost. Might she now be content! and reward him a little, for a self-control, a philosophy, which had not been easy!

A French novel on Kitty's little table drew his attention. He thought not without a discomfortable humor of what a French husband would have made of a similar situation,—recalling the remark of a French acquaintance, on some case illustrating the freedom of English wives. “Il y a un élément ture dans le mari français, qui nous rendrait ces mœurs-là impossibles!”

A la bonne heure! Let the Frenchman keep up his seraglio standards as he pleased. An Englishman trusts both his wife and his daughter—scorns indeed to consider whether he trusts them or no! And who comes worst off? Not the Englishman—if, at least, we are to believe the French novel and the French *ménage*!

He paced up and down for an hour, defying his unseen critics—his mother—his own heart.

Then he went to bed and slept a little. But with the post next morning there was no letter from Kitty. There might be a hundred explanations of that. Yet he felt a sudden need of caution.

“Her ladyship comes up this morning by train,” he said to Wilson, as though reading from a note,—“there seems to have been a mishap.”

Then he took a hansom, and drove to the Alcotts.

“Is Mrs. Alcot at home?” he asked the butler. “Can I have an answer to this note?”

“Mrs. Alcot has been in her room since yesterday morning, sir. She was taken ill just before the coach was coming round, and the horses had to be sent back. But the doctor last night hoped it would be nothing serious.”

Ashe turned and went home. Then Kitty was not with Madeleine Alcot,—not on the coach. Where was she, and with whom?

He shut himself into his library, and fell to wondering, in bewilderment, what he had better do. A tide of rage and agony was mounting within him. How to master it!—and keep his brain clear!

He was sitting in front of his writing-table, staring at the floor, his hands hanging before him,—when the door opened and shut. He turned. There, with her back to the door, stood Kitty. Her aspect startled him to his feet. She looked at him, trembling,—her little face haggard and white, with a touch of something in it which had blurred its youth.

“William!” She put both her hands to her breast, as though to support herself. Then she flew forward. “William!—I have done nothing wrong—nothing—nothing! William—look at me!”

He sternly put out his hand,—protecting himself.

“Where have you been?” he said, in a low voice—“and with whom?”

Kitty fell into a chair, and burst into wild tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





"BACHELOR APARTMENTS, EVIDENTLY"

A House of Cards

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

EVE EFFINGHAM.
MR. RIVERS.
GODFREY EFFINGHAM.
WALLIS, a servant.

SCENE.—*The morning room in Mr. Effingham's town house.*

Enter Eve, deeply veiled, followed by Wallis.

Eve (taking a seat). Very well; I will wait.

Wallis. But Mr. Effingham is not at home; he went out shortly after two o'clock.

Eve. Then he must have returned shortly before three, for there are his hat and gloves, his cigarette-case and his regular morning carnation. It is impossible that Mr. Effingham should have left the house without his carnation.

Wallis (stolidly). Mr. Effingham is not at home.

Godfrey (from without). Wallis!

[A bell rings.]

Eve. I think some one is calling—perhaps Mr. Effingham himself.

Wallis (impassively). Mr. Effingham is not at home.

Godfrey (from without). Wallis, I say! Wallis! Confound the fellow! is he deaf, or dead, or—

[The bell rings violently several times.]

Eve. Mr. Effingham is growing impatient. You had better not keep him waiting.

Wallis (speaking aside). Yes, sir; directly, sir. *[Holding open the door.]* Not at home, if you please.

Eve. One moment.

[She rises and unveils.]

Wallis. Mrs. Effingham!

Eve. Now announce me at once. You may say to Mr. Effingham that I have called upon a matter of business, and that I shall not detain him longer than is necessary to state it.

Wallis. Thank you, ma'am. Shall I show you into the library?

Eve. No; I will wait here.

[Wallis hesitates, then bows and exits.]

Eve (half smiling). Incorruptible as ever. But then even Bill Sykes enjoyed the devotion of a dog—and of a woman. [*Looking curiously around.*] What a difference the absence of books and pictures can make in a room—a room that was once as familiar as one's own face. Bachelor apartments, evidently, if fencing-foils and golf-clubs, cigar-boxes and riding-boots, count for anything. Perhaps as the titular Mrs. Effingham I should feel flattered in that the feminine touch is so unmistakably wanting. But then I have never found Godfrey deficient in the actual decencies of life. [*She walks to the centre-table and takes up the photograph of a woman, enclosed in a handsome silver frame.*] Hym! It is possible that I have arrived at my conclusions too hastily. [*Thoughtfully.*] Where have I seen that face? Ah, yes; Carita of the Hyperion and the reigning mode along with squash-ball and motor-cars. [*Looking critically at the picture.*] Taken in a bad light, I should say—and designedly so. Really, this is a reflection upon Godfrey's intelligence—five-and-forty if she's a day. What a treasure of a maid she must have! Oh—

[*She puts the picture back and comes back quickly as Godfrey enters.*]

Godfrey (bowing stiffly). Pardon me if I have kept you waiting; I was dressing.

Eve. It is of no consequence. You received my letter, of course?

Godfrey. A letter! and from you? But I remember now—I was out of town yesterday. [*Wallis enters with letters.*]

Godfrey (taking a letter from the salver). This must be it. [*About to open it.*] May I offer you a chair?

Eve. Thank you—no.

Godfrey (opening letter). If you will permit me. [*Looking up.*] The twenty-ninth? Then it is to-day that your father is coming?

Eve. Yes; he wrote me that he would arrive as usual by the four train. It will only be for dinner. You know he never stops overnight.

Godfrey. Then—then he does not know?

Eve (interrupting). That I am still at Lauriston, while you are living *en garçon* here? No; I have not told him—he would not appreciate the situation.

Godfrey. The explanation would be difficult; I can quite understand that.

Eve (quickly). Besides being unnecessary. The rest of the world—society itself,—are they not still in the dark?

Godfrey. We have certainly been fortunate. A whole month and not even a paragraph. But with Mr. Rivers actually in the house—

Eve (decisively). He must come, and he must not suspect. My father is an old man, but, strange to say, he still has his illusions; stranger yet, one of them is our happiness. It is bound up with his life, and I dare not let him know the truth—at least not yet.

Godfrey. And you therefore propose—

[*He refers to the letter.*]

Eve. An armed truce for the day. I have brought down from Lauriston a box of pictures and other trifles, and half an hour's work will put the room as he remembers it. Then if you will be good enough to dine at home—but perhaps you have an engagement?

Godfrey. No—that is, I think not. I can do so, of course, if you wish it.

Eve. It will only be a matter of three or four hours at the outside. I am going back to the cottage by the nine train.

Godfrey. Please to consider that the house is at your service. Shall I ring for Wallis?

Eve (hesitatingly). And—and I am sure that you will be generous enough to understand that what I ask has been entirely for his sake—my father's.

Godfrey. Perfectly.

Eve. Thank you. May I have the use of the blue room?

Godfrey. Or any other.

Eve (going). You are very good. [*Stopping.*] I forgot to say—to remind you—

Godfrey (interrupting). Oh yes; I will meet Mr. Rivers as usual at the station. You said the four train?

Eve. Yes.

Godfrey (looking at his watch). It is now half after three. I will drive around to the club and go to the station from there. Allow me. [*He crosses over and holds the door open for Eve to pass out. He rings, and Wallis enters.*] The brougham at once. But wait a moment. Was there an answer to my note of this morning?

Wallis. Only a verbal one, sir. Mlle. Carita bade me say that she begged to be excused, having a previous engagement to drive with Mr. Austin.

Godfrey. Very well; that will do.

[Wallis exit.]

Godfrey (lighting a cigarette). So I am to be punished for my lack of devotion, and little Austin is only too glad to be employed as the instrument of vengeance. [He walks to centre-table and looks steadily at the picture.] No; I won't do her that injustice. Frankly speaking, we bore one another to extinction, and any excuse is good enough to serve. Little Austin invites my lady to drive up to Claremont, I am asked to dine *en famille*, and the relief is mutual.

Wallis (entering). The carriage is ready, sir.

Godfrey. Never mind; I shall not want it now until it is time to drive to the station. What have you there?

Wallis. I have been unpacking Mrs. Effingham's box, sir. [He puts an armful of books and pictures upon the sofa.] Where is this to go, sir?

[He holds up a water-color.]

Godfrey. Mrs. Effingham will be down directly, and she will probably prefer her own arrangements. [He picks up a cigar-box and a couple of reviews.] Has the library fire been lighted?

Wallis. Yes, sir.

Godfrey. Williams need not drive back to the stable, as it will be only a matter of a quarter of an hour to wait.

Wallis. Very well, sir.

[Godfrey goes out slowly.]

Enter Eve, dressed in a house costume.

Wallis brings in an armful of bric-à-brac, and proceeds to hang a picture.

Eve. A little higher—that will do. No; the water-color goes there. [She points over at the side wall.] I really believe that papa would notice it if it were the tenth of an inch out of line.

[She moves the easel into a corner, places a picture upon it, and then arranges in position some small articles of bric-à-brac. Wallis hangs water-color.]

Eve (looking up). That will do nicely. Now take away those boots and



"WHERE IS THIS TO GO, SIR?"

foils, please, and bring down from the attic my work-table and the small sewing-chair.

[Wallis gathers up the riding-boots, spurs, and foils, and exit.]

Eve (reflectively). My Winged Victory—oh yes! I remember now. [She

de la Lune" belongs there, and the Corot over the bookcase.

Eve. Oh, surely.

Godfrey (entering). Let me assist you.

[He hangs the Corot, while Eve places the other picture on the easel.]

Eve. Thank you very much; but the carriage is waiting, I think.

Godfrey. I have decided to drive directly to the station. [Hastily.] I was reading, but the light in the library is so bad.

[He hands her some books from sofa.]

Eve (taking them). You are very good, but I can do nicely with Wallis.

Godfrey (hanging another picture). Except that at times he is so abnormally thick-headed. Is that straight?

Eve. Just a trifle to the right—there.

Godfrey. Thank you—a nail, please.

[Wallis enters with sewing-table.]



"NO, THE WATER-COLOR GOES THERE"

places it upon a stand.] And the Hermes on the writing-desk. [She puts it on the desk, and drapes a silk scarf over a chair.] The room looks differently at me already—it is almost friendly again. [She takes a bunch of heliotrope from her corsage and puts the flowers in a vase.] And heliotrope for—what is it in the language of flowers? Oh! *Je t'aime*—how ridiculous! Even a flower might have so many better things to say. [Looking critically around.] There is something—I can't tell exactly what—

[She goes up and stands looking at the easel.]

Godfrey (at library door). "Au Clair

Eve. Put the table here, please.

[She indicates a certain position.]

Godfrey (taking the table from Wallis). Pardon me, but it used to stand just to the right of my big reading-chair. [He moves it over.]

Eve (doubtfully). Are you sure?

Godfrey. Of course—and your chair was on the other side—so.

[He places the sewing-chair alongside of small table.]

Eve. Oh yes, and the reading-lamp behind. [They place the lamp in position. A ring is heard, and Wallis exit.] It doesn't look quite right yet. Oh, of course.



GODFREY SMOKES FURIOUSLY

[*She turns the chairs slightly so that they face each other, and then places her work-box on the table, and sits down in sewing-chair. Godfrey puts a hassock under her feet, and adds a jar of tobacco and some pipes to the work-table.*

Godfrey (sitting down in reading-chair). That is more like it, I think. May I smoke?

[*She nods, and he fills a pipe.*

Eve. Really you have a remarkable memory—for trifles. Why, there is *Les Misérables* still on your reading-desk. Where was it that we left off?

Godfrey. Book the Fourth and in the middle of a chapter. See, there is the marker.

Eve (indifferently). Ah, yes. By the way, I never finished it. Did you find the continuation interesting?

Godfrey (absently). I don't remember—no, I think not. I am afraid that I have grown tired of Hugo. And then Jean Valjean is so amiable and long-suffering—he wearies me.

Eve. Yes.

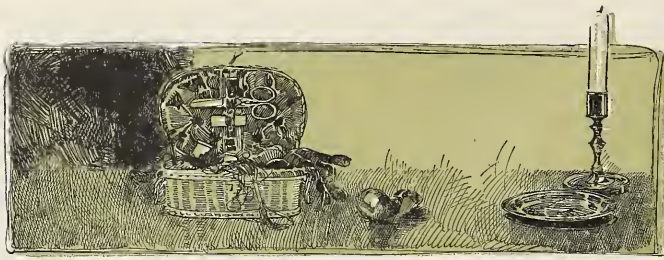
[*A pause. Eve sits looking straight before her. Godfrey lights his pipe.*

Eve (looking up). Really, we are sitting here quite as if it were the most natural thing in the world. [*With a yawn.*] Heavens! How stupid it used to be!

Godfrey. Except when we had something to talk about.



"MY DEAR, DEAR CHILDREN"



"GODFREY'S PIPE AND YOUR WORK-BASKET"

Eve. Or quarrel over.

Godfrey. I accept the correction. It does seem absurd to look back on it now. What was that tremendous rock upon which we finally went to pieces? Something about the precise shade of paper for the dining-room, wasn't it?

Eve. You are belying now your excellent memory for facts. It was not the dining-room paper—it was Mr. Arthur Hemingway.

Godfrey (stiffly). I beg your pardon. I had not intended to allude—

Eve (interrupting). It is hardly worth while, but you were so obviously mistaken about the cause of our unfortunate disagreement. On a simple question of taste in color it is impossible that we should have differed so absolutely. You have too good an eye.

Godfrey. Thank you.



Eve. And, after all, there is no reason why we should bother ourselves with trying to avoid Mr. Hemingway as a topic of conversation during these few minutes. [*Looking at the clock.*] By the way, you have still ten of them left. As I remember it, you chose to object to his visits, and I chose to object to your objections. That was all, was it not?

Godfrey. It seems to have been quite enough.

Eve (reflectively). Upon a candid review of all the circumstances, I am convinced that I was quite right in acting as I did.

Godfrey. And I most assuredly have not changed my opinion.

Eve. It is just as well, then. We certainly should have disagreed in the end about the dining-room paper.

Godfrey. Precisely.

[*A pause. Godfrey smokes furiously, while Eve plays with her rings and glances at the clock.*]

[*Enter Wallis with a note.*]

Eve (taking it). Ah, yes—from Mr. Hemingway.

[*Godfrey looks up quickly. Wallis exit.*]

Eve (continuing). It is so stupid travelling alone that I wrote to Arthur and suggested that he might enjoy a flying trip to Lauriston. He is so fond of golf, you know, and the cooking at the club is quite tolerable again. [*Opening the letter.*] Will you excuse me?

[*She reads. Godfrey rises and crosses over.*]

Eve (looking up). How very extraordinary!

Godfrey (coldly). Yes?

Eve. I must have used some particularly unfortunate mode of expression in making my request of Mr. Hemingway. He seems to think that I meant something—er—entirely different.

Godfrey. A mistake would be unfortunate, certainly.

Eve (still looking at the letter). I don't understand it—Arthur Hemingway!

Godfrey. Precisely; Arthur Hemingway! In my opinion that explains it.

Eve. And he will call later in the day. [*Hesitatingly.*] Perhaps, under the circumstances, I ought to ask your advice.

Godfrey. Oh, I could hardly presume to pronounce upon so delicate a question. I am well aware that people never ask for advice until they have made up their minds not to take it.

Eve. Well, I dare say that I am capable of managing my own affairs. I hope, though, that he will defer his call until papa has gone. It might be a little awkward.

Godfrey. Quite so.

Eve (walking restlessly to window). It is really most inconsiderate of Arthur. There's a cab stopping at the door now! It is papa! He is getting out! [*Turning.*] Why—

Godfrey (pulling out watch). Four o'clock! I had no idea—the clock must have been slow.

Eve (coming down). Oh, papa will not mind.

Godfrey. It was very forgetful of me. [*With a hasty look around.*] At least everything is in place—we are quite ready?

Eve. Everything. Perhaps, though—

[*She glances at Carita's picture, which is still standing upon the centre-table. Godfrey snatches it up with a frown, but drops it, and the glass breaks. With a smothered ejaculation he sets his foot upon it.*]

Eve. Quick! He is coming. [*She seizes a small hand-broom and sweeps the pieces under the rug.*] Now one of your gloves for my work-basket.

[*She sits in sewing-chair.*]

Godfrey (tossing it to her). You are indeed an artist.

Eve. Hush!

Wallis (announcing). Mr. Rivers.

[*Mr. Rivers enters slowly.*]

Eve (looking up). Papa!

[*She rises and runs to meet him.*]



"FOOLISH CHILDREN!"

Godfrey. Mr. Rivers, I owe you a thousand apologies. My watch must have been wrong—I had the carriage in waiting.

Mr. Rivers (kissing Eve). Honeymoon time, I dare say; it always runs slow for the rest of the world. [*Shaking hands with Godfrey.*] Nonsense! My boy, it is Eve who owes the apology, if anybody does. "The woman beguiled me, and I did wait"—wasn't that it? [*Taking a hand of each and looking at them affectionately.*] My dear, dear children!

Eve (gayly). Now, papa, you mustn't grow sentimental—we never allow that any more. [*Leading him over to sofa.*] Let Goff take your coat. [*She makes him sit down.*] Positively you look



"LET ME SEE. BOOK THE FOURTH—"

younger than either of us. How are dear "Belle-Air" and your beloved roses? Have you banished all the slugs? And where is the muffler I knitted for you?

Mr. Rivers (playfully stopping his ears). Chatterbox! Won't you even give me a moment to recover from your steep stairs? And no; I will not take off my coat; I can stay only a few moments to-day.

Eve. Not even to dinner! Now, papa, that is too bad of you.

Godfrey. My dear Mr. Rivers, you are surely not going to disappoint us in this way. Why, it is six months since you have been to town.

Mr. Rivers (shaking his head decisively). Impossible, Goff. I only ran in to-day to attend a sale; and, by the way, I picked up a superb Izaak Walton princeps—I wish I had it with me. You see, they have changed the time-tables; my ten-o'clock express has been taken off, and I must either catch the five or wait until midnight to get back.

[He consults his watch.]

Godfrey (hesitatingly). But you could spend the night; we have asked you so many times.

Mr. Rivers. And leave my roses for old Mark to blunder over? Never! He would have them all frozen to the roots or baked to a crisp. No, my children; it must be only a flying visit to-day. Later on I may come, perhaps for a month— Oh, that startles you, does it? I was only joking, child. I have lived long enough to know that the young birds are happier in their own nest and alone. You used to feel offended that I would not come, but you see now that I was right. Is it not so?

[Godfrey makes an inarticulate assent.]

Mr. Rivers (continuing). It is enough to see you again and to know that you are still happy. Half an hour and I am back to my roses again—the old man's roses, that must be so tenderly planted and cared for. You who are young have only to gather the flowers that spring unbidden beneath your feet. And yet be careful; even they may wither.

Eve (apart). Or the thorns may pierce.

Mr. Rivers (rising and walking down). I delight in a room like this. It is the true soul of a house—something that should be shown only to the most in-

timate of our friends. To enter it is like calling one by his Christian name. Godfrey's pipe and your work-basket, Eve—they look as though they had been talking together. [*Picking up Godfrey's glove.*] Ah, my boy, this shows me that you are beginning to appreciate the true advantages of being a benedick. The sewing on of a button is love reduced to common sense, heaven in every-day life. But, chut! Eve, it is useless to build the hospital if the physician does not attend to his patient. Look! two of the fingers are out, and the button is hanging by a single thread.

Eve. Goff but just now gave it to me. [*Taking the glove and threading a needle.*] We have been waiting on each other.

Mr. Rivers (playfully). I understand; the honeymoon again—it is still dazzling your eyes. Let it shine while it will; there is but one even in the matrimonial heavens. [*Walking around the room.*] The same old pictures and the hundred little trifles that speak of a woman's touch. They all have their meaning, like the unconscious pressure of a friend's hand,—something that one might miss without knowing what it was. [*Mr. Rivers steps on the fragments of the broken picture beneath the rug and starts.*] Eh, glass! It feels like it.

[*He tries to turn up the rug with his foot.*]

Eve (hastily). Now, papa, you must not make me blush for my housekeeping. The rug was handier than a dust-pan—that was all.

Mr. Rivers. Or even the bell-pull? A terrible example to the servants, my dear. [*Suddenly.*] Bless me! Godfrey, have you the time?—I don't like to hurry.

[*He compares his watch with Godfrey's.*]

Godfrey. It is only twenty minutes after four, and I can drive you to the station in fifteen easily. The carriage is still waiting.

Mr. Rivers. Oh, I told the cabman to stop. You must let the old man travel his own way. I have never missed a train yet, and there is a tremendous amount of satisfaction in arriving early and enjoying the agonies of the people who appear at the last moment. The railway station is my vaudeville, and I go early so as to secure a front seat.

[*He buttons up his coat and draws on his gloves.*] Well, my children, I go away content in that you are happy. And even though the romance is just a little in the background— [*He crosses over and stops before the writing-desk.*] And, by the way, here used to be its own particular shrine—the altar itself. In that curtained recess there—you need not blush, Eve; Godfrey showed it to me long ago. Let me see—a photograph of young Mrs. Effingham in her bridal gown, and standing before it a vase that was daily filled with fresh flowers. Sentimental! Well, I suppose it was, but not in the common way. The curtain took care of that. And now—

Eve (quickly). You must remember, papa, that we have been married a whole year.

Mr. Rivers. And have accordingly become a very dignified and matter-of-fact young couple. Well, let us see.

[*He makes a motion as though to draw the curtain.*]

Godfrey (hastily interposing). It is hardly worth the while—an idle fancy—

Eve (aside). Godfrey!

Mr. Rivers (interrupting). Of which you used to be very proud, nevertheless. Come, Goff, I'm not going to make fun of you and your pretty fancies, but you must let me have my way in this. Surely I am privileged.

[*Again attempts to draw the curtain.*]

Godfrey (forcibly preventing him). I beg your pardon, Mr. Rivers, but you must not—must not.

Eve (apart). Are you mad? It is just the way to arouse his suspicions. [*Aloud.*] For shame! Papa, you are as curious as a woman. But if you will look, it is at your peril.

Godfrey. Eve!

Mr. Rivers (delightedly). The curtain! Up with it.

Eve. Don't blame me, then, if you are disappointed. [*She draws the curtain aside and the picture is seen in the recess, with the vase of fresh flowers standing before it.*] Ah!

Mr. Rivers. Bravo! [*He puts an arm around both Eve and Godfrey and draws them to him.*] Foolish children! Did you really fear that I might laugh at you? I came here to-day to find you apparently as happy as in the first dawn

of your love, and yet I might have been deceived, for my eyes are dim and my ears are dull. But seeing that [*he points to the vase and picture*], I am satisfied. Much may happen in a year's time, and yet nothing can really matter so long as you still possess the one thing—the greatest in all the world. May you keep it to the end. [*He turns to go.*] Now, then, I can find my way out alone. [*He kisses Eve good-by.*] Expect me next month, as usual. Have you my stick, Godfrey? Well, if you *will* come. Good-by, good-by.

[*Mr. Rivers and Godfrey exit. Eve sits at table and begins mechanically to sew upon the glove. And then suddenly she rises and presses the glove to her lips.*

[*Godfrey, followed by Wallis, re-enters.*

Godfrey (to Wallis). Tell William to wait; I shall dine at the club, after all.

[*Wallis exit.*

Godfrey (looking up and seeing Eve). Ah!

[*Eve starts at the sound of his voice and ineffectually tries to conceal the glove, finally crumpling it up in her hand and facing him defiantly. Godfrey comes forward slowly.*

Godfrey (in a low tone). You must give me that. I am sorry to be insistent, but so long as you bear my name—

Eve. I don't understand—

Godfrey (impatiently). The letter—Hemingway's letter. You have it in your hand.

[*He extends his own to receive it. The door-bell rings sharply.*

Eve. The letter!

[*She glances over at the sewing-table, under which the letter is seen to be lying.*

Godfrey (following her glance). Oh, I see. But then— [*He steps quickly to her side, and holding her closely, he gently forces open the hand that holds the glove.*] Eve!

Wallis (announcing). Mr. Hemingway.

[*They start apart. Eve crosses and deliberately picks up the letter, which she reads. Wallis coughs discreetly.*

Eve (looking up). You may say to Mr. Hemingway that Mrs. Effingham is not at home.

Wallis. I beg pardon, but Mr. Hemingway—

Godfrey (interrupting). Don't you understand? Not at home! [*He follows Wallis to the door, speaking loudly.*] Not at home! Not at home!

[*Wallis exit. Godfrey comes down quickly and stands facing Eve for a moment in silence. The street door is heard to shut.*

Eve (tossing the letter on the sewing-table). You might let me have that glove now.

[*He hands it to her and proceeds to fill his pipe, while she sits and threads her needle.*

Godfrey. I can't seem to find any matches. With your permission.

[*He picks up the letter, twists it into a spill, and lights it at a candle.*

Godfrey (puffing at his pipe). After all, a pipe is the most satisfying thing in the world.

[*He drops the half-charred bit of paper and sets his heel upon it with a long sigh of relief.*

Wallis (at door). The carriage is waiting, sir.

Godfrey. The carriage! How many times must I tell you that I don't want the carriage?

Wallis. Then you will dine—

Godfrey. At home, of course. It seems impossible, Wallis, for me to get that idea into your head. I shall dine at home to-night and to-morrow night and the one after that, and probably for the next thousand and one nights in uninterrupted succession. Is that quite plain?

Wallis. Yessir.

Godfrey. Then clear out.

[*Wallis exit, and Godfrey crosses over and sits in reading-chair.*

Godfrey (turning over the leaves of his book). Let me see. Book the Fourth— Oh yes; here we are. Ahem!

Eve (interrupting). Just one moment, Goff. To-morrow—

Godfrey. Yes, to-morrow—

Eve. We really must decide upon that dining-room paper. Now, then, if you are ready.

[*Godfrey takes up his book and Eve her work. And then, as though moved by a common impulse, their eyes meet and silence falls.*

THE CURTAIN.



THE IRREGULAR, ANGULAR LINES OF A BIG MODERN CITY

Winter on the Great Lakes

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

AWAY off as far as the eye could follow stretched the dull even sea of ice, steely smooth in places, in others shattered and piled in jagged heaps. A picture of loneliness, a presentment of desolation. A polar bear poised on a frozen cake would hardly have been astonishing, so natural would the appearance have seemed. A swooping gull, however, was apparently the only living thing in sight. And yet life was not lacking. Here and there many dark dots maculated the white monotony of the snow. They might appear no more than the black, ice-caught pieces of drift-wood or wreckage near at hand. A closer view, though, showed movement. A speck developed into a man. Nor did the look of such a one as emerged into recognition go far to dissipate the impression of arctic conditions. He might well have led one to believe him a dweller of the farthest North. Landscape, snowscape, icescape, whatever the scene might be called; the flora—or the absence of it; the fauna, man and dog,—all added to the impression of a magic transference to another zone. And if everything else

failed, the temperature would have come to sustain the fancy. Escape from that conclusion was impossible. With a cruel bitterness the wind drove over the open in a fury. The cold was great enough for the arctic regions. One might easily feel that the limits of human advance had been reached and a new record established. One's nose and one's ears and one's toes all ministered to the illusion with a painful realism that was most convincing.

Out there on the lake two miles from the shore the breath seemed to freeze, and there appeared to be every likelihood of the blood doing likewise. The sense of remoteness was depressing. The loneliness might have been appalling. A relief expedition at the least might easily be considered necessary to restore one to humanity. An arctic explorer far from ship and "cache" apparently could not be more hopelessly lost.

A turn of the head, however, made a difference of half a hemisphere, for there were the irregular angular lines of a big modern city. The smoke trailed heavily across the sky. The

tall piercing chimneys proved the presence of busy factories. The whole complicated life of modern civilization was within sight and within reach. Not far away locomotives moved restlessly. At a short distance trolley-cars clanged through the streets. In the "sky-scrapers" elevators darted up and down. Jostling crowds filled the sidewalks. A little farther away people were driving to country clubs. In rich, warm drawing-rooms women were having afternoon tea. The contrast was another of the many presented by our American life.

Nowhere in the world does winter work greater change than on the Great Lakes. In no other place does the power of cold cause such arrestment. As they are the busiest sheets of water in the world in summer,—in the winter, by contrast, they appear the most deserted and dismal. Where a goodly part of the commerce of a country has passed, for the most part nothing moves. A lonely bird takes the place of the great freighters; a few fishermen come instead of the big propellers. The harbors are closed, each vessel held in its icy bonds. The rigging of the few visible sailing-ships is frozen hard. From the funnels of the steamers rises no smoke. They are all inert—dormant—hibernating until life comes again with the passing of the winter months.

In the quiescence and solitude the

boats rise more darkly and immensely even as the elevators seem to tower in greater volume. The mightiest freighter is held as helplessly as the smallest harbor skiff, and one may approach them as one might some other enchained mammoth. Indeed, in the lake ports perhaps more than elsewhere can the winter aspect of the Lakes be felt and seen. The tugs even—the busybodies of the harbor—are silent and idle. Nothing moves except perhaps a big fire-boat, which strives to keep a way open and often fails. No one stirs on the docks. Hardly a sound can be heard. The chains of the drawbridge are quiet, for no boat passes. All has paused—all is waiting. The temporary end has come, with activity and stir only to be resumed when winter is gone.

The last craft to get through at the end of the season often gains something of a reputation. Practical reasons prevent any stoppage until the last moment possible. The longer a vessel runs, the greater the freights earned, and often chances are taken. No boat ever had a more typical and exciting trip than the *Hutchinson* in the year just passed. On the evening of November 29 the *Hutchinson* in a high sea and driving snow-storm ran on an uncharted rock in Lake Superior. The sharp points tore a hole through the bottom of the big vessel.

In sudden terror some of the firemen and crew made for the small boats, but were driven back by the captain. Rockets pierced the darkness, and a huge bale of inflammable stuff soaked in kerosene was set flaming at the masthead. Fires were lighted on the steel decks, and all night long the signals of distress burned. With the notification of the life-saving station



EACH VESSEL IS HELD IN ICY BONDS



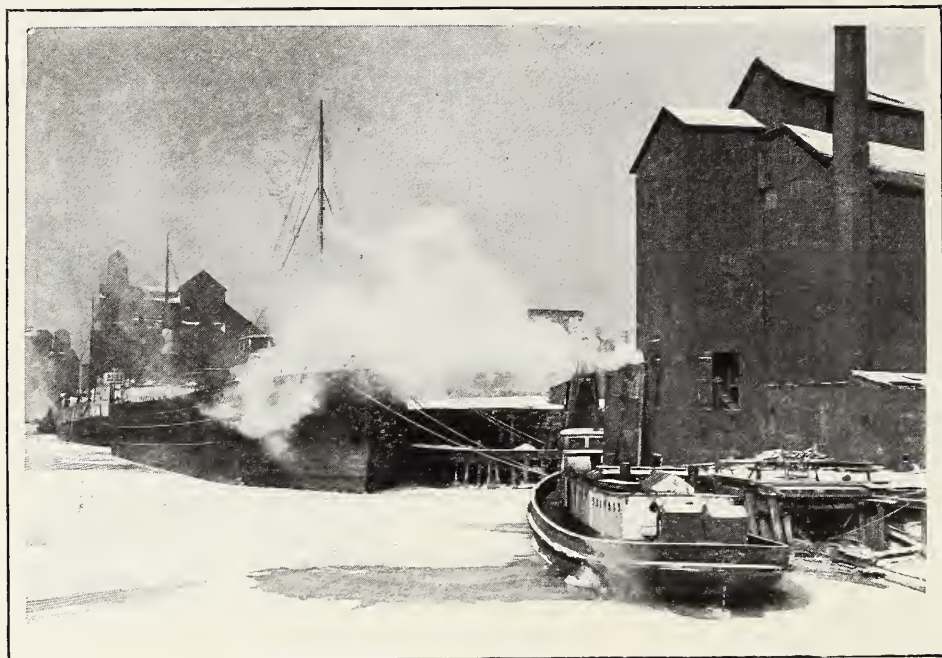
SIDE BY SIDE CANAL-BOATS LIE IN WINTER COMPANIONSHIP

the life-savers put off through the winter seas. During two days the crew and the life-saving men remained upon the ship. In the mean time the underwriters had learned of the wreck; and the *Hutchinson* being abandoned by the owners, Captain Charles M. Davis—a lake veteran of seventy, a famous wrecker—was sent to take charge. Wrecking outfits were summoned from the “Soo,” and a working party engaged. At once the work of jettisoning the cargo began. Six-inch centrifugal pumps poured water into the holds filled with flaxseed, until fourteen-inch pumps could suck up the valuable stuff and force it overboard. Fifty thousand bushels, worth fifty thousand dollars, were pumped into the lake in thirty-two hours. A wrecking-tug then started to pull the *Hutchinson* off, but so violent a storm came on that the immediate breaking up of the vessel seemed unavoidable. With this apparently inevitable, the crew and the wreckers left her. Before leaving, the heavy anchor was let go. On the following day, however, with the subsidence of the tempest the astonished wreckers found that the waves instead of destroying the *Hutchinson* had lifted the boat off the rock and that she was riding in safety.

Then began one of the runs to be celebrated in lake history. Nineteen feet of water was in one compartment and fourteen in another. The remaining cargo had to be stowed so that it would not shift in the heaviest seas. The pumps were kept going the entire time. In this condition the vessel ploughed steadily through the heavy waves, the thickening ice. At one time in zero weather and with a blinding snow-storm a fifty-mile gale blew about the boat. She rolled heavily, and because she was so weighted down with the thick coating of ice the water broke over her at every plunge. Two ferry-boats opening a way were needed to help her to make Pointe au Pelée.

At the port of destination the appearance of the battered warrior of the waters aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The whistle of everything that had steam up was set going. The wailing sirens of the great boats, the tooting of the smaller, welcomed the arrival in a cacophonous chorus. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars were saved to the underwriters by the exploit—and the last boat of the year was “in.”

Notwithstanding the happy termina-



A BIG FIRE-BOAT TRIES TO KEEP A WAY OPEN

tion of this adventure, however, other boats have been caught in the ice and obliged to remain there all winter. In the beginning of the winter of 1898 a number of vessels were imprisoned at the head of Lake Erie. Thirty-five in all were ice-locked, but with a shifting of the wind and the help of tugs and fire-boats sent out from Detroit they were finally set free. The same fortune has not always been found. An "old-timer" of the Lakes has recorded that in one case long ago a vessel—the *Badger State*—once frozen up did not escape. The crew was obliged to live on oats and corn all winter. The ice was so thick the boat could not be got out, and yet not solid all the way to the shore so that the men could reach land. As the narrator states, "they had to stay aboard and eat oats until the ice broke up."

With the close of the Lakes comes the closing of their outlet—the canal. Even as the big lake vessels are laid up, so the canal-boats are tied up during the time of ice and snow. Side by side they lie in frozen companionableness—held like all else in the grip of winter. Connected by bridges laid from deck to deck, they form a little commonwealth

of their own. Often the short smoke-stacks or, as the twilight deepens, the glowing windows show that they are still inhabited. Indeed, a collection of them frequently is a very socially active spot, with indications of much gossip.

Commerce has stopped. Business is dead. In the absolute suspension is a certain impressiveness. An unmistakable solemnity is the result of the complete negation. Where much was, nothing is, and the contrast is very striking. The



FISHING BEHIND A WIND-BREAK

barges piled high with the yellow freight of pine boards from the mills about Duluth, with the forests of the Northwest for "hinterland," have disappeared. Indeed, we are told that in a few years they will not be seen at all, or will only be found in very diminished numbers. But other industries have come instead, and they are growing places of manufacture and trade.

The great "whalebacks," surfeited with their thousands of tons of ore swallowed ravenously, no longer wallow on their way. The massive lumps are not allowed to go spouting down into their holds, later to be sucked up, sometimes six thousand tons in a day. Escanaba, St. Ignace, and L'Anse have ceased for the winter months to send iron over the Lakes. No

copper comes from West Superior, Lake Linden, or Manitowoc. In Chicago and Milwaukee the fleet of grain-vessels is held helplessly. They cannot be despatched either with their sides swelling with corn or wheat or decks piled with the white barrels of finished flour. The hundreds of thousands and millions of tons of coal are not now conveyed westward from the Lake Erie ports. The black colliers rest darkly on the white snow, more grim of aspect even than in the summer.

Nothing moves on the Lakes which have been crowded highways of ships. They are "regions of thick-ribbed ice." To be upon them is indeed to be "imprison'd in the viewless winds." Still, they are not absolutely deserted. Human life and activity in a measure still exist upon them. In a sense a limited industry is still actively pursued. While navigation of the waves may not

offer gain, a profit may be drawn from beneath them—or rather from beneath the thick frozen coating.

The fisherfolk, who are fully occupied in summer, do not with the approach of winter give over their occupation. Only the method and manner of it change. As has been said, Esquimau-like figures



FOR HOURS THE FISHERMEN STAY AT THEIR POSTS

might indicate an arctic environment. The fishermen are the "human element" of the winter, and with them the dogs might almost be included, they are so much a part of the life and endeavor. The winter fishing, however, is rather a "by-product," as it were. In following it the fishermen only work up so much "waste material," employing useless time. The fisheries of the Great Lakes exist as a summer business—and something of a business, too. Over six millions of dollars are invested in it. Over a hundred and thirty millions of pounds of fish have been caught in a season. Over two million dollars has been the value of the "catch." The fishing in the winter has nothing the same proportion. Still, from a large lake port in the dead of winter from five hundred to a thousand men may go out in a day.

The occupation is arduous enough, and not to be followed without hardship and

risk. The mere facing of the cold is bad, but there are perils—sudden and appalling. The professional fisherman sets out in the winter as near five o'clock in the morning as possible. Often he goes ten or fifteen miles to the fishing-ground, and by early afternoon the fish, famished as they are, have ceased to bite in commercial quantities.

The deepest dark which comes before the dawn—and in midwinter the dawn is still far off—meets the fisherman at the start. The thermometer is quite as often as not well below zero. The wind, driving in over the bleak levels of ice, bites and freezes, until human flesh is unequal to the attack. In fact, the fishermen frequently venture out only with a mask of some thick stuff, with holes cut for eyes and mouth. In truth, a follower of the gentle craft of Izaak Walton under these circumstances goes about his work in the disguise and with the look of a train-robber. A request for your money or your life might seem more likely than a cheery "Morning."

The dogs with almost arctic hardihood scarcely appeared to feel the cold. In-

Specimens are to be found which might seem to offer an entire bench show in one exhibit. For the most part, however, they are distinguishable and creditable examples of mongrel breeds, and some are very good examples. They trotted away with the sleigh containing food, bait, material for the "wind screen," and all needed for the work of day.

When day broke, the lake was dotted as far as the eye could see with separate fishermen or isolated groups. The canvas guards fastened to poles set in the ice keep off the blasts, for the hardiest cannot sit or stand with no exercise but the lifting and lowering of the fishing-line without such protection. The hole cut upon arrival at the proper place is about six or eight inches across, and through this the hook with its bait of minnows is lowered. A peculiar arrangement enables the watcher to take a few steps occasionally and beat the hands for warmth and yet know when he has a "bite." A crosspiece of perhaps a foot is fastened to a stick of perhaps two feet. To the shorter end of the longer piece beyond the crosspiece the line is

attached. The crosspiece is put athwart the hole, the longer end of the stick extending over the ice. When a fish swallows the bait the long end is lifted up, notifying the fisherman of his prize. From the nature of the device the name "tie-up" is understandable. Indeed, with the use of this contrivance a number of holes may be cut and a single man watch a number of lines.



HOMEWARD BOUND IN LATE AFTERNOON

deed, their high spirits were the only enlivening features of the expedition. They are of all kinds—or perhaps in most cases one might more properly say that each is all kinds of dogs in one.

For hours the fishermen stay at their posts. We found one man, more luxurious than the others, seated directly on an oil-stove, an interposed board serving for protection. The most of them,



FLOATING ICE THROUGH THE CHANNEL

though, faced it out without other help than the "wind-break." Four, five, six hours must sometimes pass before a start can be made for home, and even an hour is a chilling experience. On a man's eyebrows and mustache and beard icicles gather. And perhaps the fish may not come. Often after all the toil and endurance the fisherman may return with his sleigh empty. And to render the experience more trying, another party not many hundred yards away may be drawing them out as quickly as the lines can be pulled up. The fish sell from five to seven cents a pound. Often the fisherman gains only a few pennies, though sometimes as much as ten and twelve dollars have been made in a day.

The dogs huddled together for comfort. For them there was nothing but waiting for the time to go. And they know well when the time has arrived. The joyful yelps prove their dislike of the monotony and the cold. As nearly as they can have their will the return is a race. They would make as much as possible a straight way "across country," and take everything in their course—ice hummocks or spreading cracks. For them home-going would be a steeplechase if

the man did not restrain them. Anyway, he has difficulty in keeping up. But after half a dozen miles they tire a little, and generally they approach land with lolling tongues and dragging steps. In a weary walk they fall into what becomes almost a procession in the middle of the afternoon, and slowly reach shelter.

All returns are not so easy and fortunate—a burst of speed with joyous barks across the frozen Lakes. Indeed, there has been no coming back. A blizzard a dozen miles from shore with the thermometer below zero is a very serious matter. No landmarks can be seen—there is nothing by which to direct a course. A man may easily be lost and wander until overcome. Too often this has happened, and hardly a winter has passed without some such disaster.

A man so lost will often trust to the instinct of the dogs to find a way home through the bewildering storm and gloom. Sometimes, however, even the animals have been at fault. In a recent case a fisherman with three dogs was overtaken on the homeward way by a sudden tempest of wind and snow. To see even a few feet must have been impossible, and even the dogs must have been over-

come with fright or found that they were unable to guide themselves in the right direction. Still, though two were loose, they did not desert the man. When the searching parties found him on the following day he was dead, frozen to death, but the dogs with him were alive. One dog, which had not been unharnessed, was mad, however, and had to be killed at once.

Fish are not the only yield of the winter Lakes, for the ice itself is a plentiful crop. The harvest is of good proportion, and the chilly harvesting a large operation. The blocks are floated to the ice-houses down canals of clear water a mile or two in length, and a small army of cutters is busy with the work. With the great cities on the shores, a great deal of this has to be done, but the character of it is not so different—except as to the size of the operation—from the process elsewhere.

As a result of conditions existing on the winter Lakes the ice-crushing ferry-boat has been evolved. In other lands in consequence this has come into use—another example of what was once called “a Yankee invention,” and is now named “a Yankee invasion.” Russia sent her foremost admiral—Rear-Admiral Makaroff, who recently met his death—to study the ice-crusher *Sainte Marie* at work between the upper and lower peninsulas of Michigan. No boat of the like—except the *Saint Ignace*, a smaller predecessor—had ever been seen. Three hundred and five feet over all, able to carry eighteen loaded freight-cars—with a screw at the bow as well as the stern, the first to suck the sustaining water from under the ice so that the boat climbing upon it could crush it down and break it and throw it out of the way. Often two, three, and even four feet of solid blue ice have been broken in this fashion. In Russia ice-crushers are now at work on the Neva, in Lake Baikal, at Vladivostok itself. The *Nadesburg* and the *Ermark* and others have been built upon models furnished by the winter Lakes, and in many of the cold parts of the earth ice-crushing boats are now to be found.

For the most of the time and through the greater part of their many square miles of frozen surface the inland

seas are deserted and desolate. A deep unbroken silence is over them. A white uniformity of aspect distinguishes them. No living thing moves upon them, or flies above them—except an occasional bird, making the solitude the greater by its solitary contrast. In the imprisoning hand of winter they lie and must lie until the winter is gone. Then, as the change in autumn is great from activity to stillness—almost as might appear from life to death,—in the spring the transformation is as complete. After the trance of absolute inanimation seems to follow new being. With the first sunshine the ice begins to crack. With the first warm breeze of April it is set adrift,—the mad debacle down the Niagara to the wild plunge over the Falls showing best the wonder of the breaking up. Even before the ice is fully gone the freighters have started. The setting out of the first boat is an event of even more importance than the arrival of the last one “through” in the autumn,—as a beginning with its promise is always more significant than any ending with its unfruitful conclusion.

With the “opening of navigation” a new season of commerce has begun, with all it means of losses and failures and hopes and accomplishments. With the “opening of navigation” all the lake cities insensibly feel a new stir and vigor, and show it. Through the winter something of the torpid apathy of the Lakes has unavoidably lain upon them, but with the change in their watery provinces, which are their reasons for being, they change in look and life. The Lakes are the real tributaries of the most of them, and with this dependence on them they relapse and revive with them. “The opening of navigation” is an “open sesame.” With it they reach their golden treasure-jars. To be sure, these are only cargoes of golden grain, mighty loads of precious metal if not the precious metals, barges full of “black diamonds,” but in value they exceed the output of the most famous mines, and are far in excess of any robber hoard. With the spring the flood begins. The harbors are alive with the moving craft, the docks are stirring with the busy crowds. All is changed. In short, “navigation” is “open,” and the life of the Lakes has begun once more.

The Eye of the Mind

BY JOHNSON MORTON

SHE was a lady of infinite sentiment—she would have told you so herself—sentiment that had kept her *perilously* young, as a wise friend put it, even if it had left the outward trace of lines on her fair face, and a certain wandering habit of the eye that made ever for discreet adventure.

Heretofore indiscretion had been impossible. Bulwarked by the facts of a Brahmin position, a conscience inherited with the Severn nose and developed along the same straight line, and a certain fastidiousness that swung instinctively to the mental rather than the emotional side of an equation, she had, up to her thirty-ninth birthday, kept within the well-ordered bounds of her own limitations. Not that she failed to fondle and cosset this fundamental sensibility; she was too aware of the quality and too proud of its existence to neglect it; but she had somewhat timidly recognized that action lay outside her grasp, and had turned with a delicate enthusiasm to appreciation as her field, fancying that in the recognition of beauty—the picture, the poem, the symphony—coupled with a more unconscious attention to the painter, the poet, the musician, she was giving free play to her nature. The effect she produced was gratifying. She was gracious, eager, sympathetic. She grew cunning in the use of a phrase; her quick ear caught the salience of a question; the answer flew back with a tint of its own. She refined everything that came to her; in an age of carelessness and wide speaking, a vast distinction. She became oracular, indefinable, precious; the isolation of her situation appealed; her wealth and her position allured, and, in short, she found herself *a personage*.

She lived, as it were, in a conservatory of the emotions; the air she breathed—soft and perfumed—bore no relation to the wind that blew outside. No sun blinded the eyes that saw only in shad-

owed reaches. She was serene, happy, content. But one day something happened—just after this same thirty-ninth birthday; whether by accident or design, whether nature, tired of husks, turned greedily to food, or the artistic sense, groping vaguely for a new emotion, clutched, by mistake, reality,—we shall never know. At all events Joanna Severn found herself in love.

Mrs. McTavish, who happened to be the wise friend in the case and a sister as well, twenty years older and a century more knowing, short, stout, aggressive, had drawn a chair to the couch on which Miss Severn lay, pathetic in white draperies, her face hidden in the cushions. One large jewelled hand rested heavily, yet with a certain kindness, on the younger woman's slender shoulder, and a palm-leaf fan—for it was a sultry May and she had hurried from the country—beat in her incisive words.

"My dear child," she was saying, "I haven't the heart to scold you, and I am too much concerned to laugh, though it is really ridiculous. You ought to see it yourself, Nanna; the whole thing is out of keeping! Why in the world couldn't you have gone on in your nice, happy way—happy for you, that is—you know I've never denied it would bore me to death—instead of suddenly letting it all go for naught and starting afresh on a new plan—by that I mean falling in love with Harry Doane like—a schoolgirl?"

Miss Severn gave no sign.

"I suppose you'll say that it is perfectly natural, this falling in love at forty—though it seems rather uncanny to me—and if it had been Judge Howard or John Temple or somebody like that who was suitable and established—I won't speak of money, because you've really enough yourself, thanks to Aunt Paterson—I should bow my head piously and order a gown in peace; but this *boy*—why, Nanna, it's absurd." She took

her hand from Joanna's shoulder, who lay motionless.

"I'm thankful enough that you sent for me when you did and told me. I've had an inkling of it before from something that Joe Ward said to Tom at his office, and I only wish that you'd had the sense to call me sooner. I'm not altogether ignorant, if you are." Her voice took on the professional tone of a physician. "I know life, and I've had experience with men. Why, my dear, it is so out of your line. From a little girl in pantalettes—no, of course you didn't wear pantalettes; I don't know as I did myself—but at any rate from a mere child, you know, you've never looked at a man except in the abstract and collectively. Everybody has noticed it, and I don't deny that in a way it has been a charm and certainly a protection. Who but you could have gone on dancing after Hepner, as you did, and sitting in the room with every portrait he painted! I haven't forgotten that queer, one-eyed man who played the violin and got his dinner here every night, and Professor Murray—with two wives, I mean—though in simple justice I believe he did think one of them was dead,—who stayed in this very house for four mortal months. That couldn't have happened to another woman in Boston!"

Mrs. McTavish had left her chair and was standing in the centre of the room, her restless hands busy with some tall roses on the table. Suddenly Joanna sat up.

"You're taking me just as I thought you would, Louisa." Her lips parted in a small smile. "I've lain here quietly until you were finished; I haven't been weeping, only waiting. I've told you everything, and for the last two hours you've disapproved and laughed and scolded in the very words that said you wouldn't, and you've succeeded in using me up entirely. I haven't asked advice because I didn't want it. I've simply told you because you are my sister, and I think you ought to know. But a woman of forty—if you insist on cataloguing me—doesn't wear a man's ring on her third finger and then ask another woman if she shall put it on."

The sunlight enlivened the diamond on the slender hand that she held out.

"Of course my being fifteen years older than Harry is, I suppose, a pity; but with such a disparity," she added, rather primly, "there is always a real feeling, I think, that gives a better basis for happiness than a conventional suitability."

She smiled again, rose from her seat, her soft gown floated with her, and put an eager arm about the other. "So let's call off all this talk, Louie, at least between you and me. I've promised Harry, and I shall marry him. I'm very happy," she added, softly, "and very *sure*—"

Mrs. McTavish shook her head and looked gravely through her glasses.

"You've promised, Nanna, but you haven't married him yet. That's quite a different matter. There's a time between that's hard for us women, when we measure and weigh and watch and hope and deny and ponder."

The clock on the mantel chimed and caught her ear.

"My dear, we use up every verb!" she ended, with a laugh, and stepped to the window. "There, my child, it's five o'clock, and George has come for me. Good-by, dear,—not another word. The four-forty on next Saturday week, you and your Harry. I've got two or three other people."

She held Joanna's face in a kiss and ran down the steps. As her carriage door closed, a man clean-shaven, ruddy, and long-limbed turned in at the gate.

To be handsome, successful, and well-beloved; to have closed the chapters of endeavor at twenty-five; to have crowned youth with the rewards of age,—this comes to but few, but in good measure it had come to Harry Doane. Mrs. McTavish read him not in her books. His world was not hers, and he knew not her gods; but old Hepner would have told you that the boy was a genius. "Gad, sir, he paints as well as I do, only you fools won't have it—he paints hands *better*, and when he turns of sixty"—he shrugged a heavy shoulder,—“why, egad again! John Hepner will have been forgotten!"

Born of clever, simple folk in a New England village, their one child, he had evaded spoiling only because of a great talent. A pencil in his baby hand had



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I'VE PROMISED HARRY, AND SHALL MARRY HIM"

set a wonder growing in his mother's face. His father understood, and together they had trained the boy for his work. He went to school and then to Paris, mere lad in years, man in perception and expression. It was a triumph from teacher to teacher, and then came John Hepner and a master! 'Twas a friendship, too, for Doane felt the heart of the other man on the instant—the heart that critics said he had painted out. Much work—for the boy was earnest,—recognition immediate from the start, and he came back one year for a glimpse of the two in Belset and a long winter with Hepner in Boston.

Joanna Severn had met him in Hepner's studio—he was using Tucker's that month—a rather overdone room, with too much color and contrast, but the gorgeous hangings made a charming background for the slender figure in furs, and the boy came forward at the wave of Hepner's hand to greet her. He had bright teeth and a laughing eye, and his hair curled crisply in front. She was very gracious, and the boy found her delightful and paintable. As for Joanna, she couldn't have altogether told you what she found the boy. He stirred a new emotion. She turned to Hepner as he left the room.

"Won't you bring Mr. Doane with you on Friday? I shall be glad to see him."

So Doane went, and again, and often, and it became a habit; the days grew longer, and the spring came out of the east, and Joanna knew that it was love; and the lad spoke, and Joanna listened, and gave herself the luxury of a hesitation, and then the ecstasy of telling him that she loved him too. And, after that hour of wonder, she had gone to her room and written to her sister, which was *à la mode* and thoughtful, but the boy had walked up and down the path of the park outside and smoked a whole pocketful of cigars, and thought long thoughts—and some of them were his own thoughts, but most of them were the thoughts of the ages.

And now they were sitting, they two, in a victoria on their way from the Rexton station. It was a radiant afternoon, and Joanna had insisted on Harry's taking off his hat, and the sun bronzed his

curls, and he held her hand under a fold of her dress as they turned in at the avenue.

Burleigh was on the top of a sharp hill, balsam-lined, with hemlocks beyond,—Mrs. McTavish lived in terror of this hill, and invariably walked up and down. The road wound through a pine grove and ended rather abruptly at the door of a lumbering brown house with mansard roof and spreading wings that Edith Loudon said couldn't have been more aptly named. But it was covered with vines and flowers, and on the rocks below pounded the sea.

The door was wide open as they drove up, and Mrs. McTavish came forward. Doane helped Miss Severn out, and she held a hand of each. "I'm so glad to see you,"—her smile was embracing. "Come in and have your tea. We are all here, you see—the Bryces and Edith Loudon, Judge Howard, you know, and an old college friend of my husband's from Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Bourne, and Miss Bourne—"

The young girl started forward. She was a pretty little thing with a pink face that flushed easily.

"Why, it's *my* Mr. Doane," she laughed, as he took her hand and laughed too. "You see, I didn't know he was the one,"—she turned to Joanna. "I didn't even know he wasn't in Paris!"

The older woman sharpened her look. "Oh no; he's been in Boston all winter. Did you know one another in Europe, then?"

Doane turned an answer. "Well, rather, Nanna," he said. "We used to be fellow students."

The girl's laugh rippled again and her color deepened. "He didn't think he could paint, and found out he could. I thought I could, and found out I couldn't!"

And then two men came in from the golf-field for their tea, with Tom McTavish close behind.

"Oh, by the way, Aunt Nanna"—Daisy Bourne turned at the title and Joanna ruffled:—"just met Perkins on the avenue, and he said your trunk hadn't come. It can't now till the 8.15."

So Joanna had to limit her preparations to a clean face and a fresh pocket-handkerchief and go to dinner in her

plain dress with Judge Howard, while opposite her and next to Doane sat Daisy Bourne, pink and dimpling in a white gown that Edith Loudon called "unmistakable." This cast a shadow, but after dinner there came light, for Harry sought her out at once in the drawing-room, and holding her hand, looked into her eyes and whispered: "Am I doing all right, dear? Do you think they like me? I want you to be as proud of me as I am of you!"

After five days of rain, the sixth morning was dazzling. Joanna, awake in the early sunshine, felt a sense of physical relief strong enough to dull somewhat the pain at her heart, that rose insistent with each dawn. In the silence of the hour she allowed her mind to review its impressions. The week had all gone wrong: every one must have seen that, though, of course, not as clearly as it had come to her. They were not the kind of people who felt, and she was, and for them these last days made just an episode to be followed by a dozen of the same sort, while for her they might hold the turning-point of her life.

Of course there were definite reasons why things had not gone well. She hugged her sense of justice to her. She would be fair-minded. The sullen storm, first of all; Louisa's bad cold that had kept her in her room much of the time; and the business in town that had taken the men up in the morning and brought them back late,—it was all natural enough, and it had given the others much to do. Tom's only idea of the duty of host was to sit in a corner and laugh at Edith Loudon's jokes, and Harry had had to spend much of his time at the bridge-table. He was undeniably fond of cards, though, and she had watched him narrowly; she never joined, for she hated games, and that means that you can't play them. His eager attention and wrinkled forehead at first amused and then annoyed her.

It had annoyed her, too, to see how well Daisy Bourne played. When she was Harry's partner they were sure to win, for their understanding of one another's game was remarkable—grown it must have been, the older woman told herself, from some subtle and mutual mental comprehension. She would stand it as long as

she could, and then turn to a window that looked to the sea. The wind was bending a slender ash-tree almost to the ground; its leaves lay broken and scattered below. A larger wave dashed its spray above the bank; its last drops, borne houseward, wet the pane, and the window trembled in its casing. Underneath her discomfort lay a pricking sense of self-pity that she had really striven hard to account for by physical reasons. "You are getting morbid," her mind asserted. "You stay indoors too much; go out into the wind and rain and get your balance. You must not be jealous; there is no reason. It is weak of you—weak and wrong." But through her reasoning rang the persistent, penetrating note of her heart, that would not be stilled:

"You are forty and that girl is twenty-two; twenty-two and forty! It is not fair!"

Sometimes a walk down the avenue would refresh her, and when Harry went with her, and held her cloak about her as he pushed her up the hill with strong arm, her smile freed itself and her laugh answered his, and she was almost happy.

Only once Daisy had spoiled it by coming too, and had pitched a golf-ball to him straight and hard—she herself never could direct a ball,—and Harry's voice had a tone of pleased surprise as he caught it.

"Why, you can *throw*!" cried he.

Harry seemed to have developed a strange liking for the unusual. There had been no talk such as Hepner was fond of starting, or such as gave her own drawing-room its character. Pictures hadn't been spoken of in days—nor books nor ideas. There was only a running mention of people and golf and boats, and she didn't know a brasseys from a centre-board! How glad she was that it was almost over. Yes; the visit had been a failure, but to-morrow was the last day. She seized on the thought of the summer that should be all hers; that should make her forget this torturing week,—but across her confidence in the future lay the dull cloud of a present insecurity; a half-realization that what she feared had struck deep at the roots of what she knew; a something that seemed to fore-shadow a readjustment of her own happiness. Struggle as she would, she could not get beyond it.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

See page 927

"THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH FOR ANY WOMAN"

Yet, a few hours later, she stood on the veranda, serene, poised, mistress of her own delicate charm, and smiled at her sister, who was marshalling her guests into a line of traps that stood in the driveway. "I'm old-fashioned enough to like an all-day picnic," Mrs. McTavish declared, as she tied a veil stoutly over her hair. "The only concession I make is not to pack everybody into one barge. No, it's not a boat, Mrs. Bourne, as you Westerners always think, but a sort of tame omnibus in colors, named for a lady or a virtue, in which you sit sideways and are irresistibly moved to song. Nanna dear, you and Harry shall have the new runabout. Two of you men will have to go with the baskets—there are so many of you. Judge Howard and John shall take turns driving Daisy and me. No, thank you. I'll start on my own legs, and you shall pick me up at the foot of the hill."

Bradford's beach lies white and narrow between two high grass-grown bluffs that break sharply to the sea. On its hard sands they had made a fire, spread their cloth, and eaten luncheon, and now, with the afternoon sun hanging red and bold against the western hills, they sat under the shelter of the cliffs, two here, three there, with laughing groups beyond.

Joanna's parasol held her own face in shadow and brought into relief the grizzled head of old Mr. Bourne, who had fallen to her conversational lot, and who, having exhausted uneasily all other topics, had seized on the theme of his daughter's perfections. In spite of a certain sympathy that the candor of his fatherly enthusiasm stirred, she winced at the turn the talk had taken. Her perception fell short of the humor of the situation; it stopped at the coincidence of their thoughts. To change the subject she would have scorned had she the inclination, and she was conscious only of a wish to exhaust it. So she held a smile on her lips while her ears struggled to deny the touch of a girl's silvery laugh just beyond, brought into relief against the deeper tones of Harry's voice.

"And the way she has behaved about her engagement is wonderful." Joanna started. Mr. Bourne met the question in her eyes.

"You didn't know she was engaged, Miss Severn? Well, I don't wonder. You see, we don't speak of it, her mother and I, unless she does first, and she's not the girl to talk to everybody. Why, it's to young Miller, my partner's boy, in Detroit. They were to be married last fall." His voice clouded to a whisper. "But a couple of months before the day, his doctor—he'd had a bit of a cough, and he's a slender chap—found out that things were pretty bad with him, and that he'd have to go away if he wanted to live—he had just a fighting chance. Daisy never hesitated a minute when we told her. 'Then we'll be married to-morrow,' said she, 'and go to Colorado together.'"

"The doctor said that wouldn't do, and her mother and I bore him out; but she just smiled and insisted, and 'twasn't till Miller himself wouldn't hear to it—and it broke him up some, I can tell you—that she gave way. Then we brought her East, and she does everything we want her to, but she never says much. She's just waiting, and she won't have long to wait, either. Miller's doing very well; they say he'll be all right again in a year, and then they'll be married. And that, Miss Severn, is the sort of a girl my Daisy is!"

His kind old eyes beamed at her from under their gray brows as he held back his head and waited for an answer. Joanna realized the inadequacy of her attention, and was struggling for a word just as Edith Loudon came by with one of the Bryces. She seized her opportunity and stood up.

"I thank you for telling me this, Mr. Bourne"—she held out her hand,—“and now I'm going out to the lighthouse. No, you are not to follow,” as he rose ponderously. “I want to see the keeper's old mother. She is very shy, but I talked with her last fall when I was here, and I promised to come again. No; not even you, Harry.” She smiled and shook her head at the young man who had reached her side. “I really want to go alone.”

The relief was genuine, even with the shame that followed close at its heels for the unworthiness of her suspicions, yet it somehow failed of completeness. Her austere sense of justice winced at the

latitude she had allowed her feeling now that she realized the wrong she had done the man she loved in hinting, even to her own consciousness, that he could be disloyal to her. Ordinarily her impulse would have been to go straight to Harry and confess her fault—the impulse of all honest natures that are simple at heart, even though, as in her own case, overlaid by many subtleties of growth and habit; but somehow this did not seem quite possible in the new mood that possessed her. She felt alert, apprehensive, even as if on the verge of some discovery, and her one idea was to be alone.

So she did not turn in at the little gate, nor glance at the porch where an old woman in a mob-cap put down her clicking needles to peer at her through the lattice. She kept on, absorbed in her own thoughts, till a sudden turn brought her face to face with a larger sea. Rock and tree blotted out all sign of human life, and she stood alone before the great blue element.

It spoke and she listened, and the pregnant meaning of many things came suddenly to her: the mystery of obedience to law; the inevitableness of ebb and flow; strange mutual attraction of tide and the pale crescent that hung faint-hearted now in too bright a sky; the great sympathy that carries goods and life from shore to shore, across an envious deep; the message of the wind that hurls waves hill-high and brushes a curl gently across a baby's face. Down the long range they came, these thoughts, and met her own, and in the great problems she found, as many have found before her, solution for the small. It seemed as if a veil through which all her life she had peered faintly had suddenly fallen from before her, rent by a shaft of light so fierce, so white, that it filled every corner of her brain, so that at last she saw not only with the gaze that strained to the wide horizon, but with the eye of the mind that looked beyond the visual into the real, gauging its truth, its necessity, its inevitableness. A sense of power thrilled her, even though it brought a pain, as she realized in her own soul the sudden growth that her nature had achieved. She regarded no longer the sea with its rosy arch, nor the white land that girt it; these sank to vagueness before the

real vision, as the works of the Creator must pale in His presence, or that which is a part of Him.

A man's loud call broke the stillness. She turned in answer as Harry came around the curving beach.

"Oh, here you are! That old woman at the house said she'd seen you go by. Why, Nanna,"—he stopped short and took both her hands in his,—“what's the matter? Your eyes are wet! Tell me what has happened.”

The quick anxiety of his tone brought her back to earth. “Why, nothing is the matter—Harry—” she hesitated an instant. “My dear,” she went on, and her voice was low and gentle, “I have something to tell you—something that begins with a confession. I've had a dreadful week, and the worst part of it has been myself—I've been *jealous!*—jealous of you and Daisy Bourne.”

Harry's fresh laugh interrupted her and his arm was about her, but she drew back.

“That is not all. Something showed me a little while ago that I was quite wrong—something that Mr. Bourne said, and it made me ashamed—ashamed and *relieved*. Then I came here by myself, happy but not quite satisfied,—and while I've been here alone I've thought it all out. I see clearly now—and I know what I ought to do. Harry—I must give you up!”

A sudden color burned to the young man's forehead. “Nanna, what nonsense!” he cried. “Give me up—why, you love me and I love you. What has come over you? This is unreasonable.”

“No; it's very reasonable,” she interrupted, softly, “and you must hear me out, please. Ever since we came to Burleigh I've had a curious, underlying feeling that neither you nor I was getting, nor would get, all that we needed from our relation. There have seemed so many things that mean much to you that are nothing to me; and as for myself, I have always a strong sense of robbing you of what is your right. Harry, I hate to acknowledge it, but I can't help it, dear: I'm too old for you.”

She waved back the answer that the man began, and went on: “At first I thought—and I apologize now—dear, that

you were attracted to Daisy Bourne, and I was sure that she was to you. I've been unjust to her too, brave little girl, but, as I told you, that is all past; I don't have to look to jealousy for a reason; for just now all the vague thoughts and fancies that harassed me have crystallized into one certainty. My dear Harry, you are a boy and I am almost an old woman; your experiences are all to come, and I look back on most of mine. I don't doubt your loyalty—but I can't bear to make demands on it. Your nature will broaden, your character develop, your ideas progress, while I shall stay still a little time perhaps and then go down-hill. It's bound to be, Harry. I've thought it out. I've seen clearly the natural and just proportions of many things—while I stood here alone and looked across the sea."

She had turned from him and held out her slender hands to the East. "Don't let him make it too hard for me," she whispered, almost to some unseen and dimly comprehended presence.

Doane's voice recalled her. Its tone was excited, and the boy's face was flushed and troubled.

"Nanna, you don't mean one word of that; or if you think you do, you're morbid—you know it's easy for you to get morbid, and then you go off on a tangent. It's selfish of you, too—you talk only of how it affects you, and not one word of me. Of course you're older than I am in the matter of years, but you're terribly young in some ways—younger than I ever was. I do love you, I've told you so, I tell you so again, and that ought to be enough for any woman—a man's word."

He squared himself with a sudden sense of the masculine. Joanna's hand touched his arm.

"It isn't a question of your word, Harry," she said, "but of my clear, definite knowledge. Don't you see how it hurts me to say this to you? By stepping out of your life I am going back into emptiness and darkness; but better that than find you chafing under bonds that I have put upon you, and realizing, as I know you must, that you are held to me only by a loyalty that, as time goes on, will savor of pity, too. No; I refuse to hamper you. You are young, and all

this will sink very soon into a background of experience. You'll have your work, and other interests will color your life. You'll never really forget me, Harry, for you will know some day that I did this for the best and that I loved you."

Harry's voice rose in reply. "No," he cried, almost roughly, with a touch of anger that startled her. "I don't believe you ever loved me. I think you promised to marry me just in a mood. I think you do everything in moods, and you plan your moods, too. I never saw any one who studied herself as you do. I believe you are glad to be rid of me, glad to go back to your old life with its dark rooms and candles on the luncheon-table. I believe that you want to fill up your time with your arts and crafts committees, and your Coptic designs in needlework, and your eternal tea-table with your everlasting lilies on it, and your friends who talk in whispers and twist their words. It's all of a piece—all false and morbid; the sort of thing that women cling to when they've missed the real point of life."

He caught the look of dumb pain in her eyes, and a wave of tenderness met his rising anger.

"Oh, Nanna, forgive me! I'm a cad to talk like this; forget that I've said it; forget what you've said to me. Let us start afresh!"

She felt again the vigorous youth of his nature, ready to forgive, as ready to condone; eager for its own way and apt to wound in the pursuit of its purpose perhaps, yet tender and penitent when it saw the hurt it had ruthlessly given. Had she listened, even for an instant, to the soft cry of her own nature heard vaguely at her breast, she would have met his eyes with her own, and in them he would have read his victory; but secure in the decision gained at such cost, and leaning still on the strength of the great ocean that had given her of its knowledge, she turned to the wide horizon.

"Harry, my dear, my love,—there is no fresh start for us together. You must go your way and I mine. We must each begin again, alone!"

She caught the quick sob that shook the young man's shoulders as he turned and strode across the sand. She ran to him and walked with him as they passed

the lighthouse. Curiously enough, it was she and not he who suddenly remembered that they must be seen returning side by side.

Mrs. McTavish herself came to meet them. Her face was anxious and her manner excited.

"I was just on the point of sending for you," she exclaimed. "I think we must all go back. The Bournes have had bad news—a telegram that Perkins brought over. The young man whom Daisy was to marry has been killed in a railway accident in Colorado. They're gone. They took the runabout and mean to try for the last afternoon train."

She pointed to a spot of black that wound its slow way through the gray of the sand-dunes towards the sunset.

Hepner told me the rest of the story last year. I had been dining with him that night at Miss Severn's, where we had met, under the patronage of the Botticelli in her drawing-room—promised to the art museum if that institution behaves itself during her lifetime,—a number of distinguished people.

"Certainly she has a salon," he said, in answer to a remark of mine as we turned down the shadowed street, "or as near one as our climate will allow. She is rather a unique figure in the local civilization, too, with a reputation for appreciation that is deserved and for criticism that is"—he shrugged his shoulders—"inevitable; and personally she is credited with having undergone a good deal of suffering during these last few years, which, in the minds of her women friends at least, lends a tremendous cachet; they like vicarious emotions—these understudies,—but *that*, by Jove!" (he had stopped and suddenly faced me under a street lamp)—"I don't believe and I can't endure!"

"You are speaking of the episode of Harry Doane?" I suggested.

"Yes." The man's voice was serious. "You know the story, of course, and I dare say, like the rest of them, you think that she renounced him and then sat down to eat out her heart in silence the rest of her days, while he bounded away and met a hero's death in Cuba—an unfortunate but fitting end for a young life. '*Decorum pro patria mori*,' and all that rot. Well, I can tell you the truth about it. I don't want to be unjust to her, but it never seemed to me that she found it very hard to send him away, and—it *just killed him* when she did! He'd no more idea of going to Cuba than I had when that thing happened at Mrs. McTavish's. He came back to town, and he said to me, 'John, I've got to paint like hell now,' and he tried, poor chap, but the heart had gone out of the boy and he couldn't. He kept more and more to himself, and grew quieter and quieter, and the next thing I knew he told me that he'd enlisted. I said nothing; I don't believe in bothering people after they've done a thing, and so he went.

"They found him dead after that cursed charge, and one of his friends brought me, when he came back, something that Harry said I was to have. And what do you think it was? Why, a picture of that woman, in a little gold frame that my poor boy had worn about his neck."

Hepner's tone was tender. He stood a moment before we parted.

"I wonder if I ought to send it back to Joanna! I wish I knew. I am not sure of that woman; I confess I don't understand her. I may be wrong, but I've got my idea of her.

"By the way, I'm going to paint a portrait of her this spring, and then *you shall see!*"



The Search for a Lost Republic

BY WALTER HALE

TO a mild explorer, with a predilection for straying a little from the beaten path, this London newspaper story (which later investigation proved to be inaccurate in its dates) unfolded pleasing opportunities:

As regards population, the smallest republic in the world is that of Tavolara, an island about five miles long and an average width of one-half a mile, situated about a dozen miles to the northeast of Sardinia. The total population of the whole republic does not exceed sixty, but they elect a president every six years, and a council of six members, all of whom serve the state without pay. The absolute sovereignty of the island of Tavolara was formally granted by King Charles Albert of Sardinia to the Bertoleoni family in 1836, and for more than half a century Paul I., King of Tavolara, reigned in peace. On May 30, 1882, King Paul died. His last words were a request that none of his relatives should succeed him on the throne, and that the inhabitants be allowed to govern themselves. None of the relatives ever filed a claim, and on March 27, 1886, the islanders held a meeting and decided to establish a republic.

The story savored not only of the unusual, but of the improbable, and sufficiently of the unattainable to warrant digging into. Besides, this probing after the truth makes a man feel almost as good as though he were telling it. Easier, too—except when Tavolara is the truth for which one probes. The little boy downstairs brought up his geography and I my atlas; we spread them out on the dining-room table, and there it was—one-thirty-second of an inch from Sardinia on his map, and one-eighth on mine.

After a day's research, I regretted having ever heard of the little republic. The nearer one got to Tavolara, the less one seemed to know about it. That great Italian authority, for instance, whom I consulted. No recollection of the island at all, much less of its wonderful little

government. His clerk wasn't so bad; by constant gesticulation and no English, he managed to remember that there was such a place,—not that it was ever a personal experience, but rather as something that came in and went out of his life about the fifth year of his grammar-school. He had a hazy idea of rocks, wild goats, and some export, such as lobsters—which I considered extraneous matter. I went on down to the Astor Library. Neither the English nor Italian encyclopædias had a word on the subject, but one French affair in a gay red binding admitted the island, and claimed it was occupied solely by "*bêtes sauvages*." I suppose wild goats could be savage beasts. The third and last authority to mention this elusive republic was the *Pilot's Guide*. It seems by steering nor'-nor'west, or words to that effect, one can avoid the rocks. At the end of the day I felt that I could safely make my first entry under Tavolara:

1. Rocks.
2. Goats—wild.

It was not impressive material, but it was all my note-book ever gleaned.

We steamed out of New York Harbor very gracefully one June morning, accompanied by cheers, tears, and the German band. As soon as I had taken a look round, I hunted up the Italian doctor, and, with some skill and cunning, arranged to sit next to him at table. He wanted a lady, but I couldn't help that. I would sift the story to the bottom if I had to spoil every flirtation on the ship. America had given what it could of Tavolara; it was up to me to set the matter straight! It was great in the smoking-room the first night out. All the men had their maps on the tables, and were talking Pæstum, Tunis, and such worn-out spots. "Where are you going?" they asked me. "I think I'll run over to Tavolara," I answered, yawning. That shut them up, and I heard the rustling

of guide-book leaves while they vainly searched it out.

Honestly, though, if the Italian doctor had failed me, I might have been a little bit discouraged. I suppose Vespuccius, de Soto, and all those other fellows felt that way occasionally.

But the Italian doctor was all right. I thought he was going to give me the rock story at first, and longed to have one in my hand, but he only spoke of it incidentally. He is of the royal Italian navy, and at one time was stationed on a cruiser in the harbor of Terranova, within five miles of the island of my dreams. "Very beautiful," he said, "from a distance. Oh no, signore, no one ever goes there. It's just an island. People? Perhaps, but it must be a stupid life. Self-governed! My dear sir, what have you been reading?"

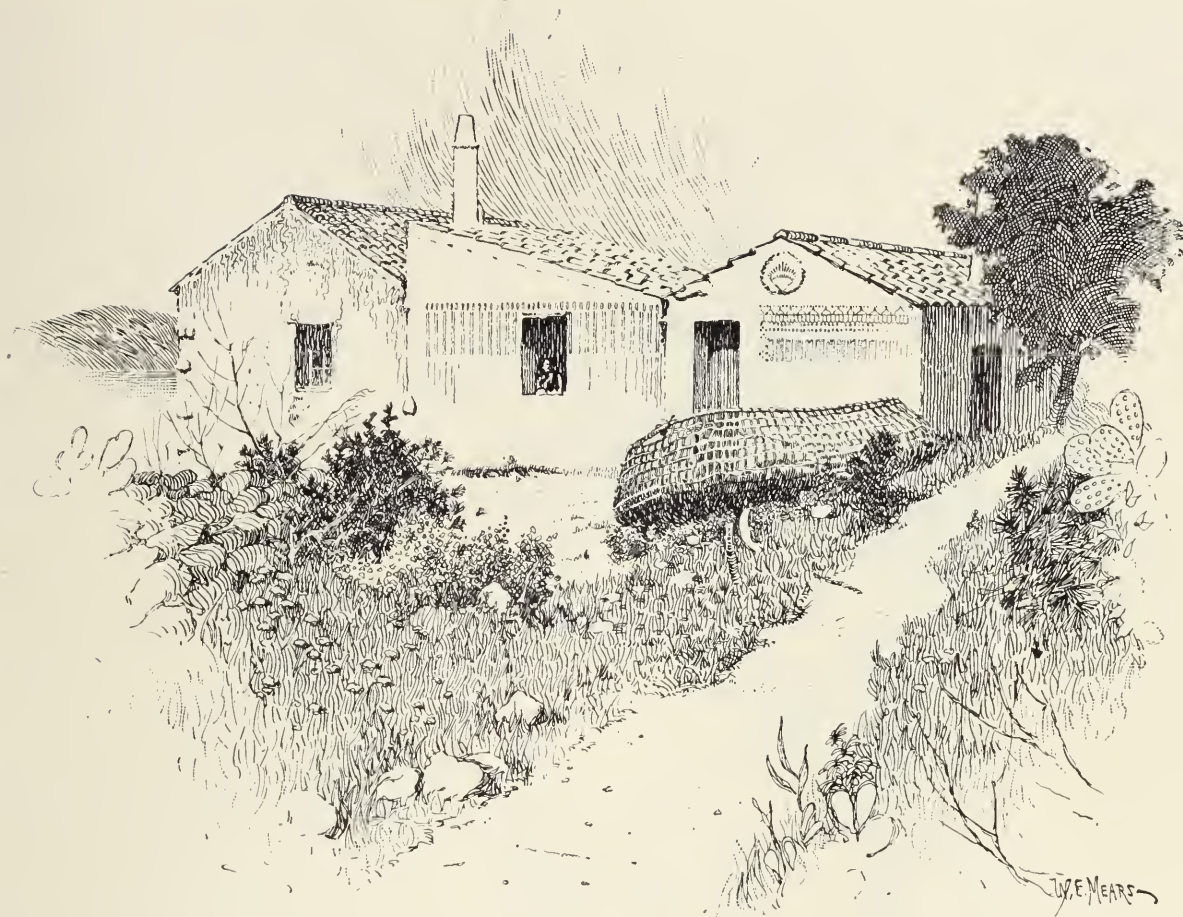
He gave me other pointers. The mosquitoes were so bad and the malaria so dangerous that every one wore long gloves, high shoes, and masks. I saw myself going about in a mosquito-net, and feared it would detract from my dignity. I should have preferred the Tavolarian exploring expedition in a sort of black affair like a bandit's, but, on the other hand, that would have been dangerously misleading. Sardinia has been overwhelmed for years by systematized raids on villages, he told me, in which members of the leading families join. An official sent from Rome to check these depredations requested a list of suspected persons from the chief of police, but was told that it would be impossible to give him one, as the first on the list would be that of the district member of Parliament. Another sleuth, who came over from Italy to investigate a very daring robbery of family plate, was dined by the most powerful gentleman of the village, and found the stolen silverware on the table. The doctor thinks they do it because they are bored, and spoke quite feelingly on the subject. Seemed a decent chap, too;—not that I believe—you see, *he* had to stay on his ship.

I took quinine, but did not lose heart, and by the 4th of July reached Rome. It was a busy day (without a fire-cracker in the schedule), spent in preparing a medicine-chest, banking my

valuable papers, and buying heavy gauntlets and an automobile-mask with goggles. I had grown rather nervous over the idea of a mosquito-net drapery—thought it might be too "dressy." The greatest difficulty was in getting away. The steamship line that ran from Cività Vecchia to Sardinia wouldn't sell its own tickets—ashamed to, probably,—and "Monsieur Cook" parted with them like a man washing his hands of the entire affair. I found the Minister of Agriculture towards evening, after unrolling several bolts of red tape—not that he was in any one of them; he had a very handsome office, full of books, several of which he took down, and read fragments therefrom. I gathered that the wheat crop had failed in Sardinia, and that Tavolara was a barren waste. As to my hint of a possible self-government, "Non è vero, non è vero!" he exclaimed, and bowed me out stiffly, as though I had suggested it to him as a possible plan for our own aggrandizement.

The trip down to Cività Vecchia was hot and dusty, and the famous seaport from which the Roman legions sailed to conquer other lands, though picturesque in its filth, has probably changed a bit since then. I couldn't find the slightest resemblance between my sketch of the harbor and the famous painting by Turner, but I didn't attempt the sunset. It was quite after the great master's style—the sunset, I mean,—and the other passenger and I found ourselves forgetful of the excellent dinner as the glory of the dying rays streamed through the saloon port-holes. The other passenger was presumably deaf, but he need not have feared molestation. From the Minister of Agriculture on, the Tavolarian exploring expedition discovered for itself, alone, unaided, with a handful of Italian verbs in its head, quinine in its stomach, and a singleness of purpose in its heart.

It is a tedious business to retail my prosaic awakening in the very early morning as the *Enna* dropped anchor in the Golfo Aranci. I remember a steward shaking me into sensibility and haranguing me into my clothes, and I hated exploring from the bottom of my heart. From the dock there came the sound of the snuffing from an Italian locomotive,



A FISHERMAN'S HOME ON TAVOLARA

the tooting of horns, and the waving of lanterns. By the smoky light, I groped my way into a railway-carriage. "Pron-to," called the guards. "Partenza," cried the Capo di Stazione. We were off, the train and I.

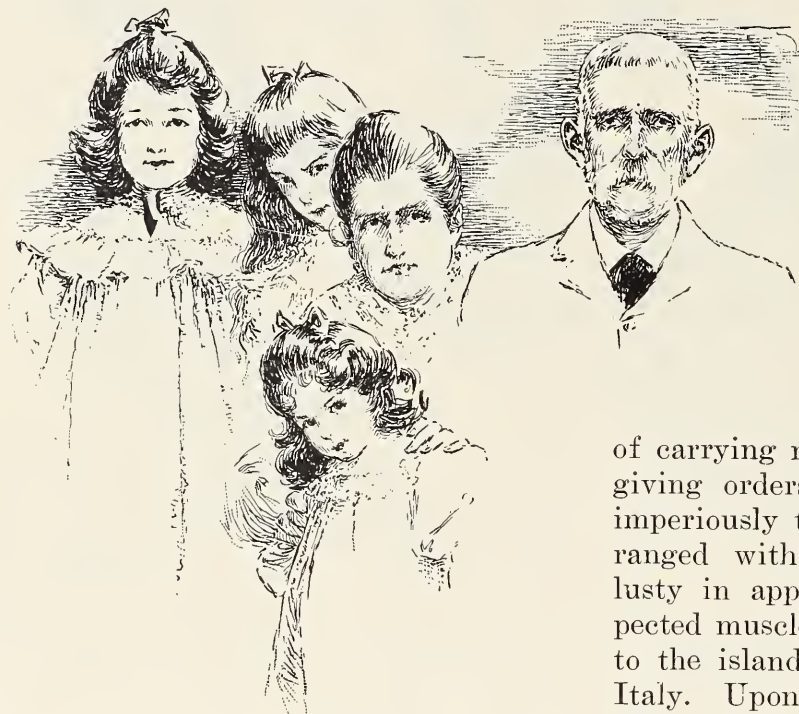
As soon as I realized my danger, I rummaged for my gauntlets and mask, put them on, and peered through the goggles, as we drew up at the next station, to see what was the prevailing mode among the Sardes. A foolish woman saw me and gave a scream, a man fell into the carriage and fell out again, making horns with his fingers to keep off the evil eye, and, attracted by the commotion, people came running up in all directions. I was so annoyed that I tore off my preventive in order to say a few things more clearly, but when I did so, order was immediately restored, and the crowd about the door edged away, laughing sheepishly. As none of them wore masks of any kind, I did not resume mine. Heaven knows I was never one to be conspicuous—malaria has

less horror for me. But all the same I kept that mask for Paris.

Then followed two hours, by train, of dull green and brown moorland, the only note of color except the red geraniums around the station platforms. I peered out, hoping to get a glimpse of the *noraghe*—the stone mounds scattered throughout Sardinia—that are supposed to have been temples to unknown gods, and which now serve excellently as cowsheds, but not so much as a dairy broke the dreariness of the scene. I thought of Cicero's speech in behalf of the Sarde poet Tigellinus. "I esteem it an advantage," he said, "that I am not pleading for a man more pestilential than his country." I felt uncertain, and like a child at a party seeking for a hidden article, and wondering whether he was "hot or cold." As the day brightened, I turned toward the bay and looked across the tranquil water, and as I looked, my heart gave a big, old-fashioned throb. I let down the glass hurriedly, thrust out my head, and strained my eyes.

There on the horizon, creeping up out of the sea like the great lion of Gibraltar, was an island! As the little train rattled into Terranova, I leaned far out of the window and called to the guard. "Conduttore," I cried, "quell' isola, il nome?"

"Tavolara, signore, con permesso."



THE KING AND THE ROYAL FAMILY OF TO-DAY

I thought the whole town had come down to meet me, but it turned out to be the deaf gentleman who had slipped into the last carriage. He was received with a salute by the soldiers and a stony stare by the populace. They reminded me of well and ill trained supers—indeed, the whole scene was like the setting of a play, with Tavolara painted on the back drop. Now to go behind the scenery!

Terranova was a miserable collection of aimless buildings, one of which was the hotel. Apparently the only guests were the hens, and they were everywhere except on the spit. They sat around me in a circle begging for food during my breakfast, quite unmolested by the landlord, and reminding me of a pack of feathered hounds.

Not counting the chickens, it is a very simple matter to establish a "following" in Sardinia. A following in the strict

sense of the word, not to be confused with those peoples who show a preference for individuals of the church and stage. At the first whisper of Tavolara, old men and maidens sprang up like magic, children raced before me, and ancient crones hobbled in the rear. Before I had reached the water's edge, I was ac-

costed, appropriated, and from that time exclusively controlled by a gentleman of fortune, who may be likened to a *valet de place* for want of a more vindictive epithet. There were no new, strange words in my red dictionary sufficiently insulting to drive him away, money was not a factor, he yearned for the privilege

of carrying my sketching outfit, and for giving orders, obsequiously to me, and imperiously to the "following." He arranged with two oarsmen, not at all lusty in appearance, but full of unsuspected muscle, to row us the seven miles to the island at an exorbitant rate—for Italy. Upon protesting, I found it was the only boat to be had, all other craft having been spirited away—to reappear in the evening for a share in the "hold-up." I ascribed this cunning to my *valet de place*, and with a despairing effort to leave him behind, pushed off from the dock as he flung in my paraphernalia. But he seized the tiller, clambered over the sides, and with a triumphant "Ecco!" settled down beside me. Something like a faint cheer came from the "following" on the wharf, and, "Buon viaggio," called a pretty girl, in a very mocking tone. "Where to?" asked a fisherman from his *barca*. "Tavolara," answered my crew, shamefacedly. "Ho, ho! they have a passenger for Tavolara; a good voyage to you," laughed the fisherman, and the guards on the lighthouse took up the cry.

But Tavolara was no longer a laughing matter, nor was it an affair of canvas and paint and stage illusion; three miles out, the naked eye could find no nook for a goat, much less a king. One mile nearer, and there appeared half-way up the precipitous cliff a dead city, with

an irregular sky-line of ruined castles and cathedral towers; nearer still, the city resolved itself into huge boulders and cleft rocks, with no sign of habitation or life. Suddenly our boat turned into a little cove; there was a sandy strip of beach, while zigzagging up from the water's edge was a line of low huts. And, more than this, on a long promontory extending into the water stood a white marble tombstone inscribed to *Paul I., Il Re di Tavolara. Morte trentesimo Marzo, 1887.*

All great men in all great moments are remembered for the simplicity of their remarks. "Let us have luncheon," said I, mindful of this, and walked in a week-kneed fashion to the grave. So it was true, after all! A newspaper squib was of more value than the chronicles in the Astor Library; the Italian authority and the Minister of Agriculture knew less of their native land than the American farmer who reads the *Daily Granger*; and I myself, who came as an iconoclast, would leave with a little altar in my heart, a rocky one, for the worship of Paul I.

"Mio padre, signore."

I turned, and beheld a well-built Italian, plainly of the peasant class, with a fragment of a lobster-pot over his left shoulder, and his right hand thrust into the bosom of his ragged shirt, after the manner of the old-time tragedian. Behind him stood my *valet de place* with an appreciative sense for the dramatic climax—we were back on the stage again, with every requirement for the situation save a chord of music. After a pause, occasioned by low bows, my valet announced that a collation of cold fried fish which we had brought from the hotel was served in the house of Carlo Bertoleoni, this illustrious son, who, with his



THE EXPEDITION ARRIVES ON THE ISLAND

family, deigned to share our meal. The manners of the Shah of Persia are probably no better, and the heir to the throne waxed voluble as the big chianti-bottle went its rounds.

"Yes, signore, it was in 1836 that King Charles Albert of Sardinia granted the sovereignty of this island to my father. We are of one kin in Tavolara, and my father was the head. The news of his kingdom spread all over the world, and it became the custom for the war-ships of other countries to salute him as they passed—the royal salute, signore. King Louis wrote, congratulating the new sovereign; distinguished gentlemen sought positions in his army and navy; and a company of famous bandits from Spain offered themselves as his household guard. Yes, he was greatly honored,

and he was a good king, but, more than that, he was a good man, and made fine lobster-pots."

His wife brought from under the bed a large box packed with letters from all parts of the globe, verifying his statements, though the one from "King Louis" could not be found. The family handled the missives with great care, but they were torn and yellow from much proud caressing. It was confusing. The tomb, the letters, the sincerity of the man, stood sponsors for truth, but the scene itself, the handful of people in their poor huts, the absence of any pretence of form, were in startling contradiction to the other evidence. Plainly I had not yet found the key to the situation, and my host, with his simple faith in what he was telling, was not the one to help me.

"And now, signore? There are not so many of us now—forty, perhaps, in all. I am, of course, the head, but not with the ambition of my father. We are content to abide by the rule of the good king of the mainland. Paul I. ever bore for Italy the kindest of feelings, and recognized its rulers as great men also. No, I do not care to be a king. It is enough for me to make as fine lobster-pots as did my father."

He led me through the tiny hamlet, but there was nothing to see beyond the line of huts. Ill-kempt women were at the hand-loom, and dull-eyed children, suffering from the results of intermarriage, played listlessly about. Our royal host had taken an "off-islander" to wife, and their girls were clean and intelligent. Most of the inhabitants fled from the camera as though it were the evil eye, but the scion of Paul I. and his family, after begging for a few moments' respite, appeared, garbed for the ordeal, in as fine a collection of store clothes as ever were exhibited in Terranova.

The royal Tavolarian navy, with their lobster catch at the bottom of their clumsy hulks, put into port as we were taking leave of the Bertoleoni. All through the day we had heard the sound of guns, and at the first report the Crown-Prince lifted his hand for silence and listened eagerly, then sighed and shook his head. "Continue, signore; it is not the royal salute." There were no signs

of gleaming cannon on the fishing-smacks of the Tavolarian navy, but the booming was explained as we swung out of the cove into the open. Drawn up in mighty, glistening array was the Mediterranean squadron of Britannia, with anchors dropped for the night, and the men moving easily about, resting from the day of target practice twenty miles away. Never did vessels seem more imposing or the country that they represented more powerful. I looked back. The royal family had climbed the promontory and were standing by the tomb of their father. It was pathetic, and it was perplexing.

The "following" met us at the wharf with their ranks swollen by four soldiers and a *comandante*, who, with serious faces, closed about me as I landed.

"Sir," said the *comandante*, "you are under arrest. Come with me."

An arrest in a strange country is no laughing matter; an arrest in Italy, where foreigners are allowed even unwarrantable liberties, is a very serious thing. I made no resistance, paid my boatmen, tipped and shook hands with my tearful *valet de place*, and stepped between the soldiers. "It may be only part of this queer play," I thought, wearily, "but if so, please the Lord, it's the last act." The inhabitants were on all sides of us, talking excitedly. I listened intently, caught the word of war-ships, Englishman, spy, and plans, and it came over my jaded senses that these idle people, lacking a house to rob, had vaguely connected me with the British fleet, and with possible designs upon Tavolara as a coaling-station. At least I could settle my identity. I stopped abruptly, the crowd closed in, the *comandante* looked inquiringly, and with a flourish I drew forth my passport and bowed low.

He understood no English, this officer, and he read it aloud with the accent of the Italian, the rest of Terranova joining in like a Greek chorus.

"Hair—blacka," quoth he, looking at my nose.

"Blacka," assented the crowd.

"Eyes—br-r-r-own," gazing doubtfully at my mouth.

"Br-r-r-own," murmured the chorus.

"Fa-che—oval." There was a dreadful pause.

"Oval," repeated the *comandante*, shaking his head.

"Oval," whispered the crowd, eyes straying uncertainly from head to foot. I was genuinely alarmed. Had my face grown fat, or was this uniformed idiot filled with the commendable desire of the villain to make as much of his part as possible? Would I catch the late boat back to Cività Vecchia—or would I spend the night in a dungeon? A voice reached us from the outskirts of the assembled multitude, the supers parted respectfully, and the deaf man—the other passenger—the high official of the morning salute, made his way to the footlights.

"What is all this?" he asked, in Italian.

"Il signore Inglese," began the cringing villain.

"No, no," I cried, desperately; "Americano."

The greater power snatched my passport and pointed out the seal of our blessed country to the self-important official.

"To be sure,Americano," he affirmed.

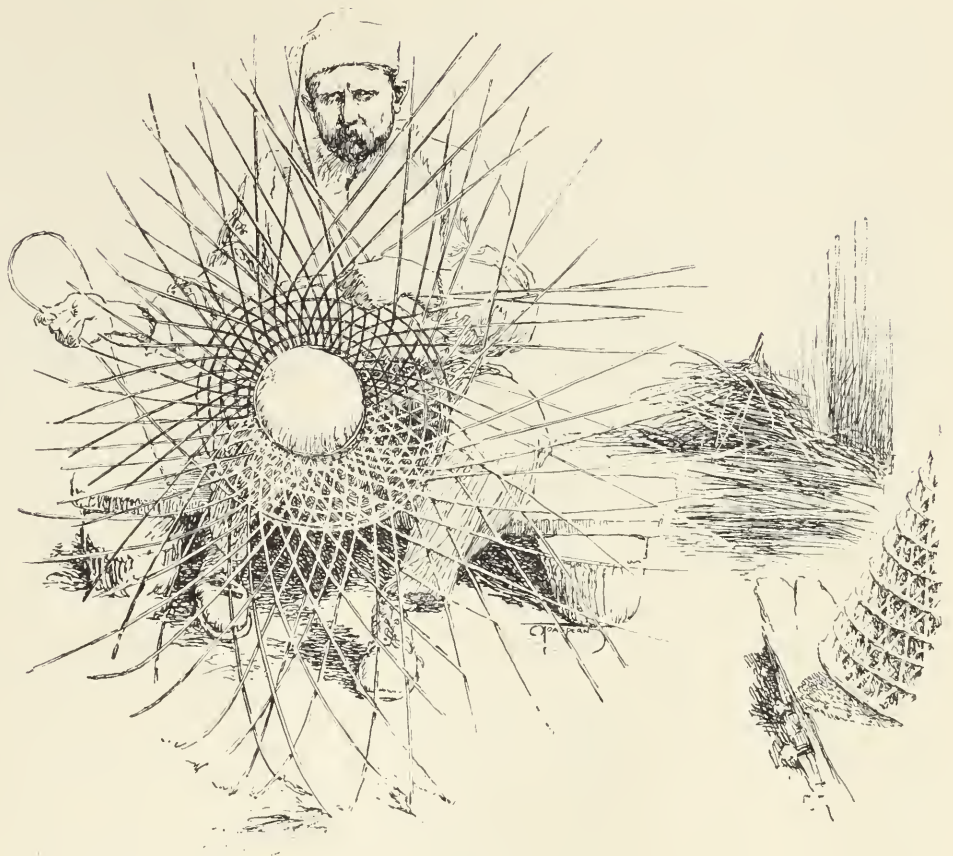
"Ah,Americano," faltered the little *comandante*.

"Oh,Americano," echoed the crowd, melting away.

"Thanks," shrieked I to the deaf gentleman, in his native tongue.

"Not at all," said the deaf official to me, in mine.

He was on the boat going back; he never stayed on his estate more than a



HE MADE FINE LOBSTER-POTS

day. He was a good fellow—not deaf at all—had to leave his bride in Albano, and was blue on the way over. After our late dinner in the saloon he unravelled the plot of the little farce that I've been mixed up in. The little comedy, I should rather say, with a touch of pathos running through it. It's all the fault of King Charles Albert, and proves that no monarch should have a keener sense of humor than his people. While visiting Terranova in 1836, Paul Bertoloni was presented to him as a representative of Tavolara. The peasant bowed his knee as a subject and rose a king, for the ruler was so amused to hear of his living on this worthless island surrounded by his kinsmen that he laughingly gave him its sovereignty. Paul I. took the matter very seriously, but the citizens of the globe found it rather droll. As the tale was noised about, it became the custom for warships to salute the island, and the powder of foreign countries was expended to keep up the joke. But he was a simple king, and a contented one; he went on making lobster-pots as best he could,

and when he died, asked that the monarchy would die with him. He never dreamed, nor have his people, that Paul I. was the world's fool.

"A republic now?" my rescuer finished. "Nonsense! All newspaper talk to make the story good. Not one of them would know a poll if he saw it. Exempt from taxation, perhaps, because there is nothing to tax beyond the lobsters, which you may be sure are levied on. Try

them some day at the Caffè Roma in the Corso. Beyond that export, it is a miserable land of rocks."

"And wild goats," I added, musingly.

The moon was shining as we came out on deck, lighting up the English fleet at anchor a few miles away. The cruisers made a splendid picture, with the silver flood for a foreground, while behind them, bigger than the rock of Gibraltar, rose Tavolara.

Hepaticas

BY MADISON CAWEIN

IN the frail hepaticas—
That the early Springtide tossed,
Sapphire-like, along the ways
Of the woodlands that she crossed—
I behold, with other eyes,
Footprints of a dream that flies.

One who leads me; whom I seek:
In whose loveliness there is
All the glamour that the Greek
Knew as wind-borne Artemis.
I am mortal. Woe 'is me!
Her sweet immortality!

Spirit, must I always fare,
Following thy averted looks?
Now thy white arm, now thy hair,
Glimpsed among the trees and brooks?
Thou who hauntest, whispering,
All the slopes and vales of Spring.

Cease to lure! or grant to me
All thy beauty! though it pain,
Slay with splendor utterly!
Flash revelation on my brain!
And one moment let me see
All thy immortality!

His Sister

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

“**B**UT you couldn’t see me leave, mother, anyway, unless I was there to go.”

It was characteristic of the girl adjusting her new travelling-hat before the dim little looking-glass that, while her heart was beating with excitement which was strangely like grief, she could give herself at once to her stepmother’s inquietude and turn it aside with a jest.

Mrs. Morgan, arrested in her anxious movement towards the door, stood for a moment taking in the reasonableness of Stella’s proposition, and then sank back to the edge of her chair. “The train gets here at two o’clock,” she argued, but with weakening protest.

Lindsay Cowart came into the room, his head bent over the satchel he had been mending. “You had better say good-by to Stella here at the house, mother,” he suggested; “there’s no use for you to walk down to the depot in the hot sun.” And then he noticed that his stepmother had on her bonnet with the veil to it—she had married since his father’s death and was again a widow,—and, in extreme disregard of the September heat, was dressed in the black worsted of a diagonal weave which she wore only on occasions which demanded some special tribute to their importance.

She began smoothing out on her knees the black gloves which, in her nervous haste to be going, she had been holding squeezed in a tight ball in her left hand. “I can get there, I reckon,” she answered with mild brevity, and as if the young man’s words had barely grazed her consciousness.

A moment later she went to the window and, with her back to Lindsay, poured the contents of a small leather purse into one hand and began to count them softly.

He looked up again. “I am going to pay for Stella’s ticket, mother. You must not do it,” he said.

She replaced the money immediately, but without impatience, and as acquiescing in his assumption of his sister’s future. “You have done so much already,” he apologized; but he knew that she was hurt, and chafed to feel that only the irrational thing on his part would have seemed to her the kind one.

Stella turned from the verdict of the dim looking-glass upon her appearance to that of her brother’s face. As she stood there in that moment of pause, she might have been the type of all innocent and budding life. The delicacy of floral bloom was in the fine texture of her skin, the purple of dewy violets in her soft eyes; and this new access of sadness, which was as yet hardly conscious of itself, had thrown over the natural gayety of her young girlhood something akin to the pathetic tenderness which veils the earth in the dawn of a summer morning.

He felt it to be so, but dimly; and, young himself and already strained by the exactions of personal desires, he answered only the look of inquiry in her face,—“Will the merchants here never learn any taste in dry-goods?”

Instantly he was sick with regret. Of what consequence was the too pronounced blue of her dress in comparison with the light of happiness in her dear face? How impossible for him to be here for even these few hours without running counter to some cherished illusion or dear habit of speech or manner.

“I tell you it’s time we were going,” Mrs. Morgan appealed, her anxiety returning.

“We have thirty-five minutes yet,” Lindsay said, looking at his watch; but he gathered up the bags and umbrellas and followed as she moved ponderously to the door.

Stella waited until they were out in the hall, and then looked around the room, a poignant tenderness in her eyes. There

was nothing congruous between its shabby walls and cheap worn furniture and her own beautiful young life; but the heart establishes its own relations, and tears rose suddenly to her eyes and fell in quick succession. Even so brief a farewell was broken in upon by her stepmother's call, and pressing her wet cheek for a moment against the discolored door-facing, she hurried out to join her.

Lindsay did not at first connect the unusual crowd in and around the little station with his sister's departure; but the young people at once formed a circle around her, into which one and another older person entered and retired again with about the same expressions of affectionate regret and good wishes. He had known them all so long! But, except for the growing up of the younger boys and girls during his five years of absence, they were to him still what they had been since he was a child, affecting him still with the old depressing sense of distance and dislike. The grammarless speech of the men, the black-rimmed nails of Stella's schoolmaster—a good classical scholar, but heedless as he was good-hearted,—jarred upon him, indeed, with the discomfort of a new experience. Upon his own slender, erect figure, clothed in poor but well-fitting garments, gentleman was written as plainly as in words, just as idealist was written on his forehead and the other features which thought had chiselled perhaps too finely for his years.

The brightness had come back to Stella's face, and he could not but feel grateful to the men who had left their shops and dingy little stores to bid her good-by, and to the placid, kindly-faced women ranged along the settees against the wall and conversing in low tones about how she would be missed; but the noisy flock of young people, who with their chorus of expostulations, assurances, and prophecies seemed to make her one of themselves, filled him with strong displeasure. He knew how foolish it would be for him to show it, but he could get no further in his effort at concealment than a cold silence which was itself significant enough. A tall youth with bold and handsome features and a pretty girl in a showy red muslin ignored him altogether, with a pride which really

quite overmatched his own; but the rest shrank back a little as he passed looking after the checks and tickets, either cutting short their sentences at his approach or missing the point of what they had to say. The train seemed to him long in coming.

His stepmother moved to the end of the settee and made a place for him at her side. "Lindsay," she said, under cover of the talk and laughter, and speaking with some difficulty, "I hope you will be able to carry out all your plans for yourself and Stella; but while you're making the money, she will have to make the friends. Don't you ever interfere with her doing it. From what little I have seen of the world, it's going to take both to carry you through."

His face flushed a little, but he recognized her faithfulness and did it honor. "That is true, mother," he answered, "and I will remember what you say. But I have some friends," he added, in enforced self-vindication, "in Vacluse if not here."

A whistle sounded up the road. She caught his hand with a swift accession of tenderness towards his youth. "You've done the best you could, Lindsay," she said. "I wish you well, my son, I wish you well." There were tears in her eyes.

George Morrow and the girl in red followed Stella into the car, not at all disconcerted at having to get off after the train was in motion. "Don't forget me, Stella," the girl called back. "Don't you ever forget Ida Brand!"

There was a waving of hands and handkerchiefs from the little station, aglare in the early afternoon sun. A few moments later the train had rounded a curve, shutting the meagre village from sight, and, to Lindsay Cowart's thought, shutting it into a remote past as well.

He arose and began rearranging their luggage. "Do you want these?" he inquired, holding up a bouquet of dahlias, scarlet sage, and purple petunias, and thinking of only one answer as possible.

"I will take them," she said, as he stood waiting her formal consent to drop them from the car window. Her voice was quite as usual, but something in her face suggested to him that this going away from her childhood's home might be a different thing to her from what he had

conceived it to be. He caught the touch of tender vindication in her manner as she untied the cheap red ribbon which held the flowers together and rearranged them into two bunches so that the jarring colors might no longer offend, and felt that the really natural thing for her to do was to weep, and that she only restrained her tears for his sake. Sixteen was so young! His heart grew warm and brotherly towards her youth and inexperience; but, after all, how infinitely better that she should have cause for this passing sorrow.

He left her alone, but not for long. He was eager to talk with her of the plans about which he had been writing her the two years since he himself had been a student at Vaucluse, of the future which they should achieve together. It seemed to him only necessary for him to show her his point of view to have her adopt it as her own; and he believed, building on her buoyancy and responsiveness of disposition, that nothing he might propose would be beyond the scope of her courage.

"It may be a little lonely for you at first," he told her. "There are only a handful of women students at the college, and all of them much older than you; but it is your studies at last that are the really important thing, and I will help you with them all I can. Mrs. Bancroft will have no other lodgers and there will be nothing to interrupt our work."

"And the money, Lindsay?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"What I have will carry us through this year. Next summer we can teach and make almost enough for the year after. The trustees are planning to establish a fellowship in Greek, and if they do and I can secure it—and Professor Wayland thinks I can,—that will make us safe the next two years until you are through."

"And then?"

He straightened up buoyantly. "Then your two years at Vassar and mine at Harvard, with some teaching thrown in along the way, of course. And then Europe—Greece—all the great things!"

She smiled with him in his enthusiasm. "You are used to such bold thoughts. It is too high a flight for me all at once."

"It will not be, a year from now," he declared, confidently.

A silence fell between them, and the noise of the train made a pleasant accompaniment to his thoughts as he sketched in detail the work of the coming months. But always as a background to his hopes was that honorable social position which he meant eventually to achieve, the passion for which was a part of his Southern inheritance. Little as he had yet participated in any interests outside his daily tasks, he had perceived in the old college town its deeply grained traditions of birth and custom, perceived and respected them, and discounted the more their absence in the sorry village he had left. Sometime when he should assail it, the exclusiveness of his new environment might beat him back cruelly, but thus far it existed for him only as a barrier to what was ultimately precious and desirable. One day the gates would open at his touch, and he and the sister of his heart should enter their rightful heritage.

The afternoon waned. He pointed outside the car window. "See how different all this is from the part of the State which we have left," he said. "The landscape is still rural, but what mellowness it has; because it has been enriched by a larger, more generous human life. One can imagine what this whole section must have been in those old days, before the coming of war and desolation. And Vaucluse was the flower, the centre of it all!" His eye kindled. "Some day external prosperity will return, and then Vaucluse and her ideals will be needed more than ever; it is she who must hold in check the commercial spirit, and dominate, as she has always done, the material with the intellectual." There was a noble emotion in his face, reflecting itself in the younger countenance beside his own. Poor, young, unknown, their hearts thrilled with pride in their State, with the possibility that they also should give to her of their best when the opportunity should be theirs.

"It is a wonderful old town," Lindsay went on again. "Even Wayland says so,—our Greek professor, you know." His voice thrilled with the devotion of the hero-worshipper as he spoke the name. "He is a Harvard man, and has seen the

best of everything, and even he has felt the charm of the place; he told me so. You will feel it, too. It is just as if the little town and the college together had preserved in amber all that was finest in our Southern life. And now to think you and I are to share in all its riches!"

His early consecration to such a purpose, the toil and sacrifice by which it had been achieved, came movingly before her; yet, mingled with her pride in him, something within her pleaded for the things which he rated so low. "It used to be hard for you at home, Lindsay," she said, softly.

"Yes, it was hard." His face flushed. "I never really lived till I left there. I was like an animal caught in a net, like a man struggling for air. You can't know what it is to me now to be with people who are thinking of something else than of how to make a few dollars in a miserable country store."

"But they were good people in Bowersville, Lindsay," she urged, with gentle loyalty.

"I am sure they were, if you say so," he agreed. "But at any rate we are done with it all now." He laid his hand over hers: "At last I am going to take you into our own dear world."

It was, after all, a very small world as to its actual dimensions, but to the brother it had the largeness of opportunity, and to Stella it seemed infinitely complex. She found security at first only in following minutely the programme which Lindsay had laid out for her. It was his own as well, and simple enough. Study was the supreme thing; exercise came in as a necessity, pleasure only as the rarest incident. She took all things cheerfully, after her nature, but after two or three months the color began to go from her cheeks, the elasticity from her step; nor was her class standing, though creditable, quite what her brother had expected it to be.

Wayland detained him one day in his class-room. "Do you think your sister is quite happy here, Cowart?" he asked.

The boy thrilled, as he always did at any special evidence of interest from such a source, but he had never put this particular question to himself and had no reply at hand.

"I have never thought this absolute

surrender to books the wisest thing for you," Wayland went on; "but for your sister it is impossible. She was formed for companionship, for happiness, not for the isolation of the scholar. Why did you not put her into one of the girls' schools of the State, where she would have had associations more suited to her years?" he asked, bluntly.

Lindsay could scarcely believe that he was listening to the young professor whose scholarly attainments seemed to him the sum of what was most desirable in life. "Our girls' colleges are very superficial," he answered; "and even if they were not, she could get no Greek in any of them."

"My dear boy," Wayland said, "the amount of Greek which your sister knows or doesn't know will always be a very unimportant matter; she has things that are so infinitely more valuable to give to the world. And deserves so much better things for herself," he added, drawing together his texts for the next recitation.

Lindsay returned to Mrs. Bancroft's quiet, old-fashioned house in a sort of daze. "Stella," he said, "do you think you enter enough into the social side of our college life?"

"No," she answered. "But I think neither of us does."

"Well, leave me out of the count. If I get through my Junior year as I ought, I am obliged to grind; and when there is any time left, I feel that I must have it for reading in the library. But it needn't be so with you. Didn't an invitation come to you for the reception Friday evening?"

Her face grew wistful. "I don't care to go to things, Lindsay, unless you will go with me," she said.

Nevertheless, he had his way, and when once she made it possible, opportunities for social pleasures poured in upon her. As Wayland had said, she was formed for friendship, for joy; and that which was her own came to her unsought. She was by nature too simple and sweet to be spoiled by the attention she received; the danger perhaps was the less because she missed in it all the comradeship of her brother, without which in her eyes the best things lost something of their charm. It was not merely personal ambition which kept him at his books; the

passion of the scholar was upon him and made him count all moments lost that were spent away from them. Sometimes Stella sought him as he pored over them alone, and putting her arm shyly about him, would beg that he would go with her for a walk, or a ride on the river; but almost always his answer was the same: "I am so busy, Stella dear; if you knew how much I have to do you would not even ask me."

There was one interruption, indeed, which the young student never refused. Sometimes their Greek professor dropped in at Mrs. Bancroft's to bring or to ask for a book; sometimes, with the lovely coming of the spring, he would join them as they were leaving the college grounds, and lead them away into some of the woodland walks, rich in wild flowers, that environed the little town. Such hours seemed to both brother and sister to have a flavor, a brightness, quite beyond what ordinary life could give. Wayland, too, must have found in them his own share of pleasure, for he made them more frequent as the months went by.

It was in the early spring of her second year at Vacluse that the accident occurred. The poor lad who had taken her out in the boat was almost beside himself with grief and remorse.

"We had enjoyed the afternoon so much," he said, trying to tell how it had happened. "I thought I had never seen her so happy, so gay,—but you know she was that always. It was nearly sunset, and I remember how she spoke of the light as we saw it through the open spaces of the woods and as it slanted across the water. Farther down the river the yellow jasmine was beginning to open. A beech-tree that leaned out over the water was hung with it. She wanted some, and I guided the boat under the branches. I meant to get it for her myself, but she was reaching up after it almost before I knew it. The bough that had the finest blossoms on it was just beyond her reach, and while I steadied the boat, she pulled it towards her by one of the vines hanging from it. She must have put too much weight on it—

"It all happened so quickly. I called to her to be careful, but while I was say-

ing the words the vine snapped and she fell back with such force that the boat tipped, and in a second we were both in the water. I knew I could not swim, but I hoped that the water so near the bank would be shallow; and it was, but there was a deep hole under the roots of the tree."

He could get no further. Poor lad! the wonder was that he had not been drowned himself. A negro ploughing in the field near by saw the accident and ran to his help, catching him as he was sinking for the third time. Stella never rose after she went down; her clothing had been entangled in the roots of the beech.

Sorrow for the young life cut off so untimely was deep and universal, and sought to manifest itself in tender ministrations to the brother so cruelly bereaved. But Lindsay shrank from all offices of sympathy, and except for seeking now and then Wayland's silent companionship, bore his grief alone.

The college was too poor to establish the fellowship in Greek, but the adjunct professor in mathematics resigned, and young Cowart was elected to his place, with the proviso that he give two months further study to the subject in the summer school of some university. Wayland decided which by taking him back with him to Cambridge, where he showed the boy an admirable friendship.

Lindsay applied himself to his special studies with the utmost diligence. It was impossible, moreover, that his new surroundings should not appeal to his tastes in many directions; but in spite of his response to these larger opportunities, his friend discerned that the wound which the young man kept so carefully hidden had not, after all these weeks, begun even slightly to heal.

Late on an August night, impelled as he often was to share the solitude which Lindsay affected, he sought him at his lodgings, and not finding him, followed what he knew was a favorite walk with the boy, and came upon him half hidden under the shadows of an elm in the woods that skirted Mount Auburn. "I thought you might be here," he said, taking the place that Lindsay made for him on the seat. Many words were never necessary between them.

The moon was full and the sky cloud-

less, and for some time they sat in silence, yielding to the tranquil loveliness of the scene and to that inner experience of the soul brooding over each, and more inscrutable than the fathomless vault above them.

"I suppose we shall never get used to a midnight that is still and at the same time lustrous, as this is to-night," Wayland said. "The sense of its uniqueness is as fresh whenever it is spread before us as if we had never seen it before."

It was but a part of what he meant. He was thinking how sorrow, the wide sense of personal loss, was in some way like the pervasiveness, the voiceless speech, of this shadowed radiance around them.

He drew a little nearer the relaxed and slender figure beside his own. "It is of *her* you are thinking, Lindsay," he said, gently, and mentioning for the first time the young man's loss. "All that you see seems saturated with her memory. I think it will always be so—scenes of exceptional beauty, moments of high emotion, will always bring her back."

The boy's response came with difficulty: "Perhaps so. I do not know. I think the thought of her is always with me."

"If so, it should be for strength, for comfort," his friend pleaded. "She herself brought only gladness wherever she came."

There was something unusual in his voice, something that for a moment raised a vague questioning in Lindsay's mind; but absorbed as he was in his own sadness, it eluded his feeble inquiry. To what Wayland had said he could make no reply.

"Perhaps it is the apparent waste of a life so beautiful that seems to you so intolerable—" He felt the strong man's impulse to arrest an irrational grief, and groped for the assurance he desired. "Yet, Lindsay, we know things are not wasted; not in the natural world, not in the world of the spirit." But on the last words his voice lapsed miserably, and he half rose to go.

Lindsay caught his arm and drew him back. "Don't go yet," he said, brokenly. "I know you think it would help me if I would talk about—Stella; if I should tell it all out to you. I thank you for being willing to listen. Perhaps it will help me."

He paused, seeking for some words in which to express the sense of poverty which scourged him. Of all who had loved his sister, he himself was left poorest! Others had taken freely of her friendship, had delighted themselves in her face, her words, her smile, had all these things for memories. He had been separated from her, in part by the hard conditions of their youth, and at the last, when they had been together, by his own will. Oh, what had been her inner life during these last two years, when it had gone on beside his own, while he was too busy to attend?

But the self-reproach was too bitter for utterance to even the kindest of friends. "I thought I could tell you," he said at last, "but I can't. Oh, Professor Wayland," he cried, "there is an element in my grief that is peculiar to itself, that no one else in sorrow ever had!"

"I think every mourner on earth would say that, Lindsay." Again the younger man discerned the approach of a mystery, but again he left it unchallenged, and it passed from his thought.

The professor rose to his feet. "Good night," he said; "unless you will go back with me. Even with such moonlight as this, one must sleep." He had dropped to that kind level of the commonplace by which we spare ourselves and one another.

"Where the love light never, never dies."

The boy's voice ringing out blithely through the drip and dampness of the winter evening marked his winding route across the college grounds. Lindsay Cowart, busy at his study table, listened without definite effort and placed the singer as the lad newly come from the country. He could have identified any other of the Vacluse students by connections as slight—Marchman by his whistling, tender, elusive sounds, flute notes sublimated, heard only when the night was late and the campus still; others by tricks of voice, fragments of laughter, by their footfalls, even, on the narrow brick walk below his study window. Such the easy proficiency of affection.

Attention to the lad's singing suddenly was lifted above the subconscious. The simple melody had entangled itself in

some forgotten association of the professor's boyhood, seeking to marshal which before him, he received the full force of the single line sung in direct ear-shot. Like the tune, the words also became a challenge; pricked through the unregarded heaviness in which he was plying his familiar task, and demanded that he should name its cause.

For him the love light of his marriage had been dead so long! No, not dead; nothing so dignified, so tragic. Burnt down, smoldered; suffocated by the hateful dust of the commonplace. There was a touch of contempt in the effort with which he dismissed the matter from his mind and turned back to his work. And yet, he stopped a moment longer to think, for him life without the light of love fell so far below its best achievement!

The front of his desk was covered with the papers in mathematics over which he had spent his evenings for more than a week. Most of them had been corrected and graded, with the somewhat full comment or elucidation here and there which had made his progress slow. He examined a half-dozen more, and then in sheer mental revolt against the subject, slipped them under the rubber bands with others of their kind and dropped the neat packages out of his sight into one of the drawers of the desk. Wayland's book on Greece, the fruit of eighteen months' sojourn there, had come through the mail on the same day when the calculus papers had been handed in, and he had read it through at once, not to be teased intolerably by its invitation. He had mastered the text, avid through the long winter night, but he picked it up again now, and for a little while studied the sumptuous illustrations. How long Wayland had been away from Vacluse, how much of enrichment had come to him in the years since he had left! He himself might have gone also, to larger opportunities—he had chosen to remain, held by a sentiment! The professor closed the book with a little sigh, and taking it to a small shelf on the opposite side of the room, stood it with a half-dozen others worthy of such association.

Returning, he got together before him the few Greek authors habitually in hand's reach, whether handled or not, and from a compartment of his desk took out

several sheets of manuscript, metrical translations from favorite passages in the tragedists or the short poems of the Anthology. Like the rest of the Vacluse professors—a mere handful they were,—he was straitened by the hard exactions of class-room work, and the book which he hoped sometime to publish grew slowly. How far he was in actual miles from the men who were getting their thoughts into print, how much farther in environment! Things which to them were the commonplaces of a scholar's life were to him impossible luxuries; few even of their books found their way to his shelves. At least the original sources of inspiration were his, and sometimes he felt that his verses were not without spirit, flavor.

He took up a little volume of Theocritus, which opened easily at the Seventh Idyl, and began to read aloud. Half-way through the poem the door opened and his wife entered. He did not immediately adjust himself to the interruption, and she remained standing a few moments in the centre of the room.

"Thank you; I believe I will be seated," she said, the sarcasm in her words carefully excluded from her voice.

He wondered that she should find interest in so sorry a game. "I thought you felt enough at home in here to sit down without being asked," he said, rising, and trying to speak lightly.

She took the rocking-chair he brought for her and leaned back in it without speaking. Her maroon-colored evening gown suggested that whoever planned it had been somewhat straitened by economy, but it did well by her rich complexion and creditable figure. Her features were creditable too, the dark hair a little too heavy, perhaps, and the expression, defined as it is apt to be when one is thirty-five, not wholly satisfying. In truth, the countenance, like the gown, suffered a little from economy, a sparseness of the things one loves best in a woman's face. Half the sensitiveness belonging to her husband's eyes and mouth would have made her beautiful.

"It is a pity the Barkers have such a bad night for their party," Cowart said.

"The reception is at the Fieldings';" and again he felt himself rebuked.

"I'm afraid I didn't think much about the matter after you told me the Dilling-

hams were coming by for you in their carriage. Fortunately neither family holds us college people to very strict social account."

"They have their virtues, even if they are so vulgar as to be rich."

"Why, I believe I had just been thinking, before you came in, that it is only the rich who have any virtues at all." He managed to speak genially, but the consciousness that she was waiting for him to make conversation, as she had waited for the chair, stiffened upon him like frost.

He cast about for something to say, but the one interest which he would have preferred to keep to himself was all that presented itself to his grasp. "I have often thought," he suggested, "that if only we were in sight of the Gulf, our landscape in early summer might not be very unlike that of ancient Greece." She looked at him a little blankly, and he drew one of his books nearer and began turning its leaves.

"I thought you were correcting your mathematics papers."

"I am, or have been; but I am reading Theocritus, too."

"Well, I don't see anything in a day like this to make anybody think of summer. The dampness goes to your very marrow."

"It isn't the day; it's the poetry. That's the good of there being poetry."

She skipped his parenthesis. "And you keep this room as cold as a vault." Not faultfinding, but a somewhat irritating concern for his comfort was in the complaint.

She went to the hearth and in her efficient way shook down the ashes from the grate and heaped it with coal. A cabinet photograph of a girl in her early teens, which had the appearance of having just been put there, was supported against a slender glass vase. Mrs. Cowart took it up and examined it critically. "I don't think this picture does Arnoldina justice," she said. "One of the eyes seems to droop a little, and the mouth looks sad. Arnoldina never did look sad."

They were on common ground now, and he could speak without constraint. "I hadn't observed that it looked sad. She seems somehow to have got a good deal older since September."

"She is maturing, of course." All a mother's pride and approbation were in the reserve of the speech. To have put more definitely her estimate of the sweet young face would have been a clumsy thing in comparison.

Lindsay's countenance lighted up. He arose, and standing by his wife, looked over her shoulder as she held the photograph to the light. "Do you know, Gertrude," he said, "there is something in her face that reminds me of Stella?"

"I don't know that I see it," she answered, indifferently, replacing the photograph and returning to her chair. The purpose which had brought her to the room rose to her face. "I stopped at the warehouse this afternoon," she said, "and had a talk with father. Jamieson really goes to Mobile—the first of next month. The place is open to you if you want it."

"But, Gertrude, how should I possibly want it?" he expostulated.

"You would be a member of the firm, and on easy conditions. You might as well be making money as the rest of them."

He offered no comment.

"It is not now like it was when you were made professor. The town has become a commercial centre and its educational interests have declined. The professors will always have their social position, of course, but they cannot hope for anything more."

"It is not merely Vacluse, but the South, that is passing into this phase. But economic independence has become a necessity. When once it is achieved, our people will turn to higher things."

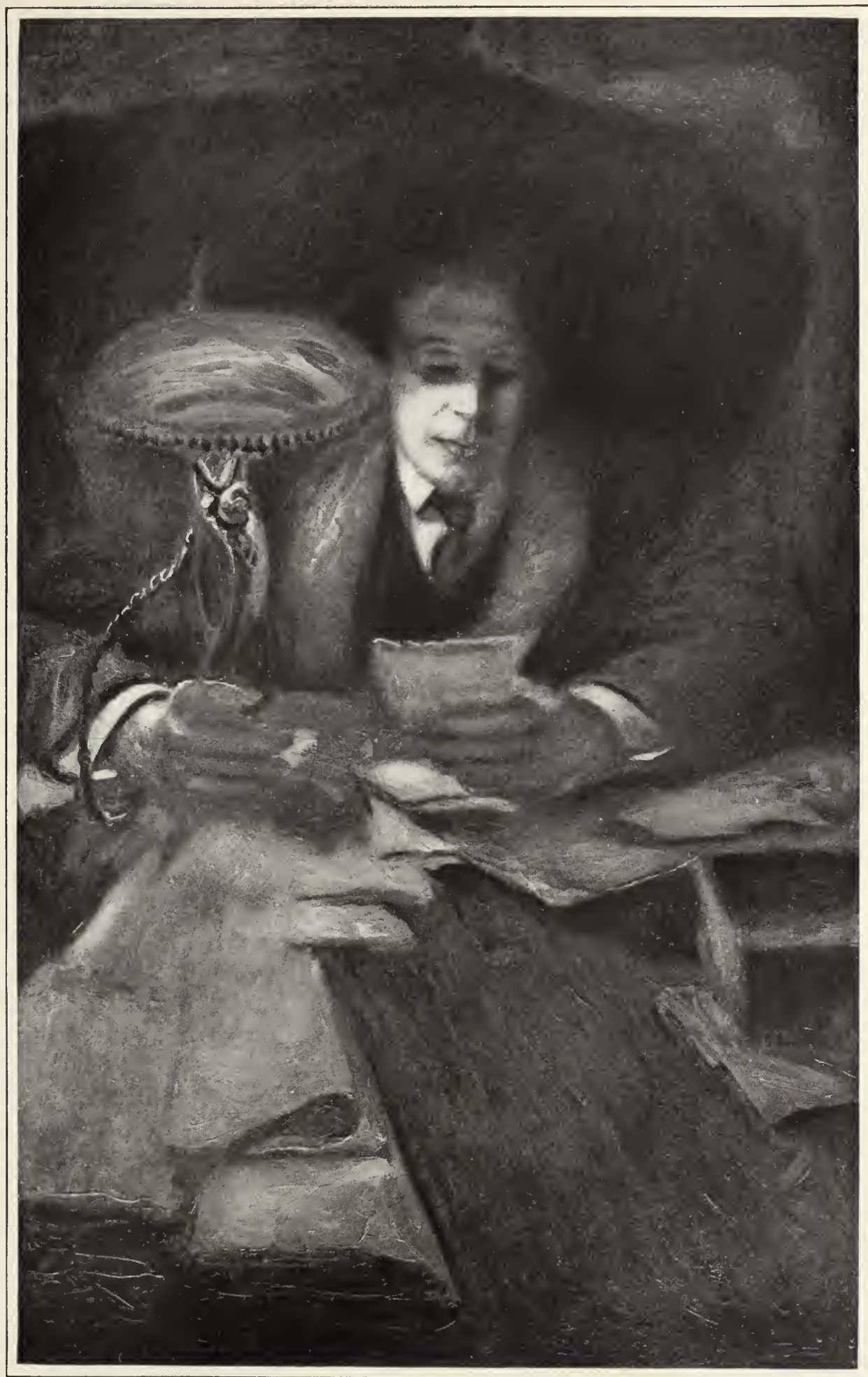
"Not soon enough to benefit you and me."

"Probably not."

"Then why waste your talents on the college, when the best years of your life are still before you?"

"I am not teaching for money, Gertrude." He hated putting into the bald phrase his consecration to his ideals for the young men of his State; he hated putting it into words at all; but something in his voice told her that the argument was finished.

There was a sound of carriage wheels on the drive. He arose and began to assist her with her wraps. "It is too bad for you to be dependent on even such



HIS YOUTH AND HERS, IN THE COUNTRY VILLAGE, ROSE BEFORE HIM

nice escorts as the Dillinghams are," he solaced, recovering himself. "We college folk are a sorry lot."

But when she was gone, the mood for composition which an hour before had seemed so near had escaped him, and he put away his books and manuscript, standing for a while, a little chilled in mind and body, before the grate and looking at the photograph on the mantel. While he did so the haunting likeness he had seen grew more distinct and by degrees another face overspread that of his young daughter, the face of the sister he had loved and lost.

With a sudden impulse he crossed the room to an old-fashioned mahogany secretary, opened its slanting lid, and unlocking with some difficulty a small inner drawer, returned with it to his desk. Several packages of letters tied with faded ribbon filled the small receptacle, but they struck upon him with the strangeness of something utterly forgotten. The pieces of ribbon had once held for him each its own association of time or place; now he could only remember, looking down upon them with tender gaze, that they had been Stella's, worn in her hair, or at her throat or waist. Simple and inexpensive he saw they were. Arnoldina would not have looked at them.

Overcoming something of reluctance, he took one of the packages from its place. It contained the letters he had found in her writing-table after her death, most of them written after she had come to Vacluse by her stepmother and the friends she had left in the village. He knew there was nothing in any of them she would have withheld from him; in reading them he was merely taking back something from the vanished years which, if not looked at now, would perish utterly from earth. How affecting they were—these utterances of true and humble hearts, written to one equally true and good! His youth and hers in the remote country village rose before him; not now, as once, pinched and narrow, but as salutary, even gracious. He could but feel how changed his standards had become since then, how different his measure of the great and the small of life.

Suddenly, as he was thus borne back into the past, the old sorrow sprang upon him, and he bowed before it. The old bit-

ter cry which he had been able to utter to no human consoler swept once more to his lips: "Oh, Stella, Stella, you died before I really knew you; your brother, who should have known and loved you best! And now it is too late, too late."

He sent out as of old his voiceless call to one afar off, in some land where her whiteness, her budding soul, had found their rightful place; but even as he did so, his thought of her seemed to be growing clearer. From that far, revered, but unimagined sphere she was coming back to the range of his apprehension, to comradeship in the life which they once had shared together.

He trembled with the hope of a fuller attainment, lifting his bowed head and taking another package of the letters from their place. Her letters! He had begged them of her friends in his desperate sense of ignorance, his longing to make good something of all that he had lost in those last two years of her life. What an innocent life it was that was spread before him; and how young,—oh, how young! And it was a happy life. He was astonished, after all his self-reproach, to realize how happy; to find himself smiling with her in some girlish drollery such as used to come so readily to her lips. He could detect, too, how the note of gladness, how her whole life, indeed, had grown richer in the larger existence of Vacluse. At last he could be comforted that, however it had ended, it was he who had made it hers.

He had been reading eagerly, too eagerly, and under the pressure of emotion was constrained to rise and walk the floor, sinking at last into his armchair and gazing with unseeing eyes upon the ruddy coals in the grate. That lovely life, which he had thought could never in its completeness be his, was rebuilt before his vision from the materials which she herself had left. What he had believed to be loss, bitter, unspeakable even to himself, had in these few hours of the night become wealth.

His quickened thought moved on from plane to plane. He scanned the present conditions of his life, and saw with clarified vision how good they were. What it was given him to do for his students, at least what he was trying to do for them; the preciousness of their regard; the long

friendship with his colleagues; the associations with the little community in which his lot was cast, limited in some directions as they might be; the fair demesne of Greek literature in which his feet were so much at home; his own literary gift, even if a slender one; his dear, dear child.

And Gertrude? Under the invigoration of his mood a situation which had long seemed unamenable to change resolved itself into new and simpler proportions. The worthier aspects of his home life, the finer traits of his wife's character, stood before him as proofs of what might yet be. His memory had kept no record of the fact that when in the first year of his youthful sorrow, sick for comfort and believing her all tenderness, he had married her, to find her impatient of his grief, nor of the many times since when she had appeared almost wilfully blind to his ideals and purposes. His judgment held only this, that she had never understood him. For this he had seldom blamed her; but to-night he blamed himself. Instead of shrinking away sensitively, keeping the vital part of his life to himself and making what he could of it alone, he should have set himself steadily to create a place for it in her understanding and sympathy. Was not a perfect married love worth the minor sacrifices as well as the supreme surrender from which he believed that neither of them would have shrunk?

He returned to his desk and began to rearrange the contents of the little drawer. Among them was a small sandalwood box which had been their mother's, and which Stella had prized with special fondness. He had never opened it since her death, but as he lifted it now the frail clasp gave way, the lid fell back, and the contents slipped upon the desk. They were few: a ring, a thin gold locket containing the miniatures of their father and mother, a small tintype of himself taken when he first left home, and two or three notes addressed in a handwriting which he recognized as Wayland's. He replaced them with reverent touch, turning away even in thought from what he had never meant to see.

By and by he heard in the distance the roll of carriages returning from the Fieldings' reception. He replenished the fire generously, found a long cloak in the closet at the end of the hall, and waited the sound of wheels before his own door. "The rain has grown heavier," he said, drawing the cloak around his wife as she descended from the carriage. Something in his manner seemed as distinctly to envelop her. He brought her into the study and seated her before the fire. She had expected to find the house silent; the glow and warmth of the room were grateful to her after the chill and darkness outside, her husband's presence after that vague sense of futility which already the evening's gayety had left upon her.

"I suppose I ought to tell you about the party," she said, a little wearily; "but if you don't mind, I will wait till breakfast. Everybody was there, of course, and it was all very fine, as we all knew it would be. I hope you've enjoyed your Latin poets more."

"They are Greek, dear," he said. "I have been making translations from some of them now and then. Some day we will take a day off and then I'll read them to you. But neither the party nor the poets to-night. See, it is almost two o'clock."

"I knew it must be late." She looked at him curiously. "But you look as fresh as a child that has just waked from sleep."

"Perhaps I have just waked," he agreed.

They rose to go up-stairs. "I will go in front," she said, "and make a light in our room while you turn off the gas in the hall."

He paused for a moment after she had gone out and turned to a page in the Greek Anthology for a single stanza. Shelley's translation was written in pencil beside it:

Thou wert the morning star among the living.

Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving

New splendor to the dead.

Some Greek Anticipations of Modern Science

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, LL.D.

IN the world of thought, whatever is is Greek. Such at least has been the popular verdict of many generations of enthusiastic commentators. Before the Greeks, chaos of ideas; with the Greeks, creation; after the Greeks, decay and degeneration, or at best rediscovery along Greek lines. We are told that the Greeks first conceived the idea that the world is round; they first reached the conception that the sun, and not the world, is the centre of our planetary system; they first imagined a non-anthropomorphic deity; they first thought of the world as made up of particles of matter; they first investigated the processes of mind itself; they first conceived of the brotherhood of man and gave that thought expression in an attempt at democratic government. They did many inconsistent things as well, but these do not greatly concern us here; no progressive movement ever starts exactly on the right lines at first. Still, we shall best appreciate the real progress of the Greek if we take account also of some of his false steps. We shall see that upon the whole his progressive march carried him far toward the truth; so far, indeed, that after he was forced to leave the field no successor was able to push much beyond the outposts of Greek thought for a thousand years. That being true, the enthusiasm with which commentators have all along regarded the Greek is surely justified.

If it be urged that the resuscitated history of the old Orient brings to light curious anticipations of Greek civilization, it may be urged with no less validity that the Greek departure from the Oriental models amounts in many directions to re-creation rather than mere evolution. Plato made a modest estimate when he said, "Whatever we Greeks receive from the barbarians we improve and perfect."

He might almost have said, "Whatever we receive we transform, metamorphose, and re-create." Let us witness some phases of these transformations of thought.

First of all, of course, we have to do with the problems of world-building,—the mechanism of the universe. As to this, the earliest Greek ideas were crude enough,—a mere reflex of Oriental thought. But the Greeks soon began to think for themselves. Thales and Anaximander and Anaximenes and Hecataeus at the eastern borders of the Greek world, and Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles out in Italy, felt the vivifying influence of racial mixings and were stirred with the promptings of creative enthusiasm. The Milesians did not get very far. Theirs was a first effort for the infant mind of Hellas. "The world is a flat disc floating on the great abyss of primordial waters," guessed Thales. That is merely the Oriental idea transplanted; such had been the explanation of the Babylonians. "The primordial element is air, not water," said Anaximenes. "The earth," said Anaximander, "rests not upon water but upon a conic base." "Not so," asserted the Italic Greeks with Pythagoras and Parmenides at their head; "the world is no disc, no truncated cone; it is a sphere; a sphere whirling in a circular orbit about a central fire. All this universe is a sequence of circles."

That was the sure beginning. When Anaxagoras, the teacher and friend of Pericles and Euripides, had explained the phases of the moon and the true nature of eclipses, and Aristotle had given his verdict for the theory, the sphericity of the earth became stock doctrine of Greek thought. Archimedes out in Sicily, when

he will compute the number of sand grains that would fill the sun's seeming orbit, assumes as a matter of course that the earth is globular. Strabo, writing about the beginning of our era, criticises his great predecessor, Eratosthenes, for wasting argument upon such a subject. He takes it for granted that the earth is round, and that no other theory as to its shape can for a moment be considered.

That was the first great step, but there remained a harder one. Though the earth is a ball, it does not follow that this ball is not the centre of the universe. Indeed the contrary assumption is quite the natural and seemingly obvious one. To all ordinary observation our earth seems a vast immovable mass, and the sun and moon and stars appear as minor satellites circling about it. So far as we know, there was never an Oriental astronomer who questioned that such was really the fact. Yet the early Pythagoreans, possibly Pythagoras himself, were led to the strange conclusion that our seemingly stable earth is really in motion. The full argument that led them to this conclusion cannot now be followed. It appears that it was in part, perhaps largely, metaphysical rather than inductive. The Pythagoreans had the idea that ten is a sacred number, somewhat as the Babylonians before them had ascribed sacredness to the number seven. But since, counting the stars as a single series, there were only nine series of sidereal bodies, including the earth and the sun, they made up the deficit in true metaphysical fashion by inventing a "counter-earth," which was supposed to revolve in such a way as never to be visible from the inhabitable side of our globe. There was, however, an additional reason for assuming the existence of the counter-earth,—this time not a metaphysical reason. It seemed to the astronomer of the period that the shadows that produce eclipses could not be cast always by our earth, and the counter-earth could of course do service as a substitute. But these assumptions as to the counter-earth were coupled with another assumption which was perhaps their necessary counterpart,—the assumption, namely, that earth and counter-earth alike revolve about a common centre, this centre being a great mass of fire, which, like the counter-earth, is never vis-

ible from the habitable side of our globe. It came to be conceived by the Pythagorean Philolaus that the sun is merely a mirror reflecting light from this great central fire. The Anaxagorean theory that the moon shines merely by light reflected by the sun gave support through analogy to this idea that the sun itself is, as indeed it seems, merely a higher-polished disc like a burning-glass.

These obviously were steps away from the paths of tradition, but they were not all steps in the right direction. But while the Pythagoreans were pursuing this *ignis fatuus*, Anaxagoras, a truer scientist than they, had started in quite another direction. He had studied a famous meteoric stone that fell at Ægespotomi, and had been led to the amazing inference that space must abound with such fragments; that all these consist of matter which sometime had been thrown off by the whirling earth; that the sun and moon were themselves only larger fragments of the same mass and have the same origin. The moon, he said, has cooled until it has become a habitable earth; the sun is still a mass of molten stone and iron; a mass of iron "larger than the Peloponnesus." You smile. Yet few men in any generation have had so vitalizing a prevision. The sun a mass of molten iron! We are going far from that Egyptian conception of the sun-god that floated about the river of the world in a boat. We are getting on.

But so long as it is possible to speak gravely of the sun as "larger than the Peloponnesus," we shall not get away from the idea that this body after all is a mere satellite of the earth; or at the very most we shall conceive with the Pythagoreans that earth and sun alike revolve about some greater central mass. The notion that our earth may be subordinate to the sun in position will scarcely suggest itself; or if suggested, will gain scant credence until it is clearly conceived to be subordinate in size as well. And this conception will surely never come until some method is devised of measuring heavenly bodies. Could such a method be found? The Greek mind did not despair of solving even so inscrutable a problem. We are told that Philolaus taught that the sun is larger than the earth, but we have no clue as to how this

illuminative idea was engendered. Presently, however, there arose a wonderful star-gazer at Samos (where Pythagoras had been born almost three centuries before), who conceived a method of demonstrating, roughly at any rate, the true relations of sun, moon, and earth. This man was named Aristarchus. He worked in the early part of the third century B.C. By studying the apparent size of the moon's disc and noting the alterations in this, Aristarchus was led to make a singularly penetrating estimate of the moon's apparent size. As he conceived it, the moon is about one-thirtieth the size of our earth.

That was a good beginning. But how make any estimate of the actual size of the sun, since his disc seems never to vary to a measurable extent? The genius of Aristarchus was equal to this task. He conceived a plan of measurement at once marvellous in its simplicity and demonstrative in its result. He reflected that since, as Anaxagoras had taught, the moon shines by light received from the sun, the moment when the moon as viewed from the earth is exactly at the half will be the moment when the line from the earth to the moon is at right angles to the line joining the moon and the sun. If then at this moment the angular distance between the sun and the moon is measured, that angle determines the precise shape of the right-angled triangle having the earth, the moon, and the sun at its respective angles. A simple geometrical drawing of this right-angled triangle will show, at a glance, the relative lengths of the two sides which represent the relative distances from the earth to the moon and to the sun. Aristarchus made such a measurement. Unfortunately his instruments lacked precision, and again it is not possible to make sure of the precise moment when the moon is at the half. So the result of the experiment of Aristarchus, till corrected by the modern astronomers, seems wide of the truth. Yet the measurements suffice to demonstrate the fact that the sun is many times as distant as the moon, and, that being true, his measurement of the apparent size of the sun's disc demonstrated to his satisfaction that the sun is immensely larger than the earth. If this be true, said Aristarchus, then it

seems absurd to suppose that the gigantic sun can be a satellite of our tiny earth; rather must we reverse the terms and suppose that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of our universe.

Here then is a clear conception of the mechanism of the solar system as we know it. Contemplating this astronomer of Samos, then, we are in the presence of a man who had solved in its essentials the problem of celestial mechanics. Had his teachings found vogue, the story of science would be very different from what it is. We should then have no tale to tell of a Copernicus coming upon the field fully 1700 years later with the revolutionary doctrine that our world is not the centre of the universe. We should not then have to tell of the persecution of a Bruno or of a Galileo for teaching that doctrine in the seventeenth century of an era which did not begin until two hundred years after the death of Aristarchus. But we are here concerned, not with what might have been, but with what was. We know that the teaching of the astronomer of Samos did not win its way. It was frowned upon by most contemporaries and perhaps by the immediate successors of Aristarchus, and soon it came to be ignored if not forgotten. But that detracts nothing from the merit of Aristarchus himself. His clear and unequivocal anticipation of the heliocentric doctrine, which we now associate with the name of Copernicus, barren though it was of immediate result, was surely one of the most remarkable of all the triumphs of scientific genius in any age.

The man of all others who might have given currency to the doctrine of Aristarchus, had he chosen to uphold it, was the great Rhodesian astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived about one hundred and fifty years later and who is remembered as the greatest observing astronomer of antiquity. But unfortunately Hipparchus could not accept the heliocentric idea. He knew of the work of Aristarchus, but to him the evidence seemed to uphold the geocentric theory. He was a man who spoke with such authority that his verdict alone, perhaps, would have sufficed to discredit the Aristarchian theory; yet Hipparchus had at command a means of demonstrating the

plausibility of the heliocentric theory which, had he applied it, must have seemed almost demonstrative. This new scientific weapon consisted of the knowledge gained by Hipparchus through study of the moon in eclipse as to the actual distance of the moon from the earth. Hipparchus found this distance to equal fifty-nine radii of the earth, a measurement which, as corrected by modern observers, is found to vary from the truth by less than two radii. But in the time of Hipparchus, thanks to a wonderful measurement to which we shall refer more at length in a moment, the actual length of the earth's radius was approximately known; hence, as just mentioned, the measurement of Hipparchus determined the actual distance of the moon. But this distance, it will be recalled, represents one side of the right-angled triangle of Aristarchus. Had Hipparchus now re-measured this triangle, with his perfected means of observation, he might perhaps have come nearer the truth as to the relative distance of the sun. He might then have learned that the sun, instead of being merely three hundred times as large as the earth, as Aristarchus supposed, in reality bears some such relation to the earth as a hand-ball bears to a tiny shot. Granted this knowledge, Hipparchus might well have felt, as Aristarchus did, the absurdity of supposing that so gigantic a body could revolve about, and as it were be held in thralldom by, what in comparison was but a mere speck of matter. But unfortunately Hipparchus either did not make the measurement, or failed to make it with increased accuracy, and so his verdict was given for the old false doctrine and against the new, correct one. His verdict, as expounded in detail by Ptolemy, completely dominated scientific thought until the time of Copernicus.

But however Hipparchus erred in regard to this vastly important matter, he is to be credited with several discoveries that show how great were his merits as an investigator. One of the most remarkable of these was his demonstration that the earth does not lie at the centre of the sun's apparent path. He was led to this discovery by the careful measurement of the time occupied by the sun in passing from equinox to equinox. He

found that the equinoxes did not divide the year into precisely equal parts. The explanation of this, as we now know, thanks to Kepler, is that the earth's path about the sun is elliptical, and not circular. But in the time of Hipparchus, and for many generations thereafter, it would have been rank heresy to suggest an elliptical orbit for any heavenly body. According to the ancient conception, which had the approval of Aristotle, the circle is the perfect figure, and therefore the figure to which all motions of the heavenly bodies must conform. It never occurred to Hipparchus to doubt the truth of this metaphysical conception. Instead of assuming therefore that the sun's path is not circular, he assumed that the earth lies a little distance from the centre of the circle. Even this supposition did not altogether account for the observed anomalies of motion of the sun. To explain the observed retardation and acceleration of motion, it became necessary to invent another hypothesis, according to which the sun, as it revolves about the earth, performs also a secondary revolution about an imaginary centre. This secondary orbit was spoken of as an epicycle, and the fact that the earth does not lie at the centre of the orbit was described by the phrase "eccentricity of the sun's orbit." It being discovered that similar anomalies pertained to the motions of the moon and the planets, the imaginary mechanism of the heavens came to involve an elaborate series of eccentrics and epicycles vastly more complicated than the actual mechanism of the heavens as we know it. It must be recalled, however, that this theory, though false as to its chief assumptions, nevertheless sufficed to explain the observed motions of the heavenly bodies. The system was promulgated later on by Ptolemy, and it continued the stock doctrine of astronomy until the time of Copernicus. As it was a false doctrine, it was not in a proper sense an anticipation of modern science, yet it was based upon measurements of marvellous accuracy. Another measurement of Hipparchus was that which determined the precise length of the year. In making this really difficult measurement, Hipparchus differed from the exact truth by less than six minutes. Yet other measurements of Hipparchus,

when compared with ancient observations of the Babylonian astronomers, as made accessible through the efforts of followers of Alexander the Great, proved that the apparent plane of the ecliptic shifts gradually—a phenomenon ever since familiar as the precession of the equinoxes.

Two other examples of remarkable measurements made by the astronomers of the Alexandrian epoch must be cited. Both were made by the famous Alexandrian, Eratosthenes. One consisted of the accurate measurement of the obliquity of the ecliptic, that is to say, of the angular tip of the earth's axis; the other, of which mention has already been made, was the relatively accurate determination of the actual size of the earth. Both these measurements were made with the aid of the same simple instrument.

This instrument was nothing more complex than a perpendicular post attached to a scale for measuring the angle of its shadow. The instrument was called an armillary sphere. It introduced no new principle, having been used from the earliest time by the Egyptian astronomers. Eratosthenes perfected it as to details. In determining the obliquity of the ecliptic he measured the sun's angular height on the day of the winter solstice, and again six months later, on the day of the summer solstice. Half the difference between these angles gives the angle of the ecliptic. This is readily comprehensible, and indeed involved no new idea, as a similar measurement had probably been made in a cruder way many times before; but the measurement of the earth, although almost equally simple in principle and practice, was a stroke of inventive genius, as any one must admit who will reflect that the known habitable world at that time comprised but a tiny fraction of the earth's surface. The principle which Eratosthenes hit upon was to measure an arc of the earth's circumference, it being of course assumed that the earth is round.

Eratosthenes knew that certain two cities in Egypt, Alexandria and Syene, namely, were situated almost exactly on the same meridian, and that the distance between these cities was about five thousand stadia. Here then was a measured arc of the earth's circumference. If a

means could be devised to determine the number of degrees of arc represented by this distance, a simple multiplication would of course solve the problem. But how determine this all-important number? The answer came through reflection on the relations of concentric circles. If you draw any number of circles, of whatever size, about a given centre, a pair of radii drawn from that centre will cut arcs of the same relative size from all the circles. One circle may be so small that the actual arc subtended by the radii in a given case may be but an inch in length, while another circle is so large that its corresponding arc is measured in miles; but in each case the same number of so-called degrees will represent the relation of each arc to its circumference. Now Eratosthenes knew that the sun, when on the meridian on the day of the summer solstice, was directly over the town of Syene, since on that day it was reported that the gnomon cast no shadow, while a deep well was illuminated to the bottom. This meant that, at that moment, a radius of the earth projected from Syene would point directly toward the sun. Meanwhile of course the zenith would represent the projection of the radius of the earth passing through Alexandria. All that was required then was to measure, at Alexandria, the angular distance of the sun from the zenith to secure an approximate measurement of the arc of the sun's circumference, corresponding to the arc of the earth's surface represented by the measured distance between Alexandria and Syene.

The reader will observe that the measurement could not be absolutely accurate because it is made from the surface of the earth, and not from the earth's centre, but the size of the earth is so insignificant in comparison with the distance of the sun, that this slight discrepancy could be disregarded. Eratosthenes found that the angle in question represented an arc of one-fiftieth of the entire circle; therefore, multiplying five thousand stadia by fifty, he had the answer, two hundred and fifty thousand stadia, for the circumference of the earth. Unfortunately, we do not know the precise length of the stadium used by Eratosthenes as his unit measure, but the best conjectures make it probable that the

measurement, as determined, was not very wide of the truth. Precise accuracy was impossible, because several of the data involved were imperfect, but, in any event, the principle was a correct one. An actual measurement of the globe on which we live had been made.

All this happened in the third century B.C. It is curious to reflect that sixteen or seventeen hundred years later the most cultivated intellects of Europe, far from having advanced upon this measurement of Eratosthenes, were disputing as to whether the earth is round at all. It must be recalled also, however, that a certain number of minds in each generation held to the teaching of the old Greeks. Columbus was by no means alone in the faith that the Indies could be reached by sailing out to the west. His great merit was that he had the courage of his convictions. Yet, beyond question, Christendom as a whole was far more amazed when Columbus returned with demonstrative evidence of the truth of the theory, than the Greek world would have been had a similar demonstration been presented in the day of Eratosthenes, or at any time within several succeeding centuries.

Let us turn to another field of science and ask what conception the Greek held of the origin of the world. We are met with a somewhat mystical answer. Doubtless the conceptions themselves were vague; the language is correspondingly so. Yet here and there we encounter an idea of greater clearness, and in the end we are not left greatly in doubt as to the trend of general opinion. The idea of growth of development in connection with the universe came early to these thinkers. This was perhaps particularly true of the Ionian philosophers in Asia Minor—Anaximander and Anaximenes, Heraclitus and Anaxagoras. We have seen that the last-named philosopher believed the sun to be a molten mass, and the moon an earthy body, and that he was probably led to this opinion through study of meteorites, and particularly of the very famous one that fell at Ægespotomi. Pondering the fall of this body, Anaxagoras was led to the conception of a vortex motion through which the heavenly bodies are kept out in space. A stone

whirled about the head in a sling would give full warrant to the idea that centrifugal force could hold the whirled body out in space. If the motion of the string or the hand slackens, the stone in the sling falls. So it is, said Anaxagoras, with the whirling bodies in space. If their motion is retarded they must fall back to earth as meteorites are observed to do. That idea grasped, it was but a step to the assumption that the earthlike bodies up in the heavens—the sun, the moon, the planets—had been projected out into space in the time of world-making. This implies a whirling motion of the earth itself; but we have already seen that the Pythagoreans had propounded that idea a half-century before the time of Anaxagoras. Here then is the conception of a primordial mass of molten matter which throws off the sun, the moon, and planets by centrifugal force, an idea which surely contains the germ of the nebular theory of Kant and La Place. Nor is this all. Anaxagoras distinctly states that matter becomes changed into stone through cooling. Accept this statement with the conception that the sun is still molten, but that the moon like the earth is cool and inhabited (which Anaxagoras is alleged by Dionysius to have asserted), and we have the entire modern theory of earth-formation pretty distinctly outlined. The man who thus anticipated La Place came from Asia Minor to Athens in the Golden Age of the fifth century B.C.

At an even earlier day there lived in Asia Minor a philosopher who appears to have guessed out a curiously illuminative idea of the origin of man himself. This was Anaximander, the pupil of Thales, and therefore one of the earliest of Greek thinkers. Only a few words of the writings of Anaximander are preserved, and his opinions therefore are known to us only at second hand. But he held at least one theory, which as vouched for by various copyists and commentators entitles him to be considered perhaps the first teacher of the idea of organic evolution. According to the idea of Anaximander, man developed from a fishlike ancestor, "growing up as sharks do until able to help himself, and then coming forth on dry land." It is well known that the Greek philosophers of Asia Minor

were somewhat under the influence of Oriental ideas, and the thought here expressed is not perhaps far afield from the Babylonian conception that everything came forth from a chaos of waters. Yet the fact that the thought of Anaximander has come down to posterity through such various channels suggests that the Greek thinker had got far enough away from the Oriental conception to make his view seem to his contemporaries a novel and individual one. Indeed, nothing we know of the Oriental line of thought conveys any suggestion of the idea of transformation of species, whereas that idea is distinctly formulated in the traditional views of Anaximander.

Just what opinion Anaxagoras held concerning this novel view of man's development we are not informed. Yet there is one phrase of that philosopher's which suggests—without perhaps quite proving—that he too was an evolutionist. This phrase asserts, with insight that is fairly startling, that "man is the most intelligent of animals because he has hands." The man who could make that assertion must, it would seem, have had in mind the idea of the development of intelligence through the use of hands,—an idea the full force of which was not evident to subsequent generations of thinkers until the time of Darwin.

It was Anaxagoras also who is cited by Aristotle as believing that "plants are animals and feel pleasure and pain, inferring this because they shed their leaves and let them grow again." The idea is fanciful, yet it suggests a truly philosophical conception of the unity of nature. The man who could conceive that idea was but little hampered by traditional conceptions. He was exercising a rare combination of the rigidly scientific spirit with the poetical imagination. He who possesses these gifts is sure not to stop in his questionings of nature until he has found some thinkable explanation of the character of matter itself. Anaxagoras found such an explanation, and, as good luck would have it, that explanation has been preserved.

As Anaxagoras conceived it, matter is composed of ultimate particles of many different kinds—one kind, indeed, for each specific kind of substance. These

minute particles he conceived as being uncreated and indestructible, as well as unchangeable. The particles were supposed to be indivisibly small, and hence may fairly be likened to the molecules of the modern physicist. The chief distinction is that the molecule, as we now conceive it, is susceptible of being broken up into smaller particles which we call atoms; but there were no data available in the time of Anaxagoras which could lead to this idea. The analysis of Anaxagoras told him of particles of flesh, particles of wood, particles of metal, and so on, and, considering the knowledge at his disposal, it would have been rather an unwarranted flight of the imagination to suppose that many of these different substances are made up of the same elements in different combinations. The modern chemist knows that such is the fact, but it required the analyses of a long line of experimenters to give him this knowledge. These analyses have reduced the elementary substances from the almost infinite number predicated by Anaxagoras to a relatively limited number,—seventy odd being known at the present time. To the philosophical mind there is something very disquieting about this citation of seventy odd elementary substances, and from the earliest day of the modern atomic theory there have been speculators who conceived that these so-called elementary bodies are not really elementary, but are susceptible, under proper conditions, of disassociation; that they themselves are, in short, compound bodies, and that the ultimate particles of which all material substances are composed are identical. Spectroscopic examination of the sun has seemed to demonstrate that an actual disassociation of elements may occur under the conditions of extreme temperature existing in that body, and numerous laboratory experiments with high temperatures and electricity tend to corroborate the same idea without as yet perhaps actually demonstrating it. In a word, speculative opinion of to-day trends toward the idea of so-called monism,—the idea that there is but a single elementary substance out of which the universe is built. This is an idea which, if demonstrated, would satisfy the philosophical thinker. As we have said, Anaxagoras did not reach, or at least did

not formulate, this conception. But certain of his contemporaries did reach it. Lucippus and Democritus promulgated an idea as to the nature of matter that was essentially monistic. They taught that the ultimate particles of matter are all of one substance, differing from one another only in size. They conceived these ultimate particles as falling through space and as generating a vortex motion through general collision; such vortex motions led to the mixing together of the primordial particles of different sizes and varied combinations, the tangible result being the different substances that appeal to our senses.

Democritus lived in the fifth century B.C. It is curious to reflect how clearly his conception of monistic atoms and vortex motions anticipate the prevalent speculations of our own times regarding the ultimate nature of matter. But this

all-essential difference must be noted: the speculation of Democritus was a pure speculation; it called for nothing but the exercise of the imagination, and it could hope for no proof, nor need it fear refutation from the experimental science of the time. But the modern theory is held as a merely tentative one, pending demonstration or refutation at the hands of the experimenter. No man nowadays need hope to achieve fame as a scientific thinker through any speculation whatever that has not at least a suggestive support in observed phenomena. In our day, theory must everywhere find the support of fact; whereas Greek speculation vaulted to the limits of imagination with no apparent thought of insecurity. None the less must we marvel at the perspicuity of an insight that could make guesses which, tested by modern experiments, still seem so luminous.

King's Messenger

BY ALICE BROWN

OVER the stubbled grass,
Over the hurrying plain,
Fleet as a cloud I pass,
Hand on the pulsing rein.

Mother and sire withstood,
The bride in her bower alone,
The embers warm from the wood,
And I, like the night, have flown.

A crust and a backward look,
A breath for the heaving steed,
A drink from the ice-bound brook,
And then but speed—and speed.

For them I leave, is the sound
And brilliance of song and light;
For me, the echo from frozen ground,
And the frozen stars at night.

I know not the way I go.
I read not the news I bring.
I halt not at hail of foe.
I ride—I ride for the King.

The Surrender of Professor Seymour

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

MADemoiselle VERRIER, the new nursery governess, sat confidently on the edge of the chair the professor had offered her and looked at him with an alert interest in her dark eyes. She was young and rather nervous, and it was not reassuring to observe that her eminent employer had returned to his desk and was restlessly fumbling his papers, as if anxious to resume work on them. He did not speak for fully five minutes, though he glanced at her vaguely once or twice, each time conveying to her, in some indefinable manner, the impression that her continued presence in his library was in the nature of a painful surprise to him.

At his feet sat his little girl, her small back turned rather ostentatiously toward her father and his guest. She seemed intensely occupied, and occasionally uttered a gurgle of annoyance or satisfaction over the progress of a mysterious enterprise which held her attention. Other than this there was no sound in the room.

The Frenchwoman, who was not without a sense of humor, felt it stirring in her now, and became cruelly conscious of a youthful desire to giggle. It was quite evident that the famous professor, as noted for his absent-mindedness as for his erudition and the number and authority of his scientific works, had wholly forgotten why she was there. Her lips twitched as she realized this and pictured to herself the amusement of her friends if they could look in on the restful tableau she and her host presented. These friends had been a unit in their warnings against her acceptance of the situation Professor Seymour had offered her; recalling their dark predictions now, she found her respect for their judgment increasing.

An unusually loud exclamation from the child finally attracted the professor's attention. He glanced vaguely at her,

then at his visitor, and the light of a sudden recollection flashed in his near-sighted eyes. His relief was so great and so artlessly obvious that Mademoiselle Verrier smiled upon him irresistibly—an attention he received with mild wonder.

"Before entering upon your new duties, mademoiselle," he began, in his precise and formal tones, "I desire to explain to you that I am endeavoring to train my daughter along purely scientific and rational lines. I may add candidly that thus far I have encountered—er—surprising difficulties. There is in her, I observe, a peculiar restlessness,—a physical activity that seems quite abnormal. I have not noted it in others. However, she is still very young. In fact, she has not yet reached the fifth anniversary of her birth. I venture therefore to hope that as her mind matures and she becomes able to lend me more intelligent cooperation— Dear, dear, what *is* she doing now?"

He stopped and gazed helplessly over his glasses at the deeply engrossed child. In one hand she held a mucilage-bottle and in the other the end of a small Shiraz rug, on which she poured the sticky fluid quickly and with lavish generosity. Then, before the startled observers could interfere, she rolled the rug into a compact wad, and sat back to look upon her work. Her plump body was quivering with interest and pleasurable excitement, and in her brown eyes blazed the light of scientific research. The scholarly face of the professor flushed as he took in the situation. He rose without a word, removed the bottle from her clinging hand, pushed the rug to one side, and resumed his seat, lifting her into his lap with an accustomed ease that surprised the one observer.

"It is my habit, mademoiselle," he explained, turning to the governess, the

flush still lingering on his thin cheeks, "when any such occurrence as this takes place—and I regret to confess they are all too frequent—to secure first an explanation from my daughter of her reasons for her act, and then to explain to her as logically as possible wherein she has erred."

He sighed deeply as he turned to the child, but his tone when he spoke to her was very gentle. "Hildegarde," he asked, "by what mental process did you reach the conclusion that this extraordinary act was justifiable?"

Hildegarde leaned her brown curls comfortably against his narrow chest, and opened her pink mouth in a large and deeply satisfying yawn. Her eyes were the color of her curls, and her complexion was much the same shade. Against these rich tones her little white teeth now gleamed as she smiled hospitably at the governess. There were two adorable dimples in her cheeks, and her chin revealed a third. She looked rather tired, but politely interested in the newcomer, and wholly oblivious of the harrowing incident which had just occurred. Her father's question, if indeed she understood anything of it, was plainly of no immediate importance. Nevertheless, she finally answered it in the casual tone of one who begins a pleasant chat.

"Made jelly woll," she remarked.

The professor reflected deeply for a moment. Then his face brightened.

"Ah," he exclaimed, almost briskly, turning to Mademoiselle Verrier, "she says she was making a jelly roll. I understand. We had such a—er—preparation for luncheon to-day, and I recall that Hildegarde was quite impressed at the time by its adhesive properties and the fact that it unrolled as she ate it."

He sank back with an air of relief and stroked Hildegarde's curls unwittingly, his eyes turning anxiously toward the notes on his desk. The episode seemed ended. Mademoiselle Verrier moved restlessly in her chair. Over her settled the chill conviction that the vista opened by this new position was not a restful one. Evidently the half had not been told her; though, as she mentally reviewed the incidents of the past few days, they seemed full of recitals of the eccentricities of Professor Seymour and the phenomena

connected with his purposeful training of his motherless child. Her movement attracted his attention, and once more he summoned memory and duty sternly to their posts. A glance at the rug gave him his cue, and he was about to speak, when Hildegarde anticipated him. She was getting sleepy and wanted the crisis over, whatever it was.

"Bidget said, 'Go 'way; can't make jelly woll,'" she murmured, drowsily.

"The cook said, 'Go away; you can't make a jelly roll,'" interpreted her parent, with pathetic loyalty. "So, finding no encouragement in the kitchen, you sought such substitutes as presented themselves. That seems quite logical."

He turned to the governess, as if challenging any flaw in the defence.

"I must admit, in justice," he remarked, thoughtfully, "that she showed a certain wisdom in her selection. Indeed," he added, conscientiously giving his entire mind to the matter, "from what I recall of the jelly roll we ate, I fancy Hildegarde's might not suffer by a comparison. Eliminating the question of size, there is really a remarkable resemblance." He spoke with perfect seriousness, and the Frenchwoman, who had looked up in the buoyant expectation of a joke, subsided again into deep gloom.

His reassuring reflections, while they deeply impressed her, failed to reach the ear of Hildegarde, who had dropped off into a restful slumber. He looked down on her, and, as he studied her features, the lines of his cold face relaxed a little.

"I trust, my dear Mademoiselle Verrier," he added, simply, "that this slight episode will not discourage you, nor darken the prospect of your future relations with my daughter. She has days of good behavior, I assure you, and I think I may claim, without undue parental pride, that she is an attractive child. But her environment is peculiar, and my theories as to her training are, I admit, somewhat unusual. When her mother passed from us, Hildegarde was six weeks old. I decided then that as we two were to be dependent upon each other for companionship and—er—happiness, I would train her according to my conception of what is fitting in a woman. To the best of my poor ability I have conscientiously done so.



SHE POURED THE STICKY FLUID QUICKLY

"My rules are few and simple, but imperative. I must beg that in your association with my daughter you will follow them with the utmost scrupulousness. I give her a large personal liberty, but I am exceedingly determined on several points that seem to me of importance. She must never, in any circumstances, hear or be addressed in so-called 'baby-talk.' I wish her to hear pure English and pure French and to use them naturally. Her pronunciation still leaves much to be desired, as you have doubtless observed. She has great trouble with *r* and *j*, but we will at least refrain from increasing her difficulties by addressing her in the extraordinary gibberish most mothers affect. Moreover, she must be spared the myths of childhood—the fairy-tales, the goblins, the Santa Claus and reindeer fables. Nor must reference be made in her hearing to the various traditions of religion. She is not aware that there is fear or falsehood in the world. The time will come when I will no longer be able to spare her this

knowledge, but at least we can do so now. She must not play with other children, as their minds and conversation are full of trivialities. There must be no corporal punishment. When she does wrong, that wrong-doing must be explained to her, and her moral sense must be developed, so that she will condemn and correct her aberrations."

He smiled stiffly on the governess as he ended—a well-meaning smile which did not materially lighten the burden of responsibility that seemed to be settling upon her at his words. She felt, too, a natural apprehension, the expression of which rushed impetuously to her lips.

"It is—of an interest, yes, Professor Seymour," she said, slowly. "But I find myself alarmed—a little. It is unusual, such a training; is it not so? And I have great fear that I may not—quite understand."

Professor Seymour looked alarmed himself at this.

"I beg that you will not indulge in

such doubts," he said, hastily. "My friends assure me that you are in every way admirably qualified for the post. I have already devoted much more time than I can spare to this matter of a governess, and if—" His eyes turned again to his desk and lingered yearningly on the papers there.

Mademoiselle Verrier rose with a sigh.

"If you wish, we will at least try it," she said, without enthusiasm. "My boxes they are here. I will do the best I can."

The professor's face expressed a quiet gratification, as he too rose, adjusting his plump little burden against his shoulder.

"Thank you," he said. "I will carry Hildegarde to her nursery. While she is asleep you may wish to unpack and look at your new surroundings. Will you come with us?"

He crossed the room as he spoke, and as she followed him the governess made a mental note of his age and appearance. He was nearly fifty, she decided. She observed dispassionately his gray hair, the stoop of his thin shoulders, the carelessness of his attire, and the ascetic cast of his features. With more approval, she noticed the care with which he bore the sleeping child. Nevertheless, there was little of the paternal in him, she reflected. He was doing his duty as he conceived it; but it seemed plain that in his daughter's present undeveloped state she interested him much less than the scientific experiments that filled his life. It was quite evident that for days at a time he wholly forgot both Hildegarde and his theories concerning her education. Another characteristic seemed equally evident—a certain dogged resolution that was a strange element in his gentle nature. It would not be easy to change his theories on any subject he had deeply at heart.

The nursery was a large, light, and pleasant room, whose two great windows looked out upon a lake, wooded to its edge. Here, at least, there was no evidence of austere training, or of a lack of the normal interests of childhood. A long procession of brilliantly colored animals stood motionless against the wall, apparently awaiting but the word to begin their march into the great barn in a

distant corner. Colored balls and blocks of every description lay on the polished floor, with numerous pictures and nature-books. Later, Mademoiselle Verrier learned how carefully these books had been selected and how wholly they were in accord with the professor's ideas, but to-day she failed to realize this, and abandoned herself joyfully to the child-like atmosphere of the place.

As the days passed they brought the reassuring discovery that however much her sympathetic elders might suffer over her lonely lot, the contemplation of her state brought no grief to the breast of Hildegarde. She was an exceedingly normal child, though "of an activity," as Mademoiselle Verrier confided to the cook, and this activity took startling forms.

Whatever life might be in the Seymour household, it was not dull. To follow Hildegarde about was in itself an exciting occupation, and constant vigilance was required to prevent her from leaving a long train of devastation in her wake. She was never still except when she was in bed. She imitated everything she saw. Few things were forbidden her, and her intrepid spirit stopped at nothing that suggested novelty or danger. Her curiosity was insatiable, and her originality in the matter of experiments could by no chance have been inherited from less distinguished ancestry than her own. Moreover, she dragged with her into the perils she invited hapless beings too young and weak to resist the temptations she spread before them. Virtuous children in the neighborhood fled from their homes and cast off their parents, so to speak, for the sake of an adventure with Hildegarde. Those who returned told their friends wonderful tales of their experience, with the result that the hedge around the Seymour grounds usually bore a frieze of children's heads looking yearningly into the forbidden paradise.

Hildegarde was not allowed to play with other children. Other parents naturally met this command with equally imperative commands to their own. The result was inevitable. Strange holes existed at points of the hedge, at strategical distance from the Seymour house, and small boys and girls, crawling humbly on their stomachs, came and went. Hildegarde received them all with hos-



SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS CAME AND WENT

pitiable rapture, and in six months had inoculated every infant in the neighborhood with the germs of her abnormal capacity for mischief. It was Hildegard and the model child of the region, little Mabel Harlowe, who painted their small bodies bright green and yellow, and called on all the neighbors with no other covering. It was Hildegard and Johnnie Garside, a youth of great promise, who buried Josie Reed, "to learn a funeral," as they subsequently explained to Professor Seymour. On the black list of those who dropped Archie Beveridge into the cistern to see if he could "whim like wittle ducks" (and incidentally learned that he could not), the name of Hildegard "led all the rest." After each of these and various other exploits, Professor Seymour talked earnestly with his daughter. It was, so far as it went, an uplifting and inspiring discourse, but subject to interruptions. The attention of the professor wandered after five minutes or so, and Hildegard invariably went to sleep. She plainly regarded her father's lap as a comfortable road-house on the way to dreamland. Thus Mademoiselle Verrier, who in the beginning had appealed to parental authority with something like confidence, grew accustomed to the picture that usually met her eyes after these parental sessions were ended. In her father's arms Hildegard slept the innocent sleep of childhood, and on her curly head rested a book, over which the professor pored with his near-sighted eyes close to its pages.

Under these conditions there seemed nothing for a discouraged nursery governess to do but put the child to bed and make yearning appeals to heaven.

"I really have reasoned with her most seriously, mademoiselle," the professor said, apologetically, on one of these occasions, "but I fear I have not the power to interest her. I begin to think we may find it necessary to put her on a leash, or something of that kind!" He hesitated, then glanced at the Frenchwoman with an unusual diffidence of expression.

"Am I wrong," he asked, slowly, "in imagining that, notwithstanding these exploits, she is daily becoming more interesting, more worthy of study and attention, more—er—lovable?"

The white teeth of the governess flashed in her characteristic smile.

"But no, Professor," she replied, quickly. "She has great charm. She has also many qualities—of a beauty! She cries not, she sulks not, she tells the truth, she is generous—she would give all away, everything. But—pardon—if I might suggest, it is that she openly have the playmates, the little boys and girls who creep under the hedges now. Also that she have the childish stories, the fairies, all the interests of children, and the normal life of the child. And also, Professor, pardon again, that she have—perhaps—occasionally—the *so little* spanking which is so good a thing!"

The thin lips of the professor set in a straight line.

"I cannot agree with you, madem-



A COMFORTABLE ROAD-HOUSE ON THE WAY TO DREAMLAND

meant. She had seen it too often during the past six months not to recognize the obstinacy it denoted. In all matters save this of his special hobby Professor Seymour was gentle and easily moved. Here—he apparently stood like a rock, and not even Hildegarde's small local explosions could shake his firm convictions concerning her. Again and again the governess had seen him ruthlessly demolish some charming bit of lore the child had learned from her small friends. She herself had dried Hildegarde's tears when Johnnie Gar-side had been shown up as wholly unreliable on the subject of fairies. She had sympathized with Hildegarde's disappointment in not finding a mermaid in the

oiselle," he said, stiffly. "I am opposed to corporal punishment, however mild. I disapprove of it on principle. As to playmates, she is better alone. It is when she disobeys us and seeks other children that trouble invariably follows. We have had mournful demonstration of that to-day."

The governess dropped her eyes. She knew what that narrow line of the lips

garden fountain, as Johnnie had promised, and she had experienced a lively sense of understanding when the little girl had lain down on the garden walk and fiercely kicked out her revolt against her father's relentless presentation of cold facts concerning brownies. For it was inevitable that Hildegarde Seymour, being the one child in the neighborhood who was not permitted a knowledge of fairy lore,

should also be the one child who had it most exhaustively supplied to her. With a wondering awe and a stimulating sense of crime the children brought her all they gleaned. And she in turn took it to her father with an optimism and a childlike trust that his coldly recurrent explanations could not quite kill. Still, they made a shadow—the only one on the child's life,—and this shadow was growing deeper. It seemed, more than any other thing, to shut Hildegarde away from her little friends.

These and many other thoughts passed through Mademoiselle Verrier's mind as she stood looking at the father and daughter one cold December evening. They sat in a great chair before the open fire, whose lights, playing on their faces, brought out the strange unlikeness of the two. As twilight came on, the professor had dropped his book, and was leaning back with a tired expression on his prematurely aged face. He was deep in thought. He had already forgotten the little girl who was dozing in his arms. The governess summoned all her courage for a final appeal.

"Once more, Professor, pardon," she said, quietly. "It is necessary that I speak; the time has come. It is worse, always worse, each day. The child has a most beautiful nature; it is becoming ruined. Her life it is not natural. She has no playmates, except by stealth; she does what pleases her. You correct her—and she goes to sleep. She does not hear. What can be the end? But one thing—a spoiled child, a most beautiful nature spoiled, all spoiled. It grieves my heart. I cannot look on and say nothing. Now I have said—what I must. If it is necessary, I can then go away. But before I go I must say frankly, Professor, you do not understand a little child. Many wise men have not that knowledge. A child should lead a child's life—not the life of a grown person."

Her brilliant eyes filled suddenly. She rose abruptly and left the room, while a startled gentleman rubbed his eyes before the fire. He sat very still for a long time. Hildegarde awoke and began to talk to him, but at first he did not hear her. His thoughts were busy. "You do not understand a little child." No one had ever said so before, but some-

how as the words fell on his ears they had carried with them a sudden cold conviction of their truth. Was it possible, despite his convictions, that his ideas were all wrong? The doubt was a very slight one as yet, just the suggestion of a cloud over the sky of his perfect confidence, but he felt a chill at its approach.

Hildegarde stopped talking and looked up at him with deep reproach.

"You don't hear me, favver," she said, impatiently. "You don't ever hear me. I'm talking, I am, 'bout all the fings Georgie said. He said God made me. An' God gived me you and this house, Georgie said, an' my books an' all my fings. He gived me *everyfing*, Georgie said,—every—single—fing. An' I felt dreffle, 'cos mademoiselle says always fank folks for fings, an' I never fanked God for anyfing!"

The professor smiled, absently at first, then with a queer catch in his breath. It seemed strange that this, which he had known must surely come sometime, should come to-day of all days, so close on the heels of the sudden arraignment which had just been hurled at him. How strangely and, from the Christian standpoint, how well the baby had put it. "I never fanked God for anyfing." There was deep reproach in the words—to others than Hildegarde.

"She must be told none of the traditions of religion."

He recalled this caution he had given to mademoiselle and the servants. It had not occurred to him that other children would discuss religion with his little girl, yet he might have known they would, had he but thought. He would see how far matters had gone.

"What more did Georgie say?" he asked, gently.

Hildegarde sat up in his lap with sudden interest.

"Why, I been telling you, favver. All 'bout Cwistmus. He was born then, God was, in a stable. So now folks are glad, and ewewybody gets pwesents. Santa Claus bwings 'em—the pwesents, you know. An' he comes down the chimney wif a big sleigh, an' he dwives lots and lots of deers in the sleigh. An' ewewybody gets fings in 'tockings. We hang them up, you know. It's just booful. I never heerd such nice 'tories. Georgie



SHE FOUND NO MERMAID IN THE GARDEN FOUNTAIN



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THE CHILDREN BROUGHT HER FAIRY LORE

told me. He came froug the hedge. He bwrought his picture-books. Santa Claus was in them. Georgie said I must hang my 'tockings up, bofe. All the children will hang theirs up. Then Santa Claus will fill them. Please say he will, favver."

She looked up at him, her brown eyes shining, her little face alight with interest. He never had seen her more animated, more childishly happy. He hesitated, and as she saw the expression on his face her own changed. Her brown eyes filled with tears. She clung to him, almost in terror.

"It ain't twue?" she whispered. "All just a 'tory, like fairies? Oh, favver, it is twue. It *is* twue! Georgie says it surely is. Some fings have to be twue."

She began to cry—a most unusual thing for Hildegarde to do. Apparently the many disappointments of a short life had at last destroyed even her optimism. Professor Seymour turned rather pale. His scientific friends had warned him that some such time would come, and here it was, with a vengeance! Somehow the usual arguments did not spring to his lips, the usual sense of keen disapproval of traditions did not fill his heart. He wondered why. The tradition of Christmas was an especially beautiful one, with its Christ-child—

"Some fings have to be true." Strange wisdom that for a little child. The professor bowed his head over her brown curls, while many thoughts came to him.

He reflected, whimsically, that he and his little girl stood at cross-ways in life. Two roads stretched out before him. Along one, a rather bleak and dreary way for a small girl, he might lead her. Down the other she could go with happy children, as happy as they. Why should not both roads lead to the same destination? The mere question implied a great change in the professor's mental attitude. His daughter was to be an unusual woman. Well, why not? That did not necessarily mean that she must also be an unnatural child, missing joys that later years could never make up to her. He thought of her mother, and asked himself for the first time whether the dead Hildegarde would approve of what he was doing with the living one. An unaccustomed lump formed in his throat. For once in his life he was giving his whole mind, without bias, to the problems Hildegarde suggested. He saw that he had made mistakes, but he saw, too, that it was not too late to correct them.

Hildegarde beat on his chest with her small hands.

"Is Cwistmus really coming?" she urged. "An' will Santa Claus come down the chimney an' put fings in my 'tockings?"

"Yes," he said, benignly. "Christmas will be here next week. And—er—when it comes I think you may expect Santa Claus."

"With the deers—eight deers?"

"Oh yes; eight deer; possibly twelve," added the professor, in abandoned recklessness.

Hildegarde settled back in his arms with a long sigh of utter happiness. She did not realize that a battle had been fought and won, but she was conscious of something new and singularly congenial in the atmosphere.

"I was 'fwaid it might be mistakes, like fairies," she murmured, happily. "Now tell me dezackly how Santa Claus looks."

Mademoiselle Verrier, reentering the library at that moment, heard the question and the answer. The famous scientist, realizing his limitations, was shame-

lessly stealing from an immortal authority, while Hildegarde solemnly repeated the words after him:

" 'He—was—dressed—all—in—fur—from—his—head—to—his—foot,
And—his—clothes—were—all—tarnished—with—ashes—and—soot;
A—bundle—of—toys—he—had—flung—on—his—back,
And—he—looked—like—a—peddler—just—opening—his—pack,' "

quoted the professor, slowly, but with gratifying conviction.

"Er—I'm afraid I've forgotten the rest, Hildegarde. It's a little matter of some thirty years since I looked up the scientific records of this matter."

Mademoiselle Verrier, her black eyes bulging, sank weakly into a chair by the door. It uttered a telltale squeak as it received her plump little figure, and Professor Seymour turned quickly at the sound. He flushed as he saw her. Then he spoke up manfully.

"After considerable reflection, mademoiselle," he said, "due in part to your words, but largely to an extended conversation with which my daughter has favored me, I have decided to change our system with her. We will try the usual child routine for six months. This being the Yule-tide, we are beginning—er—with Santa Claus and Christmas. Also with the story of the Christ-child, which—er—I am willing you should read to her."

He watched the illumination of her expressive face, and his eyes twinkled.

"It is possible," he added, kindly, "that I may even get round in future to the 'so little spanking' you intelligently suggest."

Hildegarde smiled dreamily. The word was unpleasant, and associated in her mind with vital crises in the lives of her small friends. But it could have no personal association. Besides, at the worst there was Santa Claus!

"Tell me 'gain dezackly how he looks," she commanded, with unfaltering interest. And the greatest of America's scientific authorities meekly repeated his halting description.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AS Eugenio—we will call him Eugenio: a fine impersonal name—grew older, and became, rightfully or wrongfully, more and more widely known for his writings, he found himself increasingly the subject of appeal from young writers who wished in their turn to become, rightfully or wrongfully, more and more widely known. This is not, indeed, stating the case with the precision which we like. His correspondents were young enough already, but they were sometimes not yet writers; they had only the ambition to be writers. Our loose formulation of the fact, however, will cover all its meaning, and we will let it go that they were young writers, for whether they were or not, they all wished to know one thing: namely, how he did it.

What, they asked in varying turns, was his secret, his recipe for making the kind of literature which had made him famous: they did stint their phrase and they said famous. That always caused Eugenio to blush, at first with shame, and then with pleasure; whatever one's modesty, one likes to be called famous, and Eugenio's pleasure in their flatteries was so much greater than his shame that he thought only how to return them the pleasure unmixed with the shame. His heart went out to those generous youths, who sometimes confessed themselves still in their teens, and often of the sex which is commonly most effective with the fancy while still in its teens. It seemed such a very little thing to show them the way to do what he had done, and while disclaiming any merit for it, to say why it was the best possible way. If they had grouped him with other widely known writers in their admiration, he never imagined directing his correspondents to those others' methods; he said to himself that he did not understand them, and at bottom he felt that it would have been better taste in the generous youths to have left them out of the question.

In the end he never answered his correspondents in the handsome way he had fancied. Generally he did not answer them at all, or if he did, he put them off with some such cheap excuse as ad-

vising them to be sure they had something to say, and then to say it as simply and clearly as they could. He knew very well that this was begging the question; that the question was how to be artistic, graceful, charming, and whatever else they said he himself was. If he was aware of not being all that, he was aware also of having tried to be it; of having sought from the beginning to captivate the reader's fancy as well as convince his reason. He had never been satisfied with being plain and direct; he had constantly wished to amuse as well as edify, and following the line of beauty, as that of the least resistance, had been his practice if not his precept. If he counselled his correspondents otherwise he would be uncandid, and when he had imagined putting them off in that fashion he was more ashamed than he had been with their praise.

Yet upon reflection he perceived that what they asked was impossible. If ever he had a formula he had lost it; he was no longer in his own secret, if ever he had been. All that he could have said with perfect honesty would have been that he had never found any royal road to literature; that to his experience there was not even a common highway; that there were only byways; private paths over other people's grounds; easements beaten out by feet that had passed before, and giving by a subsequent overgrowth of turf or brambles a deceitful sense of discovery to the latest comer.

His correspondents would not have liked that. He knew that what they wanted was his measure of the old success in some new way, which they could feel their own after it had been shown them. But the only secret that he was still in was the very open one of working hard at whatever he had in hand, and this he suspected they would have scorned sharing with him. He could have said that if you want to keep three or five balls in the air at once you must learn how by practising; but they knew that as well as he; what they asked was being enabled to do it from his having practised.

The perception of this fact made Eu-

genio very sad, and he asked himself if the willingness to arrive only after you had got there had gone out of the world, and left nothing but the ambition to be at this point or that without the trouble of having reached it. He smiled as he recalled the stock criticism of the connoisseur in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains; but he did not smile gayly: there seemed to him a sum of pathetic wisdom in the saying which might well weigh down the blithest spirit. It had occurred to him in connection with an old essay of Hazlitt's, which he had been reading, on the comparative methods of English and French painters in their work. The essayist held, almost literally, that the French pictures were better because the French painters had taken more pains; and taken especial pains in the least interesting parts of their pictures. He was dealing more specifically with copying, but his words applied to the respective schools in their highest work, and he could only save his patriotic pride, so far as he might, by saying, "Courage is pure will without regard to consequences, and this the English have in perfection. Poetry is our element, for the essence of poetry is will and passion. The English fail as a people in the fine arts, namely, because the end with them absorbs the means."

Eugenio knew nothing practically, and very little theoretically, of painting; but it appeared to him that what Hazlitt said was of equal force with respect to the fine art of literature; and that in his own American field the English race failed, as far as it had failed, for the same reason as that given by Hazlitt for its failure in painting. In his mind he went further than Hazlitt, or came short of him, in refusing the consolation of our race's superiority in poetry because it was will and passion. As far as they had excelled in that it was because they had tried hard, and not neglected the means for the end. Where they had excelled most, it was quite imaginable that the poem would still have been better if the poet had taken more pains. In the case of prose, he thought we failed of the end because we were impatient of the means, and as elderly men will, he accused the present

of being more hasty and indifferent to form than the past. He recalled the time when he was apprentice in the art in which he could not yet call himself a master workman, and thought how he tried to make what he did beautiful, and fashioned his work with tireless pains after some high model. Perhaps the young writers of this time were striving as earnestly; but he could not see it, or thought he could not. He fancied their eyes dazzled by the images of easy success, instead of taken with the glory of a thing beautifully done. He remembered, with fond emotion, how once his soul had glowed over some "cunning'st pattern of excelling nature," and had been filled with longing to learn from it the art of surprising some other mood or aspect of nature, and making that loveliness or grandeur its own. He had talked with other youths who were trying at the same time to do good work, and he remembered that they too were trying in the same way; and now long after, he fancied that their difference from the youth of the present day was in their willingness to strive for perfection in the means, and to let the end take care of itself. The end could no more justify bad means in æsthetics than in ethics; in fact, without the carefully studied means there could be no artistic result. If it was true that the young writers of the present expected a high result from hurried or neglected processes, they could have only the results that Eugenio saw around him. If they admired these, and were coming to him for the secret of achieving them, they were coming to the wrong shop.

Yet he did not harshly blame them. He remembered how he, too, when he had been impatient of the means, had once fancied postponing them to the end. That was in the days which were mainly filled for him with the business of writing fiction, and when the climax of his story seemed always threatening to hide itself from him, or to elude his grasp. There were times when it changed to some other end, or took a different significance from that it had primarily had. Then he had said to himself that if he could only write the end first, or boldly block it out as it first presented itself, and afterwards go back and write in the events and

characters leading up to it, he would have an effect glorified by all the fervor of his primal inspiration. But he never did that, or even tried to do it. Perhaps when he came to consider it more carefully it appeared impossible; perhaps it approved itself ridiculous without experiment. His work of art, such as it was, was a growth from all his thinking and feeling about it; and without that it could no more eventuate in a climax than a tree could ripen fruit without the preliminaries of striking its roots into the ground, coming of the age to bear, and then some spring-time budding, putting out leaves, breaking into blossom and setting its young apples, or whatever else it was going to bear. The fruit it bore would be according to its kind, and he might have been mistakenly expecting to grow peaches from an apple stock when he was surprised to find apples on it; or the end of his novel turning other than he had forecast it.

In literature the reader's affair is with results, but the author's with processes. Eugenio had realized this more and more distinctly, and as he now reflected on the appeals of those fond young correspondents of his, it occurred to him that their confusion as to literary methods and manners lay in their being still readers so largely and so little authors as yet. They were dealing with the end, in their mistaken minds, and not with the means, as they supposed. The successes which dazzled them might very well have been written backwards in some such fashion as he had once imagined, for the end was the main thing with them, and was the end of the story as well as the end of the book. But the true story never ends. The close of the book is simply the point at which the author has stopped, and, if he has stopped wisely, the reader takes up the tale and goes on with it in his own mind.

As for the variance of the close from the forecast of it, Eugenio was less and less dismayed by that, when in the course of time he looked more closely at his own life and the lives of other men. Only on some spiritual terms was there the fulfilment of forecast in them, and the more art resembled life the less responsive it was to any hard and fast design. He perceived that to find the result changing from the purpose might very

well be a proof of vitality in it, an evidence of unconscious insight, the sort of inspiration that comes to crown faithful work with unimagined beauty. He looked round at the great works of literary art, and he believed that he saw in them the escape from implicit obedience to a first intention. Only in the inferior things, the mechanical things, could he discern obedience. In something supreme, like Hamlet, say, there was everything to make him think that the processes had educated Shakespeare as to the true nature of his sublime endeavor and had fixed the terms of its close. Probably the playwright started with the notion of making Hamlet promptly kill his stepfather, rescue Ophelia from the attempt to climb out over the stream on a willow branch, forgive his erring mother, as more sinned against than sinning, welcome Laertes back to Denmark, and with the Ghost of his father blessing the whole group, and Polonius with his arm in a sling, severely but not fatally wounded, form the sort of stage picture, as the curtain went down, that has sent audiences home dissolved in happy tears, from so many theatres. But Shakespeare, being a dramatist as well as a playwright, learned from Hamlet himself that Hamlet could not end as he had meant him to end. Hamlet, in fact, could not really end at all, and in the sort of anticlimax in which the tragedy closes, he must rise from death, another and a truer ghost than the buried majesty of Denmark, and walk the world forever.

Could Eugenio, however, advise his youthful correspondents to work so reckless of their original conceptions as Shakespeare had probably done? The question was serious; it put him upon his conscience, and he decided that at the most he could not do more than urge them, with all the earnestness of his nature, to write their Hamlets from the beginning forwards, and never from the ending backwards, even in their own minds. He saw that if he were to answer them collectively (and he certainly did not intend to answer them severally) he must say that their only hope of producing an effective whole was through indefatigable work upon every part. Make each smallest detail beautiful, and despise none because it seemed to per-

form a poor and lowly office in the assemblage of the parts. Let these youths be sure that they could not know the meaning of any design from imagining it, but only from expressing it, and that the true result could come only from the process. They could not hope to outdo Shakespeare, and foreknow their respective Hamlets; they must slowly make their Hamlets' acquaintance by living with them.

If Eugenio's correspondents were dashed by this hard saying, he thought he might raise their spirits by adding that they would find compensation for their slow, arduous toil in particulars from a fact which he had noted in his own case. A thing well done looks always very much better in the retrospect than could have been hoped. A good piece of work would smile radiantly upon them when it was accomplished. Besides, after a certain experience in doing, they would learn that the greatest happiness which could come to them from their work would be through the perfecting of details. This would make their performance a succession of little victories which alone could constitute the great ultimate triumph.

"But style, but style!" they might return. "What about style? That was one of the miracles we asked you the sleight of, and are you going to say nothing about that? Or did you mean style, in your talk about perfecting details? Do you want us to take infinite pains in acquiring a style?"

"By no means," Eugenio was prepared to declare in the event of this come-back. "Do not think about style. If you do your work well, patiently, faithfully, truly, style will infallibly be added unto you. That is the one thing you must *not* try for. If you try for style, you will be like a man thinking about his clothes or his manners. You will be self-conscious, which is the fatal opposite of being yourself. You will be yourself when you are lost in your work, and then you will come into the only style that is proper to you: the beauty and the grace that any sort of workman has in the exercise of his craft. You will then have, without seeking it, your own swing of phrase, your own turn of expression, your own diction, and these will be your style by which every reader will know you. But if you

have a manner which you have borrowed or imitated, people will see that it is second hand, and no better than something shop-worn or cast off. Besides, style is a thing that has been grossly overvalued in the general appraisal of literary qualities. The stylists are not the greatest artists, the supreme artists. Who would think of Shakespeare as a stylist, or Tolstoy, or Dante?"

Eugenio thought he could count upon a vanity in his correspondents so dense as not to be pierced by any irony. In fact, it could not be said that though he felt the pathos of their appeals he greatly respected the motives which actuated them in writing to him. They themselves respected their motives because they did not know them as he did, but probably they did not pity themselves so much as he pitied them. He realized that they turned to him from a literary remoteness which they did not realize, and it was very natural that they should turn for help outside their circumstance, but Eugenio had not lived to his age without learning that many natural impulses are mistaken if not wrong. He reflected sadly that those far-off solitaries could alone burst their circumstance, and find their way out of it. He perceived that they could do this only by their own devout and constant toil in the line of their aspiration. But would it avail to tell them so?

One of the knowledges of a period of life which we will call the ripper maturity is that we need all the accumulated vigilance of the past to secure us from the ever-besetting dangers of the present: the dangers of indolence, of slovenly performance, of indistinct vision, of weakening conscience, in our work. We need every atom of force, every particle of the stored electricity of youth, to keep us going in later years. While we are still young we are aware of an envying and pervading censure, coming from the rivalry, the envy, the generous emulation, the approval, the disapproval, the love, the hate, of all those who witness our endeavor. No smallest slip, no slightest defect will be lost upon this censure, equally useful whether sympathetic or antipathetic. But as we grow old we are sensible of a relaxing, a lifting, a withdrawal of the envying and pervading censure. We have become the

objects of a compassionate toleration, or a contemptuous indifference; it no longer matters greatly to the world whether we do our work well or ill. But if we love our work as we ought till we die, it should matter more than ever to us whether we do it well or ill. We have come to the most perilous days of our years when we are tempted not so much to slight our work as to spare our nerves, in which the stored electricity is lower and scander than it was, and to let a present feeble performance blight the fame of strenuous achievements in the past. We may then make our choice of two things: stop working: stop going, cease to move, to exist; or gather at each successive effort whatever remains of habit, of conscience, of native force, and put it into effect till our work, which we have not dropped, drops us.

Should Eugenio address these hard sayings to his appealing, his palpitating, correspondents? He found himself on the point of telling them that of all the accumulated energies which could avail them when they came of his age, or were coming of it, there was none that would count for so much as the force of habit; and what could be more banal than that? It would not save it from banality if he explained that he meant the habit of loving the very best one can do, and doing that and not something less. It would still be banal to say that now in their youth was the only time they would have to form the habit of tirelessly doing their best at every point, and that they could not buy, or beg, or borrow such a habit, for the simple reason that nobody who had it could sell, or give, or lend it.

Besides, as Eugenio very well perceived, his correspondents were not only young now, but were always intending to be so. He remembered how it used to be with himself, and that was how it used to be. He saw abundance of old, or older, people about him, but he himself instinctively expected to live on and on, without getting older, and to hive up honey from experience without the beeswax which alone they seemed to have stored from the opening flowers of the past. Yet in due course of time he found himself an old or older man, simply through living on and on, and not dying earlier. Upon the whole, he liked

it, and would not have gone back and died earlier if he could. But he felt that it would be useless trying to convince his youthful correspondents that whether they liked it or not, they too would grow old, or older, if they lived. How, then, teach them by precept, if they would not learn by universal example, that unless they were to be very miserable old men, and even miserable old women, they must have the habit of work? How instruct them further that unless they had the habit of good work, patient, faithful, fine work, the habit which no one can buy, beg, or borrow, because no one can sell, give, or lend it, they were worse than idle, cumberers of the earth, with no excuse for being above it?

If he had set out to do that, they might have retorted upon him that he was making a petty personal matter of art, which was not only so much longer than life, but so much wider, deeper, and higher. In this event he saw that he would have nothing for it but to confirm his correspondents in their disappointment with him by declaring that art *was* a personal matter, and that though longer, it was not wider, deeper, or higher than life, and could not be. It might be mysterious in being personal, but it was not necessarily petty. It would be great if the artist was so, but not otherwise; it could be fine on no other terms. There was a theory and an appearance that it existed somehow apart from the artist, and that it made him. But the fact was he made it, partly wittingly, partly unwittingly; and it had no being except in his achievement. The power of imagining a work of art was the gift of nature, as being long or short, dark or fair was. The concern of him it was given to was how, after he found it out, to make the most of his gift. It had no power to make much or little of him. If he cherished it, and served it, when he had made sure of it, by fulfilling the law that its possession imposed, then it would rise up in something he had done, and call him master.

But how could Eugenio make such things—so true, and yet so self-contradictory, so mutually repellent—clear to these simple-hearted young correspondents of his? The more he thought of the matter the more he resolved to do nothing about it.

Editor's Study.

THE difficulties experienced by Eugenio in giving advice to young writers, as our neighbor, the Easy Chair, has presented them, disclose obliquely and by implication so many essential truths concerning the art of writing that, for the sake of variety, we are tempted in this Study to turn aside from our usual discussion of matters relating to the production of literature. But this piece of art which the Easy Chair has given us—we would say masterpiece but in the case of so intimate a neighbor—lures us on by its suggestiveness, especially as in matter and manner it is a remarkable exemplification of that kind of indirection which, in the last number of the Study, we said was a growing habit of modern thought and expression. We see how the thing would look put tersely, in the naked terms of an argument, summed up in a paragraph, in which everything would seem to be told, the whole situation disclosed—as indeed it would be in its logical bearings. But the writer has not in view the completeness of a rational explication, which, when it is made, would seem as uninteresting as it would be obviously convincing—everything vital left out; so he puts on his robe of magic and takes his wand in hand, not to be picturesque himself, but as a token that the truth which is to be unfolded, or which is to unfold itself, must be shown in a dramatic masque, must have investment, therefore, something different from the plain clothes of an argument,—must have the tropical quality of life, showing, as it turns, its many phases of light and color and all its implications and involvements. It is a play, for the writer with Hamlet-like intuition divines the power of the play for the purposes of disclosure, and all truth becomes dramatic when, freed from formal definition and straight courses of logic, it is left to disport after its native fashion, thus resuming its proper grace and charm and showing itself at one with beauty. There is but one *dramatis persona* in the little play, but this Eugenio is in full character, and, by way of telling us that he cannot

impart his secret, gives it all away in a brave show—every fine trick of it.

The poem, through the play of fancy and the nobler investment of imagination, renders high service toward this enfranchisement of truth, though a rather solemn service because of its obligatory forms. Poetry in the dramatic form allows a freer movement; the pace is not so severe, except in the classic French drama, bound by the rhymed couplet. Marc Antony's speech over Cæsar's dead body, as Shakespeare feigns it, is a remarkable example of the nimble magic which makes the most of a situation by ingenious implication and indirection—following into every nook and recess of Roman sensibility the cruel rent which has been made there, and probing with lambent lightning every dark corner in the hearts of the assassins.

The thought in Browning's poetry has more of free disport than in Tennyson's because Browning's poetry is essentially dramatic even when it is not so in form, evading the smooth, plain course, its path gleaming with innumerable cleavages, which are ridges of light—electric flashes from broken currents—effecting magical surprises in their disclosures of truth. Thus it is that Browning was the forerunner of our great prose-writers in the essay and in fiction, whose vagrant graces and kaleidoscopic tropes seem, at least, to follow naturally in the wake of his wondrous voyage of discovery.

Even in so early prose as that of Plato we are delighted with the imaginative vision and investment of the truth. He chose the form of the Dialogue not so much for its fitness to dialectic discourse as for that æsthetic quality which this form of speech suggests—the charm of the play, which we find so subtle and alluring in his "Phædo." Though he would have expelled the poets from his ideal commonwealth, he had himself both the creative imagination and the temperament of the poet. Holding by preference to the simple Dorian manner; the advocate of stability against the Heraclitean plea for the universal and everlasting "flux" of things; the stern an-

tagonist of the Sophist—yet he was susceptible to the æsthetic influences of his Athenian environment; the whole texture of his discourse betraying his sense of form and color, being instinct with harmony and rhythm, sufficiently austere to exclude all meaningless decoration, yet availing of every dramatic value. He too, with true Hellenic freedom and daring, made the voyage of discovery; penetrating the unexplored regions of the mind, bringing shadowy and intangible things within the range of speculation, and giving them the names they have ever since been known by. His spectral analysis dwelt with its dim and formless object until, as we see in the progress of any one of his Dialogues, what seemed undistinguishable takes shape and color and motion—also its place in the divine harmony—forever thereafter a matter of familiar recognizance. The formal processes of logic will not serve for such disclosures; these only strip and sterilize truth, which in the creative vision is lifted from abjectness and oblivion into life and motion, its sphere and orbit luminously apparent.

In the generation after Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor furnished the exceptional instance of a preacher whose sermons will be read as long as there are English-speaking readers, not because of their piety, but because they have the magical charm of imaginative investment.

Among Addison's prose writings, in themselves always elegant for their grace and ease as well as for their formal excellence and for a flexible use of the language which discloses its resources as a medium for the expression of the most varied and delicate shades of thought, his sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb especially delight us, having a dramatic impersonation and thus the expression of an individual mood and temperament not the writer's own, but dramatically projected into an independent personality which the reader may regard under its own special masque. The amplitude of expression and the expansion of thought leading thereto, which the writer allows himself in an open and undefined field, are brought under limitations in the definite and consistent portrayal of a character; and these limitations not only are pleasing

to the reader as implying a subtler art, but yield him a higher satisfaction because they are limitations of life as well as of this art—of an individual will having its own prejudices and passions, so that life displaces logic, and we see it as it is, not as we think it ought to be.

From this adventure of Addison it is but a step to the modern novel which so soon afterward came into being, and of which it was the tentative prelude. A new field was opened for creative art in prose, free from certain formal obligations essential to the higher poetic art,—free also from certain exactions affecting the stage play—notably highly pitched tension and exaggeration. The new art had leisure for the full play of imagination and the widest possible scope for interpretation—always availing of the dramatic masque, which is life's own prism refracting its truths, showing them in all their colors.

The fiction of our own time, of the highest order, has made use of this new art to more purpose than that of any preceding period in the disclosure of psychical truth. For exemplification we shall not refer to well-known masters like Hardy and Meredith and James, but content ourselves with a single instance from a less widely read novelist, Joseph Conrad. Here is a writer who has spent a large portion of his life at sea, and the sea is naturally the background of his stories; not only that—it blows saltly and whispers and moans and rages through their whole frame-work, a haunting, inevitable Presence: that sea which has been in all history the touchstone of the human spirit,—which the Greek loved and which the Hebrew shunned, hedging inland, and would have none of in the New Earth of his apocalyptic vision. Man in this Presence—that is Conrad's theme, never before unfolded, analyzed, and dramatized by any such master.

This alone is a great distinction, if in the theme it were only the sea that is interpreted in its own flowing and mystical terms, in peace and storm; but it is man also, he chiefly indeed, that is interpreted—the flux and mystery of the human heart, in its weakness and strength. This twofold mastery it is which makes *Lord Jim* the greatest novel of its kind in all literature, equal in

imaginative appeal to George Meredith's best in quite another field, and, in strength, flexibility, and scope of expression, unsurpassed by any.

In the novel referred to this is the obvious situation: a steamer on the Red Sea, with a human cargo of eight hundred pilgrims, struck in her placid course by some floating derelict and threatened with imminent destruction, from which, in the face of a black squall that seems sure to precipitate instant shipwreck, the officers, including Lord Jim, chief mate, escape in a boat, leaving the sleeping or dazed pilgrims to their fate—which was not so tragical, after all, as the ship did not sink and was towed into port the next morning by a French gunboat. When we have added that Lord Jim's participation in the escape was contrary to his resolution maintained up to the last moment, the result of a fatuous, almost hypnotic impulse, repented at once but irredeemable forever, the theme of the novel is laid bare. Very bare, indeed; and in the hands of the sea-novelist as we know him—even of one so extraordinary as Victor Hugo—we should have only an outwardly dramatic investment of this skeleton,—incidents in a striking and picturesque narrative leading up to the situation which we have indicated, but which he would vividly describe in all its terrors, probably adding thereto the excitement of a storm, filling the scene with strenuous action and wild panic, and then proceed to a sequel as picturesque and striking as his prelude.

Not so Conrad. The deck of the *Patna* is as calm, at the supreme moment, as the sleep of the pilgrims below. While the captain and second mate and engineer are struggling to detach a boat from its davits for their own safety our regard is fixed upon Lord Jim, and it is not a conflict with the elements which we are called upon to witness, but that which is going on in his breast.

But the story does not proceed with such directness, else the main situation, portrayed, as thus it must be, in a straightforward narrative, would lose all of its subjective meaning. The direct narrative stops at the point of the steamer's encounter with the floating obstacle, over which it passes quivering through its entire length. What follows we think

will be told in the Court of Inquiry to which we are introduced in the next scene, located in an Eastern port,—told by Lord Jim himself from the witness-box, where he confronts the inquisition alone. But this expectation is futile—as futile as the inquisition itself, or as the wandering efforts which Jim makes to clear up a situation in peremptory answers to questions pointing to a matter-of-fact solution.

No. We have here only a vivid picture of an Oriental court of marine justice, but not the story. And yet the essence of the story is in a single situation, involving a simple choice between apparent death and sure disgrace. But it must have its leisure for a spontaneous unfolding, its proper dramatic investment—something different in circumstance from anything possible in a court of inquiry. And thus we have it, as it is told to Marlow by Lord Jim, dining with him at the Malabar House. Here is the artist's opportunity for a full disclosure of every element, even the most subtle and indefinable, in a conflict wholly psychical, the issue of which is a critical choice. We might in the detachment of an intellectual view reason about such a choice, all the *pros* and *cons* touching either alternative, condemning or condoning according to our rating of human nature, our estimate of its possibilities, ranging from faith in the highest heroism to the pessimistic verdict that man is a born poltroon and "all that he hath will he give for his life." But Jim is not thus detached; he is *dramatis persona*, and his soul surcharged with the burden of an awful moment quakes under it and emits lightning flashes, in which we scan the living record. Thus, for fifty pages of the novel,—the thrilling story of that moment! In all this no argument, only the quivering plea of a lost soul—such as the condemned in *Inferno* might have made to Dante.

In such passages in the best modern fiction the most is made of the situation, not by summation and elaboration, but by illumination. There are no rhetorical effects, no glosses of any sort; but there is the masque, the full imaginative investment, the play and indirection of thought following the fugitive and elusive truths of life.

The Personal Equation

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE senior partner of Ballister and Beek was prejudiced against Creighton from the start. The proposed salesman not only wore gloves and a stylish scarf, but his trousers were carefully creased down the middle. There were other reasons for Mr. Ballister's unfavorable impressions, but they were covered by the general accusation that the applicant dressed too well. The junior partner did not attempt to combat his associate's prejudice, but there was a position open, and his friend Creighton wanted work and wanted it badly.

"Suppose you continue to handle the sellers without gloves and let Creighton wait on the buyers with them," he suggested, smilingly.

"But the man's had no experience," his associate objected.

Mr. Beek admitted this.

"But he used to play a mighty good game of poker," he added, reflectively.

"A gambler, eh?" sniffed Mr. Ballister. "I thought as much. A drinker, too, I suppose?"

"Not at all. He neither drinks nor smokes, and the very sight of a tobacco-chewer makes him sick. No—he's a clean fellow all the way through, and I think we ought to give him a chance."

The junior partner wisely refrained from pushing his protégé's claims further for the time being, and about a week later Mr. Ballister consented that Creighton be taken on trial.

The clerical force of Ballister and Beek took its cue from the head of the house in the matter of personal attire, and the newcomer looked like a fashion-plate among his fellow clerks. Even Mr. Beek, the best-dressed man in the house, felt shabby and untidy beside his immaculate subordinate. Not only were his clothes superior in cut, workmanship, and material, but Creighton's way of wearing them was distinctive and distinguished, and he always looked as clean and comfortable as though he had just emerged from his bath and the hands of a valet.

Mr. Beek, covertly studying the man in his new surroundings, silently confessed that his partner was probably right, and that Creighton was too nice, too delicate—too fastidious for practical purposes. He spoke almost timidly of him to Mr. Ballis-

ter on the morning of his arrival, suggesting that he be assigned to some easy duty until he had learned the ropes.

"Not a bit of it!" growled the old gentleman. "Give him the hardest thing we have. If he's no good he'll quit right away and we won't have wasted time in teaching him. If he's worth anything he'll stick



HE WAS TOO NICE—TOO DELICATE

it out and the rest 'll come easy. Start him on Coulson."

"Coulson!" exclaimed the junior. "We might as well discharge him at once. We never had a salesman whom Coulson couldn't shave to the bleeding-point. He'd simply eat up a tenderfoot like Creighton, and take a good big bite out of us in the bargain."

"Not if you limit the price. Let your man tackle the job, anyway. If he's going to tuck his tail between his legs, the sooner

we know it the better. Besides, we ought to have offered Coulson long ago."

"Very well, sir. I suppose our low figure for him is seventy-eight, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. We ought to get eighty this year, and we'd do it too if we had a decent salesman in the place. There isn't much stuff on the market."

The junior partner decided to say as little as possible to Creighton about his coming experience. There was no use in frightening the novice before he began. Therefore he merely advised him that Coulson was the most important out-of-town buyer of Kopec gums in the market—that the low price to him was seventy-eight, and that he was—well, he was a trifle close at times—close and—er—difficult. Mr. Beck further explained the general condition of the Kopec market, emphasizing all the bull points, until the new salesman began to wonder why his firm should want to sell at all with such a certainty of higher prices later in the year. The reasons for the expected rise, however, became somewhat jumbled in Creighton's mind, and before he arrived at his destination the only things he was sure of were that the low price was seventy-eight and that he was commissioned to sell merchandise—a somewhat prosaic employment, but still not without an element of sporting interest.

The exterior of the building occupied by Coulson and Son was unpretentious, and the interior was dingy and uninviting. A number of seedy-looking clerks were huddled together in a bare and dirty pen formed of cheap wood partitions painted a sickly kitchen yellow. Everything about the place disgusted the fastidious Creighton to the core, and he could scarcely believe that he was in the right office; but being reassured on this point by an anæmic office-boy sitting near the door, he inquired for Mr. Coulson and laid a visiting-card upon the youngster's desk. The boy looked at it indifferently for a moment, dropped it into the spittoon beside him, and jerked his thumb toward a door in the rear partition without lifting his eyes from the soiled novel he was perusing. Creighton felt a strong inclination to shake some manners into the absorbed reader, but restrained himself and knocked at the indicated door. Receiving no answer, he at last pushed it open and found himself in the private office of the firm.

At a hacked and ink-stained deal table sat a corpulent, coarse-featured individual of about sixty, with a close-cropped, grizzled beard and mustache, and a large wen on the side of his big nose. His costume consisted of baggy blue trousers, white socks, low shoes, and a linen shirt without collar or cuffs. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, and his spotted and dirty starched shirt bulged up alarmingly from his ponderous waistband with its overhanging roll of fat. At a desk in the corner of the disordered room sat the younger Coulson, the prototype of the head of the house

in feature and form, and obviously an imitator in the matter of undress.

The elder Coulson regarded the visitor with silent curiosity as he stated his errand, studying him from his patent-leather shoes to his carefully brushed hair, as though he were some freak of nature. Then he exchanged a wondering glance with his son, and resumed his inspection from the head downward, pausing fascinated by Creighton's spotless gloves. At last he wiped away a smile with a slow movement of a big, puffy hand, rose heavily from his chair, and without taking his eyes from the salesman climbed to a high stool and perched there like a bloated bullfrog squatting on a fence-post. The son shoved his chair back, and crossing his ponderous legs, also gazed silently at Creighton, who, having explained his business, was at a loss for further conversation. At last the elder man turned his back on the salesman, peered thoughtfully at the high rear windows, through which the shipping of the harbor was plainly visible, and broke the silence.

"I guess we ain't in the market for Kopec this year," he began, lugubriously. "I reckon there ain't no money in 'em any more. But sit down, young fellow"—he waved his hand toward a kitchen chair, which Creighton accepted.

"No, sir," he continued, sadly. "We had to pay sixty-nine or seventy for the last lot—didn't we, Tom?"

"Sixty-nine and a half," prompted the son from his corner.

"So we done some studyin'," continued Coulson senior, "to wrastle along without 'em, and we got things pretty nigh fixed."

"As good as fixed," chorused Tom.

"In that case," interposed Creighton, rising as he spoke, "there's no use in wasting your time."

He was beginning to resent the bearing of these vulgar creatures, and wanted to have done with them at the earliest possible moment.

Coulson and his son exchanged another meaning glance, but the old man's gaze again centred on the moving panorama of the harbor as he drawled:

"Don't be in a hurry—young feller. It ain't sociable. Kopec don't keep you so all-fired busy, I expect."

"It does this year," observed Creighton, truthfully.

"That so? What's new in it?"

Creighton was inclined to say that he was, but refrained.

"I expect your process for getting along without it is the newest thing, Mr. Coulson," he answered, quietly.

The old man half turned on his high perch to gaze at the speaker with new interest. There was just a possibility that this fashion-plate dude was not such a fool as he looked.

A long pause ensued, and Creighton sought relief from his hideous surroundings by gazing out of the long factorylike win-



"WHAT YOU GETTING FOR IT NOW?"

dows, each of which framed a picture whose beauty ministered to his artistic sensibilities. Was it possible that the great hulk on the stool saw anything of the wonderful colors, lights, and shadows of the river and the river craft at which he was stupidly staring? . . . No, that flabby, perspiring personality blotting the scene had no soul above Kopeck gun! . . . It was disgusting to have to treat with such people at all. . . . They should never buy a pound from him if he were Ballister and Beck! . . .

"What you gettin' for it now?"

Coulson had to repeat his question before he attracted the salesman's attention.

"I haven't offered any this year yet," he answered, evasively.

"Prices stiffening, eh?"

"Never known anything like it."

"What's the reason?"

Creighton vaguely recalled Mr. Beck's references to floods, famine, and pestilence, but they sounded too much like "battle, murder, and sudden death," of the Litany, so he cast his teaching to the winds.

"I really can't say," he answered, truthfully, "except that there's an increased demand and a diminished supply."

Coulson spat reflectively at the cuspidor and barely ringed it.

"Hog!" muttered Creighton to himself as he edged his chair away.

"I thought maybe," the old man went on, slowly shifting his tobacco quid into his other cheek—"I thought maybe there might be another flood—same's last year."

Creighton shook his head. "I think not," he answered.

"It was the penter-bug year before last. Weren't it the penter-bug, Tom, that made the short supply?" Mr. Coulson continued, gravely.

"Yes, sir—penter-bug. They had 'em bad."

"Sure 'tain't them, sonny?"

Mr. Coulson's face was as solemn as his inquiry, but Creighton was equally serious.

"I haven't heard of the penter-bug this year," he answered, gravely.

"Well, what's offerin'?"

Coulson again made trial of the receptacle on the floor, but this time missed it altogether.

"Beast!" shuddered Creighton, drawing in his legs. Coulson had ceased to be merely offensive to him. He was loathsome, repellent—nauseating.

"Little or nothing," he answered aloud. "If he does that again I'll leave the place!" he added, mentally.

"Um," reflected Mr. Coulson. "Good we don't want none. But, come to think of

rapid succession before Creighton could reply.

"We don't deal in odd lots this year," he answered, with outward firmness and an inward shudder.

Coulson started to smile, but contented himself with a nod of interested receptivity.

"Well, what's askin' for full lots?" he inquired, carelessly, ranging his target into position.

"Every time he does it," shrieked Creighton's thought, "I'll raise the price, if I lose my job!"

Then aloud he queried, "Car lots?" and moved discreetly out of range.

"Yep!"

Coulson leaned menacingly forward as he answered, and Creighton silently quoted "Eighty!" as he averted his gaze in disgust.

"Car lots?" he repeated, reflectively. "Spot or future?"

Coulson illustrated his answer—"Spot!"

"Not under eighty-one!" resolved Creighton, with a shudder.

"If the quantity were large," he began, slowly, "we might—" He hesitated. "Do it if you dare!" he mentally challenged.

"Might make a concession, maybe?" prompted Coulson, with an indulgent smile.

"No—we might not be able to deliver at any price," the ex-poker-player answered.

"Sho!"

"Tang!" went the cuspidor.

"Eighty-two!" decided Creighton, sternly, to himself.

"Well, let's say," Coulson began—"let's say"—he paused and looked reflectively at the floor.

"Better not—better not!" threatened Creighton's thought as he watched the movement.

"Let's say ten cars," concluded the old man, with a well-directed deluge.

"Eighty-three," answered Creighton, firmly. "Swine!" he whispered, fiercely, under his breath.

Coulson gave a short laugh, slowly descended from his perch, took the quid from his mouth, and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

"You can send us two cases, young feller, at seventy-eight. Not 'cause we need 'em, but for sake of old times," he announced, as he reseated himself at the table.

"Sorry, Mr. Coulson, but car lots at eighty-three are the lowest figures to-day."

"Then we'll wait for to-morrow."

Coulson's expression of amusement altered for the worse as he jerked out his tobacco-pouch.

"I can't keep the offer open," warned Creighton.

The old man eyed his imperturbable visitor with rapidly increasing wrath.

"I'm busy to-day, young gentleman, an' I shall be to-morrow," he growled in an ugly tone. "You're new and young, and you were kind of amusin' for a while. But the jokin's over. If you don't know who



"YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR THIS BUSINESS"

it, we may need a case or two until we get the new process entered up. How much 'll we take, Tom?"

"Don't need none," asserted Tom, with promptness. "Not an ounce."

"Reckon you're right," commented the head of the house, "but if the stuff's marketable 'twon't do no harm to have a pound or two if we have to lay off on t'other process for a while."

"We won't have no need to lay off, and the stuff 'll only clutter us up," growled Tom.

"Guess you're right, boy, but I'm gettin' old an' conservative, and this young feller's been so perlit an' informin' I hate to send him away empty-handed. What price for two cases, son?"

Coulson shot twice at his floor target in

you're dealin' with you oughtn't to be sent here. If you do know—quit foolin' and get down to business."

Mr. Coulson angrily plucked a bunch of tobacco from his pouch as he spoke, and Creighton moved toward the door.

"My business is over, Mr. Coulson," he announced. "I'm sorry I can't leave our offer open, but—"

"You can't leave here too quick, you dressed-up jackanapes!" the old man burst out. "You're too smart for this business, and I'll assist you to get out of it. If you come up here thinkin' you can dictate to us, you want to think again, unless it strains you too much. I'll telegraph your firm to-night that I'll import my own Kopec hereafter and be damned to them, unless you've got brains enough to pass the word yourself."

"I'm not a messenger!" retorted Creighton, with dignity, as he pulled on his gloves.

"You're an ass!" roared the old man. "No light-weight dude can bluff this firm, and if—"

The sentence ended in a mumble as he stuffed a fresh quid into his mouth.

"If he begins again before I leave," Creighton mentally determined, "I'll resign rather than sell the beast at all."

But the customer let him go with a few more threats, which Creighton blandly answered by saying he would call next day.

Coulson and Son's telegram to Ballister and Beck offering seventy-eight for ten car lots of Kopec was received by the junior partner, who merely answered that their representative was in the neighborhood and would call. Then came a telegram complaining of Creighton and threatening importations. Telegrams, however, were not the custom with Coulson and Son, and their haste indicated that their present needs were urgent. Mr. Beck, therefore, replied that the matter was in Creighton's hands and that he had full authority.

Two days later the new salesman returned with an order for twenty-five car lots at eighty-three. The sale was unprecedented, but the man did not seem to realize his achievement, and was unaccountably chary of details.

"I thought he was the right sort," observed Mr. Beck to his associate, "but I admit I didn't think he could tackle old man Coulson."

"They must have had a hot fight," Mr. Ballister reflected.

"Creighton says it was only a spat," answered the junior partner.

Honest

SAMMY PHIPPS had been promised a whipping by his mother in liquidation of his many misdeeds, and being a devout believer in the efficacy of prayer, dropped to his knees and began praying in a loud, childish treble to the Lord to spare him.

MAMMA. "Sammy, what are you doing?"

SAMMY. "I's prayin' to the Lord, but I hope you'll hear me!"

Exclusive

IN kindergarten Miss Alice said, "Can any of the children tell me what ship came across the ocean in 1620?" Blank looks from most of them. "The *Mayflower*, little children. Now can any one tell me who came over in the *Mayflower*? Perhaps Elinor can tell us."

Superciliously the child arose, smoothed down her apron, and said, "My ancestors, and a few other people."



Snobbish

MR. POTATO. "Well, well, what's the matter with Mr. Carrot?"

MR. ONION. "Why, he proposed to Miss Radish last night, and she refused him because he was only one carrot. Said she'd have nothing but eighteen."

The New Education

THE Mother of the Modern Child took a chair by the Teacher's desk.

"I called to see," she said, "how Freddy is progressing in his studies."

"And I am glad that you did," was the Teacher's frank response, "for in certain things your boy is a trifle backward; not much, you understand, but enough to make a little talk between his teacher and his mother worth while.

"In his construction work," the Teacher went on, "Freddy is doing very well indeed. His paper boxes are among the best in the class; his designs for wall-paper are remarkable, considering his age of nine years; and he copies and colors magazine covers with a proficiency that is surprising. But in nature study—"

Here the Teacher paused and, half smiling, half frowning, shook her head.

"Go on," said the Mother of the Modern Child. "In nature study—"

"In his nature study," continued the Teacher, "Freddy is a very backward boy. Indeed, I am afraid that the work of this grade is as yet too advanced for him. Bird-calls, as I presume you know, are included in the course for this class, and Freddy is far behind the rest. He crows and clucks fairly well, but his caws are poor, and at cackling and cooing he is particularly deficient. Does he devote much time at home to his nature study?"

"I heard him his chirps and peeps for half an hour last night," said the mother; "but hereafter, if you think best, I shall insist upon closer and longer application."

"I would do so, madam," was the Teacher's advice, "as the superintendent is exceedingly strict in regard to nature study, and the elementary caws and coos of this grade are but the groundwork of the advanced moos and bleats of the grades higher up.

"And, by the way, while you are here, I wish to tell you that the reason why Freddy was kept in two afternoons last week was because of his poor work in music. In the development of rhythm, including syncopations and subdivisious of the metrical unit into three parts, he has failed repeatedly; also in chromatic tones approached by skips."

"Dear me! And his skips were perfect before he left home, for I heard him his skips myself."

"And I have no doubt," said the Teacher, encouragingly, "that in a short time they, together with his bird-calls, will be as perfect here. If he will devote, say, a little more time at home to these studies, and a little less to the secondary subjects, his progress, I am sure, will soon be satisfactory to both of us."

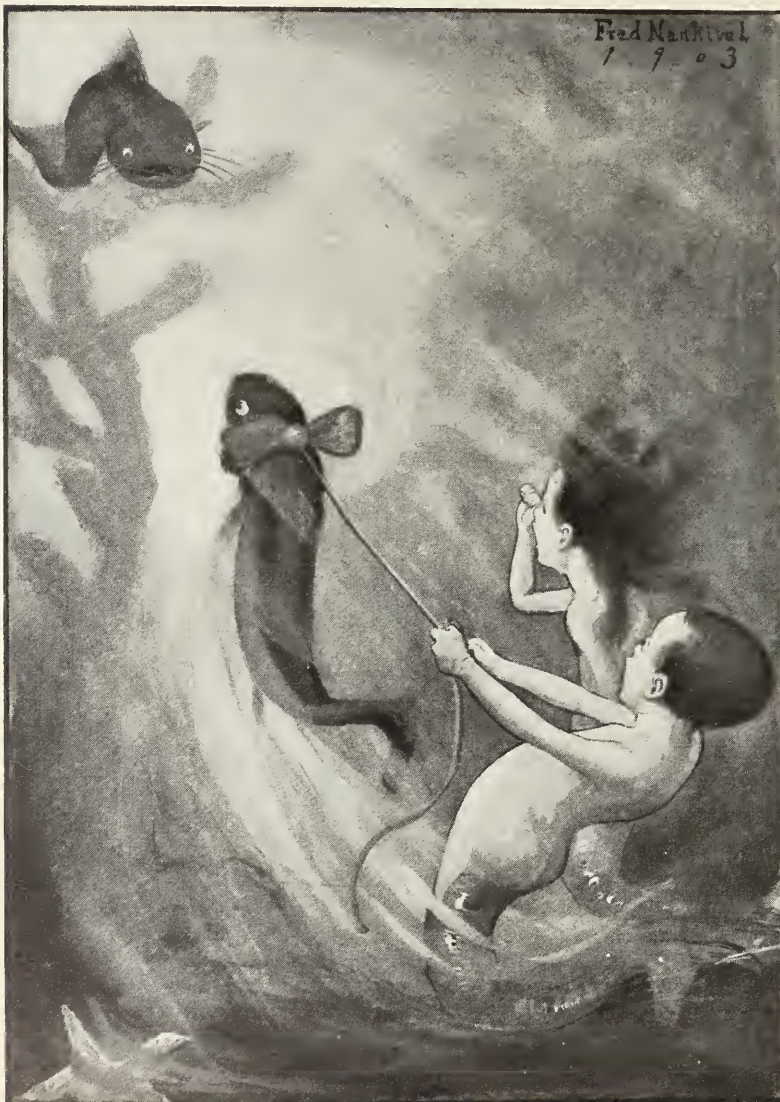
"And these secondary studies of which you speak?"

"Oh, spelling, penmanship, grammar, arithmetic, and one or two others."

"But," cried the Mother of the Modern Child, "those studies are essential to my boy's success in life!"

"Perhaps," returned the Teacher, gently, "but that is another and very different matter. We are talking now of essentials to his success in school."

ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.



Submarine Pets

MERMAID. "Boo! hoo! hoo!—don't let your dogfish bite my catfish!"

Literal

THE children in a certain country school had been to the woods for flowers. On the way back the teacher found it getting late, but the children were tired and lagged a little in walking.

"Children," she said, resorting to a little device for getting them along faster, "let's play we are going to take the eleven-o'clock train for New York, and must walk quickly."

The little folks thought this was great fun and hurried on. Very soon Miss K— noticed one little girl dropping behind.

"Why, Helen," she said, "I'm afraid you'll miss the train."

Quickly the response came: "Don't wait for me, Miss K—; I think I'll take the next one."



Peter Newell

A Fish Story

LITTLE Walter lives in an inland town, and knew very little about fish until he went to visit his uncle, who lives on Lake Superior. One day a string of white-fish was brought to the house, and Walter was filled with wonder and surprise at their appearance.

"Why, Uncle John, what funny skin these fish have!" he exclaimed. "It is put on in rows, just like the shingles on our house. I s'pose it is made that way so that the water won't leak inside."

Arrived Earlier

A KINDERGARTNER in an Eastern city had just related to a group of children the story of the Pilgrims.

At the close of the narration, one of the children said, "One of my ancestors came over on the *Mayflower*." "Well," said Tom, "none of my ancestors came over on the *Mayflower*. They were in Springfield."

The Toad and the Bat—A Fable

A TOAD and Bat discovered, on a high board fence near by, A freshly painted numeral—the paint was scarcely dry. The Toad, to show his knowledge, which he thought was rather fine, Declared with greatest promptitude that it was number nine. The Bat, no less pedantic, claimed, with equal confidence, That it was plainly number six, inscribed upon the fence. And so they argued long and hard, but never could agree— The Toad upon the ground, the Bat suspended from a tree.

*Then this remember, gentle folk, before you speak or act:
The point of view is frequently important as the fact.*

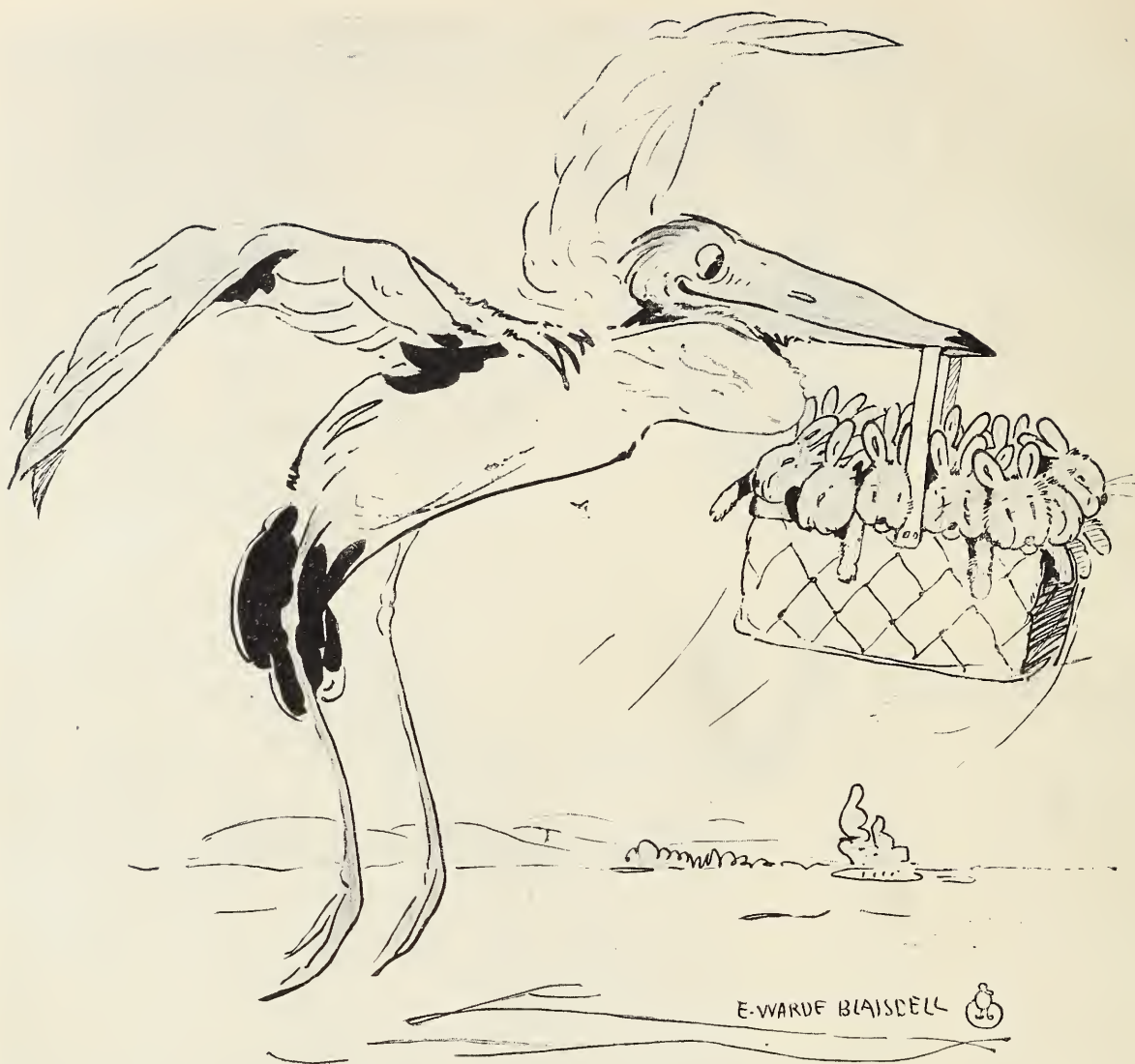
Sanctuary

MY mother takes me in her bed
When I'm afraid at night,
And holds me in her nice, safe arms
All warm, and snug, and tight;

And says there's not a single thing
For little boys to fear
In day or night, because there's God
Who's always very near.

I know He is . . . but then, somehow
When it's so dark, I do
Just love to hold my mother's hand,
And hug and kiss her too.

L. M. S.



The Stork brings a Present to Mother Rabbit

Ketchin' Rides

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

I'M awful fond of ketchin' rides.
 I like those trucks where I kin
 stand
 Without a-holdin' to the sides
 (Er maybe holdin' with one hand).
 Though teacher says it's not refined
 To go a-ketchin' on behind.

I almost *never* walk to school.
 So many wagons pass our place;
 My fav'rite one he makes a rule
 Of always leadin' me a chase.
 An' then pertendin' he's too blind
 To see me ketchin' on behind.

I've found there's just two kinds of men
 What drives th' wagons in our town,
 'Cause when I meet 'em, now an' then,
 There's some that grab their whips or
 frown,
 But some they nod an' never mind
 When I am ketchin' on behind.

I guess when I am rich an' great
 An' own a truck an' grocery cart,
 I'll always drive 'em slow, or wait
 So little chaps can get a start,—
 An' have 'em built so boys kin find
 A place fer ketchin' on behind.

